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THE NATURE AND FUNCTION OF THE COMMERCIAL PROFESSION.

A Discourse delivered before the Merchants' Library Association of Richmond, Va., February 20, 1841.

BY N. BEVERLY TUCKER.

Professor of Law and the Philosophy of Government, in the University of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

GENTLEMEN:—There is nothing which so strikingly characterises the present age, as the advance of knowledge: and the consequences of that advance are such, as hold out inducements to the farther pursuit of knowledge, which perhaps have never been duly appreciated until now. Wise men, in all ages, have been sensible that knowledge is the guide of enterprise—the co-worker with industry—the purveyor of plenty—the minister of comfort—the nurse of prosperity. But this truth, once known only to the enlightened few, is now the common property of all; and all men, in every occupation, and in every class and condition of society, have been made to see, that Science and Art have treasures in store for them too, which they have but to explore and appropriate. More than a hundred years ago, Newton, in ceasing from those labours which had commanded the wonder and applause of the world, sorrowed to think how little he had accomplished. He felt that he had but conducted the enquiring mind to the margin of the vast ocean of knowledge, and he urged posterity to explore the treasures of the deep, of which he regarded the little that he had gathered on the shore as comparatively worthless specimens. Of all he taught this was the most important truth. But this they overlooked or undervalued; and half a century passed away before they ceased to be content to amuse themselves, like children, with the shells and pebbles collected by him, as treasure enough for the world. Since then the human mind has been awakened by a new impulse; and now a thousand telescopes explore the sky, and penetrate the mysteries of the stars; a thousand Geologists dig from the bowels of the earth new proofs of the authenticity of Revelation, corroborating the Mosaic history of the Creation, and date of the world; a thousand Chemists analyse the productions of nature, and trace back all her works to their first principles; and at last Philosophy demands a parley with the lawless wind and the careering cloud, that she may question them whence they come and whither they go, and publish their answer to the world.

Who is there that derives no benefit from these researches. Science now guides the mariner over the trackless ocean, and conducts him home in safety, freighted with the productions of every land, and the wealth of every clime, to distribute among all the inhabitants of the earth, all the good things that Heaven's bounty has scattered over its surface or buried in its bosom. Science directs the hand of the artisan; science lightens the labour of the mechanic; she even condescends to lend her aid to the humble tasks of the menial; and thus labour is rendered more productive; and its fruits are cheapened and made accessible to all; and the standard of comfort is raised; and the very slave, reposing from his toil, finds himself surrounded by conveniences, to which, in former days, the princes of the earth were strangers. Science clothes the barren field with the rich harvests of abundance; science, as by the touch of magic, transforms the rude material into instruments of use or comfort; or into warm and rich and gorgeous robes; or splendid ornaments; and, like the bee, that sucks honey from the most noxious plants, science disarms the deadly drug of its poison, and, elaborating from it a salubrious principle, converts it into an instrument of life and health; achieving a triumph over Death with the weapons of Death himself. Science is the great benefactor of mankind; the protean excellence, which assumes and accomplishes the tasks of every virtue. Fulfilling the gracious precept of Divine Benevolence, science feeds the hungry, and clothes the naked, and ministers to the sick and the afflicted:—yea, she even counterfeits the marvels of miraculous beneficence, by giving sight to the blind, and ears to the deaf, and causing the lame man to leap as an hart.

These thoughts have been suggested by the name of that association, at whose invitation I now appear before you. I saw in it one of the indications of that march of intellectual improvement, which is the boast of the age we live in; and I hailed it as an institution happily established for the purpose of accumulating the means of information, and opening the sources of knowledge, and especially of that knowledge which gentlemen engaged in commerce ought to possess.

Gentlemen—If there be a profession, which, more than every other, promises rich rewards to the pursuit of knowledge by its members, it is that of the merchant. If there be a class of men, who have it more in their power than every other, to make their knowledge profitable to themselves, and useful to society, and to the world at large, the merchants compose that class. I am aware that the obvious and popular account of mercantile prosperity is that it is made up of the returns of capital and the rewards of enterprise. This, though true, is not the whole truth; and he who rests content with this account of the matter, is not much in advance of the tyro, who only knows, that an occupation, in which one habitually sells for two dollars what he has bought for one, is of course a gainful occupation. But, if the whole secret of the merchant's art consisted of such obvious truths, what should withhold any man from becoming a competitor for this rich profit, and how soon should we find the profit itself reduced to nothing by excess of competition?

Gentlemen—The most precious article in the merchant's assortment *is his knowledge;* and this it is that he combines and mixes up with all he sells; and, in the price that he receives for this is the great profit of his business. This idea, I am sensible, is new to many, and, in the form in which I have presented it, may, perhaps, be new to all who hear me. Yet I do not despair of being able so to explain and illustrate it, that its truth shall be acknowledged with pleasure and with pride, by those to whom I would recommend it. If, in doing this, I shall be so fortunate as to place the Mercantile Profession on higher ground than it is commonly supposed to occupy, and to vindicate its claim to the respect and gratitude of society, I shall have accomplished a duty pleasant to myself, and surely not unacceptable to you.

First and foremost among the items of knowledge which are most precious to the merchant, is the knowledge of that great truth, by which alone he learns *to establish* FOR HIMSELF AND OF HIMSELF a sure basis of extensive commercial enterprise. I mean the truth, that *credit is capital*, and that *prudence* and *integrity* form the only sure foundation of credit. This foundation it depends on *himself*, and *himself alone*, to lay. The heir of affluence may dispense with it, by limiting his operations to the extent of his patrimonial resources. He who, less fortunate, must be the architect of his own prosperity, must build on this foundation, or he builds on the sand.

The truth to which I assign so much importance, is, after all, but another form of the hackneyed maxim that "honesty is the best policy." With this we are all familiar from our infancy; for even they whose experience has led them to doubt, or whose weakness has been tempted to disregard it, still teach it to their children. Alas! How many are there, who, soon after their entrance into life, begin by neglecting, then learn to doubt, and end in despising it. The merchant is not of this number; for his profession is a school, where this lesson of sound wisdom as well as sound morality is daily inculcated, illustrated, and enforced. Continually present to his business, it is ever in his mind. He understands it in its causes, he traces it to its consequences, and follows it out into all the details of a system of finance, which the profoundest philosopher, the most sagacious statesman, unaided by experience, could never have elaborated. This knowledge is not for himself alone. It is for his country—for society—for the world; and the counting house becomes at once the nursery of public faith, and the school of financial wisdom and skill. The sciolist in politics may prate about hard money, and bank paper, or may imagine that credit can be created at will by the establishment of banking institutions, or dissipated by the capricious breath of arbitrary and perverse legislation; but the merchant knows, and the statesman who has studied finance in the school of the merchant knows that, *where* PRUDENCE *and* INTEGRITY *are wanting*, CREDIT *cannot exist, and that where these prevail*, CREDIT *cannot be destroyed.*

Is the merchant's profit then the return on capital, or is it the price of that knowledge of the sound principles of commerce, and the reward of that integrity and prudence, which enable him to dispense with capital? In doing this indeed, he

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often uses the capital of others, and for such use compensation must be made. But what is that compensation but a part of the price he pays for what he buys? The *excess* is his profit.

If society—if the world owed nothing else to the merchant but the knowledge of this truth, this alone would entitle him to a place among the best benefactors of mankind. Trace man through all the gradations of his condition, from the highest perfection and happiness of which his nature has hitherto shown itself capable, down to that lowest abyss of abasement and misery, in which nothing of humanity but a distorted semblance of the outward form remains to him, and in every step of his degradation you will find a corresponding ignorance or insensibility of this great truth. The nation where it is universally understood, and firmly established in men's minds, and incorporated in usages, and recognised and maintained by laws, and interwoven with political institutions, commands at pleasure the capital of the whole earth, and makes every production of nature and art, throughout the world, tributary to her prosperity. The example of England at once occurs to every mind. Where does the sun shine to ripen the fruits of the earth, and she is not enriched by his beams? On what cultivated field do the showers of heaven descend, and part of the harvest is not for her? What mine is explored, whose treasures do not find their way into her coffers, and whose gems do not glitter on her brow?

An example may be found in our own country, which presents a yet more striking aspect of moral grandeur, and illustrates the triumph of these great principles over all the obstacles that nature can interpose. Look at the state of Massachusetts! What a prospect did that country present two hundred years ago, to the eyes of the pilgrims who first sought there a sanctuary for civil and religious freedom! A stern climate and a sterile soil would have repelled the wanderers from its frozen bosom, had they not, like the Israelites of old, felt that they were conducted by the hand of God himself. Strong in this faith it was an essential point in all their plans and purposes, by no fault of theirs to forfeit the divine protection on which they mainly relied; and they resolved to persevere, under the profound conviction that, to clean hands and stout hearts, to integrity of purpose, to strength of will, to energy in action and fortitude in endurance, sustained by Heaven, and guided by enlightened civilisation, there is nothing impossible.

In this spirit they undertook the settlement of that inhospitable wilderness: in this spirit they achieved it; and in this spirit have they continued to act in the management of all their concerns, and in their whole system of law and polity. *Now* behold the result! Where on earth is there a community more flourishing, more rapidly advancing in prosperity, more distinguished among the nations for all that constitutes true glory? Where too is there more happiness for the individual man? Where is established a higher standard of comfort; where are the means of intellectual improvement and moral culture more extensive and efficient; and where have these more widely disseminated, through all the ranks of society, the treasures of knowledge, the maxims of morality, and the truths of Christian revelation.

What has achieved all this? It is all the work of commerce. But where did commerce find capital to serve as the basis of her operations? Was it brought with them, by men driven from their homes by oppression and plunder, and cast naked and hungry on a desert shore, the abode of savage foes? Was it gleaned from the barren soil of the country of their refuge? Was it dug from the bowels of the earth? The earth there has no treasures on its surface, or in its bosom. The moaning blast from the bleak hills could only waft to them a voice which said

> "We yield you shelter in our breast:
> Your own true hearts must win the rest."

And they did win it. But how? By a knowledge of the respective wants and resources of the different parts of the globe; and by the exhibition, every where, of those high but unambitious virtues, integrity and prudence, which secure universal confidence, and, by commanding credit, supply the place of capital. The enterprise of the northern merchant, the hardihood and skill of the northern seaman, are both indeed proverbial; but is it these alone that have made Massachusetts what she is? Let these remain; and take away the stern fidelity, the intrepid disregard of all consequences that may attend the fulfilment of engagements, the professional pride of the merchant in the sanctity of his plighted word, and the sound and efficient system of jurisprudence, established, upheld and enforced by public sentiment, to secure the faith of any whose faith might waver, take these away, and Massachusetts would to this day have presented the aspect of a barren shore, the abode of a few wretched fishermen and wreckers, detested and dreaded by all the world, professing nothing here, and hoping nothing hereafter.

At this moment, while in other parts of the United States, credit is crumbling away, and tottering on the unstable basis of positive institutions, all the resources of the whole commercial world are at the command of the state of Massachusetts. And why? Is she richer than any of the rest? Is she richer than the collective whole? No. But commerce is so extensively interwoven with all the affairs of her people, and the principles of commerce are so generally understood among them, that no fear is entertained, that a majority will ever abuse their political franchise, to their own destruction, by knocking away the only sure prop of commercial prosperity. The credit of the state of Massachusetts rests on public faith; and that on the good faith of the merchant class, and on the influence of that class to disseminate through the community a sense of the value, as well as the sanctity of all plighted faith, whether public or private. The same is true of the English nation. That fidelity to engagements, which commands the confidence and the resources of all the world, finds its guarantee less in the stern decrees of Westminster Hall, than in the just and enlightened maxims of the Royal Exchange.

These, gentlemen, are the causes of prosperity to these two communities, causes which have filled their cup to overflowing, and have enabled them to pour the redundant stream into channels of benevolent enterprise, for which the very ends of the earth have reason to call them blessed. Hand in hand they have kneeled at the altar of God, and devoted themselves to a new apostleship: and, as the Saviour of the world sent forth his disciples by two and two to disseminate the glad tidings of salvation, so have these two been consecrated to "go into all the earth, and preach the gospel to every creature." Is there an idolater, who has turned from his images of wood and stone, to the worship of the living God, that does not owe his conversion to them? Is there a pagan, who, instead of the blood of his fellow man, immolated on the altar of his barbarous creed, now offers to Heaven only the sacrifice of an humble and contrite heart, and, renouncing rapine and slaughter, makes the duties of brotherly love the business of his life, that may not attribute the blessed change to their influence? And is there, then, a corner of the habitable earth, that has not reason to rejoice that both old and New England have had the wisdom to base their commercial establishments on the great commercial truth that PRUDENCE and INTEGRITY are the foundation stones of credit; and that credit, by commanding and concentrating all the capital that is, and anticipating even that which does not yet exist, is capable of achieving tasks which capital alone could never accomplish?

But commerce is not merely the handmaid of benevolent enterprise. She is herself the great apostle of civilisation to the whole human race: and the commission of her apostleship is found in the wide distribution of the bounties of Providence over all the earth. Whatever region produces these, invites the visits of the merchant, and no land is so forbidding, no climate so stern, no atmosphere so pestilential, that he does not brave their dangers, in the pursuit of his object. That object is gain; but the manifest purpose of him who placed these treasures in regions, which otherwise the foot of civilised man would never tread, is the civilisation and improvement of the whole human race. To this great end he who causes the wrath of man to praise him, renders the cupidity of the merchant subservient.

While contemplating the subject in this point of view, it seems hardly worthy of its dignity, to note the benefit which is immediately conferred on the inhabitants of every country, whose superfluous and wasting productions are thus exchanged for the superfluities of other lands, which, to the new possessor, are rare and precious beyond all estimation. It is here we find the secret of the gainfulness of the commercial occupation. Distant parts of the earth produce, spontaneously, and without stint, articles peculiar to each, and of great intrinsic value, and, at the same time, incapable (such is the mysterious law of nature) of being produced any where but in the very region appointed for them by Providence. Why is it that the productions of the eastern and western hemispheres, under the same parallel, are not the same? In the laws of natural philosophy we seek the answer in vain. But when we consider the moral nature of that Being whose will overrules all the laws of physical nature, we perceive a reason worthy of his wisdom and benevolence. Hence there is hardly a corner of the earth which is not ransacked to minister to the comfort and luxury of our daily existence; while, to the inhabitants of regions where many of the articles thus employed are produced without labour, they are worthless (but for the distant demand) as the dust beneath their feet. How many things does science make valuable, which, to ignorance are but dirt and dross? How many things does art make instrumental to enjoyment which ignorance thrusts aside as loathsome and disgusting? What but the eagerness of the invaders of Mexico and Peru led the inhabitants to suspect that their gold and gems were worthy to be compared in value with the iron of Europe? How long will it be before the savage of our western wilds will cease to think his most valuable furs well exchanged for a handful of powder? And so they are. From the very first, all parties are benefited by

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the exchange, for at either extremity of the chain of intercourse, each receives, in return for a small amount of labour, that which is of great value to him, and which no labour of his own could have produced. At first indeed the merchant indemnifies his hazards and requites his trouble with much the largest part of the gain of the whole transaction But competition in time reduces this to a juster proportion, and in the end, we find all parties enjoying, by fair distribution, a benefit which adds immeasurably to the comfort and happiness of each.

In this view of commerce, its marvellous creations lose all their strangeness, and we see, without wonder, Holland emerging from the sea, and the merchant-kings of Venice covering their islands with palaces. The desolation of Tyre no longer makes us doubt the history of her former splendour; we see the foundation of Solomon's temple laid in that wisdom which made Jerusalem the emporium of commerce; and we muse with awe, but without amazement, on the marble waste of arch and column, of temples, palaces, and tombs, which was once the queen of cities, the Tadmor of the desert.

Such were the works of commerce, wrought with only the clumsy machinery which ages of comparative barbarism supplied, and by the exchange of the rude productions which the superfect state of art and science afforded. But were these mechanical tasks of commerce the only source of profit to the merchant, and did his usefulness to mankind depend on these alone, how vast, how various, how valuable, the knowledge which this would require! Does there lie hid, any where within the deep recesses of our rugged mountains, and pathless forests, any production of nature rude to the eye, and valueless to the unskilful, yet capable of being converted by the touch of art, into an article of essential use? How valuable to himself—how valuable to his country would be the knowledge which should guide the merchant to this unsuspected treasure! How richly, and how deservedly would his labour be rewarded! That such things do exist, I have reason to believe; and it is only because *my knowledge is imperfect*, that it has been of no use to myself or to others. Is it perhaps true, that there is not a corner of the habitable globe, that does not furnish something peculiar to that region, or but obtained from thence, for which the artisan of Europe would gladly exchange the means of comfort and happiness, and incentives to cultivation and refinement to some naked savage, hardly superior to the beasts around him.

But, gentlemen, I do not mean to dwell on this view of my subject, so familiar to every intelligent member of your profession. Looking only to the animal wants of our poor naked shivering nature, there is, even in this view, much to cheer the heart of the philanthropist, and to raise the mercantile profession in his esteem, as an instrument of universal benevolence. But, in comparison with that great theme which I did but touch, how low and sordid do all such considerations appear!

Returning for a moment to that, I repeat it, gentlemen, that commerce is the great engine of civilisation to the whole human race; and that the commission of her spostleship is found in the wide distribution of the bounties of Providence over all the earth. The spices of Arabia charge the gale with a summons that calls her to dispense the humanising influences of Christianity to those, whose hand, since the days of Ishmael and Esau, has been against every man, and every man's hand against them. The gem that flames in the mine of Golconda, summons her to pass down the temple of Juggernaut, and crush his crushing car. The whale, that tumbles his unwieldy bulk beneath the northern bear, or the frozen serpent of the south; the elephant that roams the forests, and the ostrich that scours the dusty plains of Africa; the beaver, that beyond our own remotest mountains, prosecutes his half-reasoning toil, on streams that pour their waters into the Pacific;—all these proclaim her mission;—all these call her to the fulfilment of that high function to which God has appointed her.

How hitherto has this duty been performed? I will not pain you, gentlemen, by answering the question. But, if she has carried persecution, where she should have dispensed consolation; if she has but added new forms of wretchedness instead of alleviating the old: if she has deepened the night of barbarism, by rendering civilisation odious to the wretched victims of cupidity; whence has this been, but from a want of knowledge—a want of knowledge of her *interest*, and knowledge of her *duty?*

Pursue this thought in your own minds, and ask yourselves, what would have been now the condition of the world, had commerce never been the pursuit of any but men of enlightened minds—minds not merely familiar with professional technicalities and details, but informed by science, liberalised by literature, and refined by the divine precepts of Christianity.

Gentlemen—Without announcing any particular topic, as the subject of this discourse, I proposed to set before you the reasons why my heart rejoices in the establishment of your institution, and, if possible, to give it a new value in your own eyes, and to offer to you new incentives to that intellectual cultivation, the desire of which has called it into existence.

If there be any truth in the thoughts that I have suggested, how deep an interest should it taken by every member of the community in you laudable institution, and how strongly should your own minds be excited to avail yourselves of its advantages! You need not be told how important it is to the merchant to furnish himself with an accurate and detailed knowledge of all the various articles of commerce, and the various regions of the earth. Furnished with this, he knows the proper markets both for buying and selling; he purchases at the bare cost of production, and sells at the largest possible advance, and at the same time, confers a benefit proportioned to his own profit, both on those of whom he buys and those to whom he sells. Even when his business is not on such a scale as to justify him in seeking all the various articles in which he deals, at the very place where they are produced, he should still know whence they come, and the cost of their production. Without this knowledge, he is at the mercy of the importer, and liable to heavy losses in the price of every thing he buys. But possessing this sort of information, he is prepared to detect imposture, to resist exaction, and to obtain such terms as may enable him to sell at a fair profit, and yet to undersell his less intelligent competitors. He that extends his business, and merits and secures the gratitude of those whose comfort is promoted, and whose expenditures are diminished, by dealing with one, who is all the time enriching himself by the same transactions.

All this you need not be told. It is written in the very horn-book of your profession; and he who knows not the importance of this sort of information, is ignorant of the simplest rudiments of commerce. He is a snare to all who deal with him, and finally becomes himself the victim of his own rash ignorance. But the knowledge thus confessedly proper for every merchant, is possessed in fact by few; and that for the ever prevailing reason, that it is not to be acquired but at an expense of time, such as men, in the hurry of business, and the eager pursuit of present gain, rarely devote to purposes not to be accomplished for years to come.

Important as this sort of knowledge is to the prosperity of the individual merchant, it behooves him yet more, as a member of a body united by a great common interest, to study it, in its principle and in its details, the whole commercial system of exchange and credit, of which I have already spoken. This is a matter which blends the interest of the merchant with the financial operations of government, and with the politics of his own country, and of the whole commercial world. Through this he has an interest in events, which, to the common eye, seem only to affect the well-being of distant lands. The wars of foreign nations, the revolutions of remote empires, the abundance or deficiency of harvests beyond the Atlantic—all these affect not only the merchant engaged in foreign commerce, but they influence and mingle with the affairs even of him who buys only in the nearest market, and sells only to his immediate neighbours. The wide spread ramifications of the admirable system of credit and confidence pervade the whole of civilisation, and, like the nervous fluid, impart an exhilarating and healthful influence to the whole, or convey through every fibre, some impression from any shock received by the remotest part. To understand this system, as a whole, and in its parts; in its good and its evil; in its beneficial effects, as a cause of prosperity; and in that sensibility to malign influences, which to the peevish or superficial sometimes gives it the appearance of a thing evil in itself. This is, perhaps, in the present state of political science, the most important study of the statesman as well as the merchant. But where does the true statesman look for that information which is to qualify him for his important duties as the conservator and nurse of the prosperity of his country men? To whom do the financiers of that great commercial country, England, whether in the cabinet or in parliament, address themselves, when any great problem in commerce or finance is to be worked out? They go to the Royal Exchange. They summon the merchants of Westminster Hall and Downing street, and, relying on the wise maxim, "*cuivis sua arte credendum*," they seat themselves at his feet, and listen to the lessons of his experience, as to the teachings of inspired wisdom. This was the school, in which that wonder of precocious ability, the younger Pitt, acquired that knowledge of finance, which distinguished and placed him at the head of modern statesmen; and here it is that his successors have obtained that extensive and accurate information of all the commercial interests of the kingdom, which directing all public measures to the general prosperity, secures the harmonious co-operation of all the energies of commerce with every purpose of the government.

Gentlemen: there is one view of this subject, which acquires incalculable importance from some circumstances, which distinguish the present state of the world from any of which we read in history. Hence, history, the great teacher of practical wisdom; history, which has been well said

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to be "philosophy teaching by example;" history herself is here at fault. Men have never before witnessed a career of uninterrupted prosperity, whetting by success the appetite for wealth, until the desire of gain has become the ruling passion in all classes of society, and wealth is heaped up on every hand in glittering masses, tempting cupidity to plunder. Hence a war against property, in all its forms, has been openly proclaimed; and the elements of disorganisation have been stirred up, and the sons of rapine, every where summoned to the strife, flock to her standard, like the hosts, who, in the latter day, shall come up to fight against the Lord, at the great battle of Armageddon. This portentous movement is not confined to any one country. It pervades all Christendom, and is most active and most dangerous in those very countries where the reign of peace and civilisation has most widely diffused the blessings of prosperity. While the harmony and happiness of the world are thus threatened, it behooves all to whom they are precious to gird on the armour of reason and truth and soberness, and prepare to resist the wild inroad.

Foremost among those to whom belongs this important duty, is the merchant. Property in his hands is not constrained to wait the spoiler's time, and, when assailed, to become his passive prey. He holds it in a form that makes it an efficient weapon whether defensive or offensive. He is the sentinel on the outer wall. It is his office to descry the approach of danger, to sound the alarm, to sustain the first assault, and to beat off the assailant. There is no instrument of more potent efficacy in the strifes of men than wealth; but the wealth of the property-holder, and especially the land-holder, is not enough at his command to be thus used. It is the merchant and the capitalist, whose resources may be employed at pleasure to enlist force against force, and drive back the robber to his den.

But besides this, a duty more pacific, and far more honourable, devolves on them. It is theirs to divert this struggle, and to disarm the cloud of its thunders before it strikes. It is for them to study the mysteries of that marvellous prosperity which thus provokes cupidity, and to show the world that the interests of all mankind, in every class, of every country, are indissolubly connected with, and dependent upon it; and that all who war against it, war against themselves. This fact, gentlemen, is in truth, the great security for the peace of the world, and the harmony and good order of society in all civilised communities. It is of the nature of that wealth which has its rise in commercial confidence and credit, that it is available only to the rightful possessor, and eludes the grasp of the robber. Under the stern dominion of oriental despotism, where force is the only law, superior force may triumph over law; and property of every kind is precariously held, sometimes at the mercy of him who should protect it; sometimes at that of such as defy his authority. In such a state of society, wealth concentrates itself in gems and jewels, and finds its best security in unsuspected holes and corners, or lurks beneath the patches of a tattered garment. To display it in any tangible form, is to lose it. But where law and order, and Christian morality, and the inviolable fidelity of mercantile faith have given birth to a system of commercial credit, wealth needs no hiding place. It openly shows itself in all the costly appliances of comfort and luxury, and the arts and devices of delicate and refined taste, and the elegances and splendours of magnificent display and gorgeous pomp. These seek no concealment, and these therefore, are open to the grasp of rapacity. But of what use would be these costly toys to the Jack Cades of modern radicalism? They are but the outward signs and indications of wealth, which perish in the using, and can only be truly enjoyed when perpetually renewed from stores which the hand of the spoiler cannot reach. He may seize upon them, and fancy that he has secured the possession of the same perennial fountain of abundance and luxury, which he has seen pouring forth its affluent stream for the benefit of the rightful owner. He has but caught the bubbles that danced upon its surface; and the reservoir which supplies the stream is far beyond his reach, deep hid in recesses, which he vainly desires to explore. An unseen hand cuts off the supply, and at the same moment a new fountain gushes out as from the rock of Horeb, in some distant land, where the intended victim of rapine again enjoys in peace the fruits of his labours. The musician may be robbed of his instrument, but the inspiration which breathed into it the soul of music has fled with him, and is still his solace and his pride wherever he goes. So let the counting-house of Rothschild or Baring be rifled, and it may be doubted whether the robber would not have more enriched himself, by the plunder of a pedlar's pack. Let a tyrant confiscate their wealth, and immediately their wealth takes to itself the wings of the morning, and flies away into the uttermost parts of the earth. Let a bank be plundered, and though that bank be sufficient for all its own purposes and for all the purposes of credit and commerce; though it be prosperous and flourishing, able to meet all engagements, and at the same time affording fair profits to the partners, and incalculable benefits to the community, yet, if its resources consist only of notes which the plunderer cannot sue upon, and dare not show, the mischief he does to others is attended with no benefit to himself. A part of that mischief indeed falls on his own head, and he too suffers in the general wreck of commerce and credit.

May not this be one reason, gentlemen, why politicians and schemers of the robber-school, so fret and rage against the credit system, and so eagerly insist that you shall not be allowed to transact your affairs without using costly counters of gold and silver, though the cheaper material of paper, or the invisible medium of well-founded credit and confidence may suit your purposes much better? Have they discovered that to confiscate credit would be as unprofitable as to kill the nightingale for his voice? Like the fox, in the fable, would they wile you down from your airy perch, where their clumsy limbs cannot reach you? Would they have you put all your wealth in a tangible form, where it might, at any moment, be made the prey of lawless violence, or legalised plunder? Of one thing, gentlemen, I can hardly entertain a doubt—that, were all the capital that sustains the vast commercial enterprise of Great Britain, assembled together in bodily presence, and in the alluring form of gold and silver, the whole military force of the kingdom would be insufficient to protect it from rapine. But commerce, left to herself, and pursuing her own maxims, without a view to any such danger, has incidentally created for herself a better safeguard than any human power could supply.

Gentlemen—To understand this grand system, thus instrumental to your own prosperity, and to the security of the community, is one of your highest duties. Nor is it less your duty and your interest to vindicate it from misconstruction, and to expound it, in all its beauty and usefulness, to those whose co-operation and support you may need. To this end you should be prepared alike to expose the wickedness of those who would break down the system, and the folly, which, mistaking its principles, would pervert and dishonour it. Founded on *prudence*, how can it prosper, when administered with inconsiderate rashness? Founded on *integrity*, how can it prosper in the hands of those, whose conduct shows that they are eager to enter into engagements, without stopping to calculate their means of fulfilling them? Its greatest danger arises from the error into which the public is led by the miscarriages of such blunders. Spurn from you the shallow schemer, who would build a paltry card-house of paper credits, not founded on *prudence*, *integrity*, and *faith inviolable*, and you will have less to fear from the wretch who would destroy credit, by sapping the foundations of public faith and private morality. It is to you, gentlemen, that they, who rule the destinies of our country, must look for information on this important subject, and to qualify yourselves to impart this information, is a duty which you owe not less to your country than to yourselves.

In comparison with these considerations, how disgusting and hateful is that view of mercantile skill, in which it is regarded as the art of getting rich at the expense of others, and in which the merchant's profit is considered as the exact measure of the loss sustained by those who have the misfortune to deal with him! Is this a true account of the matter? You would blush to own any man as a member of your honourable profession, who did not indignantly reject it as false and calumnious. You find your defence against the aspersion in your own just consciousness, that, by imparting the benefit of your knowledge, not only to him to whom you sell, but to him of whom you buy, and to all with whom you have to do, you give a fair equivalent for your gains.

Yet this vindication of the honour of your profession dwindles into insignificance, in comparison with the high function it performs as the guardian and regulator of credit and exchanges, the nurse of public and common prosperity, and the sage and experienced adviser of the financier and statesman.

But most of all has commerce reason to lift her head, and claim the gratitude and applause of the world, when she goes on her sacred mission, as the minister and apostle of the living God, to carry the arts of civilisation, the blessings of enlarged and comprehensive morality, and the light of Christian truth, into lands before the abode of pagan darkness and barbarism. Yes, gentlemen, commerce is the angel of the Apocalypse, which the inspired apostle saw, "fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people." This, above all other considerations, calls the merchant to the pursuit of knowledge—to the cultivation of his mind—to the development of all his powers, moral and intellectual. Qualified for this important duty, commerce may wing her way over every sea; and the blessing of God shall fill her sails; and she shall bring home treasures from every land, and "lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook."

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DISCOURSE

ON THE

Integrity of the Legal Character:

Delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia.

BY JOB R. TYSON, ESQ.

ONE OF THE VICE-PROVOSTS.

Gentlemen of the Law Academy:—

It is natural to feel a deep solicitude in the repute of a profession, which we have chosen as the business of our lives. The subject is interesting, because it powerfully appeals to us as a common sentiment, that it is our duty, as far as we are able, to extend its usefulness and enhance its estimation. While the study of the law is highly esteemed as an elevated science, there are, perhaps, few objects against which popular prejudice has been so unsparingly directed, as the legal profession. All admit the exalting and ennobling influences of historical and legal disquisitions—of researches into the existence and effects of law upon communities and states—and yet, the class of men whose peculiar province it is to explore and trace the rise and fall of institutions and nations, seem to be regarded, by common consent, as a standing theme of alternate jest and reproach.

With some well-meaning and intelligent persons an honest lawyer is a paradox. He is accused of a cold and avaricious selfishness, and supposed to be intent upon stirring up the passions of the multitude, to their degradation and ruin, from the sordid motive of pecuniary gain. Many impute to him an absorbing ambition for the honours, as well as the emoluments of life. He is represented, in fine, as a great spider surrounded by the meshes of the web he has woven, and investing all objects into its entangling fibres. Among this class, every instance of deviation from right and honour, is treasured up as a substantive charge against the whole fraternity.

It cannot be doubted, that some cause exists for a feeling, which, if it does not pervade all classes of society, has at least a very diffusive prevalence. As every rank in life, from the highest to perhaps the meanest, has contributed recruits to the Bar, and the light and shade of each may be seen reflected from its surface, so no one department is answerable for its errors. In other pursuits, the temptations to indirection may be equally potent and insidious; but the lawyer, from the publicity of his path, is more frequently subjected to suspicion, and his lapses are sooner and more generally known. Let a physician resort to the illicit arts of empiricism, let a merchant falsify or embezzle, let a tradesman keep false books and aid his scheme of deception by duplicity and falsehood;—in neither case, are mankind so unjust as to charge his crime upon the members of his body, or attribute to his peculiar vocation an influence unfavorable to moral virtue. The character of the offender is lost in the consideration of the offence, and justice is satisfied with punishing the delinquent without reference to his class.

But censorious and unjust as may be a part of the public in this wholesale condemnation, it cannot be questioned that the severity is not wholly destitute of reason. Many bad men, wearing the panoply of the profession, have been enabled to perpetrate their deeds under its sanction. The studies of the lawyer imply an intimate acquaintance with the principles of justice; and the world will hold him to a strict account for undermining the corner stone of his temple; for sinning against the lights of that knowledge which he especially ought to hold in regard and veneration. The high trusts and sacred confidences which he violates, in departing from the plain path of integrity, is an ingredient in his error which distinguishes it from the mass of moral delinquency. Men are prone to regard the abuses of trust and the betrayal of confidence, with sentiments of peculiar disgust and aversion. Nor should it be forgotten, that the secrecy with which clients may be conducted, forms a powerful reason why the detected culprit should be visited by a signal punishment.

This tendency to censure in the popular mind, may prove a wholesome corrective with bad men, who, if they are not influenced by higher motives, may reflect that they involve their fellow members in their disgrace. It should bind together "the good men and true" of the profession, like the Hundredors in the olden times of England, who, being held responsible for the conduct of each other, made hue and cry after a delinquent, with the view of securing themselves from suspicion, and the Hundred from punishment. The dishonoured lawyer must entertain a strange idea of the responsibilities of professional life, and interpret still more strangely the declaration of Coke, that every man owes a debt to his profession. Sir William Jones thought that if he did nothing more than introduce to the notice of the English lawyer the great work of Pothier, he would go far towards discharging this obligation. Amid the absorbing cares and worrying vexations of professional duty, it must happen, in the majority of cases, that there is little time and less inclination or ability, for the composition of a treatise which would not be a positive incumbrance to the lawyer's library. But all have it in their power to leave to their fellow members and successors, the valuable inheritance of an honoured and unspotted name.

This reflection will receive additional force, when we take into view the delicate functions and high responsibilities of the legal profession. Waiving, for the present, the consideration of those manifold and peculiar private duties, each big with importance, that every counsel may be called upon to discharge, the political and social influences of the body are great, diffusive and permanent. In all countries, the firmest impediment to the encroachments of arbitrary power is to be found in an enlightened, virtuous and independent Bar. They are the sentinels who sound the alarm at the approach of an enemy to constitutional liberty; for it is not amid the tyranny of despotic rule or in the strife and tumult of anarchy, that the expounder of the laws can find a birthplace or a home. The noble conduct of Sir Edward Coke, in resisting the disgraceful servility of a powerful court and the tyranny of a capricious monarch, is a memorable illustration of the value of the lawyer in perilous times, and a striking example of moral intrepidity and personal firmness. (1)* In the reign of Louis XIV., and the regency of Orleans, that great lawyer, D'Aguesseau, rescued unhappy France, by his patriotism and courage, from the intrigues of ambitious favourites, the corruptions of the tribunals, and the stupendous and dazzling projects of the infamous John Law. The annals of juridical biography, over the world, teem with similar examples.

The lawyer exists, and can exist only, in the genial atmosphere of freedom. It is from him, especially, that traditional errors and practical abuses must find a corrective. Reform and improvement, under his auspices, hope for stability and progress. But he stands, not only as a sentinel against the inroads of a political despot, and the scourge of public abuses, but he is the shield of private injuries and the asserter of legal retribution. He is interposed between the corrupt, incompetent and erring judge, and the wronged and troubling suitor. The avenger of the innocent, he visits upon the wrong-doer the penalties of the law, and protects the weak and defenceless from the overbearing hand of oppression and power.

It is not necessary to remind such an assembly as this, of the position assumed by the legal profession at the darkest period of our political history, when tyranny wore the guise of a necessary tax for the public good. Who but lawyers could have roused the country to the vindication of rights merely speculative and theoretical—rights affecting abstract principle, and wholly unfelt in curtailing of distant colonies, were at once extinguished or disappeared; or united their angry forces to answer those eloquent appeals which were made to the spirit of national independence. Let it not be forgotten in the tale of our country's history, that those same lawyers who preached free principles to the people—the Dickensons, Adamses and Lees of those days,—when the flame of war converted the council chamber into a camp, valiantly asserted the sincerity of their patriotism by offering to seal their doctrines with their blood.

But that science which may thus confer blessings on society, and ennoble its professors, is capable of the grossest perversion. Bolingbroke does only justice to the legal profession, when he portrays it as being, "in its nature, the noblest and most beneficial to mankind; in its abuse and debasement, the most sordid and pernicious." It was in this state of depravation on the decline of Roman jurisprudence, during the latter and darker period of the empire. That noble art, which had been vindicated for so long a period by the exalted wisdom and pure integrity of its members, sustained the most pitiable declension which could befall an honourable pursuit. "It had fallen," says Gibbon, in his Decline and Fall, "into the hands of freedmen and plebeians, who, with cunning, rather than skill, exercised a sordid and pernicious trade. Some of them procured admittance into families for the purpose of fomenting differences, of encouraging suits, and of preparing a harvest of gain for themselves and their brethren. Others, recluse in their chambers, maintained the dignity of legal professors, by furnishing a rich client with subtleties to confound the plainest truths, and with arguments to colour the most unjustifiable pretensions. The splendid and popular class was composed of the advocates, who filled the forum with the sound of their turgid and loquacious rhetoric. Careless of favour and of justice, they are described, for the most part, as ignorant and rapacious guides, who conducted their clients through a maze of expense, of delay, and of disappointment."

It cannot be denied, in our own day, that while

* These figures refer to notes in the appendix.

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many practise the law as become the votaries of an elevated science, others degrade it into a pernicious and *driving trade*. It is indifferent to these men what may be the merits of a controversy, or which side they espouse; they ignobly pervert their oath of office, which enjoins fidelity to the interests of the client, into a pretext for sheltering him from the condign punishment of justice and law. Like Major Dalgetty, they are ever willing to fight on the *eligible* side; and exclaim in the base spirit of that mercenary soldier,

"With pleas of right let statesmen vex their head,
Battle's my business, and my guerdon bread;
And with the sordid Switzer, I can say,
The best of causes is the best of pay."

The little arts of chicanery and falsehood, exciting differences, magnifying trivial offences, blurring the reputations of upright men;—in short, gaining an ignominious livelihood by preying upon the ignorant and poor, and plundering the weak and the rich—are malversations which have, in some instances, disgraced the exercise of our profession.

How are we to guard against the continuance of a system so fraught with public and private mischief, so full of infamy to the country, of perpetual and ineffaceable disgrace to ourselves? An obvious reply to this question demands a higher aim in the qualifications to membership—a longer period of study—and a loftier standard of mental and moral attainment. These requisites would certainly produce a beneficial influence, since candidates are admitted to practise whose moral training and want of intellectual fitness, instead of conferring honour upon the Bar, have only added to its odium and contempt. The acquisition of a mechanical trade requires an apprenticeship, omitting the item of literary preparation, during as long a period as the study of the laws of the land. The means to improve and exalt the character of the Bar be *confined* to augmented strictness in the admission to membership, it is feared that it will advance but slowly and partially the work of reform. It might insure to the public and the profession more cultivated talents and sounder learning; but the example of England proves that a severer system of exclusion forms no security against the inroads of bad men, and the arts of dishonest practitioners. But let it not be forgotten, that the most corrupt and infamous judge that has ever disgraced Westminster Hall—the detested and blood thirsty Jefferies—assumed the gown of the barrister, if, indeed, he was ever regularly admitted to practice, at the early age of eighteen years, and after an unusually brief period of probation.

It might be well to consider how much could be done to purify the Bar, by an uncompromising sincerity of deportment in those to whom the profession look for guidance and example. I speak not of that moral propriety of personal conduct which scorns meanness and dishonour, but that magnanimity of sentiment and demeanour which would refuse all countenance to the trickster and pettifogger. They should cultivate that true *esprit de corps* which would guard our reputation from the effects of private, much less any public manifestation of regard, where regard is misplaced, because it is unmerited. Affability, when undistinguishing, ceases to be a virtue. The world is influenced by appearances, and when these prove false and hollow, it is either shocked, or falls a victim to the deception. In the one case it loses its respect, and in the other, it receives an injury. The man whose moral sentiments and professional deportment are free from reproach, may learn, by the counsels of the Bar, to connive at serious delinquencies in a fellow member, from the force of pleasing manners or the fascinating influence of agreeable social qualities. The clear moral perceptions of the community, and the conduct of the Bar, may thus come into collision. While the public are ready to consign an unworthy member to the infamy he deserves, his legal brethren may extend to him the hand of cordiality and fellowship, and try to sustain him by every mark of public and private confidence. I would not be understood as recommending the abandonment of a fellow lawyer to an unreasonable outbreak of popular indignation or suspicion; the *esprit de corps* should protect him, at whatever hazard, in the fearless and independent discharge of his functions. I speak not of idle rumour, with its thousand lying tongues, its appetite whetted for mischief, and greedy for its victim.

"Fama—
Parva metu primò, mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingreditoque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."

Many occasions occur in the course of an extensive practice at the Bar, when, from the blindness of popular prejudice, or the easiness of public credulity, a prominent finds himself in situations which may expose him to ruin, without the sympathy and support of his brethren. In the memorable case of the libel against Paine, for that part of his *Rights of Man* which attacked the English government, Erskine stood forward his intrepid and eloquent defender. All the arts of intimidation were employed to drive him from his purpose. A conspiracy was formed to deprive Paine of the benefit of counsel; but despising promises, and regardless of threats, Erskine was true to that independence of action and integrity of purpose which should ever characterise a member of the Bar. For this act of disobedience, he was put under the ban and deprived of office. Now that time has mellowed the passions of the moment, we look in vain for their excuse or justification. He was the defender, not of language tending to sedition; not of an inflammatory address to excite opposition to law, tumult, disorder, or mutiny; not of calumnies against the living magistrate; but of a sober effort to bring about the redress of acknowledged grievances, by addressing the universal reason of the nation. He remained under a temporary cloud, but true to himself, and fortunate in the adherence of his brethren, he emerged from the vapour which obscured him, into the brightest sunshine of popular and royal favour.(2)

The call for withdrawal on the part of the Bar, from the countenance and protection of a colleague, is reserved for cases, not of suspicion founded only on rumour, but of acts performed under a delusive but honest sense of duty, but of unquestioned and indubitable dishonour. In such cases, it may be gravely contended, without the imputation of harshness, that it is not only the *right* of each member, as *amicus curiæ*, to institute a proceeding, but the *stern duty* of the body to promote and sustain it.

It is an error of an opposite nature, and one that argues not only a want of self-respect, but of *fidelity to one's profession*, to detract from, or grudgingly yield the palm of merit to a deserving compeer. Want of equal success sometimes unconsciously sours into asperity our feelings towards a man, whom we might otherwise regard with the warmest sentiments of friendship and admiration. It is a quicker and an easier task to demolish the fabric which it required years to construct, than to build up another by its side; and however repugnant to propriety and honour may be the fact, and humiliating to our pride may be the admission, it cannot be doubted, that there are men who prefer depending for their advancement more upon the adroitness with which a competitor can be humbled, than raising themselves to the height of fair and open competition. It was one of the maxims of honourable chivalry, that knighthood was disgraced by an attempt to undervalue the honest fame of an enemy or a rival. The world is censorious enough to dwell with complacency upon ill-natured recitals of professional miscarriage, and surely he proves recreant to his order, who will minister to tastes so unwholesome and depraved. Instead of looking with spleen or envy, upon a prosperity which, unable to equal, he would insidiously destroy, it would be well to raise his eye to the level of his character he dislikes, and attuning his mind for the effort, mount up, like the blaze of the emulous lamp, to the object above him.

An opinion prevails, that the reading of the lawyer cannot stray, with safety, from the beaten track of his profession. A sentiment of this kind is so illiberal, in its spirit, to the genius of the age, and so injurious in its practical tendency, to the public and the profession, that so opportune an occasion as this should not be omitted to present and expose its fallacy. The law is not only a learned, but a *liberal* profession; and the lawyer, of all men, should elevate and fortify his principles, by various and enlarged studies, against the insidious temptations to which he is on every side exposed. "The sparks of every science," says Finch, "are taken up in the ashes of the law." How dark and bewildered we should grope our way, without a more certain and satisfactory guide than these sparks can furnish!(3) "Your mere lawyer," says Mr. Warren, in his Law Studies, "is a pettifogger." He seldom distinguishes between principle and *technicality*: the latter of these, according to Lord Kaimes, invariably leading to corruption and depravity. He who has observed the *outside*, instead of advancing into the penetralia of the temple, is as partial in his scope of observation, as the underworkman, so felicitously described by Dean Swift—and confining himself to the outworks, is a stranger to the grander conceptions which would be inspired by the amazing extent and beautiful proportions of the interior and principal structure.

Liberal studies are necessary to counteract the circumscribing and benumbing influences of a professional addiction to law. The man who devotes himself exclusively to its details, becomes as pitiable in his helplessness as the blind or hood-winked mill-horse, unsuited for every purpose but the round he is accustomed to travel, and only fitted for that by the appliances which confine him to his circle. Too strict an adherence to legal forms, cramps the energies and contracts the mental vision, rendering it scarce in the perception of immediate objects, but, by disqualifying it for a wider range, lessens the sphere of its observation. Lawyers in this, as in all free countries, are called upon to guide the helm of state; and surely he is a worse pilot than the heavy-eyed Palinurus, who, accustomed only to view the nicely adjusted machinery of a clock

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through a microscope, cannot, in the distance, descry the thickening tempest in the speck which floats on the horizon.

We sometimes hear the lawyer derided, who steps aside from his profession to mingle with the world, in the attractive departments of literature and benevolence. Believe that though the law is a jealous mistress, no lawyer is less qualified to be her humane and enlightened votary, by mixing in scenes which allow play to the imagination, and give impulse to the best emotions of the heart. It is important that he should be made acquainted with other men and things than law and lawyers; it is his duty to cultivate an expansive philanthropy, and extend a helping hand to all the moral institutions of the age. It was to such men, that the jurisprudence and philanthropy of England are indebted for their regenerated spirit and upward movement. Bentham, whose *originality*, as a legal reformer, is greater perhaps than Justinian, Alfred, or Napoleon, was a man of diversified and general knowledge. Without bloodshed, temporary misrule, or the anarchy attendant on important changes, he has brought about the greatest revolution, the most extensive and valuable reforms, which have ever been witnessed in the annals of mankind. Dumont, Mackintosh, Brougham, Romilly, Wells, and others, his distinguished coadjutors, were spirits whose intellects were not more enlarged by various research than their hearts were adorned, and affections purified, by the truths of religion and philosophy.

Though Bentham may justly be deemed the greatest benefactor of legal science of this, or perhaps of any age, let it not be understood that I commend the adoption of all his doctrines. His Rationale of Evidence is a wonderful specimen of research, and for the most part, of just, comprehensive, and luminous reasoning. But in the troubled whirlpool of agitated opinion in England, he could not escape from the leaven which was fermenting the mass. His arguments are often carried beyond the bounds of truth and logic. In the language of Brougham, he is apt "to push his discussions to the uttermost, and to strain his principles till they crack." The American lawyer, while he marks and imitates his spirit, will avoid his mistakes; he will seek the true shrine of practical improvement, and not yield himself blindly to the genius of innovation, that giddy and delusive phantom, whose aims are as unsubstantial as her behests are visionary. He will not swell the headlong and turbulent stream, which, boiling from the very bottom, pours over its banks; and instead of diffusing fertility and beauty, exhibits a scene of sad and wasteful desolation. He will learn the practice of other codes than his own, he will study those principles of eternal justice upon which enlightened law must be founded;—for ignorant of these, he is without the light of comparison, and lives and dies the inflexible and determined enemy of change.

A man when entering his profession, should reflect upon the enlarged sphere of obligations which his position has contracted, that there are duties which he owes to the Bar as well as to himself.—Professional integrity requires, in the first place, that he should possess all the learning of his art, that his legal knowledge should be profound and exact, in order to direct his client wisely.(4) He will be distinguished not only for the assiduity necessary for this, but for honour, sincerity and truth, in all his relations with the client, the court, the Bar and the community. If sincerity be loved in the common intercourse of life, how desirable to find it in a counsel into whose ear has been poured perhaps the confidential breathings which have been withheld from every other mortal! In the rude ages of chivalry, veracity was esteemed a cardinal and indispensable virtue, and without it, the dignity of knighthood attracted to its possessor only the contempt and infamy of his order. Of all the detestable properties, for which a man of liberal aspirations may be known, is falsehood, a vice equally impolitic and base. But on the other hand, how noble a consciousness does he enjoy, how proud a niche does he occupy in the hearts of his fellow men, whose lips have never been polluted with untruth, and whose promise, without the sign manual to attest its nature, has always been scrupulously, and to the letter, redeemed!

Next in importance to these, perhaps upon the community and himself, is promptitude in the discharge of professional business. *Neglect* on the part of the barrister, is an imputation as often made, and a grievance as extensively felt, as "the law's delay" and the uncertainty of its ultimate decisions. Voltaire said, "he had been twice ruined; once when he lost a law-suit, and once when he gained one." The excellent motto of Sir Matthew Hale, "*festina lente*," was inscribed upon the head of his staff, and his judicial industry, and admirable resolves, attest its value as a guide. "Slow, but sure," was the favourite maxim of Lord Eldon, whose balancing mind and habitual caution, held suitors in suspense, till sometimes, from "the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," they are said to have died of grief and vexation. Millions of pounds sterling were locked up in chancery awaiting his tardy deliberations, to the ruin of estates, and the distress and impoverishment of families. If his distinguished successor on the woolsack, had emulated Eldon in the soundness of his law, as he excelled him in the despatch of equity business, Brougham's reputation, as a jurist, would stand upon a lofty eminence. But no man is a safe counsellor who speaks when he ought to meditate, and a swift judge is a public calamity. The whisperings of sloth, on the other hand, should be silenced by the voice of honour and the dictates of integrity, whose primary lesson enjoins an *instant* obedience to its call.

The lawyer, in full practice, who faithfully and conscientiously performs his duty, passes a life of thoughtful toil, which it is not easy for an uninitiated public to appreciate. His gains are sometimes believed to be more than an equivalent for his labour. But the ordinary fees of the counsel are incomparably less in amount, than in many departments of life, in which, though less labour is bestowed, and to which inferior qualifications are sufficient, the remuneration is by no means thought to be disproportioned to the skill and responsibility. In a majority of cases, every one must not only be the best, but the *exclusive* judge of the value of his own services; but still there are certain received rules to which all honourable men will adhere.—A compensation, dependant upon the event of a controversy, has been condemned as liable to many objections. These contracts may certainly lead to deception and abuse; but on the other hand, they may be mutually convenient and beneficial to the client and counsel. The suitor may be either unable or unwilling to repay the exertions of a counsel in any other mode, and is the latter therefore to reject what, in the line of his profession, may confer a benefit? But an honourable man will not avail himself of that superior knowledge which he must possess over his client, in fixing the principle of compensation. The contracting parties seldom stand upon equal ground. The counsel, perhaps aware of the comparative ease with which the rights of the suitor can be enforced, may dictate unreasonable terms, which the ignorance or necessity of the latter only could induce him to accept. It is related of Topping, an English lawyer of celebrity, that a larger sum being tendered to him as a retainer, in an important cause, than was customary, he indignantly refused it, upon the ground, that the surplus either implied an unwillingness to do what was right, without a perquisite, or that he was expected to perform more than his duty—an alternative which he treated with scorn.

There is one faculty of the mind, to which I beg leave to call your attention as nearly connected with integrity of character, and upon the cultivation of which the happiness and usefulness of a lawyer materially depend. It is the cultivation of the temper. In the ordinary routine of professional business, in the official intercourse of the Bar, in the duties of the forum, all experience will tell how necessary it is to preserve the temper calm and unruffled, amidst a thousand circumstances, which are perpetually occurring to try it. Clients may be exacting, opponents unreasonable, the demeanour of the judge may be disagreeable, or his decision unsatisfactory, the jury may have decided hastily or from misconception—these are among the numerous causes of vexation, which a lawyer may meet with, in his daily walks, and which, without the exercise of that philosophy which "ruleth the spirit," may cloud and embitter his whole journey. The impetuosity of Coke, the irritability of Tenterden, and the occasional dogmatic violence of Ellenborough, scarcely more alienated their cotemporaries, and diminished the lustre of their judicial renown, on the bench, than it has affected the deliberate estimate of their characters with posterity.(5) With what upbraiding remorse must a passionate man look out upon the world whose green spots of friendship, love and esteem he has transformed into a desert! He is forced to exclaim,

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I
planted:
They have torn me, and I bleed!"

The academy will not, I am sure, charge me with a desire to become its moral Mentor, when, as an old member, I take the liberty of presenting considerations which I cannot but view as important in the formation of the legal character. There are one or two reflections, gentlemen, which, I must still, however, press upon your notice. One is, that let the intellectual character be what it may, no matter how elevated and superior, if it want integrity, these endowments will be regarded as nothing, except to heap accumulated odium upon their possessor. The other is, that in the season of ingenuous youth, when all the impulses of the heart are usually generous and noble, and little has occurred to disturb or chill their genial flow, if the moral sensibilities be so blunt as to permit a departure from the principles of integrity, manhood, which brings with it greater coldness and stronger temptations, must be crowned with misery and dishonour. The effects of idleness may be retrieved; assiduity, inspired by the enthusiasm of

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an ambition which circumstances had checked or concealed, may repair the breaches of indolence. But let the cold steel of insincerity, falsehood, dishonour, enter, at that period of life, into the soul, and the vitality of a better principle is irrevocable; the virtuous spark, it may be feared, is dead forever.

In glancing over the pages of juridical biography, we are struck with the justice of the world in overlooking the greatest talents, when they are not joined to a virtuous life. Witness the case of Sir Francis, afterwards Lord Bacon, described by Pope, as the

"Greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,"

who, though so eminently endowed, and excelling so much in varied accomplishments, his illustrious rival, is nevertheless seldom mentioned but in terms of reproach and disparagement. Bacon once, perhaps only once in his life, uttered the real sentiments of his heart. He has revealed, in these few words, the secret of his policy, the instrument of his promotion. "Not *too much*," says he, "of the *honest*, is a property conducive to *fortune*." The Lord Jefferies is only remembered as the supple and sanguinary tool of a bad king, and as the execrable judge who could insult and triumph over Baxter, and browbeat, convict and execute such men as Russell and Sidney. The means which these two men employed to attain seats of eminence and power, are expressively sketched in a single line;

"Meanness which soars, and pride that licks the dust,—"

the one successful by ductility and sycophancy, and the other rising by his rottenness from the bottom of the stream of life.

Turn from such examples as these, to the inflexible honesty of Coke, the self-denying independence of Mansfield, the unsullied and unambitious virtue of Wilmot, the honest pride and benevolent sensibilities of Blackstone, the pure religion and energetic philanthropy of Romilly, and a multitude of others of only inferior celebrity. The virtues of these men can never be forgotten; and so genial is their effect upon the memory of their greatness, that so far from being eclipsed, it must continue to live by an union with a principle, alike co-existent and conservative.

Of Coke, it is enough to say, that with all his defects, he stands out in such high relief, as a man of integrity, that now, having outlived the petty arts by which Bacon assailed him, the majesty of his intellect shines forth with unclouded lustre in his works, which promise to endure until the great foundations of British law are broken down and destroyed.(6)

The character of Murray, afterwards Mansfield, presents to the lawyer, a proud subject of study and imitation. Though he has raised one branch of the law at least, which he found in elemental chaos, into the dignity of consistent science; though he has impressed upon the principles of general jurisprudence, much of his own wise and penetrating spirit; though he graced Parliament with an oratory as effective and popular as the eloquence of Pitt;—with all these to embalm him in the perpetual remembrance of the lawyer and statesman, yet his public and private virtues, his signal integrity, and noble independence, will be the means of securing for him a deeper love, a prouder immortality. His contempt of "the huzzas of the crowd," of that popularity "which is run after," and the manly sensibility with which he looked forward to the applause of after times, to the page of impartial history, when truth should triumph over delusion, must challenge the sympathy of the enlightened and generous part of mankind. Menaced with the violence of an indignant mob, he nobly performed his duty, *ruat cœlum*, as he said, regardless of the frowns of power and the turbulence of popular commotion. It may be truly said, he had

"A soul
That spurned the crowd's malign control,
A firm contempt of wrong."

With all the objections which captious men have raised against Lord Mansfield, in common with other eminent jurists, for attempting to give to the court, and not to the jury, the question of "libel or no libel," and maugre some alloys from which humanity can scarcely be exempt, he stands a monument of genius and virtue, an assertor of human freedom, and a benefactor of legal science.

One of those remarkable men, of whom, perhaps, the present age is not very prolific, is Sir Eardley Wilmot. This eminent personage united, in an extraordinary degree, the talents and learning, the sincere piety and scrupulous honour, which fitted him for the highest judicial station, with the modesty which made him shun all eclat and distinction. Averse to place or preferment, his cotemporaries frequently thrust upon him situations of dignity and emolument, without his consent, and in opposition to his wishes. He was made a puisne judge of the King's Bench, in despite of a sincere and earnest remonstrance against it, and thence was promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, in the face of as vehement a protest as his gentle nature and the silencing voices of his friends would permit. Twice offered the Great Seal, he steadily and firmly declined it, preferring the blessings of retirement and the calm virtues of private life, to the allurements which its acceptance held out to ambition. "Bread and water," said he, "are nectar and ambrosia, contrasted with the supremacy of a court of justice."—When he accepted the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, that humble dependence upon God for aid which was the ruling principle of all his actions, appears in a letter to his son. "Now, my son," says he, "I will tell you a secret worth knowing and remembering: the elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my humility, to my not having set up myself above others, and to an uniform endeavour to pass through life void of offence towards God and man." Again he writes, "I do not in the least doubt but you will second my endeavours to cultivate your mind, and principally to impregnate it with those principles of honour and truth, which constitute a gentleman; and however fortune may exalt or depress you in the world, the consciousness of having always acted upon those principles, will give you the only perfect happiness that is to be found in this world. Whether my heart be full of joy or grief, it will always beat uniformly with unremitting wishes, that all my children may be more distinguished for their *goodness*, than their *greatness*." Filial piety has bequeathed to mankind a faithful and affectionate tribute to the memory of this great and good man—a memory which must ever be cherished by his descendants and all posterity with sentiments of lively and grateful love.

The literary attractions of the Commentaries on the Laws of England, dispose mankind, according to the influences which operate on the human heart, either to believe any thing that is favourable or the reverse, in the character of the distinguished author. It is a matter of regret, that his professional and social career has not been more minutely delineated, as it would be gratifying to all, interested in legal biography, to follow so illustrious a penman from the retired haunts of his study into the exciting scenes of debate, in the forum. It appears an ill elocution retarded his early advances, but his intrinsic worth and elevated bearing, are shown in a single incident, which has been fortunately preserved. Being recommended by Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, to the Duke of New Castle, to fill the vacant chair in the University of Oxford, the duke, willing to try how far he could depend upon the flexibility of his nature, or the easiness of his principles, observed to him, that "in case of any agitation in the college, he presumed he might rely upon Mr. Blackstone's exertions in behalf of government." "Your Grace may be assured," said Blackstone, "that *I will discharge my duty in giving law lectures*, to the best of my poor ability." "And your duty in the other branch too?" added the Duke. A silent flexion of the body was the only rejoinder. A few days after, Dr. Jenner was promoted to the vacant chair. But the disappointment of Blackstone was nobly revenged by his subsequent election to the Vinerian professorship—a station, which the elegant genius displayed in his lectures has adorned and immortalised.

Sir William Blackstone, if he had not written the Commentaries, has vindicated a claim to high renown for his efforts, in conjunction with Howard and Eden, to reform the prisons of England. The memorable statute 19 Geo. 3, is attributed to his pen, the doctrines of which he asserted through the press, and enforced by means of charges to Grand Juries. If he had performed nothing more than writing the Commentaries, he would be entitled to our gratitude for enlarging and beautifying the literary realms of law; but, having added to our debt by his labours in the uninviting field of penal philanthropy, he must live in our hearts with enduring freshness.

Of all the lawyers of whom past times or the present age can boast, no one can be placed in competition with Sir Samuel Romilly, as a beautiful instance of the abandonment of individual ambition to the promotion of the public good. Learned and able, far beyond the ordinary standard of learning and ability, he looked at office and station as only augmenting his responsibility, and placing in his power the means of more extensive usefulness. Though diffident to a degree, which, for years, threatened to drive him in discredit from the Bar, he overcame the barrier of physical weakness by the force of his fine intellect and moral susceptibilities, attained a most commanding eminence in the forum, and has inscribed his name, in imperishable characters, high in the blazing scroll of philanthropy. To him more than to any man who ever lived, amid reproach and ridicule, and surrounded by every form of opposition and discouragement, are the most benign features of the penal code, and many of the best institutions of England, indebted for their existence. Sorrowing, but not disheartened, bowed down for a time, but not dismayed by keen sarcasm, unfounded misrepresentation and unexpected defeat, he reproduced his plans of

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improvement, year after year, and calmly waited the approach of that hour when public sentiment, having imbibed his enlightened views, and animated by his generous ardour, should be prepared for their adoption. At such a time, he was capable of making the following declaration, in Parliament, a declaration remarkable for the forbearance and elevated spirit which it breathes, "Since the last session of Parliament, I have repeatedly reconsidered the subject: I am more and more convinced of the strength of the foundation on which I stand. * * I knew that my motives must be occasionally misunderstood by many, and might possibly be misrepresented by others. I was not blind to the road where prudence pointed to preferment; but I am not to be misled from comforts which no external honours can bestow." Again he said, "From the spirit which I have seen, I shall not be surprised, and certainly I will not be deterred, by any vote of this night. * * * It was my lot to hear in Parliament, a negative upon that bill, which was intended to deliver this enlightened nation from the reproach of the cruel and disgusting punishment of burning women alive. It was my lot, again and again, to witness in this house, the defeat of those wise and humane exertions which were intended to rescue Englishmen from the disgrace of abetting slavery. But the punishment of burning is no more, and Africa is free. No resistance, no vote of this night, shall prevent my appealing to the good sense and good feeling of the legislature and of the country. If I live another year, I will renew this bill, with the bill for repealing the punishment of death for stealing a few shillings; and whatever may be my fate, the seed which is scattered has not fallen upon stony ground."

Romilly is represented, by his biographer, as uniting the greatest modesty to the highest merit; as being laborious, but social; as devoted to his profession, but most disinterested in his services to the poor and unfortunate; and in all his conduct, both professional and parliamentary, distinguished for high minded rectitude and punctilious honour.

Such was Samuel Romilly; a man whose faith, under the guidance of our holy religion, led him to elevated studies and noble acts, and auxious only to assuage the ills of humanity, and to purify it from the taint of meanness and error, he has enrolled himself in that band of great and superior spirits, who have been called, "The salt of the earth,"

"The virtuous few
Who sensen human kind."

If we go from the illustrious of another land, to the celebrated men of our own, we shall find that the garland of fame is more likely to retain its perfume and verdure from the virtues, than the abilities of its possessor. The purity of character which marked the judicial and social careers of Chief Justice Marshall, of the Supreme Court of the United States—that great man who may be called *primus absque secundo*; of Judge Washington, of the United States Court for this circuit;—and of Chief Justice Tilghman of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; will preserve and brighten, if it does not survive the recollection of their eminent talents and profound learning. Of the lamented William Rawle, late of this Bar, we may emphatically use the fine language applied by Warburton to Bayle—that "he had a soul superior to the attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to the best philosophy." In the noble course of this lawyer, we see much to shield our profession from the injustice of general censure and the stigma of indiscriminate reproach.

To a list, which might be extended by so many additions from the ranks of "the mighty dead," let me point you to the seats of the living. At the risk of inflicting pain, I must select only one or two names gathered from the roll of our own records. These gentlemen, having, for the most part, retired from the active struggles of the Bar, no reason exists why we should be silent, when silence is injustice as well to them, as to ourselves. They belong to us and our community. The Philadelphia Bar, who witnessed and participated in their triumphs, may claim to assert the honours of their membership, and the benefits of their living example. It is to the high and unblemished integrity of a Du Ponceau and a Binney, of a Sergeant and a Chauncey, that we are indebted for the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Philadelphia Bar over the Union. In the homely phrase of an ancient legal writer, these gentlemen knew of "what stuff a right worthy lawyer was to be made." They well knew, that though legal learning and general knowledge were alike necessary for chamber practice and forensic display, yet that without an elevated honour, their reputation, like the Prophet's gourd, would wither in a night. They knew they would be like a ship at sea, without ballast or a compass, fearlessly exposing herself to the elements, which seemed to waft her to her port, but which were only conspiring their forces to her ruin. They knew, by the unaided exertions of their eminent talents, that "they could rise like the rocket," but without the sustaining arm of a superior power, "they must fall like the stick." It is at once a proof of the existence and effect of the principle which I have feebly attempted to illustrate, that these eminent men, though engaged for a long series of years in nearly all the important causes which were tried in this city, and, though frequently on opposite sides, all the collisions of the forum have not impaired their respect for each other, nor disturbed the intimacy of their early friendship. This certainly is a spectacle worthy of the admiration.—And I am unable to express a higher wish for the personal and professional success of the members of this Academy, than that, like them, they may win a deserved renown for goodness as well as greatness; that in the evening of their days they may find warm hearts in the bosoms of their early friends and contributors of this institution; and that, honoured themselves, and conferring honour on others, they may descend to the rich blessings of a well spent life.

APPENDIX TO MR. TYSON'S DISCOURSE.

Note 1.—I refer, in the text, to the prohibitions used by Coke upon the proceedings of the High Commission Court, (Vide 12 Rep. 50,) and the manly resistance which he made to the numerous proclamations of James 1st. This monarch, in the first year of his reign, issued thirty-seven of these edicts, most of them illegal, and many of them encroaching upon the authority of Parliament. Wilson, the historian, says, "the people took them for good payment a great while, till the multitude of them lessened their valuation." (Kennet, Vol. II. p. 667.) As soon as James arrived in England, he issued a proclamation for the apprehension of William and Patrick Ruthven, two of the Gowrie conspirators. This was soon followed by edicts against monopolies; one relating to the making of starch, and another forbidding the erection of buildings in London; commanding the magistrates to pull down those which were erected contrary to the order, to sell the materials, and imprison the workmen. Some of these proclamations aimed at absolute power; such, for example, as tended to alter the law of the land, of which kind there were many. Some denounced penalties for the commission of acts to which no punishment was affixed by law; some related to matters directly rejected by Parliament, just before prorogued; some appointed punishments to be inflicted before lawful trial and conviction; and others contained penalties in the form of penal statutes. Hume, in his history of this reign, has erroneously stated that these royal proclamations had the force of law, asserting that they "were established by uniform and undisputed practice, and *even acknowledged by lawyers*, who made, however, this difference between laws and proclamations, that the authority of the former was perpetual, while that of the latter expired with the sovereign who enacted them." This declaration seems to be without foundation, except, perhaps, that Bacon and the court may have suggested this ingenious gloss to so dangerous a prerogative. The judges, with Sir Edward Coke at their head, delivered the following resolution at the Michaelmas term of 1612, touching the validity of these regal ordinances: "It was resolved, that the king, by his proclamation, cannot create any offence which was not an offence before, for then he may alter the law of the land by his proclamation in a high point; for if he may create an offence where none is, upon that he may create fine and imprisonment. Also, the law of England is divided into three parts: common law, statute law, and custom; but the king's proclamation is none of these. Also, *malum aut est malum in se, aut prohibitum*, that which is against common law, *malum in se*; *malum prohibitum* in such an offence as is prohibited by act of parliament. Also, it was resolved, that the king hath no prerogative but that which the law of the land allows him. But the king, for prevention of offences, may admonish his subjects by proclamation that they keep the laws, and do not offend them, upon punishment to be inflicted by the law; and lastly, if the offence be not punishable in the Star Chamber, the prohibition by proclamation cannot make it punishable there." (12 Rep. 74.)

James himself, in one of his proclamations, disproves the assertion of Hume, by admitting the correctness of the opinion expressed by the judges in the above resolutions: "So, although we know that by the constitution of the frame and policie of this kingdome, every proclamation and ordinance are not *of equal force*, nor in the like degrees with our laws," &c. (Vide Book of Proclamations, p. 235.)

Note 2.—It is but just to mention that Erskine, though the advocate of Paine in a prosecution founded upon "The Rights of Man," displayed his detestation of the infidel opinions of this writer, as expressed in his "Age of Reason." He was employed to conduct the prosecution in the case of Williams, for the publication of this notorious book. In the course of his speech, on that occasion, he made the following subsequent profession of his religious faith: "For my own part," says he, "I have been ever devoted to the truths of Christianity; and my firm belief in the Holy Gospel is by no means owing to the prejudices of education, (though I was religiously educated by the best of parents,) but has arisen from the fullest and most continued reflections of my riper years and understanding. It forms, at this moment, the great consolation of a life which, as a shadow, passes away; and without it, I should consider my long course of health and prosperity, (too long, perhaps, and too uninterrupted, to be good for any man,) as the dust which the wind scatters, and rather as a snare than a blessing."

I extract the following narrative of some touching particulars of this case, from Roscoe's Lives, &c. It exhibits Erskine in a most amiable point of view, and disposes us to draw a veil over the infirmities which marked a subsequent period of his life. "The prosecution in this case," says Mr. Roscoe, "had been instituted by the 'Proclamation Society,' an

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association for the suppression of blasphemous and seditious publications, and Mr. Erskine appeared to support it by virtue of the general retainer which he held for the society. Williams was convicted, and on the motion of Mr. Erskine, was brought up for judgment. Between the time of that motion and the judgment of the court being passed upon him, some circumstances occurred which induced Mr. Erskine to suggest to those who employed him, the propriety of instructing him to state that they were satisfied with the punishment already inflicted on the defendant by his commitment to Newgate. The answer from the society was, that though they did not wish to press for a severe judgment, they did not feel themselves justified in expressing a wish for lenity. This resolution being communicated by the secretary to Mr. Erskine, he declined being further concerned for the society, and returned their retainer. A statement of the circumstances, which induced Mr. Erskine to adopt this unusual step, was many years afterwards communicated by him to Mr. Howell, the editor of the State Trials, at the request of that gentleman. The narrative is a very interesting one. "Having convicted Williams, as will appear by your report of his trial, and before he had notice to attend the court to receive judgment, I happened to pass one day through the Old Turnstile, from Holborn, in my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields, when, in the narrowest part of it, I felt something pulling me by the coat: when, on turning round, I saw a woman at my feet bathed in tears, and emaciated with disease and sorrow, who continued almost to drag me into a miserable hovel in the passage, where I found she was attending upon two or three unhappy children in the confluent small-pox, and in the same apartment, not above ten or twelve feet square, the wretched man whom I had convicted was sewing up little religious tracts, which had been his principal employment in his trade; and I was fully convinced that his poverty, and not his will, had led to the publication of this infamous book, as, without any kind of stipulation for money on my part, he voluntarily and eagerly engaged to find out all the copies in circulation, and to bring them to me to be destroyed.

"I was most deeply affected with what I had seen, and feeling the strongest impression that he offered a happy opportunity to the prosecutors of vindicating, and rendering universally popular, the cause in which they had succeeded, I wrote my opinion to that effect, observing, (if I well remember,) that mercy being the grand characteristic of the Christian religion, which had been defamed and insulted, it might be here exercised, not only safely, but more usefully to the objects of the prosecution, than by the most severe judgment, which must be attended with the ruin of this helpless family.

"My advice was most respectfully received by the society, and I have no doubt honestly rejected, because that most excellent prelate, Bishop Porteus, and many other honourable persons, concurred in rejecting it; but I had still a duty of my own to perform, considering myself not as counsel for the society, but for the crown. If I had been engaged for all or any of the individuals composing it, prosecuting by indictment, for any personal injury punishable by indictment, and had convicted a defendant, I must have implicitly followed my instructions, however inconsistent with my own ideas of humanity or moderation; because every man who is injured, has a clear right to demand the highest penalty which the law will inflict; but in the present instance, I was not retained at all, but responsible to the crown for my conduct. Such a voluntary society, however respectable or useful, having received no injury, could not erect itself into a *custos morum*, and claim a right to dictate to counsel who had consented to be employed on the part of the king for the ends of justice only."

Note 3.—Dr. Arnott, in his Elements of Physics, vol. i, p. 48, illustrates the importance of physical science to the lawyer, by the following amusing anecdote:—"A young and not yet skilful Jehu, having run his phaeton against a heavy carriage on the road, foolishly and dishonestly excused his awkwardness in a way which led to his father's prosecuting the old coachman for furious driving. The youth and his servant both deposed, that the shock of the carriage was so great as to throw them over their horses' heads; and thus they lost the cause by unwittingly proving that the *faulty velocity was their own*." Mr. Chitty, in his late excellent work on General Practice, gives several instances of almost incredible ignorance in the English judges. From this work, 2d vol. p. 321, note, I take the following passage:—"It will not be denied, that in many cases it is of the utmost importance, not only that the judge should be of general ability, but also be familiarly acquainted with the subject to be tried, for otherwise he will not be able to explain and observe upon to the jury the facts and law applicable to the case, and a just result will be endangered. Lord Mansfield was celebrated for his great knowledge of insurance and mercantile law, and, consequently, whilst he presided, an admirable system of mercantile law, as regarded those subjects, was established. Whilst it is well known that another judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that after having been occupied six hours in trying an action on a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the cloth of that name for the bird) could be damaged by sea-water, and to what extent." Two ludicrous instances of ignorance of *history* are related upon good authority. "An Irish barrister, referring to two great events, viz. the obtaining of *Magna Charta*, and the *Bill of Rights*, confounded the sovereigns from whom they were exacted; and a celebrated English barrister, having occasion to quote a statute, and being required to mention the period at which it passed, very gravely replied, that it was 'in the reign of one of the Henrys, or one of the Edwards—but he could not exactly tell which.'" Vide Will. Stu. and Pra. of the Law, p. 31. History and law are so kindred in their nature, and so connected in their objects, that Montesquieu does not hesitate to say, "Il faut eclaircir l'histoire par les lois, et les lois par l'histoire." Esp. de Lois, l. 21, c. 2.

Note 4.—The value of competent knowledge and skill, in a counsel, and the deplorable results of a want of either, may be learnt from a fact stated by Mr. Warren, in his Law Studies, (note, p. 196.) "It is said that the late eminent conveyancer, Mr. Butler, in early life, committed a blunder, in framing a will, which deprived the party whom he was expressly and anxiously instructed to benefit, of about £11,000 a year! It was the omission of *a single word*—'Gloucester,'—that was attended with these disastrous consequences." See this case referred to in Miller vs. Travers, 8 Bing. p. 254—5. Owing to the great skill and exact learning necessary for conveyancing, and the awkward blunders which arise from the dearth of these requisites, it is very desirable, for the interests of the public, that a portion of the legal profession should give their attention to this most important branch of jurisprudence. If a body of learned lawyers in Philadelphia, were to addict themselves exclusively to *conveyancing and pleading*, as a separate and distinct branch of practice, it is believed a high benefit would be conferred upon the community. The neglect however of any part of legal science, is dangerous, as it may be attended with the most serious consequences. Witness the following examples, vouched by so respectable a writer as Mr. Chitty. (See Chitt. Gen. Pr., Vol. I. Pref. 8, note (a) 2d ed.) "Recently," says he, "a *common law* barrister, very eminent for his legal attainments, sound opinions, and great practice, advised that there was *no remedy whatever* against a married woman, who, having a considerable separate estate, had joined with her husband in a promissory note for £2500 for a debt of her husband; because he was of opinion that the contract of a married woman was absolutely void, and referred to a decision to that effect, (Marshall v. Rutton, 8 T. R. 545,) not knowing or forgetting, that *in equity*, under such circumstances, payment might be enforced out of the separate estate. And afterwards, a very eminent *equity* counsel, equally erroneously advised, in the same case, that the remedy was only in equity; although it appeared, upon the face of the case, as then stated, that after the death of her busband, the wife had promised to pay, in consideration of forbearance, and upon which promise, she might have been *arrested* and sued at law. If, now, the common law counsel had properly advised proceedings in equity, or if the equity counsel had advised proceedings by arrest, at law, upon the promise made after the husband's death, the whole of this large debt would have been paid. But, upon this latter opinion, a bill in chancery was filed: and so much time elapsed before decree, that a great part of the property was dissipated, the wife escaped with the residue into France, and the creditor thus wholly lost his debt, which would have been recovered if the proper proceedings had been adopted, in the first or even second instance! —This is one of the *very numerous* cases almost daily occurring, illustrative of the consequences of the want of at least a general knowledge of *every* branch of law."

Note 5.—It may be affirmed, that the man who is under the dominion of anger, is, for the time, deprived of reason, and that his language and acts deserve little more respect or consideration than those of the inebriate or bedlamite. Cicero says, "Semper ira procul absit, cum qua nihil recte, nihil considerate fieri potest, nec eis, qui adsunt probari." What the Roman satirist said of the maudlin Darius, may be applied to the reasoning faculty of the angry man;

"Hic est damnatue inani judicio."

Seneca, in his celebrated treatise, *De Ira*, speaks of the "irae exitus furor," and *delirium* is no unnatural offspring of ungoverned passion.

Note 6.—It is not attempted to be concealed, that Coke had many faults, the greatest of which, perhaps the *cause* of his private infelicity and public downfall, was his *temper*. An estrangement arose between him and Bacon, which was never reconciled. But the characters of the two men are illustrated by the conduct of each in his intercourse with the other. Bacon, envying the reputation of Coke, did all to undermine it, that meanness, aided by a fertile genius, could suggest. Coke slighted and despised the more elegant accomplishments of his younger rival, and took no pains to suppress the exhibition of his feelings. He was, in fact, too direct and manly in his character, as well as too violent and headlong in his impulses, to exercise a control or restraint in opposition to his sentiments. Roscoe gives the following anecdote: "Bacon presented to him (Coke,) a copy of his *Novum Organum*, with the title *Instauratio Magna*, and containing a device of a ship sailing. Upon the title page Coke has written,—

'*Edw. C. ex dono auctoris.*
Auctori consilium.

'*Instaurare paras veterum documenta sophorum,*
Instaura leges justitiamque prius.'

And over the device,—

'*It deserveth not to be read in schools,*
But to be freighted in the ship of fools.'

The volume still remains at Holkham."

TAXES.—In England, says Sydney Smith, the schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a silver spoon, which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of a taxed apothecary, who has paid a license of one hundred pounds sterling for the privilege of practising his calling. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent.; and besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel, his virtues are handed down to posterity upon taxed marble, and he is at length gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

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Family Secrets,

OR

HINTS TO THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

(LATE MISS STICKNEY.)

Author of "The Women of England," "Pictures of Private Life," "Poetry of Life," &c. &c.

DANGERS OF DINING OUT.

It was a beautiful May morning, and the bells of St. Mary's were ringing merrily, when a carriage and four, adorned with white favours, drove rapidly down the street, and stopped at the entrance of a respectable mansion situated at the west end of the town of ——. At the door of this mansion stood footmen and servants, adorned in a similar manner, while the hall was thronged with brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, all wearing the aspect of joyous welcome, not unmingled with feelings of a deeper and more earnest character.

It was a beautiful sight, the neighbours said, to behold the bride that day; for she was a lovely creature, the favourite of her family, and of all who came within the influence of her gentle and graceful manners; and then she was so elegantly dressed; for good taste was the ruling principle of her life, subservient only to one other principle, that of doing every thing in the manner most approved by good society.

The happy bridegroom, for such indeed he might be called, was a medical gentleman of the highest reputation, just launching into public favour, as the partner of one of the oldest and most popular practitioners in the same little gossiping and busy town. And well the spectators said he looked that day; his tall gentlemanly figure dressed in black, and his dark hair and manly countenance, contrasting with the snow-white robes, the soft blue eyes, and delicate complexion of the bride. It was, in short, a wedding with which the most envious observer could find no fault; the parties were so well suited in age, character, and rank; the dresses were so admirably chosen; and every thing was conducted in so unexceptionable a manner. The very elements of nature, things animate and inanimate, the earth and air, appeared as if rejoicing in the happy auspices of the day; for, as the carriage, in the course of a few hours, again rolled away along the broad smooth road, past the little villas situated in the outskirts of the town, it seemed to sweep through a complete labyrinth of hlaehs and laburnums, varied here and there by the tender green of the weeping willow, or the spiral poplar pointing to the sky.

The happy couple were setting out on that accustomed tour, which is often the first and last excursion of a woman's life; and their journey was commencing under a sky without a cloud, while every tree, and garden, and shady grove, was vocal with the song of merry birds; young lambs were sporting on every verdant lea, and the green earth spread her carpet of scented flowers over every sloping hill and fertile plain.

Through such a scene the travellers pursued their way, we will only say with feelings of happiness, and hope; for those who write, and those who speak, seem all to have agreed that no commentary upon married life shall commence, until after the conclusion of the first experimental tour. With the party left at home, however, it was impossible to refrain from all remark; particularly as the prospect of the bride returning so soon to settle for life beside her own family, left no excuse for grief: and there was a whole drawing-room full of guests still remaining, who had nothing else to do than exclaim about the loveliness of the scene, and the auspicious omens of the day. Nor was it until the evening, when the company was dispersed, and the young members of the family had retired, that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, the father and mother of the bride, found time to think seriously of the important change which had taken place.

Mr. Stanley was a man of much worldly wisdom, prudent and irreproachable in his conduct as a gentleman, a husband, and a father; and, if his responsibilities terminated with this life alone, he would have been one of the most excellent of men. Mrs. Stanley was a weaker agent in doing good, but she also was esteemed an excellent woman: and as they both judged kindly of the world, submitted to its bondage, flattered it, and lived for it, it would have been as unreasonable as ungenerous, had the world refused to look kindly on their faults and follies in return.

"Well, George," said Mrs. Stanley, seating herself with great satisfaction in one of her large damask chairs, while her husband leaned in rather a thoughtful attitude, against the mantel-piece—"you must allow that we are happy parents, to lose our favourite child, only to welcome her back again to a home more suited to her taste?"

"We are indeed happy," replied Mr. Stanley, "but—

"You have always some *but* in the way, with your excessive prudence," said the mother. "It cannot, however, relate to the character of the husband Eleanor has chosen, for if one could venture to say of any man, he was without a fault, it would certainly be of Frederick Bond."

"He is a man," replied Mr. Stanley, "under whose care any father might feel it a privilege to place his daughter's happiness; his goodness of heart no one can call in question; his prospects, in the way of his profession, are encouraging in the extreme; but, still, in my opinion, he has one fault."

"And pray what may that be?"

"He is rather too fond of dining out?"

"Dining out!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, "every body dines out, especially bachelors. What can you mean, George?"

"I mean simply this, that the love of dining out may lead to habits extremely objectionable in a medical man. He may, for instance, when called upon to act in some critical case, be altogether unnerved; and the mere fact of his being reputed a man too fond of wine, will be injurious to him as a doctor."

"Yes, my love; but dining out occasionally, and being too fond of wine, are very different things."

"They may be different at first, but they often lead to the same conclusion; and it is of the future I am thinking, not the present."

"That is so like you, George. You are always spoiling the present with anticipations of the future. For my part, I am perfectly satisfied that Eleanor is beginning the world as favourably as any reasonable woman could desire; and with such a family of daughters as ours, you know it is a great thing to have got the oldest well married before her three and twentieth year."

With feelings of self-gratulation, uninterrupted by reflections more profound, Mrs. Stanley retired to rest; and when she rose in the morning, there was her wonted routine of domestic duties, her morning calls, and the preparation of her daughter's future home, to fill up this, as well as many other days of her existence, leaving no space for anxious or speculative thoughts to encroach upon the tenor of her uneventful life.

The house which Frederick Bond had chosen, was situated in the most genteel part of the town. It had the best entrance, the least objectionable staircase, and decidedly the most approved drawing-room within its sphere of competition. There had been no want of money or of thought bestowed upon its furniture; and it was one of Mrs. Stanley's greatest pleasures, to go and inspect the different apartments, and to hear rapidly every thing was advancing towards perfection, preparatory to the travellers' return.

Of all the parties connected with this auspicious event, the bride was, perhaps, the only one who felt the real importance of the step she had taken. Eleanor Stanley had been remarkable as a girl for a seriousness of temperament, and delicacy of conscience, somewhat beyond her years; while, under the direction of a judicious governess, her mind had been partially enlightened by glimpses of duty, and responsibility, and dawnings of hope, which extended beyond the narrow sphere of her daily avocations. She could not, therefore—she dared not, refer upon her present situation, without inwardly resolving that her life should be regulated by some regard to those religious observances, which, however excellent they might be for herself, she believed were still more necessary for the poor, and for those who would now look up to her as an example. It had been a peculiar satisfaction to her, to find that the companion of her choice entertained the same views of domestic and social duty; and, perhaps, the happiest hours of that period, which the world has been pleased to call the honey-moon, were spent by them in laying down plans for the moral and religious conduct of their future lives.

At the expiration of the appointed time, the expected pair returned; the bride and her bridal dresses to be the wonder and the admiration of her native place; the husband, to feel himself the master of a well-appointed establishment, and one of the happiest men in the world. Nor was there, according to the common views and calculations of society, any thing to make him otherwise. He had an extensive and increasing practice; more than an average share of talent, energy, and skill; the good will of numerous friends, and the good fellowship of more; and a wife, a cook, a table, with which the world could find no fault. What could any reasonable man desire beyond?

Frederick Bond had made these calculations a hundred times before; but when he now returned from visiting his patients, and felt himself thoroughly established in his own home, he sunk upon a downy couch, more than ever convinced that he was, beyond all dispute, the happiest of men.

Sunday came, and with their first appearance in public, Mr. and Mrs. Bond enjoyed the opportunity of putting in practice some of their studiously concocted plans for being RATIER religious. They went at precisely the right time to church—neither early nor late; and a boy in handsome livery walked after them with the books. They dined early; and in the afternoon remained at home alone, in order that their servants might go to church; and altogether spent the day so much to their own satisfaction, that they began to wonder how any one could find it either difficult or disagreeable to be religious.

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It is sufficient to say of the formal visiting—that tax upon married life—that it was all conducted in the best possible order, and that no breach of good taste could be detected by the most scrutinising eye, either in the dress of the parties, or the appointment of the new establishment.

Amongst the numerous visiters on this occasion, those who offered their congratulations in the warmest terms, were Sir James and Lady Mornford. It would be difficult to say exactly, by what means these two individuals had obtained their station of pre-eminence in the town of ——. But so it was, that no dinner party was complete without Sir James, and no evening entertainment was considered worth dressing for, without his lady.

The gentleman was one of the old English school—one who sat long over his wine, and could rise from table at midnight, apparently as little disordered, as if he had been drinking pure water. He possessed great knowledge of the world, if by this expression we understand a knowledge of rank, title, and precedence, of dress and equipage, of inns and horses, of field sports and martial law, and the etiquette of public affairs. Without a rival in knowledge of this description, Sir James Mornford was regarded as a man to be looked up to; while his dignified and gentlemanly manners, accompanied by a fund of spontaneous sarcasm and grave humour, rendered him almost as much feared as he was admired, especially by those who were only novitiates in his peculiar kind of knowledge of the world.

Frederick Bond, along with many of his friends, was often astonished to find himself betrayed into positive servility towards Sir James; and although he stood more erect after detecting himself in this folly, and determined it should be the last of the kind he ever would commit; no sooner had the baronet bestowed upon him some mark of individual favour, than he again fell in with his humour, laughed at his jokes, and courted his attention with as much assiduity as ever.

That Eleanor should have been equally flattered by the friendship of Lady Mornford, was indeed no wonder; for she was one of the most fascinating and amiable of women, if by amiable, we understand a prevailing disposition to think kindly of others, with a desire to be loved, at least as much as she was capable of loving. Had Lady Mornford been told that this capability did not extend beyond the usual limits of human affection, she would have resented the information as at once injurious and insulting, for she believed herself to be *all heart;* but in her little sphere of philosophy, she had not perceived the difference between impulse and feeling. She was, however, so beautiful, so bewitching in her manners and appearance, that few could withstand her fascinations. She was neither highly talented, nor highly accomplished. The secret of her influence seemed to be a sort of intuitive knowledge of the restrictions and requirements of good breeding; so that while others were studying every means, and watching every opportunity to acquit themselves with propriety, she could allow herself the license of her own impetuous nature, without once transgressing those mysterious laws, about which the middle or lower grades of society are often so painfully solicitous.

Eleanor Bond could never discover how it was, that her drawing-room, with all the pains she bestowed upon it, looked so decidedly inferior to Lady Mornford's; and with regard to dress, her own resemble too much the well-assorted flowers in a garden; while those of Lady Mornford, composed as it was of colours which nature would have ventured upon, was more in keeping with the graceful luxuriance of nature. Her laugh too, was so wild and musical, yet so unquestionably genuine, that she could spread the infection of merriment wherever she went; while her prompt and impetuous answers, her arch smile and playful drollery, seldom failed to win back again the friends whom her careless raillery might otherwise have driven effectually away.

Whatever faults Sir James and his lady might possess, they had one redeeming quality—for they were tenderly and devotedly attached to each other. There existed between them an affection which caprice had not been able to alienate; which time, for they were neither of them young, had not wasted away; and which, in the midst of false excitement, and falsehood of almost every kind, had remained to them as the only thing real with which they were acquainted. Such were the friends whom Frederick Bond and his amiable bride determined to make their own, and in this object they succeeded beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Persons addicted to favouritism have usually a favourite medical attendant. Lady Mornford made a point of either loving or hating every body; though her hatred was so entirely a matter of profession, that it seldom extended to thinking or speaking evil of any one. Mr. West, the partner of Frederick Bond, was an exception to her rule of extremes: for he was a man whom it was impossible to dislike; though his cold and formal manners had too much the effect of repulsion, for Lady Mornford not to express, in the warmest terms, her preference for the junior partner.

Mrs. West, too, was no favourite either with Lady Mornford or with Eleanor. Her ladyship used to say, there was a tacit reproach in the prudent silence of this gentle and simple-hearted woman, which she never could bear; while Eleanor felt, a little too sensibly, the contrast between the habits of Mrs. West and her own.

"There can be no occasion for Mrs. West to dress so plainly," she would often say, "it looks like affectation. Good people ought never to be singular."

"But she gives a great deal to the poor," observed an acquaintance, one day as they were conversing on this subject; and she enumerated many acts of charity, with which the world in general was unacquainted.

"She must indeed," said Eleanor, "be very generous." And her conscience smote her with the conviction of her own deficiencies; for the scale on which she had commenced her housekeeping, left little for charitable purposes. "Mrs. West must be very generous. But there is a prudent, and an imprudent charity; and there is a style of giving that is out of all keeping—beyond all proportion—"

"Beyond all proportion with what?" inquired her friend, "with your charities, or mine?" And she laughed so heartily at the happiness of her own observations, that Eleanor felt more annoyed than ever by the unquestionable merits of Mrs. West.

This friend, if friend she might be called, was one of those who established intimacies without affection. She had, consequently, outlived so many, that when she first made advances of a social nature to the newly married couple, they determined not to be drawn into the snare. Miss Masterman possessed, however the strong recommendation of being excellent in an evening party, for she could flirt with the gentlemen, laugh at the ladies, and render herself entertaining to all. Alone, with one person, she was too harsh, or too laboriously brilliant to produce any pleasing effect; but as some of those gorgeous flowers, which, when gathered, are glaring, and painful to the eye, may yet adorn the parterre, she found a place in society, and was thought to mingle well with the softer or more temperate varieties of human character.

Such, then, were the associates whom Eleanor drew around her,—Lady Mornford, because she was the fashion; Miss Masterman, because she made her drawing-room more attractive.

And now the formal visiting had all been gone through, when Frederick Bond proposed, all things being settled, to have a gentleman's dinner-party—only a few friends—just the choice set with whom he had been accustomed to dine in his bachelor days, and who now indulged themselves in many a sarcasm at his expense, because he had lately refused to join them in the accustomed manner. For some weeks, nay months, he found himself so happy, that he felt no need of their society; but certain hints began to wind their way to his ear, that he was no longer his own master; that he could not, if he would, invite them, and worse than all, that he wished to save his wine. There was no bearing this. He resolved to give a dinner, at which they should all be convinced, that, though his wine was worth some care, he had no desire to spare it.

It was difficult to make Eleanor fully understand the nature of this dinner. She wished to have Mr. and Mrs. West invited; and though her husband earnestly requested her to make no addition to the party he had named, not liking to be the only lady at table, she requested, as a particular favour, that Miss Masterman would come and assist her through the day. It was a great pleasure to her, to superintend the arrangement of every thing precisely to her husband's satisfaction; to spare no expense in procuring exactly what was then in season, and to hear him say, on returning home to dress for dinner, that she had left him nothing to ask, or to wish for.

"But why is Miss Masterman here, my love? and your sister?"

"I asked them to come and assist me."

Frederick bit his lip. "You must get them away early, Eleanor; and remember I never lay a charge upon you without reason. I would rather have given fifty pounds, than that you should have disobliged me in this."

"I thought," said Eleanor meekly, "that you liked Miss Masterman; and my sister can offend no one."

"Miss Masterman is a snake in the grass, Eleanor; and your sister may tell tales, if she cannot invent them."

The last words were spoken in an under tone, but, even had they been more audible, they would only have added to Eleanor's astonishment, for the whole affair was a mystery to her; and had not her husband cheered his brow, and spoken kindly to her again, she would probably have added to her former imprudence, by immediately sending the unwelcome guests away.

The hour of meeting arrived, and Frederick Bond had scarcely more pride in introducing his lovely wife, than in the perfect adjustment of every thing relating to the dinner. Sir James Mornford, of course, was one of the guests, and

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he evinced his satisfaction by being in the best possible humour. He was a grave—some said a deep feeling man; but of that the world had little proof, for to no one being alone was his heart laid open. He seldom praised any thing, for his force seemed to lie in quiet sarcasm. Yet, while others exhausted their eloquence in profuse encomium, he, with a few looks, and tones of approbation, could at any time reward the endeavours of those who sought to give him pleasure. Thus, to have had Sir James to dine, and to have had him in good humour, was a thing to be told of the next day, as the highest honour which the town of —— afforded.

To this honour, Frederick Bond was peculiarly alive on the present occasion, as well as to all other sources of satisfaction. His dinner was excellent, his wines were approved; and when the ladies rose to leave the table, he seemed to have nothing left to wish for beneath the sun.

While he and his guests were enjoying themselves to their heart's content, Eleanor, her sister, and Miss Masterman, began to feel the time hang heavily on their hands. They opened the piano, but there was no audience to hear them play. They took out their worsted work, but still an involuntary yawn betrayed at intervals that they thought the evening both long and dull; nor was their situation rendered more agreeable by hearing peals of laughter from the dining-room below.

"The gentlemen appear to be merry," observed Miss Masterman; "I have heard that Sir James, when he has taken a pretty liberal quantity of wine, is one of the most entertaining companions imaginable, not, however, so merry himself, as the cause of mirth to other men. But of all persons under such circumstances, I have the greatest horror of the little gentleman who sat on your right hand. I am told, he thinks nothing of chasing the ladies from room to room, and that neither age nor dignity are secure from his impertinence."

All this was a new style of conversation to Eleanor. In her father's house there had been no dinner parties for gentlemen alone; and she had, hitherto, been ignorant enough to believe, that to be, what is called affected by wine, a man must make some sacrifice of his dignity, if not of his character, as a gentleman. What then was her astonishment, to hear the laughter from the dining-room grow louder, coarser, and in every way less like the sounds that might be expected to celebrate the meeting of rational and enlightened men. There were songs, too, at first deep and full-toned, but afterwards in broken voices, and all the while she felt that Miss Masterman's keen searching eyes were fixed full upon her face, while her ear was set for listening, and her smile seemed at intervals to say, "Do you hear that?"

"Let us have tea," said Eleanor, and she rang the bell with violence, glad of any thing that would make a bustle, and help to drown the discord below.

"Tell your master," said Eleanor to the footman, "that coffee waits in the drawing-room."

The footman did not return, and the three ladies sat and sipped their tea in almost unbroken silence.

In the course of an hour, Eleanor renewed her message to the gentlemen, but still no answer, and both tea and coffee were growing cold. At last, about eleven o'clock, the dining-room door was heard to open, and a creaking step came deliberately up the stairs.

The gentleman who entered, was a philosopher, or rather a man of science; and the ladies consequently felt it incumbent upon them to reach the highest range of their own intellect, for a subject on which to engage his attention. He had bowed to them with great majesty on approaching the table, and having taken a seat, he looked rather vaguely, this way, and that, but still not a word was spoken.

"I suppose it is the way with men of genius," thought Eleanor, "to have nothing to say to ladies," but yet, as the mistress of the house, she thought it necessary to make some farther attempt. In vain she tried the effect of commonplace. Still there was no answer. The gentleman, however, took the coffee that was handed to him, and not the coffee alone, for he poured out the cream, until both cup and saucer were filled.

"It is one of the singularities of clever men," thought Eleanor, in the simplicity of her heart; and again she searched through her own little store of scientific information to find something more fitting for lookers-on, and more worthy of being said. At last she thought of something.

"Pray Dr. ——" she asked, "what is your opinion of animal magnetism? Do you think it possible that the nervous system should be affected by laws so mysterious; or do you consider it a deception altogether?"

Still there was no answer. Eleanor looked in the gentleman's face. He had raised the coffee to his lips, and a pair of little twinkling eyes were winking at her over the edge of the cup; while a nod more than familiar, convinced her, that although wise men might sometimes look singular, singularity did not always look wise.

Miss Masterman understood the case better. She had understood it from the beginning; and she was more than rewarded for the dull evening she had spent, by the rich treasure she hoped to lay up for the amusement of future evenings elsewhere.

The next ouler from the dining-room was of a very different description. It was a complete explosion. Amongst the screams of the maid-servants, the laughter of the footmen, and the derangement of all the furniture in the hall, in shot the little gentleman, the terror of all nervous ladies, the delight of all stable-boys and grooms.

The sister of Mrs. Bond was a sweet-looking girl of sixteen; gentle and timid as a young dove, she was exactly the kind of subject the little gentleman was wont to choose for his boisterous and absurd attentions.

Eleanor looked on with astonishment equaled only by her indignation. The maternal feelings of an elder sister rose in her heart, and glowed upon her cheek as she saw the poor girl struggling, almost in tears, beneath his familiar and insulting treatment. One of her attempts to escape had rent her white muslin frock from the waist to the bottom, and her hair, which she usually wore arranged around her brow with classic order, was torn from its bandage, and lay loose and flowing upon her neck.

Eleanor could bear it no longer. Towering high with the majesty of insulted feelings, she advanced towards the offender, and demanded in the most imperative tone she had ever assumed, how he dared to treat a lady, and her sister, in such a manner.

It was a scene which Miss Masterman was often afterwards heard to describe as being worthy of Hogarth; for while Eleanor stood, beyond her usual height, in this commanding attitude, the little gentleman, not in the slightest degree daunted by her authoritative manner, let go his former prize, and seizing both her hands, compelled her to perform various rapid evolutions round the drawing-room; during which, notwithstanding the giddiness of her brain, and the agony of her vexation, Eleanor retained the power of perceiving, that through the partial opening of the door, the footmen and servant maids were peeping, and giggling, having been attracted to the spot by the unusual sounds, and well known reputation of the gentleman for producing scenes.

Happily for the mistress of the house, the group collected there were more in keeping with the little gentleman's present humour; and by a sudden bound, which upset a marble table, on which were placed a choice collection of fancy ornaments, he darted forth amongst the domestics, and sent them screaming and laughing to every quarter of the house.

To describe the feelings with which Eleanor gathered up her own and her sister's dishevelled locks, would be impossible. What could she do? She did what all women do when they have no other resource, she sat down and wept. That her husband should leave her to be the subject of such gross and violent insult, was the prevailing thought amongst many bitter ones that filled her mind.

"What can your master be doing," she said to the only servant who approached her with serious commiseration. "What can your master be doing, that he does not come to my help. Go and tell him that he must come to me in the drawing-room immediately." And in the mean time she locked the door, and sat down and wept again.

In vain Miss Masterman assured her it was all nothing, nothing but play—not worthy of a thought, still less of a tear—that such things were perpetually occurring, and that when gentlemen dined together, they must of necessity occur. It was a style of reasoning which found no echo in Eleanor's unsophisticated mind, and, but for the dread of exposing the disorder of the household, she would, even at that late hour, have sent for her father to protect her.

It is not necessary to trace the events of that night to a later period. Well would it be if the oblivion, which on such occasions wraps the senses of some, could extend itself to all. The guests may depart, the servants may retire, but the wife must bear the presence of her husband; and that hour of seclusion, that chamber of rest, in which the full hearts of the happy are accustomed to unburden themselves, must become the scene of horror and repulsion.

Eleanor Bond had been accustomed to regard her husband as the most perfect specimen of manly beauty. Not the colours of the painter, who ventures to portray the inhabitants of heaven, could have more bright or more pure, than the light in which she viewed him—in which she had viewed him, until that melancholy night, when he lay before her a groveling mass of humanity—not dead, for he was still distorted by muscular convulsion, though no longer animated by a soul. Hitherto his presence, even when both were silent, had seemed to fill the room in which they lived and breathed together. He was near her still, but, oh! she was so lonely! She had been accustomed to feel safe, if she could but touch his hand, or know that he was within hearing of

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her voice; but there he lay, inanimate, and gross, and she, the subject of indignity and insult, had no one to defend her—she, his once honoured wife, and mistress of his house, was left to be the plaything of rude men, and the object of pity to her own domestics! It was a fearful breaking down of the strong barrier which her love had built around him. She slept not that night; and when he awoke at a late hour in the morning, he found that the pillow where her head had rested was still moistened by her tears.

Eleanor herself rose earlier than her servants, and being unable to settle to any occupation, she walked from room to room, and at last found her way into that in which the gentlemen had dined. The curtains were still closed, though daylight was struggling through. She drew them aside, and throwing open the shutters, looked out upon a little plot of garden-ground, where the crisp frost of an autumnal morning was yet white upon the grass. After gazing for some time upon the distant woods, and the cornfields now stripped of their golden treasure, she turned to inspect the apartment, the secrets of which had not yet been revealed to her view.

One dying lamp was still smoking, and crackling in its socket. The rest had burned themselves out. The flowers she had gathered and arranged the day before, were withered, and strewed upon the floor. Glasses had rolled from their places, and pools of wine lay black upon the table. Chairs were heaped together in strange confusion: and in one part of the room the carpet was torn from the boards, as if some heavy substance had been violently dragged along the ground. It was a sickening sight, to one who knew that all this was the result, not of accident, but of premeditated grossness and excess.

When Eleanor met her husband at a late breakfast that morning, she felt so deeply his disgrace, that she could not for worlds have alluded to the transactions of the past night. Fearing he might suspect, that, although she did not speak of them, she was still making them the subject of her thoughts, she talked abruptly and rapidly about other things, as though her attention was wholly occupied with affairs that were, in reality, foreign to the minds of both; nor did she venture to look into her husband's face. As if she had been the transgressor—as if it was her peculiar part to feel ashamed—she studiously avoided meeting his eye. Only once, when his head had been bent down, and she had watched him with more than her wonted tenderness, he suddenly looked up, and detected her with the tears just starting to her eyes.

It was a moment of painful embarrassment to both; but it passed over, and Eleanor talked again about Lady Mornford, who had sent that morning to request that Frederick would pay her a visit at an early hour, and if he met Sir James, he was charged to tell him that he had come to see one of the children, who was slightly indisposed.

Frederick was scarcely in a fit state for an interview with any one, more especially to be consulted on any subject requiring serious and connected thought. His temples throbbed, his hand trembled, and he was tormented with a restless impatience, which he feared would render it impossible for him to sit and hear the long stories mothers are so apt to tell about the ailments of their children. There was, however, no alternative. He must go; so he swallowed another cup of strong coffee, and left the house.

Arrived at the residence of Lady Mornford, he was ushered into a little study adjoining her bedroom, where she brought to him her youngest child, and descanted long and eloquently upon the symptoms of latent disease which it had recently evinced. He thought her looks and manner peculiar, but it might be the disorder of his own nerves, and the beating headache which seemed to bewilder his brain; still it was not natural for her to stop suddenly, and look grave, as she often did on this occasion, though she gave utterance at intervals to an unusual quantity of playful nonsense.

At last she rang the bell, ordered the child to be taken away, and when she had seen that the door was closed, took a long breath, and sat down again.

"I dare say Mr. Bond," she said, "you will think me extremely weak; I know I am fanciful, and take up strange notions about things I do not understand. But I suppose you are accustomed to this sort of thing; you meet with many silly women besides me, don't you!" And she looked into his face with one of her arch and playful smiles.

"If all folly," said Frederick, "was as pleasant to bear with as yours,"—

"Hush! hush, Sir. Bond," she said with an air of mock gravity, "you know you are come to see me as doctor, and I don't pay for compliments."

"But you are not ill. It is impossible," said he, attempting to feel her pulse.

"You will discover nothing here," she replied, displaying her beautiful fairy hand. "You men of wisdom are sadly deficient on some points. You would say of me, for instance, that I was in perfect health."

Frederick looked more earnestly in her face. Time had dealt so gently with her beauty, that she might still have been called young, for her rich dark hair, amongst which a few silver threads might with difficulty have been detected, still flowed in natural curls around her brow, and the shadow of her long eyelashes still fell upon a cheek that wore the bloom of Hebe.

Convinced that she had no serious object in detaining him, Frederick at last rose to depart, when her countenance at once assumed a change. She looked more than serious, and almost gasped for breath, as if making some desperate effort to speak.

"My dear Lady Mornford," said Frederick, deeply affected. "Do tell me what is the matter: tell me as a friend, if you cannot tell me as a doctor, and I will serve you in either capacity, to the utmost of my power."

"I know it is all imagination," said she, "I am the weakest creature on earth, or I should never dream of such a thing—you will be quite angry with me for troubling you about so mere a trifle, but I cannot divest myself of the idea—that—that I have a cancer."

She burst into a wild hysterical laugh, when she had uttered these words, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to speak seriously again, or to behave with any thing like composure.

In the course of another hour, Frederick Bond was seated in his own private study, his head resting upon his clasped hands, his lips compressed, and his whole attitude indicating the most intense and earnest thought.

At the same time, in the apartment of Lady Mornford, nothing was heard but hysterical sobs, while her terrified attendants applied those stimulants, and restoratives, to which she was but too much accustomed.

"These then," said Frederick Bond, awakening from his reverie, "are the stern realities of life. Upon this exquisite being, whom time has passed by without daring to touch, disease has laid his fatal and polluting hand."

Unnerved as he was, and painfully alive to images of horror, the subject assumed a more frightful character than he could bear to contemplate. He was faint and feeble with the excesses of the past day, and a horror, for the remorseless of which he felt no apprehension, had lately enabled him to find the stimulus for which he felt so frequent a craving, close at hand, and safe under lock and key in his own apartment.

It had been the subject of observation with some of Frederick's more serious friends, before he married, that he was in danger of being led away by what is called a fondness for convivial meetings: but no sooner was that auspicious event announced, than he was considered a safe man for all his future life. No single individual, except himself, could be aware to what degree his fondness had extended. Each of his friends beheld him only at particular times under the influence of wine; but he knew, or might have known, if he would have acknowledged it to himself, that the sum total of his excesses was at least double what any one else suspected.

Nor was it at the dinner-table alone, that temptation assailed him. He was a great favourite with the country people, amongst whom much of his practice lay; and there were cold stormy rides often to be performed in the night, which seemed to demand, as a mere act of common hospitality, that he should be fortified against the inclemency of the weather by some potent draught.

There were long visits, too, which must of necessity be paid, to places distant and dreary, where he, and the good man of the house, would while away the weary hours, by filling their glasses again, and again, till they scarcely heard the pelting of the storm, or knew that there was any thing on earth beyond the blazing fire, and half empty bottle beside them.

In each of these instances, the partaker in Frederick Bond's conviviality believed the excess of that particular occasion to be an exception to his general rule of conduct; and thus his character remained unblemished as a whole.

It is wonderful how the silence of the world can lull the conscience to sleep. It is equally wonderful how the reproaches of the world can at once awaken it to more than life. In none of the vices to which human nature is liable, is this more evident than in the vice of intemperance. If every separate act of inebriety which a man commits, was, from the earliest commencement, known and treated justly by society, he would be defended by a host of witnesses. But, unfortunately, it is only when he has gone too far, when conviction has lost the power to save him, though it still retains the power to strike, that the world speaks home, and treats him, in this hopeless stage of degradation, as it ought to have treated him at first.

Frederick Bond had gone farther than he himself was aware of, for he had entered upon the fatal practice of drinking in secrecy and alone. He had often wished, as he sat in his study, a prey to that nervous debility consequent upon excess, that he could obtain, without being observed, the stimulus which both mind and body seemed to crave; and one Sunday afternoon,

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when all the rest of the household were gone to church, he employed himself in conveying from his cellar to his study, a sufficient supply to last him for some weeks.

We will not say how little of the dignity of a man or a Christian he felt, while engaged in this occupation. The certainty that no eye beheld him—that most fatal, and most delusive opiate by which the human soul is drugged—the certainty that no eye beheld him, gave strength to his purpose at the time, and calmness to his after-recollections of what he had done.

It was not many weeks after the meeting of the party already described, that Sir James Mornford invited the same guests to dine at his own house. Eleanor received the intelligence that her husband intended to accept this invitation, like some sudden shock which left her scarcely power to speak. She felt herself trembling all over, when she returned the note to her husband without a word, for she was so often told that her scruples on this subject arose entirely from her ignorance of the world, that she determined to be silent, nor was it any real apprehension for the future that now disturbed her peace, but simply a sort of instinctive dread of witnessing what she considered as the degradation of the being she most admired on earth. Of his finally, and totally yielding to any gross or vicious propensity, she entertained not the shadow of a fear.

On the morning of the day when this visit was to be paid, Eleanor was even more than usually attentive to her husband's wants and wishes; and when he came home to dress for the party, she lingered about him as if his every word and look was to be his last.

It was quite natural that, under such circumstances, he should feel a little annoyed by her attentions, and he was, consequently, more silent, and more abrupt when he did speak, than usual. He was glad to hasten through the duties of his toilet, and when all was completed, he took leave of his wife so slightly, and so coldly, that she called him back again on some trivial pretext, and folding her arms around his neck, burst into tears.

"What can be the matter with you, Eleanor?" he said. "I am in haste, you must let me go."

She still detained him, however, until she had whispered in his ear her earnest request that he would return home early.

"I am not well," she added, "and I shall be so nervous."

"You are a foolish creature," he answered, rather contemptuously, and, forcing her arms from their hold, "Come, come, Eleanor," he said, "Don't make such a child of yourself. I must go, I shall be too late."

With that he pressed a hasty kiss upon her forehead, and was gone in a moment, stopping only on the stairs to say in a loud voice, "You had better go to rest at the usual time; Saunders will let me in."

It was a long and gloomy day to Eleanor, the more so, that she dreaded having incurred her husband's displeasure and contempt, by giving way to the feelings of her heart; and she resolved again, and again, to be wiser for the future, and to keep her anxieties and fears to herself.

The evening came, and she was weary of her work, and yet feared to go, as she often did, to sit with her mother and sisters, lest they should discover where her husband was gone; for strange stories having got abroad about the scenes which took place on the occasion of Sir James Mornford dining with her husband, had induced her father to caution him, rather severely, against too intimate an association with that gentleman.

These considerations detained her in her silent home, where the hours dragged so heavily along, that more than once she bent her ear to the time piece, to ascertain whether it had really stopped. It had after much watching, reached the eleventh hour, when Eleanor was startled by a thundering knock at the door, and the footman hastened up stairs to say that a man from the country had come for Mr. Bond to go immediately, his child having been seized with the croup, and lying, as he believed, at the point of death.

"Send him to Mr. West," said Eleanor.

The man gallopped down the street, and the houses were not so distant, but that Eleanor, by opening the window, could hear him repeat his heavy knock. To her astonishment he came back again with double speed. Mr. West was sitting up with a dying patient, and his assistant was not at home.

The fact was, Frederick Bond had said nothing to his partner about expecting to be out that evening, and, therefore, no provision had been made for supplying his place.

"Go instantly, to Sir James Mornford's for your master," said Eleanor, "it is but half a mile."

The man looked inquiringly, but said nothing. She repeated her command, and he went down stairs, muttering all the way, that it would be of no sort of use, for that by this time, his master would be more likely to kill a child than cure it; but he went, nevertheless, and, in about half an hour Sir James Mornford's carriage drove up to the door, and a mass of something scarcely like humanity was lifted into the hall.

Eleanor hastened to explain to her husband the necessity there was for his instantly preparing to accompany the farmer, who now insisted in no gentle terms, that his summons should be promptly obeyed. But the look of gross stupidity, and the idiotic laugh with which Frederick Bond responded to his wife, convinced her that she had failed to reach his understanding, and the patient by began the task of explanation a second time, though with less hope of success.

"My dear Frederick," she said, leading him by the arm into an apartment where they could converse unheard, for she saw that the footman was making merry at his master's expense. "My own dear Frederick, I entreat you to listen to me. Tell me first, what is good for a child in the croup, and I will send this man away before he wakes all the neighbours."

"A child in the croup?" said the doctor, drawling as if he had lost all command over the muscles of his mouth. "Put him in a warm bath; and, Eleanor," he added, calling back his wife after she had reached the door, "see—see—that they don't boil him—that's all."

Eleanor went out into the street, and advancing meekly to the side of the impatient farmer, told him, that her husband was not quite ready; that he strongly recommended a warm bath for the child, and that the best thing he could do, was to ride home and see that the remedy was administered, while Mr. Bond would prepare to follow immediately.

"Warm bath, or no warm bath," said the farmer, "I don't stir from this place without a doctor of some kind with me. It is not as if we were parish paupers, and bound to one man, like those who can't pay their own way; but, if Mr. Bond does not choose to come, I know those who will."

In short, the man was altogether impracticable, and Eleanor had no other alternative, but to return to the house, from whence she despatched the servant to prepare his master's horse and gig, in the shortest possible space of time; while she took down his hat and coat, and would gladly have assisted him to put them on, but that he held her hand so tightly, she could only stand still and hear all the foolish things he chose to utter. It was like a waking night-mare to poor Eleanor; for the farmer, at intervals, was thundering down his name loudly at the door, until the neighbours were beginning to open their shutters and look out, while she had no power to release herself, or in any way to ameliorate the sufferings of her situation.

At last the servant, having driven up to the door with the gig, came in to her assistance. Their joint efforts, however, could not, for some time, induce the doctor to put his coat on the right way. He persisted in pushing in his arms with the front behind; and in this manner assuming all the mock majesty he could, he staggered up and down the hall, arguing that it was the most rational and approved method of preserving the chest from cold.

Eleanor had hitherto kept her patience, and spoken kindly; but piqued with the merriment of Saunders, who was enjoying the jest to his heart's content, she adopted a different tone. "Frederick," she said, "if you will compel me to despise you, spare me, at least, the pain of seeing you despised by your own servants."

These words succeeded in awakening some degree of feeling. With no other answer than a grimace, the doctor, by many zig-zag movements, succeeded in reaching the door; and was finally assisted by Saunders to his accustomed place in the carriage, where he soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which, had the way been shorter, it would have been impossible to arouse him at the necessary time for action. Happily for his credit, they had to ride seven long miles, so that by the time the farmer opened for them the last gate, Saunders was able to recognise some signs of life in the slumbering form beside him; and he effected his own, and his master's descent from the carriage, without any observations being made upon his real situation.

Perhaps it was that the simple inmates of the rural dwelling were too much occupied with their own feelings, to make observations upon others. The child was dead, and while the neighbouring gossips were adjusting the bed on which it lay, pressing down the eyelids, and straightening the little hands that were never more to be stretched forth with the eager grasp of impatient youth, the mother sat rocking herself to and fro before the fire, taking no notice of any one, but occasionally wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and then folding it silently before her face, until some fresh spring of sorrow should be opened, and her tears should flow more abundantly, again.

The only thing which roused her attention, was the sound of her husband's step in the outer apartment. She rose to meet him, and throwing her arms around his neck, wept more bitterly than ever.

"Stand off!" said the farmer, pushing away the women who crowded about him; and bent only upon ascertaining one fact, he added, "Out of you speak at once, and tell me exactly at what time it was all over."

"Not half an hour after you were gone," said three voices together.

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"It is well," he replied, while quietly approaching the bed, and laying his broad hand upon the silky hair of his child, as gently as if it had been a butterfly alighting on a rose, he stooped down, and murmured in broken accents, "My pretty fellow—it is indeed all over with thee." Then standing erect, he added, "It is well for me that I am not put upon my revenge, as I should have been, had he died through that man's delay, for I would havs blazoned it through the country, so that he should never have had a patient again."

On arriving at the farmer's door, Frederick Bond had been so far restored to consciousness, as to be able to go through the usual forms of civility or duty expected from a doctor on such occasions, without betraying any decided symptoms of alienation of mind; and thanks to the care of his wife and servant, he was so muffled in capes and cravats, that the expression of his countenance would not have been easily detected, even by more scrutinising eyes than those around him. The farmer, it is true, regardsd him with no very charitable feeling; but it was only on the score of neglect, that his wrath had been moved; and as that neglect was proved to have heen of no importance to the life of his child, he offered him the usual civilities of his house, merely observing, as he followed him to the door, that it was well to look sharply to such matters; and that there was as good practice to be lost or won in that neighbourhood, as any doctor need desire.

Frederick Bond awoke at a late hour on the following morning, with more distinct recollections of the transactions of the past night, than he had any desire to retain. He descended to the breakfast-room nervnus and irritable; and when he met the inquiring eye of his wife, he he felt as if he would have given all he had in the world, to hribe her not to ask him a single question. Her kindness too annoyed him. Her presence, her very existence, was at that moment a burden. And yet she spoke as sweetly, and was as solicitous to please him as ever. All her endeavours, however, were unequal to draw him into any thing like connected conversation, especially on the subject of the farmer's child. At last her curiosity overcame her prudence, and she ventured to ask directly, whether the child was living when he arrived.

"No," was the laconic reply.

Eleanor laid down her knife and fork, and gazing intently on her husband, exclaimed, involuntarily, "What a pity you were so long in going!"

"It was no pity at all," said her husband, "and, besides, I was not long in going. The child wnuld have been dead if I had flown. It did not live half an hour after the man had left his own house."

"Let us thank God!" said Eleanor, laying her hand upon her husband's arm. "Let us return thanks, that it was not through your neglect this life was lost; and let this merciful and timely warning be a caution to you, dear Frederick, for the future."

"Nonsense!" said her husband, shaking off the hand which pressed too earnestly upon his arm. "Give me another cup of coffee, and don't talk about what it is not your husiness to understand."

Eleanor had never been so ungraciously repulsed by her husband before. She felt that burning tears were in her eyes, but instead of yielding to her feelings, she silently formed a deep and fatal resolution, that this should be the last time she would ever even hint to him her consciousness of that growing evil, which was already beginning to make fearful inroads upon her domestic peace.

CHAPTER II.

It was about three years after the time of which we have written, that Eleanor Bond was attacked with a serious and alarming illness. She was the mother of three hopeful children, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when the distracted father implored the assistance of Mrs. West, to come and take the superintendence of the sick-room nf his wife.

Mrs. West, who was a retiring and unobtrusive woman, naturally hesitated, particularly as the mother and sisters of the suffering patient were so near.

"But you know," said Frederick, "that Mrs. Stanley is no nurse. Her bustling habits create a perfect tumult wherevsr she comes; and as for the girls, they are too young and thoughtless to be of the slightest service in any case of emergency."

Mrs. West still hesitated.

"I see you have some other reason," said Frederick, "Let me entreat you not to allow any feeling of false delicacy to interfere with the natural goodnsss of your heart."

"I trust," said Mrs. West, "it is not false dslicacy that keeps me back; but to speak plainly, I have no reason to believe that any attentions from me would be acceptable to Mrs. Bond: you know she has never—"

"Oh! don't think of that," interrupted Frederick, "don't think of it now. She is perfectly unconscious at this moment of all that passes around her; yet the flutter of so many inexperienced nurses, greatly increases the delirium under which she labours. Never can I forget your untiring solicitude for me, when I was ill under your roof, and entirely dependent on your care. As ynu value my temporal and eternal happiness, let me prevail upon you to come and take charge of my wife for a day, for a single hour each day, or at least, for as long a time as you can be spared from your own family."

Mrs. West immediately despatched a note to her husband. She then visited the different departments of her household, and in the course of half an hour was standing silently by the restless couch of Eleanor Bond, having requested every one else either to leave the apartment, or to maintain the strictest order and quiet.

Nor had it been a difficult task to obtain this release from injudicious attentions. One had urgent calls of duty at home, another had duties equally urgent abroad, and all were easily prevailed npon to leave the sick-room, under the conviction that their absence would be more than supplied by Mrs. West.

Silent and peaceful was the chamber of suffering now, except for the fitful wanderings of the restless invalid; who, lost to the consciousness of reality on almost every other point, was possessed with the belief that some gentle spirit from a better world had come down to minister to her necessities.

Fully aware of the prejudice existing against her in the mind of Eleanor Bond, Mrs. West had carefully svoided obtruding herself upon her notice. With a noiseless step, she had glided around her bed, and even when she raised her head, or adjusted her pillows, she had often concealed her own face behind the curtains, lest her countenance, meek and fair and placid as it was, should displease or offend. With inexpressible satisfaction, however, she soon discovered that in her new character she was not recognised as the repulsive being from whom Eleanor had so often turned away, to seek for friendship that was not worthy to be weighed in the balance with what hers might have been; and while the unconscious patient fondly bestowed upon her the appellation of a good angel, refusing every thing that was not offered by her hand, it might have awakened a smile on a countenance less grave than hers, to think of the disparity there was between her angelic nature, and the menial offices it now became her pleasure to perform.

Mrs. West was not one of those ladies who leave every thing to servants. In the present instance she had tried them first, and finding they did not move the chairs and fire-irons so quietly as she wished, she arranged the whole apartment herself, swept up the hearth with her own hands, and attended to every call, so as scarcely to allow a servant to enter the room.

With what happiness did Frederick Bond observe the effect of this mode of treatment in tranquillising the mind of the patient; and when he first witnessed the childish fondness which she was beginning to entertain for her unknown visitant, his eyes involuntarily filled with tears, while he paid the true homage to virtue which its own nature demands, by inwardly regretting that his wife had not chosen this excellent woman for her only friend.

As a youth, Frederick had spent many years under the roof of Mrs. West. In health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, he had proved her value as a mother and a friend; yet although he had often urged upon his wife the "desirableness of cultivating her acquaintance," he had, with strange contradiction, encouraged her to adopt such habits as he knew must be destructive of all intimacy with a woman of her character.

Frederick Bond was much altered since he stood before the altar with his blushing bride, himself the happiest of men. He was much altered, for his temper had become irritable, and his kindness fitful and inconstant. His appearance, too, had undergone a change for the worse, which it would have been difficult to define. He was still handsome, but his countenance had lost its harmony, and its truth. There was a want of consistency and correspondence in his features. The eye did not answer to the forehead, and the expression of the mouth was uncertain, and false to both. There had lately been whisperings abroad amongst his patients, that he was not always quite himself. Some laughed at his oddities, and made them public under the character of profound secrets; while a few more scrupulous, declared it was trifling with human life, to place it in his hands.

Some scattered hints of this description had reached the ear of his wife, and still she forbore to speak. She had listened to them with that terrible shrinking of the soul with which we crouch under some impending and inevitable calamity; but still she concealed her apprehensions within her own bosom; and as the traveller who is far from shelter, looks back upon the thunder-storm that comes rolling after him, and persuades himself it will not, cannot be so cruel as to burst upon his head, so she looked around from the fancied eminence on which she believed herself to stand, and hoped, and trusted, that the floods of dark waters would never overtake her.

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Mrs. West had so thoroughly established herself in the sick chamber, that a week elapsed without her having made more than occasional visits to her own house, where all things were so well arranged, and conducted with such regularity, that the main spring of order might even be withdrawn for a time, and the machinery would continue to move on in its habitual manner.

At the expiration of a week, the naturally good constitution of the patient began to rally. She exhibited signs of returning reason, and often fixed her eyes upon Mrs. West in an earnest and inquiring manner, as if to discover by what abuse of her faculties she had converted her into an angel.

"You cannot imagine, Frederick," said she, one day, when her husband was alone with her, "what unaccountable fancies I have had in this illness. Do you know, I actually believed there was some beautiful spirit sent down to earth, to attend upon me; and, behold! it is nothing but Mrs. West."

"You have probably done more justice to Mrs. West in your illness, than you ever did before," replied her husband very gravely. "She has indeed been a ministering angel to you; and if returning life be a blessing at all, it is certainly a blessing, which under heaven, you owe to her exertions."

"And it is not a blessing, Frederick, to behold you again—to have you near me—to hear you speak—and to know that you love me still?"

"It might be a blessing," said Frederick in a mournful tone. "I wish it was a blessing to you; but I sometimes think——" And he murmured between his teeth, that "it will prove in the end to have been nothing but a curse."

Eleanor at that moment remembered her resolution, or she would have thrown her arms around his neck, and implored him to put away the only bane of her felicity, and render the happiness of her life complete.

Eleanor Bond had awakened from delirium with a child-like consciousness, confined merely to present things. Her first conviction had been, that she was not in her accustomed chamber. Then the coverlid of the bed attracted her attention; but chiefly her patient and anxiety nurse, whom she followed with her eyes wherever she went. At last she recognized that she was a mother. What a world of happiness was unfolded to her with that blessed thought! Life was worth regaining when it came back so richly laden. A mother! a wife! her heart was too full. Alas! what thrill of anguish is that which shoots through every nerve. A cloud has settled upon her sunny prospect, a shadow has fallen upon her hower of peace.

It was like the awakening of the criminal on the day of execution. Sleep—his last earthly sleep—has refreshed his weary frame, he feels the rest of his pillow, the comfort even of his prison couch. He sees the sunshine on the wall, and the dawn of morning comes upon him, as it was wont in childhood, with a flood of joy. He hears the distant song, it may be of a captive bird, but nature is strong within him, and the note of gladness reaches his soul. It is the flush of life, that warms him, as it thrills through every vein. It is the flush of life, with all its recollections of the past, its anticipations.—Oh! agony! he sees—he feels it all. The iron has entered into his soul—he is a doomed man—the hour of his execution is at hand.

Unequal in her present state to any violent conflict of feeling, Eleanor Bond had sometimes closed her eyes, and buried her face in her pillow, wishing, that with that effort she could shut out one painful thought. As her strength returned, however, and as she regained the power of attending to her children, so many sources of interest and pleasure opened again upon her, that she had less time to dwell upon that one root of bitterness, so well calculated to poison all.

During the dangerous period of her illness, her husband had never left her, except to attend to the claims of his professional duty, but now he was gone again to dine with Sir James Mornford, and Mrs. West, knowing she would be left alone, had brought her work, intending, in pure kindness, to spend the evening with her.

Eleanor would have received this visit with the most cordial welcome, for, in spite of her prejudices, Mrs. West had insensibly stolen upon her affections, but, knowing what she had to anticipate, she felt distressed that eyes so pure should witness the spectacle of her husband's return. Her hope was, however, that the good lady would be gone before that time, and in this confidence she gave herself up to the pleasure she had lately experienced in her society.

Perhaps there mingled with this pleasure a little pique, a little disappointment that she was the only one amongst her many friends who had shown her any real kindness. Lady Mornford had a house full of servants, usually of delirium, which kept her entirely away from the house; Miss Masterman wrote often to offer her services, but specified so many days on which she would unavoidably be engaged, that it would have been difficult to find one on which she was likely to be at liberty. Mrs. Stanley had hurried backwards and forwards with a new prescription or receipt each time; while her daughters had made periodical visits, on which occasions they never failed to offer to come again, or to sit up all night, if Mrs. West felt overdone. Yet, somehow or other, all were satisfied to go away after discharging these acts of duty, and Mrs. West was equally satisfied to remain, so that, had any one been more persevering in their attentions, they would only have interrupted the order and quiet which were so happily maintained.

The first stage of recovery from illness is seldom a season of enjoyment. The mind partakes of the weakness of the body, and, like an unstrung instrument, is incapable of any lasting or perfect harmony. It is keenly alive to pleasurable sensations, but they are of a nature so mixed and transient, that involuntary tears are often the only answer we can make, to the united claims of nature and of conscience, calling upon us to rejoice with gratitude and hope.

Eleanor Bond felt all this in its fullest sense. She was but too happy to return to the duties and the pleasures of her little domestic sphere. She was happy to regain her health, her faculties, and all the good gifts with which by nature she had been endowed. She was happy to feel herself beneath a sheltering roof—beside a social hearth—surrounded by comforts, and warmed by the glow and animated by the activity of a new life; instead of being the silent and senseless inhabitant of a solitary grave—closed in—shut down—and beginning to be forgotten. What a contrast these thoughts presented—between what she was, and what she might have been!

Mrs. West was not insensible to the state of Eleanor's feelings; but while she longed for some opportunity of turning these feelings to account, she had too much delicacy to offer her advice, without first perceiving that way was made for its welcome reception. At last, the conversation happening to turn upon the situation of a poor woman who had recently died of a malady like that from which Eleanor was recovering; she observed with diffidence, that it was a question of great importance, to ask ourselves on such occasions—"For what purpose am I left, when others are called away?"

It was the very question with which Eleanor had been haunted night and day ever since the recovery of her reason. The mention of a subject so intimately connected with her secret meditations, at once drew forth her confidence; and the two friends, so recently bound together, entered upon a long and earnest conversation on the nature of Christian duty, which had lost none of its interest, when Eleanor suddenly recollected the hour had arrived when it was just possible her husband might return.

The thought came upon her like a thunder-shock. How could she prevail upon this good woman to leave her alone, when she had come for the express purpose of cheering her solitude! Yet stay she must not; and therefore Eleanor began to request that Mrs. West would not remain longer than was agreeable on her account, for, happy as she was to have her company, she felt that she must be anxiously expected at home. Mrs. West, however, would listen to no reason for leaving her alone; and her dilemma grew every moment more distressing. She rose from her seat, looked at the time-piece, and again sat down, without being able to rest in any position, or to carry on any connected conversation. All her senses seemed to be turned into that of hearing, and every sound she heard seemed to be a staggering step advancing to the door, or the roll of Sir James Mornford's carriage bringing home her husband.

At last Mrs. West began to fold up her work, for the tenth had just flashed across her mind; and, taking a hurried leave of Eleanor, she went quietly home without having betrayed the least suspicion of the real state of affairs in the family she was leaving.

Released from a load so oppressive, Eleanor now felt as if she could bear any thing, provided she might only bear it alone. As her custom had always been on such occasions, she sent all the servants to rest, fastened the street-door herself, and then, drawing her chair before the fire, placed her feet upon the fender, and sat watching the glowing embers, until her eyes were glazed with tears.

It was the first time she had been up at a late hour since her illness. She could ill bear the fatigue; but there was no her no alternative, and one weary hour after another passed over, and still he did not come.

At last she heard steps approaching from the distance. They were strange and irregular, yet when they stopped at her door, there were sounds of suppressed laughter, and therefore it might seem that she had nothing to fear. Hastening down into the hall as quickly as her feeble strength enabled her, she succeeded, after many efforts, in drawing back the massive bolt of the door. Her face was pale as death, and either the night air, or something in her own feelings, made her shudder as she looked out in the hope of recognising her husband amongst the strange men who stood upon the steps, and whom, but for the laughter and leering smiles with which they answered her inquiries, she might have mistaken for a band of midnight robbers, so wild and disorderly was their appearance. Yet they

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were some of what were called the first gentlemen of the town. They all had been dining at Sir James Mornford's, and they seemed to be highly enjoying the frolic, when two of them stepped forward, dragging the senseless form of Frederick Bond between them.

Intending to convey him to his own chamber, they had already ascended the first stairs, when Eleanor, in a firm and decided tone, requested them to stop, and to give themselves no more trouble on her account, or her husband's.

"But you seem to be alone," said the most reasonable of the party. "Where is Saunders?"

"I need no assistance," replied Eleanor, still more firmly. "Good-night, sir." And she closed the door after them, and bolted it again, with a strength that seemed almost supernatural.

Eleanor had now a difficult task to perform. Her husband was worse than helpless, for every time she succeeded in assisting him to rise from the stairs, he reeled round in a manner which threatened to precipitate both to the bottom. He was not, however, so insensible to his real situation as he appeared to be. Amidst the noise and the uproar of the jovial party, he had been the most boisterous, and the most absurd. But the scene was now changed, and the first sight of his wife, ghastly and wretched as she looked, brought with it a sudden conviction that he ought to make some effort to be serious too. It was perfectly sensible that he ought to go up to his chamber, and endeavour to be quiet; but still the walls and the chairs were reeling around him, the floor on which he trod was like a heaving sea, and when he lifted up one foot, it either remained suspended in the air, or was thrust forward with a violence intended to reach some distant object.

After long and patient effort, Eleanor at last succeeded in steadying him to the door of his chamber, where the servants, unbidden by her, had made every preparation for the state in which it was now always taken for granted he would return. With difficulty she placed him on his bed. She then adjusted his distorted limbs, and smoothed his pillow, and bathed his burning brow, as gently and as tenderly as if he had been a slumbering cherub. But her effort had been too much for her, and, sinking down on her knees beside the bed, she burst into such an agony of tears, as prayer, and prayer alone, would have had the power to soothe.

In the morning, when Frederick Bond awoke, the first object which attracted his attention, was, the figure of his wife, seated in her nursing-chair, wrapped in a careless dishabille, and hushing her baby on her bosom. Her hair was unwarled, her eyes looked sunken and heavy, and her cheek was so deadly pale, that he could not help contrasting her present appearance with what it was a year, or rather two years ago. Still gazing, without venturing to interrupt the monotonous motion with which she was lulling her infant to sleep, he thought she grew paler and paler; and staring from his pillow, had but just time to save the child that was beginning to slip from her hold, when she fell back in her chair in a swoon.

Frederick Bond was one of those, who, when their fit of intoxication is over, can recollect much of what has passed. He even knew at the time, what he was saying or doing, though he appeared to have no power to control his words or actions. Thus when he beheld his wife, pale, suffering, and exhausted, all the transactions of the past night rushed upon his memory; and he felt, that, instead of cherishing the young and lovely being he had taken from the shelter of her father's roof —instead of guarding her from every danger, and averting every cause that could lead to a recurrence of her malady, he had in reality been inflicting upon her the greatest cruelty, and hazarding that precious life, which he now felt as if he could die to preserve.

Conscience-struck, appalled, and guilty, Frederick bent over the senseless form of his wife; and on the first signs of returning consciousness, he knelt before her, clasping her cold hands in his, looking up into her face, and imploring her to hear him, while he pronounced the solemn vow, and called heaven to be his witness, that from that time forth he would never inflict upon her the same cause of suffering again.

"Hear me, Eleanor," he exclaimed, with passionate fervour—"if you cannot speak, at least give me some sign that you hear me."

Poor Eleanor, she was indeed beyond the power of speech, but she threw her arms around his neck, and held him to her heart, as if he should never be separated from that strong hold again.

"And you believe—you trust implicitly to my vow," he continued.

"As I believe in heaven—as I trust in the promises of the Bible," was uttered in a faint but deliberate and decided voice.

All was now peace and sunshine in Eleanor's pleasant house. She felt no fear; she knew no danger; she was ignorant that the root of human guilt lay deeper than the human will; and that man is seldom able of himself, and by a single effort of his individual power, to say to the temptation which most easily besets him—"thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

All was now peace and sunshine, and Eleanor's cheek began to bloom as it was wont. Health was once more circling through her veins, and hope was busy at her heart. It is true, she perceived not in her husband the clear eye, and steady hand, he once possessed. It is true, he often appeared strange, and wandering, and scarcely like himself; but he had given her his word, and that was a pledge too sacred to admit for a moment of the shadow of a doubt.

Restored to health and happiness, and feeling no apprehension of any change, Eleanor Bond fell easily back into the same train of habitual conduct to which her life was accustomed before her illness. The same subjects interested her mind, the same pleasures attracted her regard, and she herself became in all respects the same. The same! Impossible! For she had passed beneath the shadow of the gates of death, she had stood upon the confines of eternity, she had felt by what a frail tenure her life was held. The hand of affliction had been heavy upon her. She could not be the same; for these awful warnings demanded some answer—some token of having been heard and understood; and if passed by without attention, they would still be ready to make the same demand, at a time when it could only be answered by the final sentence of eternal condemnation.

In outward appearances, however, Eleanor was the same; and as the strongest proof that she had not really profited by the discipline she had undergone, her prejudices against Mrs. West began to return; and while she still spoke of her in terms of gratitude and affection, she was sensible of a certain shrinking from her presence, accompanied by a secret desire, whenever she heard her step approaching, that for the present she would go away until a more "convenient season." It seemed to her, in short, that Mrs. West was always calling at the wrong time; especially one day when she was just going up to dress for a dinner party at Sir James Mornford's, on which occasion she could not altogether conceal her vexation and chagrin. Her visiter appeared that day unusually grave and dull; and after trying some of the most commonplace topics, she determined to make a desperate effort to escape, by pleading an engagement that must be attended to.

The fair face of Mrs. West was immediately overspread with the deepest crimson, and she was evidently much agitated; but still keeping her seat, she answered mildly—"I know your time is precious, nor is it of less value to me; for if you will give me leave, I will speak to you on a subject of great importance, before you go to Sir James Mornford's."

With a foreboding of something extremely vexatious and unpleasant, Eleanor again seated herself, and Mrs. West went on.

"There is a subject on which I have long wished to speak to you; for I feel that I have no right to deprive you of your society, unless I will deal faithfully with you as a friend. I have prayed God to give me power to speak as I ought, but hitherto my weakness has prevailed against my sense of duty."

"I believe," said Eleanor, in a tone by no means the most conciliating, "that I can anticipate your meaning. And if the duty you have imposed upon yourself be an irksome one, I can spare you the pain of proceeding farther."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. West. "And as the duty to which I allude is certainly not self-imposed, I must persevere in acting upon it, if the result should be altogether unsatisfactory. I must speak to you about your husband."

Eleanor coloured deeply; but while a feeling but little allied to Christian meekness took possession of her whole frame, she endeavoured to devise some plan by which she might repel, what appeared to her in the character of an unwarrantable interference.

"Eleanor," said Mrs. West, "I have not known you long. I have loved you for a still shorter time. The bond between us may be easily broken, for I am not difficult to repel. But the case is very different with your husband. He was placed under my care as an orphan boy. In my heart and my home he was unto me even as my own child. A mother's eye is quick-sighted to that which may endanger the happiness of her offspring; and I have seen—Mr. West and I have both observed—"

"Say no more," interrupted Eleanor. "There is no need for this. I would rather give every thing I possess, than have such a subject named; but since you have forced it upon me, I must inform you, that all danger is now over."

"How?"

"My husband has made me a solemn promise, that he will never give me the same cause of uneasiness again."

"Is that all?"

"Surely it is enough. No one has ever yet had occasion to doubt his word."

"So far as the promise extends, it is well; because I am sure his intention is good. I have no doubt of his sincerity, but I do doubt his power to keep the resolution he has made."

"You surely forget how injurious and unjust is this suspicion. Nothing but ignorance of his danger could so long have prevented his making this determination before. His eyes are now

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opened, and it must be the easiest thing in the world, to refrain from what is in itself so repulsive and degrading."

"My dear young friend, you speak like one who has made few observations, and had but little experience. All vice is repulsive and degrading, yet, how few are induced to shun it from this cause. It is not with any sinful habit, as with an unsightly garment, that we can always cast it off by a mere effort of the will. Vice is rather a disease which affects the whole system, and which, though discovered by its interruption of one particular function, can only be effectually subdued by a renovation of the whole. My object, however, is not to speak of your husband as a free agent, or otherwise. My duty is with you, as his wife. You have rendered that duty doubly painful by the spirit in which you have this day received me: but I must go on, for the occasion is too urgent to admit of delay. I have often feared—can you tell me my fears are unfounded—that a false and unpardonable delicacy was preventing your being that help to your husband which you ought to be in this crisis of his fate. I speak strongly, because I do consider that a crisis has arrived, when he must either impose some violent restraint upon his habits and inclinations, or be irretrievably lost."

Eleanor felt her situation every moment more uneasy—more intolerable. At last she interrupted Mrs. West. "I believe your intentions are good. But, as I told you before, this interference is altogether useless, my husband has given me his word."

"That is all well, but what part have you taken in helping him to keep it?"

"He needs no help of mine. His own resolution is surely sufficient."

"My poor young friend, let me entreat you not to make so fatal a mistake. As you value his interest here and hereafter, let me entreat you to put away this false delicacy, and to speak home to his conscience. Let me entreat you to deal with him as one whose immortal soul is committed to your care. If you saw that his bodily health was suffering under a dangerous malady, how would you endeavour to convince him of his real situation! How would you plead with him in favour of the remedies prescribed! how would you sacrifice your peace, your comfort, nay, even your hold on his affections, if that were needful, to save him from his threatened fate. And is the case less urgent now? Can you, who profess to love him so tenderly, be satisfied to stand still, and see him sinking lower and lower, losing first one hold and then another, until all is lost."

"Let me implore you," exclaimed Eleanor, "to forbear. It is not—it cannot come to this."

"It has come to this in a thousand cases, that were once as hopeful as your own; and if you do not rouse yourself from this false security, it must come to this in yours. Already there are whisperings to his disadvantage. His character is beginning to suffer. But that is nothing in comparison with his situation in the sight of God. My husband has lately hinted to me the probability of dissolving his connection with him, unless his habits should be improved. But this is also nothing."

Mrs. West had proceeded thus far, when she saw that Eleanor was beginning to tremble violently; and finding that she had succeeded in her chief object, by rousing her to a full sense of the seriousness and importance of her situation, she spoke less strongly, though she still went on to urge upon her the necessity of commencing her new duties, by warning her husband, from that very day. "And first," said she, laying her hand upon Eleanor's arm, and speaking in the tenderest tone of maternal solicitude—"first retire to your chamber, and ask a blessing on the step you are about to take. For without God's blessing you can hope for nothing. Do this, dear Eleanor, and you have every thing to hope. Do this, I entreat you, for he is worth saving."

Eleanor felt her heart softened by this cordial acknowledgment of her husband's worth, and she hastened to her chamber with a sort of vague intention of putting the advice of Mrs. West in practice. Here, however, she met her husband, all bustle, impatience, and wonder at her long delay. Her maid had spread forth her new dress on the sofa, and she readily excused herself by thinking, that no time was left for the execution of her purpose.

"It is better not to pray at all," she said to herself, "than to do it in a hurried and irreverent manner, and, as for speaking to my husband now, nothing could be more inappropriate. Every thing we know may be lost, by the opportunity not being suited to the act."

By this mode of reasoning, Eleanor succeeded in quieting her conscience for the time; and she was soon elegantly dressed, and seated in Lady Mornford's drawing-room.

It struck her that day, as it might have done some months before, that Lady Mornford was not in her accustomed health and spirits. Her eyes were still bright, and there glowed a spot of crimson on each cheek; but it was not the glow of health, and her figure was evidently much fallen away. Her manner was more gentle, too, as if subdued by some secret cause of trial, while the absent fits into which she often fell, betrayed a wandering of the mind, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. At the dinner table, however, she roused herself; and though she ate but little, she swallowed, apparently unharmed, a quantity of wine that would have startled the abstinents of the present day

On retiring to the drawing-room, Lady Mornford entered upon a long list of apologies for not visiting her friend more frequently during her illness; and though she wept profusely to hear how severe that illness had been, she laughed the next moment, at the idea of Mrs. West officiating as her chief nurse.

"Poor Eleanor!" said she, "I have pitied you a thousand times, to hear what hands you had fallen into; they must have had a design against your life, when they sent for that woman."

And Eleanor joined in the laugh. She had not the generosity, or rather the justice, to say what Mrs. West had really been to her in her illness. Indeed, she seemed as if the good feelings she had once possessed were all escaping from her, so much had her heart been hardened by the season she had lately passed through, of warnings neglected, and duties unfulfilled.

The visiters who dined that day at Sir James Mornford's were but a small proportion of the evening party. At a later hour the drawing-room was thronged with guests, and music was just begun, when Eleanor, who turned over the leaves for a juvenile performer, overheard the following conversation between Miss Masterman and the mistress of the house.

"Mr. Bond of course dines here to-day," said the former, holding up a piece of music before her face. "I always like to learn where he has dined, that I may tell the ladies to beware. Do you know, it is said he is actually losing his excellent practice."

"Oh, don't believe it!" replied Lady Mornford, "nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"But the Medways, you know, have entirely given him up; and Lady Craven intends to do the same."

"The more foolish they," observed the lady of the house, "the more blind to their own interest. For my part, I would rather employ Mr. Bond in a case of difficulty, than any of the boasted operators of the metropolis. No one can be more attentive, and his skill is beyond all question."

"Yes, if one could be sure he would bring his skill along with him. But the misfortune is, he sometimes comes without it;" and the speaker laughed as if she had said a clever and pointed thing.

Eleanor felt her cheek glow with indignation at the commencement of these remarks; but her heart as instantaneously sunk within her, under a secret sense that they were but too true. With painful and determined effort she afterwards roused herself, to make the usual attempts at common-place conversation; when the whole aspect of the world seemed changed to her, by seeing her husband enter the drawing-room in the full possession of his reason; and while he passed from one group of ladies to another, paying the usual compliments, or making the usual observations which the occasion called forth, she followed him with an intense and enraptured gaze, as if she was contemplating the most beautiful object upon earth, for the first time in her life.

"Your husband is unquestionably a handsome man," said Lady Mornford, laughing. "But this is no time or place for acting Damon and Delia, so please to take your seat at one of the card-tables, or assist me, if you prefer it, in seeing that every one is satisfactorily arranged. Direct your charitable attentions to that part of the room where the good people are all sitting as quiet as Egyptian mummies. Beguile Madame Bertine, that endless talker, into a seat beside the deaf old gentleman: and take care that Miss Masterman has somebody to flirt with. As you love me, make as much noise as you can. Draw out all the politicians, and let them be well pitted against one another. Tell some queer stories to those young girls, and if any one in the room attempts a witticism, you must laugh immoderately. By the way, you know the little old maid who lives at No. 3. Every body knows her. She wears green spectacles, and runs about with tracts. Well, she was actually taken up by that tremendous gale yesterday, carried round the corner of the street, and hurled into a shop, where the master, believing her to be intoxicated, committed her to the care of the police, green spectacles and all. Now, tell this with all the spirit you can—mimic her well—and be sure you don't leave out the tracts, or the story will lose half its relish with some of your audience."

Eleaner went to her post, as she was desired, but of all the stories in the world, she was least likely to tell one about intoxication. The party, however, were so well provided, each with their own contributions from the stores of the preceding day, that Lady Mornford, finding the desire of her heart accomplished, by every one being engaged with their own or another's story, gently touching the arm of Frederick Bond, requested him to turn over with her a portfolio of

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engravings which had been sent for her inspection.

With every appearance of earnestness, she descanted on their various merits; and then, while her eyes were still fixed upon the same objects, and her voice maintained the same tone, she went on to say, "I hate all formal appointments; they frighten me to death. But I want to tell you, Mr. Bond, that I have formed a desperate resolution, and I depend on you for helping me to keep it."

"You know how entirely I am your devoted servant," said Frederick, with unusual complaisance, for he was just sufficiently elated to be charmed with himself, and with every one else.

"Hush! hush!" said Lady Mornford. "That is not the style of conversation I am desiring just now. You must answer me quickly, and to the purpose, for this tale of the winds and the waves will not last forever, and before it ceases, our tête-a-tête must come to an end."

"Go on," said Frederick, somewhat sobered by the unusual gravity of her manner.

"Well then," (and Lady Mornford gasped as if her last breath had been escaping from her bosom:) "I have decided upon what you recommended a year ago. I cannot bear this torture without making Sir James as wretched as myself. I am determined at last to have an operation."

Frederick started, he had strongly recommended an operation a year ago, but the case might now be materially altered. He had, however, been wonderfully successful in all the operations he had undertaken, and if there was the slightest probability of a cure, he was not the man to flinch from his duty.

"But Sir James?" said he, "He was opposed to it before; what does he say now?"

"He is to know nothing of it until all is over."

Frederick shook his head.

"Ah, you may look as threatening as you please, but tell me one thing—Have I not a right over my own life?"

"As far as you can command it, you certainly have."

"Why remind me of that? I mean, of course, as far as I can command it. Now, hear my plan:—Sir James goes into Scotland to shoot, on the first day of the season; I shall have a new governess, who will know nothing, except that I am taken ill, and you and Mr. West will manage all the rest."

"Pardon me, my dear lady: Mr. West is a timid man. He will never be brought over to assist me, without the knowledge and consent of Sir James."

"Nonsense—perfect nonsense! Can you not make him understand the generous feeling of desiring to spare my poor husband all the suffering he would endure to see me suffer; and the delight, the unmeasurable delight, of receiving him home when all is over."

"But suppose—only for the sake of viewing the subject in every light—suppose—"

"You don't mean to say there is the slightest shadow of danger?"

Frederick saw that she was watching his face with an expression of almost frantic anxiety, and, unable to answer her appeal as he felt that he ought—unable in short to discuss the subject in any satisfactory manner, under such peculiar circumstances, he requested permission of Lady Mornford to call on her the following day.

"Not for worlds," she answered; "not for worlds, until Sir James has left home. I think he had some time ago a lurking suspicion of my purpose, and if he had the least idea that I was plotting with you, nothing could induce him to leave me. This is the reason why I have chosen so strange a situation for such a subject. But see, we are observed; and now what do you think of this moonlight scene? Our artists always make the moon herself, and the earth, and the water beneath, look exactly as they ought; but they ruin the whole by rendering the clouds the most conspicuous part of the picture.

"Ah, Sir James! are you, too, there? I am but too happy you are come to suffer under my triumph. Mr. Bond advises me to purchase this—and this; and he says that favourite of yours is perfect heaven."

By this time the company had gathered round the table, and Lady Mornford spread the engravings before them, with a sort of dashing remark upon each, when, finding the party sufficiently interested, she drew back unobserved. The circle closing after her, she escaped into another apartment, where refreshments were already prepared, and after swallowing an unusual quantity of wine, into which she poured a powerful opiate, she was soon enabled to return to her guests, with an appearance of composure by which they were easily deceived.

Shocked and perplexed by what he had just witnessed, Frederick Bond felt no relish for the mirth or the chit-chat of the evening; and on withdrawing to a remote corner of the room, he found there a little coterie of gentlemen, all as weary as himself.

With mutual consent they left the drawing-room, for there were other apartments thrown open to the guests that night, and happening by chance or by choice to return to the apartment where they had dined, they soon found a use for the glasses which still remained upon the table.

In the mean time, Eleanor Bond was one of the most animated and the most happy of the party who remained. Exulting in her triumph over Miss Masterman, she seated herself beside her with great complacency, and even went so far as to request she would allow the carriage ordered for them, to conduct her home, as her residence was a little beyond their own.

Whether this proposal was made in pure kindness, or with a desire of proving to the greatest gossip in the town, that her husband could return from a dinner party, even to his own door, a sober man, it is not our business to inquire. Suffice it that the offer was readily accepted, and Eleanor watched with impatience for her husband's reappearance, in order that she might inform him of the arrangement she had made.

"Where is your master?" said she to Saunders, who assisted in attending on the company.

"In the dining-room, ma'am, with Sir James and three other gentlemen."

"In the dining-room?" said Miss Masterman, repeating his words with a peculiar emphasis; and Eleanor would certainly have had some misgiving in the secret of her heart, but for the confidence she still continued to repose in her husband's word. It was a confidence which had never yet been shaken; and though the hour grew late, and many of the guests were gone, she still believed his promise would be kept unbroken.

Miss Masterman was now becoming anxious to leave the house, but having sent away her own servant, she had no alternative but that of waiting until Mr. Bond should be pleased to appear.

"Go and tell your master that we wait for him," said Eleanor to Saunders, as soon as she could speak to him without being overheard.

The servant went as he was ordered, and a scuffling sound was soon after heard on the stairs. At last the door of the drawing-room was thrown wide open, and Frederick Bond appeared. He did not, however, advance many steps towards the company, but stood bolt upright, looking from side to side with a vacant leer, and nodding his head with such an idiotic expression of countenance, that the gentlemen found it impossible to conceal their laughter, and even the ladies joined in a sort of suppressed titter, interrupted only by occasional exclamations of "odious," "monstrous," and "absurd;" with entreaties that he might not be permitted to come nearer.

Alas for poor Eleanor! She had so loved the world, and courted its approbation for the sake of its friendship, its courtesy, and its gentle dealing towards her and hers, that a bitter sense of its fickleness and its ungenerous treatment, now mingled with other feelings of disappointment and wounded pride. Every thing seemed to be against her on that miserable night. Not only was Miss Masterman her fellow companion in the carriage, and witness to all the absurdities of her husband; but Mr. Stanley impatiently awaited their arrival at home, having called many times during the evening to consult his son-in-law on some important business. Every thing seemed to be against her that night, and she threw herself upon her couch in a state of utter wretchedness and despair.

Not long after this evening, Sir James Mornford left home, as had been expected, to enjoy his favourite amusement of grouse-shooting in the north of England; and on the very day of his departure, Lady Mornford had a long interview with Mr. Bond and his partner. As Frederick had predicted, Mr. West declined taking any part in her scheme, without the consent of Sir James; he even went so far as to speak of danger, though neither of the doctors thought of disuading her entirely from the operation. So far from that, Mr. Bond was rather anxious it should be performed, partly from personal regard, for he knew that she must otherwise fall a victim to her malady; and partly from the confidence he felt in his own skill, and the hope he entertained that a successful operation would be the means of leaving in some measure the reputation he was so much in danger of losing. He knew also, much better than Mr. West, the peculiar temperament of Sir James Mornford; and he could enter into the feelings of his wife, in her generous but ill-judged design of sparing him the anxiety and distress he might otherwise be under the necessity of enduring.

Not all his arguments, however, were sufficient to induce Mr. West to consent. He could not be made to understand that the life of a married woman, and a mother, was exclusively her own property; and when pressed almost beyond his power of resistance, he at last formed the design of writing to Sir James himself, and ascertaining whether it was really true, as Lady Mornford so often told him, that Sir James was quite willing the operation should be performed, provided he was not at home, nor aware of the time of its taking place.

It was perhaps well for Lady Mornford's patience and forbearance, that she knew nothing, at

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the time, of this well-meant interference; which, though conducted with the greatest prudence and caution, entirely failed in the effect it was intended to produce. The letter remained at the post-office of a little country village, to which it was directed, while Sir James extended his excursions, day after day, farther up into a wild and thinly peopled district, intent only upon the amusement of the moment, and little dreaming of the events which were transpiring at home.

In the mean time, Lady Mornford had laid her own schemes; and sending for her doctors one morning, she received them with an open letter in her hand, and, with an appearance of the greatest gravity, began to inform them that her fate was decided, for she had that morning received from her husband his most full and entire permission to proceed according to the direction of her own judgment, and the advice of her medical friends.

Perceiving that Mr. West was still incredulous, she opened the letter, and read aloud in a clear unfaltering voice, what appeared to be a confirmation of all the facts she had stated.

Mr. West could doubt no longer; but still remembering his own letter, he begged permission to wait a sufficient length of time for it to have been received and answered. This time expired, and again he was obliged to appear before Lady Mornford. She had received a second letter from her husband, confirming the last, and was proceeding to read it aloud, when Mr. West, forgetting the intended secrecy of his own share in these transactions, asked, with great simplicity and earnestness, whether Sir James acknowledged the receipt of his letter of the seventh.

Lady Mornford started, and for a moment her self-possession forsook her. But she had tact enough to recover her lost ground, and, shaking her head at Mr. West, she added with a smile, "Yes, indeed, he does acknowledge this act of treachery, for which I can hardly forgive you. He begs me also to express to you his gratitude, and to assure you with what confidence he commits me to your skill and care. I have gone so far as to say, that he shall not think of returning home until he hears farther intelligence, and begs Mr. Bond will not lose a moment in letting him know when all is over."

Lady Mornford was so prompt and well-practised a deceiver, that the single-heartedness of Mr. West was entirely imposed upon; and though Frederick Bond, who knew her better, entertained some lurking suspicions of her sincerity, he kept his own counsel, while both prepared to discharge their duty in the ablest and most effectual manner.

It was a matter of astonishment with the doctors, how a woman, on some occasions so weak, and always so volatile as Lady Mornford, could acquit herself under such circumstances with so much calmness and decision. But they had no opportunity of watching her through the day, and they consequently saw not those violent hysterical attacks to which she had lately become increasingly subject, and which, she believed, and taught all around her to believe, nothing but sumniants would subdue. Thus her habits were gradually assuming a character the most injurious to her constitution under present circumstances; but while the doctors were sometimes startled by the feverish state of her pulse, they were inclined to attribute it almost entirely to the excitable state of her feelings, and believed that her whole frame would be restored to a more quiet and healthy tone, so soon as her mind should be relieved from the burden of her distressing malady.

Thus all parties went on with their preparations. Lady Mornford spent much of her time in writing, though she generally concluded her task by tearing what she had written, and committing it to the fire. Perhaps the hardest duty she had to perform, was that of taking leave of her children, who were to be sent with their governess to spend some weeks at a neighbouring watering-place. Still, hard as this duty was, it must be gone through; and now the morning of their departure had arrived, and the carriage was at the door, and yet their arms were around her neck, and she could not bring herself to kiss them for the last time.

Lady Mornford had always been more like a sister than a mother to her children. Juvenile in her habits, and easily diverted by the frolic of the moment, she had joined with avidity in all their sports; and though she had lately, with a kind of fretfulness entirely foreign to her nature, sometimes driven them from her side, it had only been to receive them in her altered moods, with more affection, and to win them back to love her better than before.

It is said that all have their idols, that every individual of the human race, has some object of attachment, for which they thirst, and strive, more than for any other. With Lady Mornford this object was simply to be loved—to be loved for the sake of the comfort and support which the affection of those around her afforded. This object she pursued with so much eagerness, that rather than even suffer a momentary alienation from the hearts of her children, she risked their temporal and eternal happiness by indulging every wish, and studying to bestow upon them every day some new gratification more welcome than the last.

How far this system was calculated to defeat its own end, it is unnecessary here to state. One of its results alone will suffice; for while Lady Mornford's children regarded their mother as the source and fountain of all their enjoyments, they were prepared in return of both their love and their allegiance, at any moment, when those enjoyments should cease.

"And now," said Lady Mornford to her oldest daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, "you are going to the pleasant sea shore, to wander on the beach, and enjoy the bright summer that you love so much. For your father's sake I entreat you not to forget your drawing. Here is the sketch-book I have long wished to give you. Be sure that you fill every page with drawings, to gladden his heart when he returns."

"For you, Caroline, I have provided a piano. Here is the music you want. Let nothing interfere with your lessons, or your practice. It is possible your father may want you to play to him more than he has ever done before."

"How so?"

"Never mind, attend to your music, and make him happy in any way you can."

"And you, George, what am I to say to such a rebel as you?"

"I don't care much what you say; I only wish you were going with us, that I might drive you on the sands, and have somebody to take my part when Jaly and Carry are both against me. If you are ill, the sea air will do you far more good than staying here alone. Don't you think so, mamma?"

All this while, little Harry the youngest child, was hanging with his arms around his mother's neck, one moment smothering her with kisses, and the next whispering in her ear the most threatening denunciations, if she would not accompany them to the sea-shore.

"I hate the new governess," he said; "and I will hate you too, if you will not go."

"Then let me breathe at least, Harry, while I tell you of all the pleasant things you will see."

"I don't care for any of them. I tell you again, I won't go, unless you do; for we never have any fun without you."

In this manner they pleaded with their mother; some of them on her knee, and others hanging round her neck, until her fortitude began to fail, and the warm tears gushed from her eyes; for on this morning, more than any other, she had felt a strange awe come over her, as if her life was indeed suspended by a thread; and it struck her but too forcibly, that perhaps she might never see her children, nor feel the warmth of their affectionate caresses, again.

"See! see!" said the child, as he pointed to her tears, "I am sure she is relenting. Come with us, dear mamma, and we shall all be so happy."

"You will be happy with Miss Lewis, I am sure."

"Happy with Miss Lewis!" exclaimed all in one voice of unanimous contempt; while Harry whispered again in his mother's ear, "She looks so savage, I believe she means to drown us all in the sea; and if she does, what will become of you, without me?"

"That is a puzzling question, Harry; but what would you do without me?"

"Oh! I should soon die, that is quite certain; for there would be nobody to be kind to us then."

"Not your papa?"

"Papa is only kind sometimes. There is nobody kind always, except you."

"Not Susan, your faithful nurse?"

"Oh, Susan, and Jane, and Mary, are all kind when you are in the nursery. It is then we are 'sweet little dears,' and 'angels,' and 'beauties,' and 'birds.' But the moment you are gone, we are a 'pack of little ugly monkeys,' and 'the most disagreeable children in the world.'"

And are you indeed so desolate, thought Lady Mornford, that you have no creature in the world to love you, except me!

"Well," said she, rousing herself from the reverie these reflections were well calculated to produce, and at the same time shaking off the embraces of her children, "we shall soon meet again. I shall then be in better health, and we shall altogether be happier than we have been for a long time. Adieu—adieu—the coach is at the door."

She then kissed them all once more, and rushing into her own room, drew the bolt after her, and buried her head in her shawl, that she might not hear the murmuring of some, and the resistance of others, as the little party were forced into the carriage which waited to convey them away.

And this was all—all than a tender mother had to charge upon the hearts and the consciences of her children, for time and for eternity.

"I have yet another duty," said Lady Mornford, ringing the bell, and ordering the servant to request Mr. Bond to come up stairs—"I have another duty, and then all will be finished."

"Mr. Bond," said she, holding out her hand as he entered the room, and speaking in a tone more than usually affectionate—"you are the only man amongst all my husband's associates, for whom he cares one straw. You in your

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turn understand Sir James—his character and disposition; both are peculiar. I am not going to talk to you about the state of my soul, as the Methodists say, or any of those things which Sir James tells me ought to be left to parsons and old women; but I do want to say a word about my poor children. If—if"—and her lips, which already had assumed the paleness of ashes, quivered as she spoke—"if I should die, Sir James would never take any more thought about them. He would dread to behold any thing that could remind him of me; for, worthless as I am, he loves me beyond all reason; and the fact of his heart being so shut against all the world, only makes him love me the more. Now, what I want to say is this—Will you—will your wife give some little care, just to see that the servants don't abuse them—that is all. And, now, are you ready?"

CHAPTER III.

It was late one winter's evening, when Frederick Bond, after filling his glass for the third time, leaned his arms upon the table, and looked earnestly at his wife, as if anxious to be invited to speak. It was not a scene of convivial enjoyment, as the sparkle of his eye might seem to indicate, but a quiet fireside scene; yet how different from that, in the midst of which they used to spend their evenings, some five years ago. That figure, too, the pale thin female, so busily applying her needle, close to the one candle—can that be Eleanor Bond! So haggard—so worn—as if ten years instead of five, with their accumulated cares, had passed over her. And he who looks so animated, and so anxious to talk, how many grades has he descended from the gentlemen, since we beheld him last. We have often called him handsome, but how few traces of his beauty are discoverable now! His dark hair has grown thin and straight, and hangs in disordered locks from his partially bald head. His forehead, once so noble, is coarse, and heated and swollen. His eyes are bloodshot, and the lower lids beginning to droop and inflame. But his mouth is more changed than all—wide—loose—and insatiable—it looks as if oceans would not quench its thirst. He has ceased now to put any restraint upon his appetite for stimulus. He fills his glass in the presence of his wife, and talks for hours about the same thing, with the garrulity of a child.

And Eleanor has kept her resolution. She has never spoken to him on the subject of that besetting sin, which has told upon her appearance, almost as much as his, though in a widely different manner.

"Come, put down that everlasting stitchery," said he to his wife, "and listen to me, for I am going to tell you a long story."

"I can listen better," said Eleanor, meekly, "while I am at work. So pray go on; and let me do the same."

"Put down your work, I say, and listen to me; and don't treat me like a fool, either, as you very often do. I say I will be listened to; and if you don't hear me out, you will repent of it as long as you live; for I must tell somebody. I must make a clean breast, as the dying people say. I don't care who I speak to, only you happen to be near, and therefore I will tell you."

Eleanor had put down her work as she was desired, for her curiosity had begun to be awakened; until, seeing her husband refill his glass, she felt assured that the whole was mere pastime—one of those aimless, senseless tricks, which, for want of amusement, he was accustomed to play upon her.

The fact, however, was, he had long been anxious to unburden his mind of a load, which, in his sober moments, lay heavy upon it, and often induced him to deepen the draught, by which alone he hoped to drive it from his thoughts. He had tried repeatedly to speak to his wife on this subject; but the effort seemed to require so much stimulus to support it, that before reaching the necessary pitch of resolution, he had too frequently passed beyond the bounds of self-command, and thus his secret remained locked within his own bosom.

On this night, he was precisely at the stage of intoxication when conviction of culpability is distinctly felt; and yet felt so entirely without its proper accompaniments of shame and remorse, that the conscious transgressor will rather disclose than conceal his own errors. It is in this state that some men will even dilate upon their own propensity to intemperance; and while they hold the tempting glass in their hands, bewail the fatality by which they are kept in bondage.

"You remember," said Frederick Bond to his wife, who was still making some effort to attend, "that unfortunate affair of Lady Mornford's. It is a subject, you know, Eleanor, on which I never could be induced to speak; but it was not because I thought lightly of it. No, no," and he fortified himself with another draught.

"Well, it was all a trick of hers about her husband's consent—kindly meant, poor soul, for she was devotedly fond of Sir James, and this was not the only falsehood she ever told, to spare him pain. Indeed, she was one of those who believe that the sin of a falsehood consists in its tendency to do harm; and having once admitted that a falsehood is allowable if it can do good, there is no saying to what extent of evil these principles may be carried. Now my idea is, that every breach of the moral law, which has been laid down for us in the Bible, is equally culpable; and that we have as little power to judge, as we have right to choose, which is the best, or the worst.—Don't you think so, Eleanor?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad you agree with me on this important point—and now to my story. You know with what calmness Lady Mornford conducted herself until the last. I declare to you, there was something in this calmness so unnatural to her—so unlike the whole of her previous character, that it overcame me more than the most violent exhibition of feeling.

"I had gone to bed, I need not tell you how, the night before. I was all unnerved in the morning. My hand trembled like an aspen leaf, and somehow or other it came into my head, that she would die—die unwarned; for though Mr. West had spoken to her very seriously, we neither of us apprehended any danger: nor indeed was there any, except from her previous habits, with which we were not then sufficiently acquainted.

"Well, as I told you, the thought came over me like a flood of dark waters; I could not drive it away; and sometimes I formed the design of questioning her again about the letters from Sir James, and asking her to let me read them myself. At last, however, I adopted another plan—I made some excuse about my instruments, and, returning home, I swallowed such a draught of brandy, as would have dissipated heavier thoughts than mine. When I returned, I felt capable of any thing; and had the operation been begun then, I doubt not I should have gone through with it well. Unfortunately, however, poor Lady Mornford had fallen into one of her hysteric fits; and by the time she was sufficiently recovered, the whole world was dancing round me. Life and death—all things welcome and horrible, became as one; and yet, with a kind of mechanical effort, I prepared to begin my painful duty.

"I remember little more, except one circumstance, and that has been enough. I remember Mr. West snatching from me the instrument which I held in my hand, and whispering something between his teeth about 'butchery!' That evening, you know, I was sent for in great haste by Lady Mornford's maid, who knew the friendship which existed between her mistress and me. Mr. West was still there, seated near the bed on which the sufferer lay. He took little notice of my entrance, but I soon saw what was the real state of the case. The utmost caution was required. It was necessary that the house should be kept as still as death. The knockers were muffled, the servants were forbidden to enter the room, and there we sat, without speaking to each other, until midnight. The patient was restless, still she uttered not a word, only a low moaning escaped her, which made the silence more dreadful; I would have given worlds for some sound, or some movement, to break that sepulchral calm; for I felt in my heart, that if Lady Mornford should die, it would be I who had murdered her.

"Ay, you may start; I believed it then: I believe it now. How could it be otherwise? The case was worse than we had anticipated. It required, however, nothing more than skill and care; I had neither; I could not even feel sure of the knife I held in my hand, for the tingling that ran through my whole frame down to the ends of my fingers.

"Well, I tell you, there we sat; and the clock had just struck one, when the rattle—I cannot call it—the roll of a carriage was heard in the distance. It came on like thunder, clash up to the steps of the door, and, almost before it stopped, there was a ring, and then a knock, enough to wake a city.

"Not a word was spoken still; but we looked at each other, Mr. West and I, for we both knew what to expect. A steady regular step was then heard ascending the stairs; the door of the room was thrown open, and Sir James Mornford walked straight up to the bedside of his wife. She, poor creature, had neither regarded the knock, nor the ring, nor the roll of the carriage, for she scarcely seemed sensible of any thing; but the moment her husband spoke to her, she uttered such a terrible shriek, that it rung through all the house; and from that moment she never spoke rationally again.

"Mr. West and I were placed in the most embarrassing circumstances; for Sir James took no notice of us whatever. He sent for a physician, and desired him to put to us all the necessary questions. Mr. West told a straight-forward story, attributing the excited state of the patient entirely to the shock her feelings had received on the unexpected return of her husband. But I knew better how to tell the truth; and as the intoxication of the morning wore off, a horror seized upon me, such as no language can describe.

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I forced my services upon the poor sufferer, night and day, to the utmost stretch of human power; but what a mockery was all this from me! I watched the countenance of her husband, which never by any chance seemed to turn towards me—but what an insult was my sympathy, when the work of destruction was all mine!

"With regard to the suddenness of his return, he told us nothing. We were left to imagine, what we afterwards learned to be the truth, that on returning from an excursion, which had been prolonged from day to day, and then from week to week, he had found waiting for him at the post office, Mr. West's letter. He hesitated not a moment, as to the most prudent mode of proceeding, but set off on the instant, and pursued his melancholy journey at the utmost speed, supported all the way by a faint hope, sometimes rising to conviction, that, although his wife might plan, and talk about her plans, even to Mr. West, she would not have the resolution to carry them into effect, without some one to support her; and with this hope at its height, he had laid his hand upon the muffled knocker, which told its own story.

"Finding our attendance rather an annoyance than otherwise to Sir James, Mr. West and I both agreed to withdraw, requesting to be sent for when needed. On the night of Lady Mornford's death, Mr. West was requested to attend, but no message came to me until the morning, when I received a formal announcement, that my services would not be required again, for that all was over.

"I had believed for some days that she would die; and yet the shock seemed to come unexpectedly at last, for I had not seen her. I had not pressed her hand, insensible though it might have been, to my lips—to my heart. I had not breathed beside her one prayer, and she had been incapable of praying for herself. How did I long to visit the still chamber, to gaze upon the lifeless countenance—to kneel beside the silent bier. This too, was denied me, and justly—for was I not her murderer?

"That Mr. West would scrupulously keep my secret, I seldom entertained any lasting doubt."

"Perhaps you were altogether mistaken," said Eleanor. "You confess you were not exactly aware of all that passed. Is it not equally probable that this horrible idea should have been entirely misapprehension?"

"Convince me of this, Eleanor, and you may yet save me; but no, it is impossible. As a proof that Mr. West was acquainted with the whole, he took that opportunity of dissolving our partnership, and placing his son in my position."

"This had been agreed upon, when you first joined him. It therefore proved nothing."

"Do you mean to say, Eleanor," exclaimed the wretched man, who had now talked himself into the full possession of his senses, "that there is the least chance of my not being guilty of Lady Mornford's death."

"I do."

He grasped her arm with a violence which seemed as if, by that hold, he was clinging to his last earthly hope, while he added, "This one idea has been my daily and hourly torment for the last five years. In the dead of the night, the figure of that gay thoughtless creature has stood beside me; and when the storm has howled, I have heard that horrible shriek with which she welcomed back her husband, as loud as the thunder, and as distinctly as on that awful night.

"I thought at first that every one must know it—that Sir James was acquainted with the whole—and that I should be arraigned before a public court, and tried for my life. Every step I heard behind me in the dark, sounded like the tread of an officer of justice; and every letter I opened seemed to threaten a criminal accusation. In the agony of my soul, I had recourse to prayer. I even opened my bible, that forsaken book, but here every page condemned me, and I found it easier, for the time, to drown my conscience, than to face the phantoms with which my past and future life were haunted.

"It was in one of my broken-hearted moments, when I felt myself humbled to the dust, that I accidentally met Sir James Mornford. He saw me in the distance, and drew his hat over his eyes. Finding it impossible otherwise to avoid me, he stopped to attend to something by the way, and then turned his back to the path I had to tread. I think a sudden madness must have seized me, for such was my pity for his forlorn situation, that I forgot every thing else; and before I was aware of the act, I had addressed him by his name, while holding out my hand towards him.

"'Sir!' said he, with a tone of enquiry, and a look of blank astonishment, as if we had never met before. I understood his meaning, and passed on; and from that time we never spoke again.

"To Mr. West, Sir James condescended to explain his feelings more fully. He even called upon him to thank him, in person, for the good intention by which his letter had been dictated. 'I had no right,' he added, 'to expect more from you. *You* were no personal friend, and this was all which your professional duty required." In saying this, he placed so peculiar an emphasis upon the word *you*, as to leave no doubt that he considered me, being a personal friend, as bound, by honour and by right feeling, to a very different mode of conduct.

"All these things galled me so, that my life became a burden. My nerves were shattered, my spirits failed me; and but for one resource, there were times, when I know not but I might have been tempted to put an end to my miserable existence. But there were also times, when my feelings took a different turn, and when I was subdued to the weakness of a child. Oh! Eleanor, if in these moods you had been faithful to me—if you had talked to me of the dangers of my besetting sin—how would I have fallen upon your neck, and wept, and made confession of all my guilt, and of all my wretchedness! How blessed might have been your influence, had you seized these moments to persuade me to be a 'wiser and a better man!'

"In one of these moods, you may perhaps remember the day I went with you to church; feeling I know not how, like a sort of marked man, as if all eyes were upon me. I was, however, somewhat lulled by the deep melancholy music of the organ, and had begun to feel a sort of calm steal over my spirits, when suddenly my attention was directed towards Sir James Mornford's seat; and there were the four children dressed in their deep mourning, and the servants in mourning too; but no governess, nor any one with them, but those very domestics, against whose tender mercies their poor mother had so earnestly entreated me to protect them. What could I do? I returned home early, on some pretence of professional duty, and, for that day, and the next, was lost to myself and every one besides."

The narrative of Frederick Bond had been strictly correct so far as related to the state of his own feelings. How far he was justified in believing that his wife could actually have saved him from the gulf into which he was plunging, must in this, as in many other cases, remain a matter of doubt. It is, however, an almost invariable rule with those to whom intemperance has become the prevailing malady of their lives, when they take a retrospective view of their own conduct, to assert, and probably to believe, that some other mode of behaviour on the part of those with whom they were associated, could have rescued them from final and irretrievable ruin. It is, perhaps, not often that men complain of their wives for keeping silence in such cases. Speaking too much, or rather with too little regard to fitness of time and manner, is a far more frequent cause of offence.

From this error Eleanor Bond was singularly exempt; but her punishment was not the less, that her fault consisted in an opposite extreme of conduct. She too, could have told her story of the last five years; but her altered countenance spoke for her—and in that, what a history was written! Gradual had been the falling away, of herself, her family, and of one she loved better than herself, from that high station in the world's esteem, which she had prized above all earthly possessions. Her husband had passed that line of demarcation which the world appoints for the boundary between what it sanctions and what it condemns; and consequently, first one friend had forsaken him, and then another, and a sort of stigma had become attached to his character, while his old companions congratulated themselves upon their safety—just within that line, from whence they could laugh at his downfall, and despise his shame.

Eleanor was keenly alive to the injustice and the injury which her husband suffered from those who had once been most solicitous to cultivate his friendship; but she had also deeper cause for suffering than any which this world alone could inflict. She had rejected the counsels of the only friend who had ever evinced a real interest in her eternal happiness; she had resisted the warnings of her own conscience; and she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper into a state of perplexity and distress, from which no human aid could save her. She had been vain in her ambition, and misguided in her judgment; but she was not hardened against conviction, nor obstinate in her adherence to preconceived opinions. Her father's death, which occurred soon after the partnership between her husband and Mr. West had been dissolved, while it placed in her possession a sum of money barely sufficient to secure herself and her children from absolute want, was an event which had considerable effect in changing the state of her heart with regard to her temporal and spiritual views; and thus she had become gradually an altered character, learning, in the school of affliction, those important lessons which prosperity and indulgence had utterly failed to teach.

It was chiefly at her desire, for her husband was becoming reckless of every thing, that they had left their native place, and settled in a small country village, where they had been informed by Mr. West there was an opening for a professional man; though certainly the practice which this place afforded was of a very humble and limited kind, when compared with what Frederick Bond in his happier days had been qualified to undertake.

In a picturesque but humble cottage, situated

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in the outskirts of this village, they fixed their abode, living in the utmost simplicity, and yet endeavouring to cultivate the respect and good will of those around them, by making the best appearance their fallen fortunes would allow.

It could have been an easy matter for Frederick to have secured to himself the entire practice of this village and its neighbourhood; but here again fresh trials awaited his wife, who had the mortification of seeing that first one, and then another of the best families around them, were becoming acquainted with her husband's habits, and consequently calling in other medical assistance; so that, in the course of little more than one year, none but the paupers of the parish were left to his skill or his attention.

Eleanor had fondly hoped, that, surrounded by new scenes, and influenced by different associations, her husband would be induced, from all he had felt and suffered, to begin his life afresh, and to let this change in his circumstances be the commencement of better hopes and brighter prospects for the future. She had prepared herself, and was endeavouring to prepare her children, for the sacrifice of every pecuniary indulgence. She had already borne the loss of friends, and the altered aspect of society towards herself and her husband; but the principle of hope, still strong within her breast, now pointed to what was more essentially desirable, and she persuaded herself that, deprived of so much of earthly consolation, her husband would now seek the more earnestly to lay hold of that which the world would not be able to take away. What foundation she had for this hope, it would have been difficult to say, except that she prayed fervently that it might be realised; and while the object of her anxiety cared not to pray for himself, she ceased not from her earnest supplications that he might yet be saved, even though it might seem to be in spite of himself.

In the mean time, Frederick Bond was fast losing the power of resistance against evil. His nerves, as he had described them, indeed shattered, and his imagination was almost always filled with phantoms of horror, with spectres which he sought to subdue by the very means which called them into life. By such means, however, he was enabled to purchase occasional seasons of forgetfulness; and, what was worse than all to his wife, he purchased also a kind of false and unnatural excitement; under the influence of which, his puerile jests, his aimless tricks, his vague and heartless merriment, were more difficult to witness with patience and forbearance, than even the gross sleep, and mere animal existence, which occupied the greater portion of his time.

It would have appeared to a stranger, a task of difficult attainment to love such a man, but well has it been said, that "*love is strong as death;*" and well has it been proved by the experience of woman, that love can survive the death of pride —of confidence—of hope—of all, in short, which in its earlier stages of existence, either combined in its creation, or administered to its support.

The hopes of Eleanor Bond had been reduced to their lowest state, before the conversation took place which we have described. But now a new light seemed to burst upon her, for her husband had, of his own accord, made allusion to the subject that was ever present to her thoughts. Her heart was consequently open; and like some captive, whose heavy chains are just broken, she believed that happiness, solid, substantial happiness, would inevitably ensue. What was her disappointment, then, to find, that though her husband would not unfrequently shed tears at the recital of her anxiety and suffering on his behalf, he had in reality lost the power of feeling any thing acutely, or of entering with continued interest, even upon the most important concerns of life. He fully agreed with her in all her reasonings, he listened to all her entreaties, he consented, as far as words were concerned, to all her plans; but while he sometimes limited his portion for the day, it was only to add a stronger for the night; and while he freely acknowledged that nothing but total abstinence could save him, he continued to indulge himself with that dangerous little, which he said was absolutely necessary to enable him to resist at all.

"I cannot endure the agony of my own thoughts—I cannot exist under the remembrance of what I have done—I cannot look into the horrible future," was his constant remonstrance, whenever the hour or the day arrived, which he had previously fixed upon as the commencement of his new system of restraint; and when he met again the calm reproving eye of his wife, he would repeat his accustomed assertion, that if she would only prove to him his innocence of one fatal act, he would from that hour become an altered man.

It was in this state of their domestic affairs, that Eleanor one day received a letter from her sister, informing her of the alarming illness of Mr. West. An idea at the same moment flashed across her mind, and she determined to act upon it without delay. She determined to go herself, and, if it was possible, obtain an interview with Mr. West, in order to ascertain with certainty whether her husband had really been guilty of the act, which so often afforded a pretext for plunging yet deeper into guilt. Under pretence of visiting her family, she therefore laid her plans before her husband, and it was agreed that she should set out on the following morning.

Amongst other infirmities that were gradually stealing upon Frederick Bond, he was now losing the refreshment of wholesome sleep. The sleep he purchased was heavy and deep, but it was not of long duration; and his early waking hours were the most wretched of his whole life. On the morning of his wife's projected journey, he awoke as usual, and found her already preparing for her departure from home; but fearing to bring upon himself—not her reproaches, for these he seldom had to fear—but her affectionate appeals to his better feelings, he studiously suppressed all signs of intelligence, and allowed her to proceed in her occupations undisturbed. He had retired to rest the night before in his usual manner, and Eleanor, as her custom was, no sooner saw the bright sun-beams on the window near his bed, than she gently drew the curtain over him, lest they should increase the throbbing headach, with which, under his present circumstances, he always awoke. She then with great caution folded down the bed-clothes that seemed to interrupt his breathing, raised the pillow underneath his head, placed beside him a glass of pure water, and, returning to the window, opened it just so far as to admit the fresh morning air, scented with sweet-briar, and all pleasant things that were offering their incense to the rising sun.

After this the room was silent; and Frederick, venturing to open his eyes, discovered that his wife was kneeling in the attitude of prayer, while the expression of her face wore such a look of earnest entreaty, as he never from that moment could forget. It seemed as if the working of her feelings had at last overcome all remembrance of his presence, for she began to speak audibly, and then he found that her soul was labouring with a secret hope, the nature of which he could not ascertain, though of its relation to himself he was left to entertain no doubt. She then prayed earnestly for her children, committing them to the care of their heavenly Father, particularly during her expected absence; and then again, after having risen from the ground, she knelt down, and, bursting into an agony of tears, entreated for the poor prodigal, that he might be brought home to his Father's bosom; that he might be regarded, while yet afar off; and that she and her children might be preserved every day and every hour from saying or doing what might tend to keep him as an alien from his Father's house.

It was impossible for the wretched man, while listening to this prayer, to shut out the burning tears that gushed from his eyes. He had never before been made so fully sensible of his real situation, as it related to his wife and family—he had never before been made so clearly to understand that nothing short of that Power which had been invoked could save him from utter destruction here and hereafter. This conviction seemed to fall upon him at first like a load which he was unable to sustain; and no sooner was he left alone, than he arose, and paced to and fro in his chamber, the victim of thoughts and apprehensions too wretched for description.

This apartment was a small room on the ground floor, opening by an old-fashioned lattice, through a perfect bower of roses and sweet-briar, upon a little orchard-green, where his children were accustomed to play. Oppressed with the anguish of his mind, he at last threw open the window, and looked out. He had heard young voices speaking in their pleasant tones of innocence and joy, and he now beheld his children, with their mother, seated round a little breakfast table under one of the old trees which grew near the house.

It was a beautiful picture, but it did not escape his eye that they were all eating the coarsest bread, served in the humblest manner, though they had every appearance of enjoying their meal as much as if it had been of the most costly description. For a long time he had leaned against the side of the window, and gazed with fixed attention on this scene without the little party being aware that he was a spectator; but no sooner did one of them make the discovery, than it was whispered to the rest, and almost instantaneously something like a shadow fell upon them all. Their cheerfulness subsided, their laughter died away, and the pleasant schemes they had been forming for all that was to be done in their mother's absence, and the promises they were making her, sunk into silence on their lips; while they ate the remainder of their breakfast without a word or a smile.

Frederick Bond shrunk back into his room; he would willingly have shrunk into the centre of the earth.

"Am I so horrible a monster," he exclaimed, "that I cannot look upon my own children without withering their joy?"

As he said this, he caught a glimpse of his figure in the glass; and his wonder, if he had felt any, might well have ceased. His face was sallow, his cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, his eyes were red and glaring, his black hair was matted into separate locks, that seemed as if starting from his head. He was wrapped in a

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loose dressing-gown, and all his movements were accompanied by a certain degree of muscular distortion; especially his face, which was once handsome, but which had lately been disfigured by convulsive twitches, at which his younger children laughed, while the older ones were afraid.

"No wonder," said he, "they shun and hate me. I envy them the power of escaping from such a monster; but how shall I escape from myself!"

He then swallowed his accustomed morning draught, and before his wife had come to take leave of him, he had begun to feel more the master of himself.

"Frederick," said Eleanor, returning again after she had bid him good-bye, "this is the first time I have left you and the children alone; for their sakes—for mine, may I ask of you one kindness?"

"What is it?"

"Will you abstain—will you endeavour to be your better self, until my return?"

"Impossible! Heaven knows I gladly would, if the power was in me; but you know, Eleanor, it is impossible."

"All things are possible with God, Frederick. Will you not ask him to help you?"

"I dare not."

"Of what are you afraid? Surely there is more to dread in the daily violation of his holy law, than in the simple act which he has himself enjoined—the act of coming to him in simplicity of heart, to ask his pardon for the past, and his aid in resisting temptation for the future."

"But my sins are beyond all hope of pardon."

"They are, while persisted in: not otherwise."

"You forget that I am a murderer."

"I do not forget that you believe yourself to be so. Yet, even for the murderer, there is hope of pardon. Do not, dear Frederick, attempt to measure your culpability by the opinions of men. I have heard you say, yourself, that it is the simple name of sin, as such, which makes it hateful in the sight of God; and though some sins may be more offensive and injurious to society than others, all are equally forbidden by the divine law. If, therefore, we would in reality take the Bible as our guide, we must believe that the murderer is not more guilty than the man who appropriates his neighbour's goods; the drunkard, than he who cherishes in the secret of his heart the spirit of envy or revenge.

"Take courage, then, dear Frederick. Some of us are sorely beset with temptations of many kinds. You have one prevailing temptation. Direct, then, all your efforts against this deadly enemy, and when once effectually conquered, it will be conquered for life. Farewell, dear Frederick; if you find yourself lonely when I am gone, remember that God is near you, waiting to be gracious. And now, once more, farewell. Take care of the dear children; and may their heavenly Father bless and protect you all!"

With these words Eleanor departed, and her miserable husband was left, as it appeared to him, without one consolation, or one hope. Tormented with perpetual restlessness, he went into the little parlour where he was accustomed to breakfast, and he found his eldest daughter seated at her sewing. She started up on seeing him enter, and immediately brought in his breakfast. It was a choice and savoury repast, such as Eleanor always had in preparation for him, whenever he chose to partake of it; and he could not help this morning comparing it with the homely meal he had seen his wife and children eating in the garden some hours before. As soon as his little daughter had placed it on the table, she sat down to her sewing again, and only looked up occasionally, to see whether her father wanted any thing she could bring.

Gladly would Frederick Bond have sharpened his appetite this morning, by adding to his coffee the usual portion of brandy, with which he was accustomed to strengthen it, but there seemed to him, in the presence of the quiet little girl who sat beside him, endeavouring to supply her mother's place, a sort of sacredness, which he was not yet so hardened as to violate.

"Mary," said he, "do you always eat that brown bread for your breakfast, which I saw you eating this morning?"

"Yes, always."

"And have you always those wooden bowls for your milk?"

"Oh, yes; we like them better, because they never break."

"And does your mother always eat the brown bread and milk with you?"

"Yes, when she eats any thing; but she sometimes goes almost without a breakfast at all."

"Do you think she likes the bread and milk?"

"I don't think she does like it much; no more did Henry and Isabel at first, but we are all getting to like it now; and mamma is always trying to persuade us to eat the simplest and cheapest food, because she says we shall have to do so some time, and it is better to do it now while we are young, and healthy, and happy, than to wait until we are forced, and may neither be so strong, nor so well able to eat coarse food."

Frederick now recollected that his children never dined with him, and the idea struck him, that perhaps they lived through the day on the same hard and homely fare. He recollected that his wife generally made excuses when she sat down with him, that she had previously dined with the children, thinking it best to keep order amongst them by her own presence; and he recollected, too, that his own little board was always spread with dainties—with the game that was in season, or with some choice viands cooked so as to tempt his failing appetite, and always served up in such a manner, as to avoid reminding him that he was not a gentleman still.

"And these poor creatures," said he to himself, "have been all the while living like the paupers of the parish!" He could scarcely swallow the morsel he had put into his mouth; and if ever man loathed himself, he did so at that moment. By way of diverting his thoughts, however, he made an effort to change the subject of conversation.

"Who are you working for, Mary?" he enquired.

The child blushed deeply, while she answered, "I am making a shirt."

Her father had asked the question with the most perfect indifference as to any answer she might make; but her embarrassment awakened his curiosity, and he went on.

"Is it for me, or for your brother?"

"Oh, it is too large for George," said Mary, endeavouring to smile away her blushes.

"It is for me then, I suppose. Why don't you answer me, Mary?"

The child burst into tears. "It is a secret," said she; "my mother charged me not to bring this work into the room where you were; but I felt sure you would never notice it, and so I disobeyed her commands, and now she has hardly been gone an hour, and my judgment has come upon me."

"But what secret can you have, Mary, about a shirt?"

"Oh, don't ask me, father. I dare not tell a falsehood, and yet I must not betray my mother's secret; she has kept it so long."

"Poor child!" said Frederick, in a voice so kind, and so unusual, that Mary's little heart was melted; and looking up through her tears, she said, "I am sure you would like my mother better if you knew, and yet I hardly dare tell you."

"Well, Mary, I will leave it to you. If your mother has ever charged you not to tell me—if you have promised her that you would not—I cannot urge you to break your trust."

"No, she has never charged me at all; she has never even mentioned the subject directly, but she has been so studious to keep it from you, that we all know her wishes; and ought we not to regard them as much as her word?"

"Certainly you ought; but in this instance I do beg you will tell me the whole truth; it may be of the utmost consequence, both to your mother and to me."

Mary looked anxiously at her father, and then began her story.

"Well, then, we take in a great deal of plain sewing; my mother, and Eleanor, and Isabel, and I. We all get up at five every morning, and a shirt is sometimes almost made before your breakfast."

"And you do this for pay?"

"Oh, yes; and mamma tells us all about the house-keeping, and how much it saves to eat such and such things, and to wear our common frocks; until sometimes she smiles, and says, she is afraid we shall become lovers of money."

"And what do you do with all that you make, and all that you save?"

"Why, first, there is George's schooling, about which mamma thinks a great deal, and all the housekeeping; and Isabel's doctor's bill; and the wages of the servant—all these take a great deal of money to pay, and there is also another thing, which mamma keeps a great secret."

Frederick was afraid to pursue the subject farther; but the child having once plunged into her mother's secrets, thought it just as well to tell the whole as a part. She therefore went on:—

"I am sure you will love mamma, as we all do, when I tell you, that for years she has been trying to afford to keep a pony for you, for she persists in it, that you are not in good health, though we all think you are a great deal better than she is herself. Yet she says it would do you so much good to ride out every day; that it is a hard thing for a man who has been accustomed to riding to do without a horse; that it would give you more respectability in the neighbourhood, and many other things that we don't quite understand. However, we all work for this great object; and last winter we had nearly accomplished it, when there came in at Christmas, that long, long bill from the cruel wine merchant, for things which my mother never knew of, but which she said must be paid for before we thought of the pony. I shall never forget how she cried that day. Indeed, we all cried to see her so distressed; and the worst was, poor George could not go to school for a whole quarter, because

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there was not money enough to pay his master and the wine merchant too; so he grew quite idle and mischievous, and lost more than he had gained for three months before."

And thus the child went on in her simplicity, disclosing more and more of the details of her mother's economy, little dreaming that every word she uttered went like a dagger to her father's heart. He had dropped his knife upon his plate, his coffee remained untasted, and he sat with his elbow resting on the table, and his forehead shaded by his hand, apparently occupied with the pattern of a napkin which he was folding and unfolding, wholly unconscious of what he did.

"You may take away those things, Mary," he said, when he felt that he could bear no more. And as soon as the child had disappeared, he rushed into his own room, and bolted the door.

"Have I then been such a wretch!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I have eaten my children's bread, and reduced my wife to the grade of a common beggar! a village sempstress! a taker-in of plain work! She who was once so elegant in all her tastes, and who ought to have been cherished as the only treasure of my life.

"If they had shut me in dungeons, and fed me with loathsome food, I could have borne it; but I have been a pampered ingrate, fattening on the luxuries which want has purchased! where, where shall I find an ocean that will wash me pure from this pollution!"

The shadows of evening were far advanced that day, while the miserable man was still pacing the round of his little chamber. Mary had knocked gently at his door many times during the last few hours, and she now knocked again, to say that her younger brother was undressed, and going to bed, and wished to bid his papa good-night.

Frederick opened the door, and the little cherub sprang into his arms, at the same time looking anxiously round the apartment, as if he had expected to find his mother.

His father kissed him, and bid him good night, but still he did not seem satisfied to go.

"What does he want?" asked the father.

"He has been accustomed," replied Mary, "to say a little prayer before he went to bed; and as my mother is not here, and he always says it in this room, perhaps you will let him kneel beside you, just for a few moments; we will not stay long."

It was a novel situation for such a parent to be placed in; but Frederick almost mechanically seated himself in the old nursery chair, and the child knelt down at his feet, with its little rosy hands folded on his knees, its blue eyes raised, and its golden tresses thrown back from its snow white temples, over the infant neck and shoulders, which its half-undress had left uncovered.

The prayer of one whose experience has been long in this world, is necessarily clogged with so many interruptions of thought, so many associations and recollections, that it seems at best but a struggle of the soul to make itself heard. But the prayer of a child is like the unsophisticated voice of nature, passing from its pure bosom at once into the skies.

There are few hearts so hardened as to resist the impression made by this innocent and artless appeal; and Frederick Bond was peculiarly disposed, on the night we have described, to be softened into more than common tenderness. He laid his hand upon the shining tresses of his child. He bent his head over him, and his lips also uttered an involuntary prayer, against which the gates of mercy were not closed.

He slept not the whole of that long night; yet restless, anxious, apprehensive as he was, he was enabled, in the midst of a host of midnight horrors, to abstain from his besetting sin. And in the morning he breakfasted with his children around him; and if he did not join them in their humble fare, it was simply because, after many unavailing attempts, he found he had lost the power to do so. This day appeared, if possible, still longer than the night. He could not read. He could not even think to any purpose. He could only feel, and feeling had lately been the bane of his life. His children were all busy with their different occupations. He knew not what to do; but still he was able to abstain.

On the following morning he was so fortunate as to form a scheme with which all the young spirits around him were so elated, that he could not refuse to rejoice in their gladness. He projected an excursion to a neighbouring hill, a dinner in a wood, and a walk home in the cool of the evening. All this, however, was only happiness for others. This brought little satisfaction to him. The third day was one of peculiar trial. The remembrance of Lady Mornford's death came freshly back upon him with the first dawn of the morning, and haunted him through the whole day. Still, however, he resisted, for though he believed it would be impossible, with this load upon his mind, to support the burden of consciousness through the whole of his future life, yet having already passed three days without his accustomed stimulus, he determined to await the return of his wife, and thus to prove how much his affection for her could enable him to accomplish.

In this manner his weary life was passed, sometimes weeping, sometimes even praying; but far more frequently sinking into a state of utter despondency and horror, until nearly the expiration of the time his wife had expected to be absent. It wanted now but one day to that of her return, and the children rose early with the happy word "to-morrow" perpetually upon their lips. Even he himself felt a secret spring of joy, as he walked with them in the little garden which surrounded their cottage, and watched them plucking out the weeds that might otherwise offend their mother's sight, sweeping away the leaves from her favourite walk, and peeping with expectant eyes at the fruit, which they hoped would be fully ripened by the hour of her return.

In this manner they were all engaged, when their attention was attracted by the sound of a carriage wheeling down the lane, and round by the corner of the garden, until it stopped at their own cottage door.

"It is my mother. It is herself come a day sooner," was echoed by all the happy voices at once. And so indeed it was. She sprang from the chaise, embraced as many of her children as her arms could contain at once, and, walking up to her husband, looked again and again into his face; for the eye of affection is not easily deceived, and she could not but perceive that some blessed change had taken place.

"Come with me, Frederick, will you?" she said, "and help me to unfasten my trunk."

They went together into the bedroom. She then bolted the door, and, placing her arm affectionately over his shoulder, said in a voice of subdued ecstasy, "I have seen Mr. West, and I have welcome tidings to tell you. The good man is on his deathbed. In a few days I might have been too late. We had a long conversation about you. He was surprised and shocked at your suspicions; and bade me assure you, in the most solemn manner, that you had nothing whatever to do with the death of Lady Mornford. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I took care myself that no injury should be done, for when I saw the situation your husband was in, I undertook the operation myself. But the case was worse than we had anticipated, and her previous habits—her spirits having been for some time almost entirely supported by stimulants—would, under any circumstances, have rendered her recovery doubtful.

"'Tell your husband,' he added, 'he has nothing to fear from the past. It is with the future that he has to do. And may God in his mercy strengthen and protect him for the time to come!'"

Frederick Bond had listened to this intelligence with clasped hands, and eyes upraised. He uttered not a word; but, sinking on his knees beside the bed, with his wife pressed close to his bosom, he breathed a solemn vow, that if God would mercifully grant him the power to resist, he would never again transgress his holy law, by touching that which had been the bane of his past life.

This vow, made as it was without presumption, and without self-dependence, he was enabled to keep. He did not, as so many thousands have done, venture to play with the poison he had forsworn, but renounced it wholly and for ever.

The effects of this resolution, so far as they related to temporal affairs, were soon visible in the happiness of his family, in the restoration of his respectability, and in his peace of mind.

For the more lasting effects of that resolution, which Divine mercy prompted him to make, and enabled him to keep, we must look to the regions of eternal rest, and count one blessed spirit the more, amongst those who dwell for ever in purity and light.

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! 'tis the bell that tolls for the dead;
Some one hath pass'd from his sorrow,—
'Tis over—and even the echo is fled,
And all will forget him to-morrow!

'Tis thus when a pebble is flung in the tide,
It ruffles awhile the smooth face of the main,—
In a moment the eddying circles subside,
And the blue vault of heaven is mirror'd again.

Or e'en as an arrow that passeth through air,
And leaves not a trace as it flieth;
For the air closes o'er, and nothing is there,—
And thus will it be when man dieth.

For a moment a teardrop may moisten the cheek—
For an instant the smile may be broken;
But the morrow will come, and the lips will then speak,
As though sorrow had never been spoken.

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Joseph Rushbrook,

OR

THE POACHER.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT,

AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

In which there is more ale than argument.

It was on a blusterous windy night in the early part of November, 1812, that three men were on the high road near to the little village of Grasford, in the south of Devonshire. The moon was nearly at the full, but the wild scud, and occasionally the opaque clouds passed over it in such rapid succession, that it was rarely, and but for a moment or two, that the landscape was thrown into light and shadow;—and the wind, which was keen and piercing, bent and waved the leafless branches of the trees which were ranged along the hedge-rows, between which the road had been formed.

The three individuals to whom we have referred, appeared all of them to have been indulging too freely in the ale which was sold at the public house about half a mile from the village, and from which they had just departed. Two of them, however, comparatively speaking, sober, were assisting home, by their joint efforts, the third, who, supported between them, could with difficulty use his legs. Thus did they continue on; the two swayed first on the one side of the road and then on the other, by the weight of the third, whom they almost carried between them. At last they arrived at a bridge built over one of those impetuous streams so common in the country, when, as if by mutual understanding, for it was without speaking, the two more sober deposited the body of the third against the parapet of the bridge, and then for some time were occupied in recovering their breath. One of the two who remained leaning on their almost lifeless companion was a man of about forty years of age, tall and slender, dressed in a worn out black coat, and a pair of trousers much too short for him, the original colour of which it would have been difficult to have surmised; a sort of clerical hat, equally the worse for wear, was on his head. Although his habiliments were mean, still there was something about his appearance which told of better days, and of having moved in a different sphere in society; and such had been the case. Some years before, he had been the head of a grammar school, with a comfortable income; but a habit of drinking had been his ruin, and he was now the preceptor of the village of Grasford, and gained his livelihood by instructing the children of the cottages for the small modicum of two pence a head per week. This unfortunate propensity remained with him, and he no sooner received his weekly stipend than he hastened to drown his cares, and the recollection of his former position, at the alehouse, which they had just quitted. The second personage whom we shall introduce, was not of a corresponding height with the other; he was broad, square chested, and short—dressed in knee-breeches, leggings, and laced boots—his coat being of a thick fustian, and cut short like a shooting jacket; his profession was that of a pedler.

"It's odd to me," said the pedler, at last breaking silence, as he looked down upon the drunken man who laid at his feet, "why ale should take a man off his legs; they say that liquor gets into the head, not the feet."

"Well!" replied the schoolmaster, who was much more inebriated than the pedler, "there's argument even in that; and you see, the perpendicular deviation must arise from the head being too heavy—that's clear; and then, you see, the feet, from the centre of gravity being destroyed, become too light; and if you put that and that together, why, a man can't stand—you understand my demonstration."

"It was heavy wet, that ale, and so I suppose it's all right," replied the pedler; "but still ale an't poured into the head or into the feet of a man, but into the eternals, which are right in the middle of a man—so how do you make out your case, Mr. Furness?"

"Why! Byres, you talk of the residuum."

"Never said a word about it; and, as I stand here, never even heard the word before."

"Perhaps not; the residuum is you see, Byres, what is left."

"If that's residguim, I did'nt mean to say a word about it—there was none left, for you drained the pot."

"Good Byres, you have never been to college, that's clear. Now, observe, when a man pours down into his stomach a certain quantity of liquor, the spirituous or lighter part ascends to his head, and that makes his head heavy. Do you understand?"

"No; what's light ean't make things heavy."

"Can't it?—you know nothing about the matter? Have you not a proof before you?" replied the schoolmaster, reeling and catching hold of the parapet for support. "Look at that unfortunate man, who has yielded to excess."

"Very true!" I see that he's drunk, but I want to know how it is that he got drunk?"

"By drinking."

"That I knew before."

"Then why ask me more questions? Had we not better proceed, and take him home to his expectant and unhappy wife? 'Tis a sad thing, that a man should 'put the enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

"Half a pint will do that with Rushbrook," replied the pedler; "they say that he was wounded on his head, and that half his brains are gone already, and that's why he has a pension."

"Yes, seventeen pounds a year; paid quarterly, without deduction, and only to walk four miles to get it," replied Furness, "yet how misspheed is the liberality on the part of the government. Does he work? No; he does nothing but drink and lie in bed all day, while I must be up early and remain late, teaching the young ideas at two pence per week. Friend Byres, 'mercy is not itself which oft looks so.' Now, it is my opinion that it would be a kindness to this poor wretch if we were to toss him, as he now is, over the bridge into the rushing stream—it would end all his troubles."

"And save us the trouble of getting him home," replied Byres, who determined to humour his more inebriated companion. "Well, Mr. Furness, I've no objection. Why should he live? Is he not a sinecurist—one of the locusts who fatten on the sweat and blood of the people, as the Sunday paper says; don't you remember my reading it this morning?"

"Very true, Master Furness, what do you say, then? shall we over with him?"

"We must think a little," replied the schoolmaster, who, with his hand up to his chin, remained silent for a minute or two: "No, resumed he at last, "on second thoughts I cannot do it. He halves his beer with me. No pension, no beet, that's a self-evident proposition and conclusion. It were ingratitude on my part, and I cannot consent to your proposal," continued the schoolmaster; "nay, more, I will defend him against your murderous intentions to the very last."

"Why, Master Furness, you must be somewhat the worse for liquor yourself; it was your proposal to throw him over the bridge, not mine."

"Take care what you say," replied the schoolmaster, "would you accuse me of an intent to murder?"

"No, not by no means—only you proposed heaving him over the bridge; I will say that."

"Friend Byres, it's my opinion you'll say any thing but your prayers, but in your present state I overlook it. Let us go on, or I shall have two men to carry home instead of one. Come, now, take one of his arms, while I take the other, and raise him up. It's but a quarter of a mile to the cottage."

Byres, who as we observed, was by far the most sober of the two, did not think it worth while to reply to the pedagogue. After a few staggers on the part of the latter, their comrade was raised up and led away between them.

The drunken man appeared to be so far aware of what was going on, that he moved his legs mechanically, and in a short time they arrived at the cottage door, which the pedagogue struck with his fist so as to make it rattle on its hinges. The door was opened by a tall and handsome woman, holding a candle in her hand.

"I thought so," said she, shaking her head, "the old story; now, he will be ill all night, and not get up till noon. What a weary life it is with a drunken husband. Bring him in, and thank you kindly for your trouble."

"It has been hard work and hot work, observed the schoolmaster, sitting down in a chair, after they had placed their comrade on the bed."

"Indeed and it must be," replied the wife—"Will you have a drop of small beer, Mr. Furness?"

"Yes, if you please, and so will Mr. Byres, too. What a pity it is that your good man will not keep to small beer."

"Yes, indeed," replied the wife, and went into the back premises, and soon returned, with a quart mug of beer.

The schoolmaster emptied half the mug, and handed it to the pedler.

"And my little friend, Joey, fast asleep, I'll warrant."

"Yes, poor child, and so should I have been by this time; the clock has gone twelve."

"Well, Mrs. Rushbrook, I wish you a good night. Come, Mr. Byres, Mrs. Rushbrook must want to be in bed."

"Good night, Mr. Furness, and good night, sir, and many thanks."

The schoolmaster and pedler quitted the cottage. Mrs. Rushbrook, after having watched them for a minute, carefully closed the door.

"They're gone now," said she, as she returned to her husband.

What would have created much astonishment could any body else have witnessed it, as soon as his wife had spoken, Rushbrook immediately sprung upon his feet, a fine looking man, six feet

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in height, and very erect in his bearing, and proved to be perfectly sober.

"Jane, my dear," said he, "there never was such a night; but I must be quick and lose no time. Is my gun ready?"

"Everything's ready; Joey is lying down on his bed, but all ready dressed, and he awakes in a minute."

"Call him, then, for there is no time to lose. —That drunken fool, Furness, proposed throwing me over the bridge. It was lucky for them that they did not try it, or I should have been obliged to settle them both, that they might tell no tales. Where's Mum?"

"In the washhouse. I'll bring him and Joey directly."

The wife left the room, while Rushbrook took down his gun and ammunition, and prepared himself for his expedition. In a minute or two a shepherd's dog, which had been released from the washhouse, made his appearance, and quietly laid down close to his master's feet; he was soon followed by Mrs. R. accompanied by Joey, a thin, meagre-looking boy of about twelve years old, very small for his age, but apparently as active as a cat, and with energy corresponding. No one would have thought he had been roused from his sleep; there was no yawning or weariness of motion—on the contrary, his large eye was as bright as an eagle's, as he quietly although quickly provided himself with a sack, which he threw over his shoulders, and a coil of line, which he held in his hand, waiting until his father was ready to start. The wife put out the lights, softly opened the cottage door, looked well round, and then returned to her husband, who, giving a low whistle as a summons to Joey and the dog, walked out of the door. Not a word was spoken—the door was softly shut to—and the trio stole stealthily away.

CHAPTER II.

In which the Hero of the Tale is formally introduced.

Before we proceed with our narrative, perhaps it will be better to explain what may appear very strange to the reader. Joseph Rushbrook, who had just left the cottage with his son and his dog, was born in the village in which he was then residing. During his younger days, some forty years previous to his present introduction to the reader, the law was not so severe or the measures taken against poachers so strong as they were at the period of which we write. In his youth he had been very fond of carrying a gun—as his father had been before him—but he never was discovered; and after having poached for many years and gained a perfect knowledge of the country for miles round, he was persuaded, in a fit of venai-intoxication at a neighbouring fair, to enlist in a marching regiment. He had not been more than three months at the depot, when he was ordered out to India, where he remained eleven years before he was recalled. He had scarcely been six months in England when the exigency of the war demanded the services of the regiment in the Mediterranean, where he remained for twelve years, and having received a severe wound in the head, he was then pensioned off and discharged. He resolved to return to his native village, and settle down quietly; by moderate labour and his pension he hoped to gain a comfortable living. On his return he was hardly known; many had emigrated to foreign climes; many had been transported for offences against the laws, particularly for the offence of poaching, and as most of his former allies had been so employed, he found himself almost a stranger where he expected to meet with friends. The property also about the village had changed hands. People recollected Squire so and so, and the Baronet, but now their lands were held by wealthy manufacturers or retired merchants. All was new to Joe Rushbrook, and he felt himself any where but at home. Jane Ashley, a very beautiful young woman, who was in service at the Hall, the mansion appertaining to the adjacent property, and the daughter of one of his earliest friends, who had been transported for poaching, was almost the only one who could talk to him after his absence of twenty-four years; not that she knew the people at the time, for she was then an infant, but she had grown up with them after Joe had left, and could relate anecdotes of them and what had been their eventual destinies. Jane's having been the daughter of a man who had been transported for poaching, was to Joe a sort of recommendation, and it ended in his taking her for his wife. They had not long been settled in their cottage before Joe's former propensities returned; in fact he could not be idle; he had earned a musket too long, and had lived such a life of excitement in the service of his country, that he found it impossible to exist without something of a similar nature. All his former love of poaching came strong upon him, and his wife, so far from checking him, encouraged him in his feelings. The consequence was that two years after his marriage, Joe Rushbrook was the most determined poacher in the country. Although often suspected, he had never been detected; one great cause of this, was his appearing to be such a drunkard, a plan hit upon by his wife, who had observed that drunken men were not suspected of being poachers. This scheme had therefore been hit upon, and very successfully; for proving before a magistrate that a man was carried home dead drunk and speechless at midnight, was quite as good an *alibi* as could be brought forward. Joe Rushbrook had, therefore, the credit of being a worthless, drunken fellow, who lived upon his pension and what his wife could earn; but no one had an idea that he was land only earning his livelihood, but laying by money from his successful night labours. Not that Joe did not like a drop occasionally; on the contrary, he would sometimes drink freely—but, generally speaking, the wounds in his head were complained of, and he would, if the wind was fresh and set in the right quarter, contrive to be carried home on the night in which he had the most work to do. Such was the case, as we have represented in the first chapter.

Little Joey, who, as the reader may anticipate, will be our future hero, was born the first year after marriage, and was their only child. He was a quiet, thoughtful, reflective boy, for his years—and had imbibed his father's love of walking out on a dark night, to an extraordinary degree; it was strange to see how much prudence there was mingled with the love of adventure in this lad. True it is, his father had trained him early, first to examine the snares and conceal the game, which a little shrimp like Joey could do without being suspected to be otherwise employed than in picking blackberries. Before he was seven years old, Joey could set a spring as well as his father, and was well versed in all the mystery and art of unlawful taking of game. Indeed he was very valuable to his father, and could do what his father could not have ventured upon without exciting suspicion. It was, perhaps, from his constant vigils that the little boy was so small in size; at all events his diminutive size was the cause of there being no suspicion attached to him. Joey went very regularly to the day-school of Mr. Furness; and, although often up the best part of the night, he was one of the best and most diligent of the scholars. None could have supposed that the little fair-haired, quiet-looking boy, who was so busy with his books or his writing, could have been out half the night on a perilous excursion, for such it was at the time we are speaking of. It need hardly be observed that Joey had learned one important lesson, which was to be *silent*; not even *Mum* the dog, who could not speak, was more secret or more faithful.

It is astonishing how much the nature and disposition of a child may be altered by early tuition. Let a child be always with its nurse, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, and it will continue to be a child, and even childish after childhood is gone. But take the same child, put it by degrees in situations of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years, accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue, and it is astonishing how the mind of that child, however much its body may suffer, will develope itself so as to meet the demand upon it. Thus it is with lads who are sent early to sea, and thus it was with little Joey. He was a man in some points, although a child in others. He would play with his companions, laugh as loudly as the others, but still he would never breathe a hint of what was his father's employment. He went to church every Sunday, as did his father and mother, for they considered that poaching was no crime, although punished as such by the laws, and he of course considered it no crime, as he only did what his father and mother wished. Let it not be thought, therefore, that the morals of our little hero were affected by his father's profession, for such was not the case.

Having entered into this necessary explanation, we will now proceed. No band of North American Indians could have observed a better trail than that kept by our little party. Rushbrook walked first, followed by our hero and the dog Mum. Not a word was spoken: they continued their route over grass-lands and ploughed fields, keeping in the shade of hedge-rows; if Rushbrook stopped for a while to reconnoitre, so did Joey, and so did Mum, at their relative distances, until the march was resumed. For three miles and a half, did they continue, until they arrived at a thick cover. The wind whistled through the branches of the bare trees, chiefly oak and ash; the cold damp fog was now stationary, and shrouded them as they proceeded cautiously by the beaten track in the cover, until they had passed through it, and arrived on the other side, where the cottage of a gamekeeper was situated. A feeble light was burning, and shone through the diamond-paned windows. Rushbrook walked out clear of the cover, and held up his hand to ascertain precisely the direction of the wind. Having satisfied himself, he retreated into the cover in a direction so as to be exactly to leeward of the keeper's house, that the noise of the report of his gun might not be heard. Having broken through the hedge, he lowered his gun, so as to bring the barrel within two or three inches of the ground, and walked slowly and cautiously through the brushwood,

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followed, as before, by Joey and Mum. After about a quarter of a mile's walk, a rattling of metal was heard, and they stopped short; it was the barrel of the fowling-piece, which had brushed one of the wires attached to a spring-gun set for the benefit of poachers. Rushbrook lifted up his left hand, as a sign to Joey not to move, and following the wire, by continually rattling his barrel against it, he eventually arrived at the gun itself, opened the pan, threw out all the priming, and left it with the pan open, so that it could not go off in case they fell in with another of the wires. Rushbrook then proceeded to business; for he well knew that the gun would be set where the pheasants were most accustomed to roost; he put a small charge of powder in his fowling-piece, that, being so near, he might not shatter the birds, and because the noise of the report would be much less; walking under an oak tree, he soon discovered the round black masses which the bodies of the roosting pheasants presented between him and the sky, and raising his piece, he fired; a heavy bound on the earth at his feet followed the discharge. Joey then slipped forward and put the pheasant into his bag; another and another shot, and every shot brought an increase to Joey's load. Seventeen were already in it, when Mum gave a low growl. This was the signal for people being near. Rushbrook snapped his finger; the dog came forward to his side and stood motionless, with ears and tail erect. In a few minutes' time was heard the rustling of branches, as the party forced their way through the underwood. Rushbrook stood still, waiting the signal from Mum, for the dog had been taught that if the parties advancing had another dog with them, always to raise his fore feet up to Rushbrook's knees, but not otherwise; Mum made no such sign, and then Rushbrook laid down in the brushwood, his motions being closely followed by his son and his dog.

Voices in whispers were now heard, and the forms of two men with guns were to be seen not four yards from where they were lying.—'Somewhere about here, I'll swear,' said one. 'Yes, I think so; but it may be further on—the wind has brought down the sound.' 'Very true, let's follow them, and they may fall back upon the spring gun. The parties then advanced into the cover, and were soon out of sight; after a time, Rushbrook held his ear to the wind, and satisfied that all was safe, moved homewards, and arrived without further adventure, having relieved Joey of the heavy sack as soon as they were in the open fields.

At three o'clock in the morning he tapped at the back door of the cottage. Jane opened it, and the spoils of the night having been put away in a secret place, they were all soon in bed and fast asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Train a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it.

It is an old saying that 'if there were no receivers there would be no thieves,' and it would have been of very little use for Rushbrook to take the game if he had not had the means of disposing of it. In this point, Byres, the pedler, was a valuable accessary. Byres was a radical knave, who did not admire hard work. At first he took up the profession of bricklayer's labourer, one that is of a nature only affording occasional work and moderate wages. He did this that he might apply to the parish for relief and do nothing for the major portion of the year. But even a few months' work would not suit him, and then he gained his sustenance by carrying on his head a large basket of crockery, and disposing of his wares among the cottagers. At last he took out a pedler's license—perhaps one of the most dangerous permits ever allowed by a government, and which has been the cause of much of the ill will and discontent fomented among the lower classes. Lately, the cheapness of printing and of education have rendered the profession of less consequence—twenty years ago, the village ale-houses were not provided with newspapers; it was an expense never thought of; the men went to drink their beer and to talk over the news of the vicinity, and if there was a disturbance in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the fact was only gained by rumour, and this vaguely and long after it had taken place. But when the pedler Byres made his appearance, which he at last did, weekly or oftener, as it might happen, there was a great change; he was the party who supplied information, and in consequence, he was always welcome, and looked upon as an oracle; the best seat near the fire was reserved for him, and having deposited his pack upon the table or in a corner, he would then produce the *Propeller*, or some other publication full of treason and blasphemy, and read it for the benefit of the labourers assembled. A few months were more than sufficient to produce the most serious effects:—men who had worked cheerfully through the day, and retired to bed satisfied with their lot and thankful that work was to be obtained, now remained at the public house, canvassing the conduct of government, and leaving the ale-house satisfied in their own minds that they were ill-used, harshly treated, and in bitter bondage. If they met their superiors, those very parties to whom they were indebted for employment, there was no respect shown to them as formerly—or if so, it was sullen and forced acknowledgment. The church was gradually deserted—the appearance of the pastor was no longer a signal for every hat to be lifted from the head; on the contrary, boys of sixteen sat on the walls of the churchyard, with their hands in both pockets, and a sort of leer upon their faces, as though they defied the pastor on his appearance—and there would they remain outside during the service, remaining unquiled and without blushing, his eyes cast upon them as he came out again. Such was the state of things in the village of Grasford in one year after the pedler had added it to his continual rounds—and Byres was a great favourite, for he procured for the women what they commissioned him to obtain—supplied the girls with ribbons and gewgaws—trusted to a considerable extent—and his re-appearance was always anxiously looked for. He lived scot-free at the public house, for he brought so much custom, and was the occasion of the drinking of so much ale, that the landlord considered it a God-send. His box of ware was well supplied in the summer months, for the fine weather was the time for the wearing of gay ribbons; but in the winter he traveled more to receive orders, or to carry away the game supplied to him by the poachers, with whom he was in league. Had his box been examined during the shooting season, it would have been found loaded with pheasants, not with trinkets and ribbons. It need hardly be observed after this, that Byres was the party who took off the hands of Rushbrook all the game which he procured, and which he had notice to call for before daylight, generally, the second morning after it had been obtained; for Rushbrook was too cautious to trust Byres with his secret, that of never going out of a night without having previously pretended intoxication, and having suffered himself to be led or carried home.

Our readers will acknowledge that little Joey was placed in a very dangerous position; it is true that he was not aware that he was doing wrong in assisting his father; never, indeed, of a reflective boy, it did sometimes occur to him, that it was odd, that what was right should be done so secretly; and he attempted to make out how it was that the birds that flew about everywhere, and appeared to belong to every one, might not be shot in the open day. He knew that the law forbade it, but he inquired of himself why such laws should be. Joey had heard but one side of the question, and was therefore puzzled. It was fortunate for him that the pastor of the parish, although he did not reside in it, did at least once a week call in at Mr. F.'s school, and examine the boys. Mr. Furness, who was always sober during the school hours, was very proud of these visits, and used to point out little Joey as his most promising scholar. This induced the pastor to take more immediate notice of our hero, and the commendation which he received, and the advice that was bestowed upon him, was probably the great cause why Joey did attend assiduously to his lessons, which his otherwise vagrant life would have disinclined him to do; and also kept a character for honesty and good principle, which he really deserved. Indeed, his father and mother, setting aside poaching, and the secrecy resorted to in consequence, were by no means bad examples in the ordinary course of life; they did to their neighbours as they would be done by, were fair and honest in their dealings, and invariably inculcated probity and a regard to truth, to their son. This may appear anomalous to many of our readers, but there are many strange anomalies in this world. It may therefore be stated, in a very few words, that although our little hero had every chance of eventually following the road to ruin, yet, up to the present time, he had not entered it.

Such was the life led by little Joey for three years subsequent to our introduction of him to the reader; every day he became more useful to his father; latterly he had not attended school but in the forenoon, for, as we have before observed, Joey could, from his diminutive size and unsuspicious appearance, do much that his father would not have ventured to attempt. He was as well versed in the art of snaring as his father, and sauntering like a child about the fields and hedgerows, would examine his nooses, take out the game, and hide it till he could bring it home. Sometimes he would go out at night attended only by Mum, and the dog would invariably give him more notice by simply standing with his ears and tail erect, when the keepers had discovered the snares, and were lying in wait for the poacher, to lay hold of him when he came to ascertain his success. Even in such a case, Joey very often would not retreat, but crawling on his stomach, would arrive at the snare, and take out the animal without the keepers perceiving him, for their eyes were invariably directed to the horizon, watching the appearance of some stout figure of a man, while Joey crawled along bearing away the prize unseen. At other times,

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Joey would reap a rich harvest in the broad day, by means of his favourite game-cock. Having put on the animal his steel spurs, he would plunge into the thickest of the cover, and selecting some small spot of cleared ground for the combat, would throw down his gallant bird, and conceal himself in the brushwood; the game-cock would immediately crow, and his challenge was immediately answered by the pugnacious male pheasant who flew down to meet him; the combat was short, for the pheasant was soon pierced with the sharp steel of his adversary, and as one antagonist fell dead, again would the game-cock crow, and his challenge be accepted by another. In an hour or two the small arena was a field of blood; Joey would creep forward, put his victorious cock into his bag together with his many dead adversaries, and watch an opportunity for a safe retreat.

CHAPTER IV.

In which the author has endeavoured with all his power to suit the present taste of the public.

We have said that Byres was the receiver of the game obtained by Rushbrook. It so happened, that in these accounts Byres had not adhered to his duty towards his neighbour; in fact, he attempted to over-reach, but without success, and from this time Byres became Rushbrook's determined, but secret enemy. Some months had passed since this disagreement, and there was a mutual distrust, as both men were equally revengeful in their tempers; when they happened to meet late on Saturday night at the ale-house, which was their usual resort, Furness, the schoolmaster, was there; he and many others had already druok too much,—all were boisterous and noisy. A few of the wives of those drinking were waiting patiently and sorrowfully outside, their arms folded in their aprons, as a defence against the cold, watching for their husbands to come out, that they might coax them home before the major part of the week's earnings had been speot in liquor. Byres had the paper in his hand—he had taken it from the schoolmaster, who was too far gone to read it, and was declaiming loudly against all governments, monarchy, and laws—when a stranger entered the tap-room where they were all assembled; Rushbrook was at the time sitting down, inteoding quietly to take a pint and walk home, as he had too much respect for the Sabbath to follow his profession of poacher on the morning of that day; he did not intend, therefore, to resort to his usual custom of pretending to be intoxicated; but when the stranger came in, to his great surprise, he observed a glance of recognition between him and Byres, after which they appeared as if they were perfect strangers. Rushbrook watched them carefully, but so as not to let them perceive he was so doing, when a beckon from the stranger to Byres was again made. Byres continued to read the paper and to harangue, but at the same time he took an opportunity of making a signal in reply.

There was something in the stranger's appearance which told Rushbrook that he was employed as a keeper or something in that way, for we often single out our enemies by instinct. That there was mischief in the wind, Rushbrook felt sure, and his heart misgave him—the more so, as occasionally the eyes of both were turned towards him. After a little reflection, Rushbrook determined to feign intoxication, as he had so often done before; he called for another pint, for smoe time talked very loud, and at last laid his head on the table; after a time he lifted it up again, drank more, and theo fell back on the bench. By degrees the company thinned, until there was no oue left but the schoolmaster, the pedler, and the stranger. The schoolmaster, as usual, offered to assist the pedler in helping Rushbrook to his cottage; but Byres replied that he was busy, and that he need not wait for Rushbrook; the friend he had with him would assist him in taking home the drunken man. The schoolmaster reeled home, leaving the two together. They sat down on the bench, not far from Rushbrook, who appeared to them to be in the last stage of inebriety. Their conversation was easily overheard. The pedler stated that he had watched several nights, but never could find out when Rushbrook left his cottage, but that he had traced that boy more than once; that Rushbrook had promised to have game ready for him on Tuesday, and would go out on Monday night for it. In short, Rushbrook discovered that Byres was about to betray him to the man, who, in the course of their conversation, he found out to be a gamekeeper newly hired by the lord of the manor. After awhile they broke up. Byres having promised to join the keeper in his expedition, and to assist in securing his former ally. Having made these arrangements, they then took hold of Rushbrook by the arms, and shaking him to rouse him up as much as they could, they led him home to the cottage, and left him in charge of his wife. As soon as the door was closed, Rushbrook's long repressed anger could no longer be restrained; he started on his feet, and striking his fist on the table so as to terrify his wife, swore that the pedler should pay dear for his poaching. Upon his wife's demanding an explanation, Rushbrook, in a few hurried sentences, explained the whole. Jane, however she might agree with him in his indignation, like all women, shuddered at the thought of shedding blood; she persuaded her husband to go to bed; he consented, but he slept not, he had but one feeling, which was vengeance towards the traitor. When revenge enters into the breast of a man who has lived peaceably at home, fiercely as he may be impelled by the passion, he stops short at the idea of shedding blood. But when a man who had, like Rushbrook, served so long in the army, witnessed such scenes of carnage, and so often passed his bayonet through his adversary's body, is roused up by this fatal passion, the death of a fellow creature becomes a matter of indifference, provided he can gratify his feelings. Thus it was with Rushbrook, who, before he rose on the morning of that Sabbath, in which, had he gone to church, he could have so often requested his trespasses might be forgiven, as he "forgave them who trespassed against him," had made up his mind that nothing short of the pedler's death would satisfy him. At breakfast, he appeared to listen to his wife's entreaties, and promised to do the pedler no harm; and told her that instead of going out on the Monday night, as he had promised, he should go out in that very night, and by that means evade the snare laid for him. Jane persuaded him not to go out at all, but this Rushbrook would not consent to. He told her that he was determined to show them that he was not to be driven off his beat, and would make Byres believe on Tuesday night that he had been out on the Monday night.—Rushbrook's object was to have a meeting with Byres, if possible, alone, to tax him with his treachery and then take summary vengeance. Aware that Byres slept in the alehouse, he went down there a little before dark, and told him that he intended going out on that night, that it would be better, if instead of coming on Tuesday, he were to meet him at a corner of one of the covers, which he described, at an hour agreed upon, when he would make over to him the game which he might have procured. Byres, who saw in this an excellent and easy method of trapping Rushbrook, consented to it, intending to inform the keeper, so that he should meet Rushbrook. The time of meeting was arranged for two o'clock in the morning. Rushbrook was certain Byres would leave the alehouse an hour or two before the time proposed, which would be more than sufficient for his giving information to the keeper. He therefore remained quietly at home till twelve o'clock, when he loaded his gun, and went out without Joey or the dog. His wife perceiving this, was convinced that he had not gone out with the intention to poach, but was pursuing his scheme of revenge. She watched him after he left the cottage, and observed that he had gone down in the direction of the alehouse, and she was afraid that there would be mischief between him and Byres, and she wakened up Joey, desiring him to follow and watch his father, and do all he could to prevent it. Her communication was made in such a hurried manner that it was difficult for Joey to know what he was to do, except to watch his father's motions and see what took place. This Joey perfectly understood, and he was off in an instant, followed as usual by Mum, and takiog with him his sack.—Our hero crept slowly down the pathway in the direction of the alehouse. The night was dark, for the moon did not rise until two or three hours before the morning broke, and it was bitter cold; but to darkness and cold Joey had been accustomed, and although not seen himself, there was no object could move without being scanned by his clear vision. He gained a hedge close to the alehouse; Mum wanted to go on, by which Joey knew that his father must be lurking somewhere near to him—he pressed the dog down with his hand, crouched himself, and watched. In a few minutes a dark figure was perceived by Joey to emerge from the alehouse, and walk hastily over a turnip field behind the premises; it had gained about half over, when another form, which Joey recognised as his father's, stealthily followed after the first. Joey waited a little time, and was then, with Mum, on the steps of both; for a mile and a half each party kept at their relative distances until they came to a furze-bottom, which was about 600 yards from the cover—then the steps of Rushbrook were quickened, and those of Joey in proportion; the consequence was, that the three parties rapidly neared each other. Byres, for it was him who had quitted the alehouse, walked along leisurely, having no suspicion that he was followed. Rushbrook was now within fifteen yards of the pedler, and Joey at even less distance from his father, when he heard the lock of his father's gun click, as he cocked it.

"Father," said Joey, not over loud, "don't"—

"Who's there?" cried the pedler, turning round. The only reply was the flash and report of the gun; and the pedler dropped among the furze.

"Oh, father! father! what have you done!" exclaimed Joey, coming up to him.

"You here, Joey!" said Rushbrook, "why are you here?"

"Mother sent me," replied Joey.

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"To be evidence against me," replied his father, in wrath.

"Oh no! to stop you. What have you done, father?"

"What I almost wish I had not done now," replied he, mournfully; "but it is done, and—"

"And what, father?"

"I am a murderer, I suppose," replied Rushbrook. "He would have poached, Joey—have had me transported, to work in chains for the rest of my days, merely for taking a few pheasants. Let us go home;" but Rushbrook did not move, although he proposed so doing. He leant upon his gun, with his eyes fixed in the direction where Byres had fallen.

Joey stood by him—for nearly ten minutes, not a word was spoken. At last, Rushbrook said—

"Joey, my boy, I've killed many a man in my time, and I have thought nothing of it; I slept as sound as ever the next night. But then, you see, I was a soldier, and it was my trade; and I could look on the man I had killed without feeling sorrow or shame; but I can't look upon this man, Joey. He was my enemy; but—I've murdered him—I feel it now. Go up to him, boy—you are not afraid to meet him—and see if he be dead."

Joey, although, generally speaking, fear was a stranger to him, did, however, feel afraid; his hands had often been dyed with the blood of a hare or of a bird, but he had not yet seen death in his fellow creature. He advanced slowly and tremulously through the dark towards the farzebush in which the body lay; Mum followed, raising first one paw and pausing, then the other, and as they came to the body, the dog raised his head and gave such a mournful howl, that it induced our hero to start back again. After a time Joey recovered himself and again advanced to the body. He leant over it, he could distinguish but the form; he listened, and not the slightest breathing was to be heard; he whispered the pedler's name, but there was no reply; he put his hand upon his breast, and removed it, reeking with warm blood.

"Father, he must be dead, quite dead," whispered Joey, who returned trembling. "What shall we do."

"We must go home," replied Rushbrook; "this is a bad night's work;" and, without exchanging another word until their arrival, Rushbrook and Joey proceeded back to the cottage, followed by Mum.

CHAPTER V.

The sins of the Father are visited on the Child.

Jane had remained in a state of great anxiety during her husband's absence, watching and listening to every sound; every five minutes raising the latch of the door, and looking out, hoping to see him return. As the time went on, her alarm increased; she laid her head down on the table and wept; she could find no consolation, no alleviation of her anxiety; she dropped down on her knees and prayed.

She was still appealing to the Most High, when a blow on the door announced her husband's return. There was a sullen gloom over his countenance as he entered; he threw his gun carelessly on one side, so that it fell, and rattled against the paved floor; and this one act was to her ominous of evil. He sat down without speaking; falling back in the chair, and lifting his eyes up to the rafters above, he appeared to be in deep thought, and unconscious of her presence.

"What has happened?" enquired his wife, trembling, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't speak to me now," was the reply.

"Joey," said the frightened woman in a whisper, "what has he done?"

Joey answered not, but raised his hand, red with the blood which was now dried upon it.

Jane uttered a faint cry, dropped on her knees, and covered her face, while Joey walked into the back kitchen, and busied himself in removing the traces of the dark deed.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed—Joey had returned, and taken his seat upon his low stool, and not a word had been exchanged.

There certainly is a foretaste of the future punishment which awaits crime; for how dreadful were the feelings of those who were now sitting down in the cottage. Rushbrook was evidently stupified from excess of feeling; first, the strong excitement which had urged him to the deed; and now, from the reaction, the prostration of mental power which had succeeded it. Jane dreaded the present and the future—whichever way she turned her eyes the gibbet was before her—the clanking of chains in her ears; in her vision of the future, scorn, misery, and remorse—she felt only for her husband. Joey, poor boy, he felt for both. Even the dog showed, as he looked up into Joey's face, that he was aware that a foul deed had been done. The silence which it appeared none would venture to break, was at last dissolved by the clock of the village church solemnly striking two. They all started up—it was a warning—it reminded them of the bell tolling for the dead—of time and of eternity; but time present quickly effaced for the moment other ideas; yes, it was time to act; in four hours more it would be daylight, and the blood of the murdered man would appeal to his fellow men for vengeance. The sun would light them to the deed of darkness—the body would be brought home—the magistrates would assemble—and who would be the party suspected!

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Jane, "what can he done!"

"There is no proof," muttered Rushbrook.

"Yes, there is," observed Joey, "I left my bag there when I stooped down to—"

"Silence!" cried Rushbrook. "Yes," continued he, bitterly to his wife, "this is your doing, you must send the boy after me, and now there will be evidence against me; I shall owe my death to you."

"O say not so! say not so!" replied Jane, falling down on her knees and weeping bitterly, as she buried her face in her lap; "but there is yet time," cried she, starting up, "Joey can go and fetch the bag. You will, Joey; won't you dear; you are not afraid—you are innocent."

"Better leave it where it is, mother," replied Joey, calmly.

Rushbrook looked up at his son with surprise. Jane caught him by the arm; she felt convinced the boy had some reason for what he said—probably some plan that would ward off suspicion—yet how could that be, it was evidence against them, and after looking earnestly at the boy's face, she dropped his arm. "Why so, Joey?" said she, with apparent calmness.

"Because," replied Joey, "I have been thinking about it all this time; I am innocent, and therefore I do not mind if they suppose me guilty.—The bag is known to be mine—the gun I must throw down in a ditch, two fields off. You must give me some money, if you have any; if not, I must go without it; but there is no time to be lost; I must be off and away from here in ten minutes; to-morrow ask every one if they have seen or heard of me, because I have left the house some time during the night. I shall have a good start before that; besides, they may not find the pedler for a day or two, perhaps; at all events not till some time after I am gone; and then you see, mother, the bag which is found by him, and the gun in the ditch, will make them think it is me who killed him; but they will not be able to make out whether I killed him by accident, and run away from fear, or whether I did it on purpose. So now, mother, that's my plan, for it will save father."

"And I shall never see you again, my child!" replied his mother.

"That's as may be. You may go away from here after a time, mother, when the thing has blown over. Come, mother, there's no time to lose."

"Rushbrook, what say you—what think you?" said Jane to her husband.

"Why, Jane, at all events, the boy must leave us; for, you see, I told Byres, and I've no doubt he told the keeper, if he met him, that I should bring Joey with me. I did it to deceive him; and, as sure as I sit here, they will have that boy up as evidence against his father."

"To be sure they will," cried Joey; "and what could I do? I dare not—I don't think I could—tell a lie; and yet I would not peach upon father, neither. What can I do but be out of the way?"

"That's the truth—away with you, then, my boy, and take a father's blessing with you—a guilty father, it is true: God forgive me. Jane, give him all the money you have; lose not a moment, quick, woman, quick." And Rushbrook appeared to be in agony.

Jane hastened to the cupboard, opened a small box, and poured the contents into the hand of Joey.

"Farewell, my boy," said Rushbrook, "your father thanks you."

"Heaven preserve you, my child," cried Jane, embracing him, as the tears rained down her cheeks. "You will write—no! you must not—mercy! mercy! I shall never see him again!" and the mother fainted on the floor.

The tears rose in our hero's eyes as he beheld the condition of his poor mother. Once more he grasped his father's hand, and then, catching up the gun, he went out at the back door, and driving back the dog, who would have followed him, made over the fields as fast as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER VI.

"The world before him, where to choose."

We have no doubt but many of our readers have occasionally, when on a journey, come to where the road divides in two, forking out in different directions, and the road being new to them, have not known which of the two branches they ought to take. This happens, as it often does in a novel, to be our case just now. Shall we follow little Joey, or his father and mother—that is the question. We believe when a road does thus divide, the widest of the two branches is generally selected, as being supposed to be the continuation of the high road: we shall ourselves

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set upon that principle; and, as the hero of the tale is of more consequence than characters accessory, we shall follow up the fortunes of little Joey. As soon as our hero had deposited the gun, so that it might be easily discovered by any one passing by, he darted into the high road, and went off with all the speed that he was capable of; and it was not yet light, when he found himself at least ten miles from his native village. As the day dawned, he quitted the high road, and took to the fields, keeping a parallel course, so as to still increase his distance; it was not until he had made fifteen miles, that, finding himself exhausted, he sat down to recover himself.

From the time that he had left the cottage until the present, Joey had but one overwhelming idea in his head, which was, to escape from pursuit, and by his absence to save his father from suspicion; but now that he had effected that purpose, and was in a state of quiescence, other thoughts rushed upon his mind. First, the scenes of the last few hours presented themselves in rapid array before him—he thought of the dead man, and he looked at his hand to ascertain if the bloody marks had been effaced; and then he thought of his poor mother's state when he quitted the cottage, and the remembrance made him weep bitterly; his own position came next upon him—a boy, twelve years of age, adrift upon the world—how was he to live—what was he to do! This reminded him that his mother had given him money; he put his hand into his pocket and pulled it out to ascertain what he possessed. He had £1 16s., to him a large sum, and it was all in silver. As he became more composed, he began to reflect upon what he had better do; where should he go to? London. It was a long way, he knew, but the farther he was away from home, the better. Besides, he had heard much of London, and that every one got employment there. Joey resolved that he would go to London; he knew that he had taken the right road so far, and having made up his mind he rose up and proceeded. He knew that, if possible, he must not allow himself to be seen on the road for a day or two, and he was puzzled how he was to get food, which he already felt would be very acceptable; and then, what account was he to give of himself, if questioned? Such were the cogitations of our little hero, as he wended his way, till he came to a river, which was too deep and rapid for him to attempt to ford—he was obliged to return to the high road to cross the bridge. He looked around him before he climbed over the low stone wall, and perceiving nobody, he jumped on the footpath, and proceeded to the bridge, where he suddenly faced an old woman with a basket of brown cakes, something like gingerbread. Taken by surprise, and hardly knowing what to say, he inquired if a cart had passed that way?

"Yes, child, but what else do I make them for? three a penny, and cheap too."

Joey felt in his pocket until he had selected a sixpence, and pulling it out, desired the old woman to give him cakes for it, and taking the pile in his hand he set off as fast as he could. As soon as he was out of sight he again made his way into the fields, and breakfasted upon half his store. He then continued his journey until nearly one o'clock, when tired out with his exertions, as soon as he had finished the remainder of his cakes, he laid down under a rick of corn and fell fast asleep, having made twenty miles since he started. In his hurry to escape pursuit, and the many thoughts which occupied his brain, Joey had made no observation on the weather; if he had, he probably would have looked after some more secure shelter than the lee-side of a haystack. He slept soundly, and he had not been asleep more than an hour, when the wind changed, and the snow fell fast; nevertheless, Joey slept on, and probably never would have awakened more, had it not been that a shepherd and his dog were returning home in the evening, and happened to pass close to the haystack. By this time Joey had been covered with a layer of snow, half an inch deep, and had it not been for the dog, who went up to where he laid, and commenced pawing the snow off him, he would have been passed by undiscovered by the shepherd, who, after some trouble, succeeded in rousing our hero from his torpor, and half dragging, half lifting him, contrived to lead him across one or two fields, until they arrived at a blacksmith's shop, in a small village, before Joey could have been said to have recovered his scattered senses. Two hours more sleep, and there would have been no further history to give of our little hero.

He was dragged to the forge, the fire of which glowed under the force of the bellows, and by degrees, as the warmth reached him, he was restored to self-possession. To the inquiries made as to who he was, and from whence he came, he now answered as he had before arranged in his mind. His father and mother were a long way before him; he was going to London, but having been tired, he had fallen asleep under the haystack, and he was afraid that if he went not to London directly, he never might find his father or mother again."

"O then," replied the shepherd, "they have gone on before, have they? Well, you'll catch them, no doubt."

The blacksmith's wife, who had been a party to what was going on, now brought up a little warm ale, which quite re-established Joey; and at the same time a wagon drove up to the door, and stopped at the blacksmith's shop.

"I must have a shoe tacked on the old mare, my friend," said the driver. "You won't be long?"

"Not five minutes," replied the smith. "You're going to London?"

"Yes, sure."

"Here's a poor boy that has been left behind by his father and mother somehow—you would not mind giving him a lift?"

"Well, I don't know; I suppose I must be paid for it in the world to come."

"And good pay too, if you earn it," observed the blacksmith.

"Well, it won't make much difference to my eight horses, I expect," said the driver, looking at Joey; "so come along, youngster; you may perch yourself on top of the straw, above the goods."

"First come in with me, child," said the wife of the blacksmith; "you must have some good victuals to take with you—so while you shoe the horse, John, I'll see to the boy."

The woman put before Joey a dish in which were the remains of more than one small joint, and our hero commenced his attack without delay.

"Have you any money, child?" inquired the woman.

Joey, who thought that she might expect payment, replied, "Yes, ma'am, I've got a shilling," and he pulled one out of his pocket and laid it on the table.

"Bless the child! what do you take me for, to think that I would touch your money? you are a long way from London yet, although you have got such a chance to get there. Do you know where to go when you get there?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Joey, "I shall get work in the stables, I believe."

"Well, I dare say that you will; but in the mean time you had better save your shilling—so we'll find something to put this meat and bread up in for your journey. Are you quite warm now?"

"Yes, thank'ee ma'am."

Joey, who had ceased eating, had another warm at the fire, and in a few minutes, having bade adieu, and given his thanks to the humane people, he was buried in the straw below the tilt of the wagon, with his provisions deposited beside him, and the wagon went on its slow and steady pace to the tune of its own jingling bells. Joey, who had quite recovered from his chill, nestled among the straw, congratulating himself that he should now arrive safely in London, without any questioning. And such was the case; in three days and three nights, without any further adventure, he found himself, although he was not aware of it, in Oxford street, somewhat about eight or nine o'clock in the evening.

"Do you know your way now, boy?" said the carman.

"I can ask it," replied Joey, "as soon as I can go to the light and read the address. Good-bye, and thank you," continued he, glad at last to be clear of any more evasive replies.

The carman shook him by the hand as they passed the Boar and Castle, and bade him farewell, and our hero found himself alone in the vast metropolis.

What was he to do? He hardly knew—but one thought struck him, which was, that he must find a bed for the night. He wandered up and down Oxford street for some time, but every one walked so quick that he was afraid to speak to them—at last a little girl, of seven or eight years of age, passed by him, and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Can you tell me where I can get a bed for the night?"

"Have you any brads?" was the reply.

"What are those?" said Joey.

"Any money, to be sure; why, you're green—quite."

"Yes, I have a shilling."

"That will do—come along, and you shall sleep with me."

Joey followed her very innocently, and very glad that he had been so fortunate. She led him to a street out of Tottenham court-yard, in which there were no lamps—the houses, however, were large, and many stories high.

"Take my hand," said the girl, "and mind how you tread."

Guided by his new companion, Joey arrived at a door that was wide open; they entered, and assisted by the girl, he went up a dark staircase to the second story. She opened a room-door, when Joey found himself in company with about twenty other children, of about the same age, of both sexes. Here were several beds on the floor of the room, which was spacious. In the

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centre were huddled together on the floor, round a tallow candle, eight or ten of the inmates, two of them playing with filthy pack of cards, while others looked over them; others were lying down, or asleep on the several beds. "This is my bed," said the girl: "if you are tired you can turn in at once. I shan't go to bed yet."

Joey was tired and he went to bed; it was not very clean, but he had been used to worse lodgings lately. It need hardly be observed that Joey had got into very bad company; the whole of the inmates of the room consisted of juvenile thieves and pickpockets, who, in the course of time, obtain promotion in their profession, until they are ultimately sent off to Botany Bay. Attempts have been made to check these nurseries of vice; but pseudo-philanthropists have resisted such barbarous innovation; and upon the Mosaic principle, that you must not seethe the kid in the mother's milk, they are protected and allowed to arrive at full maturity, and beyond the chance of being reclaimed, until they are ripe for the penalties of the law.

Joey slept soundly, and when he awoke next morning found that his little friend was not with him. He dressed himself, and then made another discovery, which was, that every farthing of his money had been abstracted from his pockets. Of this unpleasant fact, he ventured to complain to one or two boys, who were lying on other beds with their clothes on; they laughed at him, called him a green-horn, and made use of other language, which at once let Joey know the nature of the company with whom he had been passing the night. After some alteration three or four of them bundled him out of the room, and Joey found himself in the street without a farthing, and very much inclined to eat a good breakfast.

There is no portion of the world, small as it is in comparison with the whole, in which there is more to be found to eat and to drink, more comfortable lodgings, or accommodation and convenience of every kind, than in the metropolis of England, provided you have the means to obtain it; but, notwithstanding this abundance, there is no place, probably, where you will find it more difficult to obtain a portion of it, if you happen to have an empty pocket.

Joey went into a shop here and there to ask for employment—he was turned away every where. He spent the first day in this manner, and at night, tired and hungry, he laid down on the stone steps of a portico, and fell asleep. The next morning he awoke shivering with the cold, faint with hunger. He asked at the areas for something to eat, but no one would give him anything. At the pump he obtained a drink of water; that was all he could obtain, for it cost nothing. Another day passed without food, and the poor boy again sheltered himself for the night at a rich man's door in Berkley square.

CHAPTER VII.

If you want employment, go to London.

The exhausted lad awoke again, and pursued his useless task of appeals for food and employment. It was a bright day, and there was some little warmth to be collected by basking in the rays of the sun, when our hero wended his way through St. James's Park, faint, hungry, and disconsolate. There were several people seated on the benches, and Joey, weak as he was, did not venture to go near them, but crawled along. At last, after wandering up and down, looking for pity in every body's face as they passed, and receiving none, he felt that he could not stand much longer, and emboldened by desperation, he approached a bench that was occupied by one person. At first he only rested on the arm of the bench, but, as the person sitting down appeared not to observe him, he timidly took a seat at the further end. The personage who occupied the other part of the bench, was a man dressed in a morning suit *a-la-militaire* and a black stock. He had clean gloves and a small cane in his hand, with which he was describing circles on the gravel before him, evidently in deep thought. In height he was full six feet, and his proportions combined strength with symmetry. His features were remarkably handsome, his dark hair had a natural curl, and his whiskers and mustachios (for he wore those military appendages) were evidently the objects of much attention and solicitude. We may as well here observe, that although so favoured by nature, still there would have been considered something wanting in him by those who had been accustomed to move in the first circles, to make him the refined gentleman. His movements and carriage were not indegant, but there was a certain *retiree* wanting. He bowed well, but it was not exactly the bow of a gentleman. The nursery maids as they passed by said, "dear me what a handsome gentleman!" but had the remark been made by a higher class, it would have been qualified into "what a handsome man." His age was apparently about five and thirty—it might have been something more. After a short time he left off his mechanical amusements, and turning round, perceived little Joey at the farther end. Whether from the mere inclination to talk, or that he thought it presuming in our hero to seat himself upon the same bench, he said to him—

"I hope you are comfortable my little man; but perhaps you've forgot your message."

"I have no message, sir, for I know no one; and I am not comfortable, for I am starving," replied Joey, in a tremulous voice.

"Are you in earnest now, when you say that, boy; or is it that you're humbugging me?"

Joey shook his head.

"I have eaten nothing since the day before yesterday morning, and I feel faint and sick," replied he at last.

His new companion looked earnestly in our hero's face, and was satisfied that what he said was true.

"As I hope to be saved," exclaimed he, "it's my opinion that a little bread and butter would not be a bad thing for you. Here," continued he, putting his hand into his coat pocket, "take these coppers, and go and get something into your little vitals."

"Thank you, sir, thank you kindly. But I don't know where to go; I only came up to London two days ago."

"Then follow me as fast as your little pins can carry you," said the other. They had not far to go, for a man was standing close to Spring-garden gate, with hot tea and bread and butter, and in a few moments Joey's hunger was considerably appeased.

"Do you feel better now, my little cock?"

"Yes, sir, thank you."

"That's right, and now we'll go back to the bench, and then you shall tell me all about yourself, just to pass away the time. Now," said he, as he took his seat, "in the first place, who is your father, if you have any; and if you ha'n't any, what was he?"

"Father and mother are both alive, but they are a long way off. Father was a soldier, and he has a pension now."

"A soldier! Do you know in what regiment?"

"Yes, it was in the 53d, I think."

"By the powers, my own regiment! And what is your name, then, and his?"

"Rushbrook," replied Joey.

"My pirot man, by all that's holy. Now hav'n't you nicely dropped on your feet?"

"I don't know, sir," replied our hero.

"But I do; your father was the best fellow I had in my company—the best forager, and always took care of his officer, as a good man should do. If there was a turkey, or a goose, or a duck, or a fowl, or a pig within ten miles of us, he would have it: he was the boy for poaching. And now tell me, (and mind you tell the truth when you meet with a friend) what made you leave your father and mother?"

"I was afraid of being taken up—" and here Joey stopped, for he hardly knew what to say; trust his new acquaintance with his father's secret he dare not; neither did he like to tell what was directly false; as the reader will perceive by his reply, he partly told the truth.

"Afraid of being taken up! why, what could they take up a sprapcen like you for?"

"Poaching," replied Joey; "father poached too; they had proof against me, so I came away—with father's consent."

"Poaching! well, I'm not surprised at that, for if ever it was in the blood, it is in your's—that's the truth. And what do you mean to do now?"

"Anything I can to earn my bread."

"What can you do—besides poaching, of course. Can you read and write?"

"O, yes."

"Would you like to be a servant—clean boots, brush clothes, stand behind a cab, run messages, carry notes, and hold your tongue?"

"I could do all that, I think—I am twelve years old."

"The devil you are; well then, for your father's sake, I'll see what I can do for you, till you can do better. I'll fit you out as a tiger, and what's more, unless I am devilish hard up, I won't sell you. So come along. What's your name?"

"Joey."

"Sure that was your father's name before you. I now recollect, and should any one take the trouble to ask you what may be the name of your master, you may reply with a safe conscience, that it's Captain O'Donahue. Now, come along, not safe after me—you may as well keep open file just now, till I've made you look a little more decent."

CHAPTER VIII.

A dissertation upon pedigree.

Our readers will not perhaps be displeased if we introduce Captain O'Donahue more particularly to their notice; we shall therefore devote this chapter to giving some account of his birth, parentage, and subsequent career. If the father of Captain O'Donahue was to be believed, the race of Donahues were kings in Ireland long before the O'Connors were ever heard of. How far this may be correct we cannot pretend to offer an opinion, further than that no man can be supposed to know so much of a family's history as

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the descendant himself. The documents were never laid before us, and we have only the positive assertion of the Squireen O'Donahue, who asserted that they were kings in Ireland before the O'Connors, whose pretensions to ancestry he treated with contempt, but further, that they were renowned for their strength, and were famous for using the longest bows in battle that were ever known or heard of. Here we have circumstantial evidence, although not proof. If strong, they might have been kings in Ireland, for there "might has been right" for many centuries, and certainly their acquirements were handed down to posterity, as no one was more famous for drawing the long bow than Squireen O'Donahue.

Upon these points, however, we must leave our readers to form their opinions. Perhaps some one more acquainted with the archives of the country may be able to set us right if we are wrong, or to corroborate our testimony if we are right. In his preface to "Anne of Geierstein," Sir Walter Scott observes, that "errors, however trivial, ought, in his opinion, never to be pointed out to the author, without meeting with a candid and respectful acknowledgment." Following the example of so great a man, we can only say, that if any gentleman can prove or disprove the assertion of Squireen O'Donahue, to wit, that the O'Donahues were kings of Ireland long before the O'Connors were heard of, we shall be most happy to acknowledge the favour, and insert his remarks in the next edition. We should be further obliged to the same party, if they would favour us with an idea of what was implied by a king of Ireland in those days; that is to say, whether he held a court, taxed his subjects, collected revenue, kept a standing army, sent ambassadors to foreign countries, and did all which kings do now-a-days? or whether his shillelah was his sceptre, and his domain some furze-crowned hills and a bog, the intricacies of which were known only to himself? whether he was arrayed in jewelled robes, with a crown of gold weighing on his temples? or whether he went bare legged and bare armed, with his bare locks flowing in luxurious wildness to the breeze? We request an answer to this in full simplicity. We observe that even in Ireland, now, a fellow six feet high, and stout in proportion, is called a "prince of a fellow," although he has not wherewithal to buy a paper of tobacco to supply his dudeen: and arguing from this fact, we are inclined to think that a few more inches in stature, and commensurate muscular increase of power, would in former times have raised the "heir apparent" to the dignity of the Irish throne. But these abstruse speculations have led us from our history, which we must now resume.

Whatever may have once been the importance of the house of O'Donahue, one thing is certain, that there are many ups and downs in this world; every family in it has its wheel of fortune which revolves faster or slower as the fates decree, and the descendant of kings before the O'Connors' time was now descended into a species of Viceroy, Squireen O'Donahue being the steward of certain wild estates in the county of Galway, belonging to a family, who, for many years, had shown a decided aversion to the natural beauties of the country, and had thought proper to migrate to where, if people were not so much attached to them, they were at all events more civilised. They abounded in rocks, brushwood, and woodcocks during the season; and although the Squireen O'Donahue did his best, if not for his employer, at least for himself, it was with some difficulty that he contrived to support, with any thing like respectability (which in that part of the country means "decent clothes to wear,") a very numerous family lineally descended from the most ancient of all the kings of Ireland.

Before the Squireen had obtained his employment, he had sunk his rank and traveled much—as a courier—thereby gaining much knowledge of the world. If, therefore, he had no wealth to leave his children, at all events he could give them that knowledge which is said to be better than worldly possessions. Having three sons and eight daughters, all of them growing up healthy and strong, with commensurate appetites, he soon found that it was necessary to get rid of them as fast as he could. His eldest, who, strange to say, for an O'Donahue, was a quiet lad, he had, as a favour, lent to his brother, who kept a small tobacconist and grocer's shop in Dublin, and his brother was so fond of him, that O'Carroll O'Donahue was bound to him as an apprentice. It certainly was a degradation for the descendant of such ancient kings to be weighing out pennyworths of sugar, and supplying half-penny papers of tobacco to the old apple and fishwomen; but still, there we must leave the heir-apparent while we turn to the second son, Mr. Patrick O'Donahue, whose history we are now relating, having already made the reader acquainted with him by an introduction in St. James' Park.

CHAPTER IX.

In which the advice of a father deserves peculiar attention.

It may be supposed that as steward of the estates, Squireen O'Donahue had some influence over the numerous tenants on the property, and this influence he took care to make the most of; his assistance in a political contest was rewarded by an ensignecy of one of his sons, in a regiment then raising in Ireland, and this offer was too good to be refused; so, one fine day, Squireen O'Donahue came home from Dublin, well bespattered with mud, and found his son Patrick also well bespattered with mud, having just returned home from a very successful expedition against the woodcocks.

"Patrick, my jewel," said the Squireen, taking a seat and wiping his face, for he was rather warm with his ride, "you're a made man."

"And well made, too, father, if the girls are anything of judges," replied Patrick.

"You put me out," replied the Squireen, "you've more to be vain of than your figure."

"And what may that be you're discoursing about, father?"

"Nothing more nor less, better nor worse, but you're an ensign in his majesty's new regiment—the No. has escaped my memory."

"I'd rather be a colonel, father," replied Patrick, musing.

"The colonel's to come, you spalpeen," replied the Squireen.

"And the fortune to make, I expect," said Patrick.

"You've just hit it; but hav'n't you the whole world before you to pick and choose?"

"Well," said Patrick, after a pause; "I've no objection."

"No objection! why don't you jump out of your skin with delight! at all events you might jump high enough to break in the ceiling."

"There's no ceiling to break," replied Patrick, looking up at the rafters."

"That's true enough, but then you might go out of your seven senses in a rational sort of a way."

"I really can't see for why, father dear. You tell me I'm to leave my poor old mother, who doats upon me; my sisters, who are fond of me; my friends here (patting the dog), who follow me; the hills, that I love; and the woodcocks, which I shoot; to go to be shot myself, and buried like a dead dog, without being skinned, on the field of battle.

"I tell you to go forth into the world as an officer, and make your fortune; to come back a general, and be the greatest man of your family. And don't be too unhappy about not being skinned. Before you are older or wiser, dead or alive, you'll be skinned, I'll answer for it."

"Well, father, I'll go; but I expect there'll be a good deal of ground to march over before I'm a general."

"And you've a good pair of legs."

"So I'm told every day of my life. I'll make the best use of them when I start; but it's the starting I don't like, and that's the real truth, father."

The reader may be surprised at the indifference shown by Patrick at the intelligence communicated by his father; but the fact was, Mr. Patrick O'Donahue was very deep in love. This cooled his national ardour; and it must be confessed that there was every excuse, for a more lovely creature than Judith M'Crae never existed. To part with her was the only difficulty, and all his family feelings were but a cloak to the real cause of his unwillingness.

"Nevertheless, you must start to-morrow, my boy," said his father.

"What must be, must," replied Patrick, "so there's an end of the matter. I'll just go out for a bit of a walk, just to stretch my legs."

"They require a deal of stretching, Pat, considering you've been twenty miles, at least, this morning, over the mountains," said the Squireen.

But Patrick was out of hearing; he had leapt over a stone wall which separated his father's potato ground from Cornelius M'Cue's, and had managed to Judith, whom he found very busy getting the dinner ready.

"Judith, my dear," said Patrick, "my heart's quite broke with the bad news I have to tell you. Sure I'm going to leave you to-morrow morning."

"Now, Patrick your joking surely."

"Devil a joke in it. I'm an ensign in a regiment."

"Then I'll die, Patrick."

"More like that I will, Judith; what with grief and a bullet to help it, perhaps."

"Now what do you mean to do, Patrick?

"Mean to go, sure; because I can't help myself; and to come back again, if ever I've the luck of it. My heart's leaping out of my mouth entirely."

"And mine's dead," replied Judith, in tears.

"It's no use crying, mavourneen. I'll be back to dance at my own wedding, if so be I can."

"There'll be neither wedding for you, Patrick, nor wake either, for you'll lie in the cold ground, and be ploughed in like muck."

"That's but cold comfort from you, Judith, but we'll hope for a better ending; but I must go back now, and you'll meet me this evening beyond the shealing."

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"Won't it be for the last time, Patrick?" replied Judith with her apron to her eyes.

"If I've any voice in the matter, I say no.—Please the pigs, I'll come home a colonel."

"Then you'll be no match for Judith M'Crae," replied the sobbing girl.

"Shoot easy, my Judith, that's touching my honour; if I'm a general it will be all the same."

"O, Patrick! Patrick!"

Patrick folded Judith in his arms, took one kiss, and then hastened out of the house, saying —"Remember the shealing, Judith dear, there we'll talk the matter over easy and comfortable."

Patrick returned to the house, where he found his mother and sisters in tears. They had received orders to prepare his wardrobe, which, by-the-bye, did not give them much trouble from its extent; they only had to mend every individual article. His father was sitting down by the hearth, and when he saw Patrick, he said to him—

"Now just come here, my boy, and take a stool, while you listen to me and learn a little worldly wisdom, for I may not have much time to talk to you when we are at Dublin."

Patrick took a seat and was all attention.

"You'll just observe, Pat, that it's a very fine thing to be an officer in the king's army; nobody dares to treat you ill, although you may ill-treat others, which is no small advantage in this world."

"There's truth in that," replied Patrick.

"You see when you get into an enemy's country, you may help yourself; and, if you look sharp, there's very pretty pickings—all in a quiet way, you understand."

"That, indeed."

"You observe, Pat, that, as one of his officers, the king expects you to appear and live like a gentleman, only he forgets to give you the means of so doing; you must, therefore, take all you can get from his majesty, and other people must make up the difference."

"That's a matter o' course," said Patrick.

"You'll soon see your way clear, and find out what you may be permitted to do and what you may not; for the king expects you to keep up the character of a gentleman as well as the appearance."

"O' course."

"Mayhap you may be obliged to run in debt a little—a gentleman may do that; mayhap you may not be able to pay—that's a gentleman's case very often—if so, never go so far as twenty pounds, first, because the law don't reach; and, secondly, because twenty pounds is quite enough to make a man suffer for the good of his country."

"There's sense in that, father.

"And, Patrick, recollect that people judge by appearances in this world, especially when they have nothing else to go by. If you talk small, your credit will be small; if you talk large, it will be just in proportion."

"I perceive, father."

"It's not much property we possess in this said county of Galway, that's certain; but you must talk of this property as if I was the squire, and not the steward; and when you talk of the quantity of woodcocks you have bagged, you must say on our property."

"I understand, father."

"And you must curse your stars at being a younger brother; it will be an excuse for your having no money, but it will make them believe that it's in the family, at all events."

"I perceive."

"There's one thing more, Pat—it's an Irish regiment, so you must get out of it as soon as possible by exchange."

"For why."

"This for why; you will be among those born too near home, and who may doubt all you say, because your story may interfere with their own. Get into an English regiment, by all means, and there you'll be beyond the reach of contradiction, which ain't pleasant."

"True enough, father."

"Treasure up all I have told you—it's worldly wisdom, and you have your fortune to make; so now recollect, never hold back at a forlorn hope—volunteer for everything; volunteer to be blown from a cannon's mouth, so that they will give you promotion for that same; volunteer to go all over the world—into the other world—and right through that again into the one that comes after that, if there is any, and then one thing will be certain, either that you'll be a colonel or general, or else—"

"Else what, father?"

"That you won't require to be made either, seeing that you'll be past all making; but luck's all, and lucky it is, by-the-bye, that I've a little of the squire's rent in hand to fit you out with, or how we should have managed, the saints only know. As it is, I must sink it on the next year's account, but that's more easy to do than to fit you out with no money. I must beg the tenants off; make the potato crop fail entirely, and report twenty by name at least dead of starvation. Serve him right, for spending his money out of Old Ireland. It's only out of real patriotism that I cheat him—just to spend the money in the country. And now Patrick, I've done; now you may go and square your accounts with Judith, for I know now where the eat jumps—but I'll leave Old Time alone for doing his work."

Such was the advice of the Squireen to his son; and as worldly wisdom, it was not so bad; and, certainly when a lad is cast adrift in the world, the two best things you can bestow upon him is a little worldly wisdom and a little money, for, without the former, the latter and he will part company.

The next day they set off for Dublin, Patrick's head being in a confused jumble of primitive good feeling, Judith M'Crae, his father's advice, and visions of future greatness. He was fitted out, introduced to the officers, and then his father left him his blessing, and his own way to make in the world. In a fortnight the regiment was complete, and they were shipped to Liverpool and from Liverpool to Maidstone, where, being all newly-raised men, they were to remain for awhile to be disciplined. Before the year had expired, Patrick had followed his father's advice and exchanged, receiving a difference with an ensign of the regiment going on foreign service. He was sent to the West Indies, but the seasons were healthy, and he returned home an ensign. He volunteered abroad again, after five years, and gained his lieutenant's commission, from a death vacancy, without purchase.

After a fifteen years' hard service, the desired captain's commission came at last, and O'Donahue having been so unsuccessful in his military career, retired upon half-pay, determined, if possible, to offer his handsome person in exchange for competence. But during the fifteen years which had passed away, a great change had come over the ingenuous and unsophisticated Patrick O'Donahue; he had mixed so long with a selfish and heartless world, that his primitive feelings had gradually worn away. Judith had, indeed, never been forgotten, but she was now at rest, for, by mistake, Patrick had been returned home dead of the yellow fever, and at the intelligence she had drooped like a severed snowdrop and died. The only tie strong enough to induce him to return to Ireland was, therefore, broken; his father's worldly advice had not been forgotten, and O'Donahue considered the world as his oyster. Expensive in his habits and ideas, longing for competence, while he vegetated on half-pay, he was now looking out for a matrimonial speculation. His generosity and his courage remained with him—two virtues not to be driven out of an Irishman, but his other good qualities lay in abeyance; and yet his better feelings were not wholly extinguished; they were dormant, but by favourable circumstances were again to be brought into action. The world and his necessities made him what he was, for many was the time, for years afterwards, that he would in his reveries surmise how happy he might have been in his own wild country, where half-pay would have been competence, had his Judith been spared to him, and he could have laid his head upon her bosom.

CHAPTER X.

In which Major M'Shane narrates some curious matrimonial speculations.

Our hero was soon fitted out with the livery of a groom, and installed as the confidential servant of Captain O'Donahue, who had lodgings on the third floor in a fashionable street. He soon became expert and useful, and as the Captain breakfasted at home, and always ordered sufficient for Joey to make another cold meal of during the day, he was at little or no expense to his master.

One morning when Captain O'Donahue was sitting in his dressing-gown at breakfast, Joey opened the door, and announced Major M'Shane.

"Is it yourself, O'Donahue?" said the Major, extending his hand; "and, now, what d'ye think has brought me here this fine morning? It's to do a thing that's rather unusual with me, neither more nor less than to pay you the £20 which you lent me a matter of three years ago, and which, I dare say, you never expected to see anything but the ghost of."

"Why M'Shane, if the truth must be told, it will be something of a resurrection when it appears before me," replied O'Donahue; "I considered it dead and buried; and, like those who are dead and buried, it has been long forgotten."

"Nevertheless, here it is, in four notes—one, two, three, four; four times five is twenty; there's arithmetic for you, and your money to boot, and many thanks in the bargain, by way of interest. And now, O'Donahue, where have you been, what have you been doing, what are you doing, and what do you intend to do? That's what I call a comprehensive enquiry, and a very close one too."

"I have been in London a month, I have done nothing, I am doing nothing, and I don't know what I intend to do. You may take that for a comprehensive answer."

"I'll tell you all about myself without your asking. I have been in London for nearly two years, one of which I spent in courting and the other in matrimony."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are married, M'Shane; if so, as you've been mar-

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ried a year, you can tell me; am I to give you joy?"

"Why, yes, I believe you may; there's nothing so stupid, O'Donahue, as domestic happiness, that's a fact; but, altogether, I have been so large a portion of my life doubtful where I was to get a dinner, that I think on the whole I have made a very good choice."

"And may I inquire who is the party to whom Major M'Shane has condescended to sacrifice his handsome person?"

"Is it handsome you mane? As the ugly lady said to the looking-glass, I beg no reflections—you wish to know who she is; well, then, you must be content to listen to all my adventures from the time we parted, for she is at the end of them, and I can't read backwards."

"I am at your service, so begin as soon as you please."

"Let me see, O'Donahue, where was it that we parted."

"If I recollect, it was at the landing made at ——, where you were reported killed."

"Very true, but that, I give my honour, was all a lie; it was first Sergeant Murphy that was killed, instead of me. He was a terrible fellow, that Sergeant Murphy; he got himself killed on purpose, because he could never have passed his accounts; well, he fought like a devil, so peace be with him. I was knocked down, as you know, with a bullet in my thigh, and as I could not stand, I sat upon the carcass of Sergeant Murphy, bound up my leg, and meditated on sublunary affairs. I thought what a great rogue he was, that Sergeant Murphy, and how he'd gone out of the world without absolution; and then I thought it very likely that he might have some money about him, and how much better it would be that I should have it to comfort me in prison than any rascally Frenchman; so I put my hand in his pocket and borrowed his purse, which was, taking the difference of size, as well lined as himself. Well, as you had all retreated and left me to be taken prisoner, I waited very patiently till they should come and carry me to the hospital, or wherever else they pleased; they were not long coming for me; one fellow would have passed his bayonet through me, but I had my pistol cocked, so he thought it advisable to take me prisoner. I was taken into the town, not to the hospital or the prison, but quartered at the house of an old lady of high rank and plenty of money. Well, the surgeon came and very politely told me that he must cut off my leg, and I very politely told him to go to the devil; and the old lady came in and took my part, when she saw what a handsome leg it was, and sent for another doctor at her own expense, who promised to set me on my pins again in less than a month. Well, the old lady fell in love with me, and although she was not quite the vision of youthful fancy, as the saying is, for she had only one tooth in her head, and that stuck out half an inch beyond her upper lip, still she had other charms for a poor devil like me; so I made up my mind to marry her, for she made cruel love to me as I laid in bed, and before I was fairly out of bed the thing was settled, and a week afterwards the day was fixed; but her relatives got wind of it, for, like an old fool, she could not help blabbing, and so one day there came a file of soldiers with a corporal at their head, informing me that I was now quite well, and therefore if it was all the same to me, I must go to prison. This was any thing but agreeable, and contrary to rule; as an officer, I was entitled to my parole, and so I wrote to the commanding officer, who sent for me, and then he told me I had my choice, to give up the old lady, whose friends were powerful, and would not permit her to make a fool of herself, (a personal remark, by-the-bye, which it was unhandsome to make to a gentleman in my circumstances,) or to be refused parole, and remain in prison, and that he would give me an hour to decide; then he made me a very low bow and left me. I was twisting the affair over in my mind, one moment thinking of her purse and carriage, and doubloons, and another of that awful long tooth of hers, when one of her relatives came in and said he had a proposal to make, which was, that I should be released and sent to Gibraltar, without any conditions, with a handsome sum of money to pay my expenses, if I would promise to give up the old lady now and forever. That suited my book; I took the money, took my leave, and a small vessel took me to Gibraltar; so, after all, you see O'Donahue, the thing did not turn out so bad. I lost only an old woman with a long tooth, and I gained my liberty."

"No; you got out of that affair with credit."

"And with money, which is quite as good; so when I returned and proved myself alive I was reinstated, and had all my arrears paid up; what with Sergeant Murphy's purse, and the foreign subsidy, and my arrears, I was quite flush, so I resolved to be circumspect, and make hay while the sun shone, notwithstanding which, I was nearly trapped by a cunning devil of a widow; two days more, and I should have made a pretty kettle of fish of it."

"What, at your age, M'Shane?"

"Ah, bother! but she was a knowing one—a widow on a first floor, good-looking, buxom, a fine armful, and about thirty—met her at a party—pointed out to me as without encumbrance, and well off—made up to h r, escorted her home—begged permission to call, was graciously received—talked of her departed husband, thought me like him—every thing so comfortable—plenty of plate—good furniture—followed her up—received notes by a little boy in sky-blue and silver sugar-loaf buttons—sent me all her messages—one day in the week to her banker's to cash a cheque. Would you believe the cunning of the creature? She used to draw out £25 every week, sending me for the money, and as I found out afterwards, paid it in again in fifties every fortnight, and she had only £50 in all. Wasn't I regularly humbugged? Made proposals—was accepted—all settled, and left off talking about her departed. One day, and only two days before the wedding, found the street door open, and heard a noise between her and her landlady at the top of the stairs, so I waited at the bottom. The landlady was insisting upon her rent, and having all her plate back again—my charming widow entreating for a little delay, as she was to be married—landlady came down stairs, red as a turkey-cock, so I very politely begged her to walk into the parlour, and I put a few questions, when I discovered that my intended was a widow with a pension of £80 a-year, and had six children, sent out of the way until she could find another protector, which I resolved, at all events, should not be Major M'Shane; so I walked out of the door, and have never seen her since."

"By the head of St. Patrick, but that was an escape!"

"Yes, indeed, the she devil with six children, and £80 a year; it's a wicked world this, O'Donahue. Well, kept clear such cunning articles, and only looked after youth and innocence in the city. At last I discovered the only daughter of a German sugar-baker in the Minories, a young thing about seventeen, but very little for her age. She went to a dancing-school, and I contrived, by bribing the maid, to carry on the affair most successfully, and she agreed to run away with me; every thing was ready, the post-chaise was at the corner of the street, she came with her bundle in her hand, I thrust it into the chaise, and was just tossing her in after it, when she cried out that she had forgot something, and must go back for it; and away she went, slipping through my fingers. Well, I waited most impatiently for her appearance, and at last I saw her coming, and what d'ye think she'd gone back for? By the powers for *her doll*, which she held in her hand! And just as she came to the chaise, who should come round the corner but her father, who had walked from Mincing-lane. He caught my mincing Miss by the arm, with her doll and her bundle, and bundled her home, leaving me and the post-chaise looking like two fools. I never could see her again, or her confounded doll either."

"You have been out of luck, M'Shane."

"I'm not sure of that, as the affair has ended. Now comes another adventure, in which I turned the tables, any how; I fell in with a very pretty girl, the daughter of a lawyer in Chancery-lane, who was said to have, and (I paid a shilling at Doctor Commons and read the will) it was true enough, an independent fortune from her grandmother. She was always laughing, full of mischief and practical jokes. She pretended to be pleased, the hussy, with my addresses, and at last she consented, as I thought, to run away with me. I imagined that I had clinched the business at last, when one dark night I handed her into a chaise, wrapped up in a cloak, and crying. However, I got her in, and away we went as if the devil was behind us. I coaxed her, and I soothed her, and promised to make her happy, but she still kept her handkerchief up to her eyes, and would not permit me a chaste salute; even pushed me away when I would put my arm round her waist—all which I ascribed to the extra shame and modesty which a woman feels when she is doing wrong. At last, when about fifteen miles from town, there was a burst of laughter, and 'I think we have gone far enough Major M'Shane.' By all the saints in the calendar, it was her scamp of a brother that had taken her place. 'My young gentleman,' said I, 'I think that you have not only gone far enough, but, as I shall prove to you, perhaps a little too far,' for I was in no fool of a passion. So I set to and beat him to a mummy, broke his nose, blackened both his eyes, and knocked half his teeth down his throat, and when he was half dead, I opened the chaise door as it whirled along, and kicked him out to take his chance of the wheels, or any other wheels, which the wheel of fortune might turn up for him. So he went home and told his sister what a capital joke it was, I've no doubt. I'll be bound the young gentleman has never run away with an Irishman since that; however, I never heard any more about him or his lovely sister."

"Now then for the wind up, M'Shane."

"Courting's very expensive, especially when you order post-chaises for nothing at all, and I was very nearly at the end of my rhino; so I said to myself,—'M'Shane, you must retrench.' And I did so; instead of dining at the coffee-house, I determined to go to an eating-house, and

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walked into one in Holborn, where I sat down to a plate of good beef and potatoes, and a large lump of plum pudding, price 1s. 6d., and never was better pleased in my life; so I went there again and became a regular customer;—and the girls who waited laughed with me, and the lady who kept the house was very gracious. Now, the lady was good-looking, but she was rather too fat; there was an amiable look about her even when she was carving beef, and by degrees we became intimate, and I found her a very worthy creature, and as simple-minded as a child, although she could look sharp after her customers. It was, and is now, a most thriving establishment, nearly 200 people dine there every day. I don't know how it was, but I suppose I first fell in love with her face, and then with her fair self, and finding myself well received at all times, I one day, as she was carving a beef-steak pie which might have tempted a king, for its fragrance, put the question to her, as to how she would like to marry again. She blushed, and fixed her eyes down upon the hole she had made in the pie, and then I observed, that if there was a hole in my side as big as there was in the pie before her—she would see her image in my heart. The pretty simile did the business for me, and in a month we were married; and I never shall want a dinner as long as I live, either for myself or friend. I will put you on the free list, O'Donahue, if you can condescend to a cook's shop; and I can assure you, that I think I have done a very wise thing, for I don't want to present my wife at court, and I have a very comfortable home."

"You have done a wise thing, in my opinion, M'Shane—you have a wife who makes money, instead of one to spend it."

"And, moreover, I have found my bargain better than I anticipated, which is seldom the case in this world of treachery and deceit. She has plenty of money, and is putting by more every year."

"Which you have the control of at your disposition, do you mean to say?"

"Why, yes, I may say that *now*—but, O'Donahue, that is owing to my circumspection and delicacy. At first starting I determined that she should not think that it was only her money that I wanted, so, after we were married, I continued to find myself, which, paying nothing for board and lodging, and washing, I could easily do upon my half pay; and I have done so ever since, until just now."

"I had not been married a week before I saw that she expected that I would make inquiries into the state of her finances, but I would not; at last, finding that I would not enter into the business, she did, and told me that she had £17,000 Consols laid by, and that the business was worth £1000 per annum; (you may fish at Cheltenham a long while, O'Donahue, before you get such a haul as that.) So I told her I was very glad she was well off, and then I pretended to go fast asleep, as I never interfered with her, and never asked for money; at last she didn't like it, and offered it to me, but I told her that I had enough and did not want it; since which she has been quite annoyed at my not spending money; and when I told her this morning that there was a brother officer of mine arrived in town to whom I had owed some money for a long while, she insisted upon my taking money to pay it, put a pile of bank notes in my hand, and was quite mortified when she found I only wanted £20. Now, you see, O'Donahue, I have done this from principle; she earns the money, and therefore she shall have the control of it as long as we are good friends; and upon my honour, I really think I love her better than I ever thought I could love any woman in the world, for she has the temper, the kindness, and the charity of an angel, although not precisely the figure; but one can't have everything in this world; and so now you have the whole of my story—and what do you think of it?"

"You must present me to your wife, M'Shane."

"That I will with pleasure; she's like her rounds of beef,—it's cut and come again—but her heart is a beauty, and so is her beef-steak pie—when you taste it."

CHAPTER XI.

In which an interchange and confidence takes place.

"And now, O'Donahue," said M'Shane, "if you are not yet tired of company, I should like to hear what you have been doing since we parted: be quite as explicit, but not so long winded as myself, for I fear that I have tired you."

"I will be quite as explicit, my good fellow, but I have no such marvellous adventures to relate, and not such a fortunate wind up."

"I have been to Bath, to Cheltenham, to Harrowgate, to Brighton, and everywhere else where people meet, and people are met with, and who would not meet or be met with elsewhere. I have seen many nice girls, but the nice girls were like myself, almost penniless: and I have seen many ill-favoured, who had money; the first I could only afford to look at, the latter I have had some dealings with. I have been refused by one or two, and would have married seven or eight, but somehow or other, when it came near the point, the vision of a certain angel now in heaven has risen before me, and I have not had the heart or the heartlessness to proceed. Indeed I may safely say, that I have seen but one person since we parted, who ever made the least impression on me, or whom I could fancy in the least degree to replace her, whom I had lost, and she, I fear, is also lost; so we may as well say no more about it. I have determined to marry for money, as you well know; but it appears to me as if there was something which prevents the step being taken; and, upon my honour, fortune seems so inclined to balk me in my wishes, that I begin to snap my fingers at her, and am becoming quite indifferent. I suffer now under the evil of poverty, but it is impossible to say what other evils may be in store, if I were to change my condition, as the ladies say. Come what will, in one thing I am determined, that if I marry a girl for money, I will treat her well, and not let her find it out; and so that may aid to the difficulty of a man's position when he is not in love with his wife, why, all I can say is, Captain O'Donahue don't go cheap—that's decided."

"You're right, my jewel, there's not such a broth of a boy to be picked up every day in the world. Widows might bid for you, for, without flattery, I think you a *moral* of a man, and an honour to Ireland. But O'Donahue, begging your pardon, if it's not a secret, who may have been this lady who appears to have bothered your brains not a little, since she could make you forget somebody else?"

"I met her at the Lakes of Cumberland, and being acquainted with some of the party, was invited to join them; I was ten days in her company at Windermere, Ambleside, Derwentwater, and other places. She was a foreigner, and titled."

"Murder and Irish! you don't say so!"

"Yes, and moreover, as I was informed by those who were with her, has large property in Poland." She was, in fact, everything that I could desire—handsome, witty, speaking English, and several other languages, and about two or three and twenty years old."

"And her name, if it's no offence to ask it?"

"Princess Czartorinski."

"And a princess in the bargain? And did you really pretend to make love to a princess?"

"Am I not an Irishman, M'Shane? and is a princess anything but a woman, after all. By the powers! I would make love to, and run away with, the Pope himself, if he were made of the same materials as Pope Joan is said to have been."

"Then upon my faith, O'Donahue, I believe you—so go on."

"I not only made love to her, but in making love to her I get most terribly singed myself, and I felt before I quitted her, that if I had ten thousand a year, and she was as poor as my dear Judith was, that she should have taken her place—that's the truth. I thought that I never could love again, and that my heart was as flinty as a pawnbroker's; but I found out my mistake when it was too late."

"And did she return you the compliment, O'Donahue?"

"That I was not indifferent to her, I may without vanity believe. I had a five minutes alone with her, just before we parted, and I took that opportunity of saying, how much pain it was to part with her, and for once I told the truth, for I was almost choking when I said it. I'm convinced that there was sincerity in my face, and that she saw that it was there; 'If what you say is true, we shall meet at St. Petersburgh next winter; good-bye, I shall expect you.'"

"Well, that was as much as to say, come at all events."

"It was; I stammered out my determination so to do, if possible; but I felt at the time, that my finances rendered it impossible—so there was an end of that affair. By my hopes of salvation, I'd not only go to St. Petersburgh, but round the whole world, and to the north pole afterwards, if I had the means only to see her once more."

"You're in a bad way, O'Donahue; your heart is gone and your money too. Upon my soul, I pity you; but it's always the case in this world. When I was a boy, the best and ripest fruit was always on the top of the wall and out of my reach. Shall I call to-morrow, and then, if you please, I'll introduce you to Mrs. M'Shane?"

"I will be happy to see you and your good wife, M'Shane; health and happiness to you.—Stop, while I ring for my little factotum to let you out."

"By-the-bye, a sharp boy that, O'Donahue, with an eye as bright as a hawk. Where did you pick him up?"

"In St. James's Park."

"Well, that's an odd place to hire a servant in."

"Do you recollect Rushbrook in my company?"

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"To be sure I do—your best soldier, and a famous caterer he was at all times."

"It is his son."

"And now I think of it, he's very like him, only somewhat better looking."

O'Donahue then acquainted M'Shane with the circumstances attending his meeting with Joey, and they separated.

The next day, about the same time, M'Shane came to see his friend, and found O'Donahue dressed and ready to go out with him.

"Now, O'Donahue, you mustn't be in such a hurry to see Mrs. M'Shane, for I have something to tell you, which will make her look more pretty in your eyes than she otherwise might have done upon first introduction. Take your chair again, and don't be putting on your gloves yet, while you listen to a little conversation that took place between us last night, just before we dropped into the arms of Murfy. I'll pass over all the questions she asked about you, and all the compliments I paid you behind your back; because, if I didn't, it would make you blush, Irishman as you are,—that it was a great kindness on your part to lend me that money, and she loved you for it; upon which I replied, I was sorry you was not say in your mind, and so very unhappy: upon which she, in course, like every woman, asked me why; and then I told her merely that it was a love affair, and a long story, as if I wished to go to sleep. This made her more curious; so, to oblige her, I stayed awake, and told her just what you told me, and how the winter was coming on and you not able to keep your appointment. And what d'ye think the good soul said? 'Now,' says she, 'M'Shane, if you love me, and have any gratitude to your friend for his former kindness, you will to-morrow take him money enough, and more than enough, to do as he wishes, and if he gains his wife he can repay you; if not, the money is not an object.'"

"'That's very kind of you dearest,' said I; 'but then will you consent to another thing? for this may prove a difficult affair, and he may want me with him, and would you have any objection to that, dearest?' for you see, O'Donahue, I took it into my head that I might be of the greatest use to you; and moreover, I should like the trip, just by way of a little change.

"'Couldn't he do without you?' replied she gravely.

"'I'm afraid not; and although I thought I was in barracks for life, and never to leave you again, yet still for his sake, poor fellow, who has been such a generous fellow to me—'

"'An' how long would you be away,' said she.

"'Why, it might be two months at most,' replied I; 'but who can tell it to a day?'

"'Well,' said she, 'I don't like that part of the concern at all; but still if it is necessary, as you say, things shouldn't be done by halves,' and then she sighed, poor soul.

"'Then I won't go,' says I.

"'Yes,' says she, after a pause; 'I think it's your duty, and therefore you must.'

"'I'll do just what you wish, my soul,' replied I, 'but let's talk more about it to-morrow.'

"This morning she brought up the subject, and said that she had made up her mind, and that it should be as we had said last night; and she went to the drawer and took out three hundred pounds in gold and notes, and said if it was not enough, we had only to write for more. Now, ain't she a jewel, O'Donahue? and here's the money."

"M'Shane, she's a jewel, not because she has given me the money, but because her heart's in the right place, and always will be. But I really do not like taking you away with me."

"Perhaps you don't think I'd be of any use."

"Yes, I do not doubt that you will be, although at present I do not know how."

"But I do, for I've thought upon it, and I shall take it very unkind if you don't let me go with you. I want a little diversion; for you see, O'Donahue, one must settle down to domestic happiness by degrees."

"Be it so, then; all I fear is, I shall occasion pain to your excellent wife."

"She has plenty to do, and that drives care away; besides, only consider the pleasure you'll occasion her when I come back."

"I forgot that. Now, if you please, I'll call and pay my respects, and also return my grateful thanks."

"Then come along"

Captain O'Donahue found Mrs. M'Shane very busily employed supplying her customers. She was, as M'Shane had said, a very good looking woman, although somewhat corpulent, and there was an amiability, frankness, and kindness of disposition so expressed in her countenance, that it was impossible not to feel interested with her. They dined together. O'Donahue completely established himself in her good graces, and it was agreed that on that day week they should embark for Hamburgh, and proceed on to Petersburgh, Joey to go with them as their little valet.

CHAPTER XII.

An excursion, as of yore, across the waters, for a wife.

The first step taken by O'Donahue was to obtain a passport for himself and suite; and here there was a controversy, M'Shane having made up his mind that he would sink the officer, and travel as O'Donahue's servant, in which capacity he declared he would not only be more useful, but also swell his friend's dignity. After a long combat on the part of O'Donahue, this was consented to, and the passport was filled up accordingly.

"But, by St. Patrick! I ought to get some letters of introduction," said O'Donahue; "and how is that to be managed—at all events, to the English Ambassador? Let me see—I'll go to the Horse-guards."

O'Donahue went accordingly, and, as was always the case there, was admitted immediately to an audience with the commander of the forces. O'Donahue put his case forward, stating that he was about to proceed on a secret mission to Russia, and requested his Royal Highness to give him a few letters of introduction.

His Royal Highness very properly observed that if sent on a secret mission, he would, of course, obtain all the necessary introductions from the proper quarters, and then inquired of O'Donahue what his rank was, where he had served, &c.: to the latter question O'Donahue gave a very satisfactory answer, and convinced the Duke that he was an officer of merit. Then came the question as to his secret mission, which his Royal Highness had never heard of.

"May it please your Royal Highness, there's a little mistake about this secret mission, it's not on account of government that I'm going, but on my own secret service;" and O'Donahue finding himself fairly in for it, confessed that he was after a lady of high rank, and that if he did not obtain letters of introduction, he should not probably find the means of entering the society in which she was found, and that as an officer who had served faithfully, he trusted that he should not be refused.

His Royal Highness laughed at his disclosure, and, as there was no objection to giving O'Donahue a letter or two, with his usual good nature ordered them to be written, and, having given them to him, wished him every success. O'Donahue bowed to the ground, and quitted the Horse-guards, delighted with the success of his impudent attempt.

Being thus provided, the party set off in a vessel bound to Hamburgh, where they arrived without any accident, although very sea sick; from Hamburgh, they proceeded to Lubec, and re-embarked at Travemunde in a brig, which was bound for Riga; the wind was fair, and their passage was short. On their arrival they put up at an Hotel, and finding themselves in a country where English was not understood, O'Donahue proceeded to the house of the English Consul, informing him that he was going on a secret mission to Petersburgh, and showing, as evidences of his respectability and the truth of his assertions, the letters given him by his Royal Highness. These were quite sufficient for the consul, who immediately offered his services. Not being able to procure a courier who could speak French or English at Riga, the consul took a great deal of trouble to assist them in their long journey to Petersburgh. He made out a list of the posts, the number of versts and the money that was to be paid; he changed some of O'Donahue's gold into Russian paper money, and gave all the necessary instructions. The great difficulty was to find any carriage to carry them to the capital, but at last they found an old cabriolet on four wheels, which might answer, and, bidding adieu to the consul, they obtained horses and set off.

"Now, M'Shane, you must take care of the money, and pay the driver," said O'Donahue, looking out several pieces of thick paper, some coloured red, some blue, and others of a dirty white.

"Is this money?" said M'Shane, with astonishment.

"Yes, that's roubles."

"Roubles, are they? I wonder what they'd call them in Ireland; they look like soup tickets."

"Never mind. And now M'Shane, there are two words which the consul has told me to make use of; one is *Scoro*, and when you say that, it means 'go fast,' and you hold up a small bit of money at the same time."

"*Scoro!* that's a word I sha'n't forget."

"But then there's another, which is *Scorae*."

"And what may be the English of that?"

"Why that means 'go faster;' and with that you hold up a larger piece of money."

"Why, then it's no use remembering *Scoro* at all, for *Scorae* will do much better; so we need not burthen ourselves with the first at all. Suppose we try the effect of that last word upon our bear-skin friend who is driving?"

M'Shane held up a rouble, and called out to the driver—'*Scorae!*' The fellow turned his head, smiled, and lashed his horses until they were at full speed, and then looked back at them for approval.

"By the powers that's no fool of a word! it

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will take us all the way to St. Petersburgh as fast as we wish."

"We do not sleep on the road, but travel night and day," said O'Donahue, "for there is no place worth sleeping at."

"And the 'tang, O'Donahue!"

"We must get that by signs, for we have no other means."

On that point they soon found they had no difficulty, and thus they proceeded, without speaking a word of the language, day and night, until they arrived at the capital.

At the entrance their passports were demanded, and the officer at the guard-house came out and told them that a Cossack would accompany them. A Cossack, with a spear as long as a fir-tree, and a beard nothing so long, then took them in charge, and trotted before the carriage, the driver following him at a slow pace.

"A'nt we prisoners," inquired M'Shane.

"I don't know, but it looks very like it," replied O'Donahue.

This, however, was not the case. The carriage drove to a splendid street called the Neffsky Perspective, and as soon as it stopped at the entrance of a hotel, the Cossack, after speaking to the landlord who came out, took his departure.

A journey of four hundred miles, day and night, is no joke: our travellers fell fast asleep in their spacious apartment, and it was not till the next day that they found themselves clean and comfortable, Joey, being dressed in a rich livery, as a sort of page, and M'Shane doing duty as valet when others were present, and when sitting alone with O'Donahue, taking his fair share of the bottle.

Two days after their arrival, the landlord procured for O'Donahue, a courier, who could speak both English and French, as well as Russian, and almost every other language. It was resolved by O'Donahue and M'Shane, in council, to dress him up in a splendid uniform, and a carriage having been hired for the month, O'Donahue felt that he was in a position to present his credentials to the English ambassador and the other parties for whom he had received letters of introduction.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which there is some information relative to the city of St. Petersburgh.

For 300 roubles a month, O'Donahue had procured a drosky, very handsomely fitted up; the shaft-horse was a splendid trotter, and the other, a beautiful shaped animal, capered about, curving its neck until his nose almost touched his knee, and prancing, so as to be the admiration of the passers-by. His coachman, whose name was Athenasis, had the largest beard in St. Petersburgh; Joey was the smallest tiger; Dimitri one of the tallest and handsomest yagars. Altogether, Captain O'Donahue had laid out his money well; and on a fine, sunny day, he set off to present his letters to the English ambassador and other parties. Although the letters were very short, it was quite sufficient that they were written by so distinguished and so universally beloved a person as his Royal Highness. The ambassador, Lord St. H., immediately desired O'Donahue to consider his house open to him, requesting the pleasure of his company to dinner on the following day, and offered to present him to the Emperor at the first levee. O'Donahue took his leave, delighted with his success, and then drove to the hotel of the Princess Woronzoff, Count Nesselrode, and Prince Gallitzin, where he found himself equally well received. After his visits were all paid, O'Donahue sported his handsome equipage on the English and Russian quays, and up and down the Neffsky Perspective, for an hour or two, and then returned to the hotel.

"I am very sorry," said O'Donahue, after he had narrated all that had taken place, "that I permitted you to put yourself down on the passport in the foolish manner you have. You would have enjoyed yourself as much as I probably shall, and have been in your proper position in society."

"Then I'm not sorry at all, O'Donahue, and I'll tell you why. I should have enjoyed myself, I do not doubt—but I should have enjoyed myself too much; and, after dining with ambassadors, and princes, and counts, and all that thing—should I ever have gone back comfortable and contented to Mrs. M'Shane and the cook-shop? No, I—I'm not exactly reconciled, as it is; and if I were to be drinking champagne and eating French kickshaws with the Russian nobility for three or four months, dancing perhaps with princesses, and whispering in the ears of duchesses, wouldn't my nose turn up with contempt at the beef-steak pie; and poor Mrs. M'Shane, with all her kind smiles, look twice as corpulent as ever. No, no, I'm better here, and I'm a wise man, although I say it myself."

"Well, perhaps you are, M'Shane; but still I do not like that you should be spending your money in this way without your having your share of it at least."

"My share of it—now, O'Donahue, suppose I had come over here on my own account, where should I have been? I could not have mustered up the amiable impudence you did, to persuade the commander-in-chief to give me letters to the ambassador; nor could I have got up such a turn-out, nor have fitted the turn-out so well as you do. I should have been as stupid as an owl, just doing what I have done the whole of the blessed morning for want of your company—looking after one of the floating bridges across the river, and spitting into the stream just to add my mite to the Baltic Sea."

"I'm sorry you were not better amused."

"I was amused; for I was thinking of the good-humoured face of Mrs. M'Shane, which was much better than being in high company and forgetting her entirely. Let me alone for amusing myself after my own fashion, O'Donahue, and that's all I wish. I suppose you have heard nothing in your travels about your Poolish Princess?"

"Of course not; it will require some tact to bring in her name—I must do it as if by mere accident."

"Shall I ask the courier if she is an acquaintance of his?"

"An acquaintance, M'Shane?"

"I don't mean on visiting terms; but if he knows any thing about the family, or where they live?"

"No, M'Shane, I think you had better not; we do not know much of him at present. I shall dine at the ambassador's to-morrow, and there will be a large party."

During the day, invitations for evening parties were brought in from the Prince Gallitzin and the Princess Woronzoff.

"The plot thickens fast, as the saying is," observed M'Shane; "you'll be certain to meet your fair lady at some of these places."

"That is what I trust to do," replied O'Donahue; "if not, as soon as I'm intimate, I shall make inquiries about her; but we must first see how the land lies."

O'Donahue dined at the ambassador's, and went to the other parties, but did not meet with the object of his search. Being a good musician, he was much in request in so musical a society as that of St. Petersburgh. The Emperor was still at his country palace, and O'Donahue had been more than a fortnight at the capital without there being an opportunity for the ambassador to present him at court.

Dimitri, the person whom O'Donahue engaged as courier, was a very clever, intelligent fellow; and as he found that O'Donahue had all the liberality of an Irishman, and was in every respect a most indulgent master, he soon had his interest at heart. Perhaps the most peculiar intimacy between O'Donahue and M'Shane, as a valet, assisted Dimitri in forming a good opinion of the former, as the hauteur and distance generally preserved by the English towards their domestics, are very displeasing to the continental servants, who, if permitted to be familiar, will not only serve you more faithfully, but be satisfied with more moderate wages. Dimitri spoke English and French pretty well, German and Russian of course perfectly. He was a Russian by birth, had been brought up at the Foundling Hospital at Moscow, and therefore was not a serf. He soon became intimate with M'Shane; and as soon as the latter discovered that there was no intention on the part of Dimitri to be dishonest, he was satisfied, and treated him with cordiality.

"Tell your master this," said Dimitri, "never to give his opinion on political matters before any one whole in Petersburgh, or he will be reported to the government, and will be looked upon with suspicion." All the servants and couriers here, indeed every third person you meet, is an agent of the police."

"Then it's not at all unlikely that you're one yourself," replied M'Shane.

"I am so," replied Dimitri, coolly, "and all the better for your master. I shall be ordered to make my report in a few days, and I shall not fail to do so."

"And what will they ask you?" inquired M'Shane.

"They will ask me first who and what your master is? Whether I have discovered from you, if he is of family and importance in his own country. Whether he has expressed any political opinions? and whether I have discovered the real business which brought him here?"

"And what will you reply to all this?" asked M'Shane.

"Why, I hardly know. I wish I knew what he wished me to say, for he is a gentleman whom I am very fond of, and that's the truth; perhaps you can tell me."

"Why, yes, I know a good deal about him, that's certain. As for his family, there's not a better in Ireland or England, for he's royal if he had his right."

"What!" exclaimed Dimitri.

"As sure as I'm sitting on this old arm-chair, didn't he bring letters from the brother of the present king? does that go for nothing in this country of yours, or do you value men by the length of their beards?"

"Men are valued here not by their titles, but

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by their rank as officers. A general is a greater man than a prince," replied Dimitri.

"With all my heart, for then I'm somebody," replied M'Shane.

"You?" replied the courier.

"I mean my master," returned M'Shane, correcting himself, "for he 's an officer, and a good one too."

"Yes, that may be; but you said yourself," replied the courier, laughing. "My good friend, a valet to any one in Petersburgh is no better than one of the mujiks who work in the streets. Well, I know that our master is an officer, and of high rank; as for his political opinions, I have never heard him express any, except his admiration of the city, and of course of the Emperor."

"Most decidedly; and of the Empress, also," replied M'Shane.

"That is not at all necessary," replied Dimitri, laughing. "In fact, he has no business to admire the Empress."

"But he admires the government and the laws," said M'Shane; "and you may add, my good fellow—the army and the navy—by the powers, he's all admiration, all over!—you may take my word for it."

"Well, I will do so; but then there is one other question to reply to, which is, why did he come here? what is his business?"

"To look about him, to be sure; to spend his money, like a gentleman; to give his letters of introduction, and to amuse himself," replied M'Shane. "But this is dry talking; so, Dimitri, order a bottle of Champagne, and then we 'll wet our whistles before we go on."

"Champagne! will your master stand that?" inquired Dimitri.

"Stand it, to be sure, and he'd be very angry if he thought I did not make myself comfortable. Tell them to put it down in the bill for me; if they doubt the propriety, let them ask my master."

Dimitri went and ordered the Champagne.—As soon as they had a glass, Dimitri observed, "Your master is a fine liberal fellow, and I would serve him to the last day of my life; but you see that the reasons you give for your master being here are the same as are given by every body else, whether they come as spies or secret emissaries, or to foment insurrection; that answer, therefore, is considered as no answer at all by the police, (although very often a true one,) and they will try to find out whether it is no or not."

"What other cause can a gentleman like him have for coming here? He is not going to dirty his hands with speculation, information, or any other botheration," replied M'Shane, tossing off his glass.

"I don't say so; but his having letters from the king's brother will be considered suspicious."

"The devil it will! now in our country that would only create a strong suspicion that he was a real gentleman—that's all."

"You don't understand this country," replied Dimitri.

"No, it beats my comprehension entirely, and that's a fact; so fill up your glass. I hope it's not treason; but if it is, I can't help saying it. My good friend, Dimitri——"

"Stop," said Dimitri, rising and shutting the door, "now what is it?"

"Why just this; I havn't seen one good-looking woman since I've been in this good-looking town of yours; now, that's the truth."

"There's more truth than treason in that, replied the courier; but still there are some beautiful women among the higher classes."

"It's to be hoped so, for they have left none for the lower."

"We have very beautiful women in Poland," said the courier.

"Why don't you bring a few here then?" said M'Shane.

"There are a great many Polish ladies in Petersburgh at this moment."

"Then go down and order another bottle, and we 'll drink their health."

The second bottle was finished, and M'Shane, who had been drinking before, became less cautious.

"You said," observed he, "that you have many Polish ladies in Petersburgh; did you ever hear of a Princess Czartowinsky; I think that 's the name?"

"Czartorinski, you mean," replied Dimitri, "to be sure I did; I served in the family some years ago, when the Prince was alive. But where did you see her?"

"In England, to be sure."

"Well, that's probable, for she has just returned from traveling with her uncle."

"Is she now in Petersburgh, my good fellow?"

"I believe she is—but why do you wish to know?"

"Merely asked—that's all."

"Macshanovich," for such was the familiar way in which Dimitri addressed his supposed brother servant; "I suspect this Princess Czartorinski is some way connected with your master's coming here. Tell me the truth—is such the case? I'm sure it is."

"Then you know more than I do," replied M'Shane, correcting himself, "for I'm not exactly in my master's secrets; all that I do know is, that my master met her in England, and tho' her very handsome."

"And so did he?"

"That's as may be, between ourselves; I've an idea he was a little smitten in that quarter; but that's only my own opinion, nothing more."

"Has he ever spoken about her since you were here?" said Dimitri.

"Just once, as I handed his waistcoat to him; he said—'I wonder if all the ladies are as handsome as that Polish Princess we met in Cumberland?'"

"If I thought he wished it, or cared for her, I would make inquiry, and soon find out all about her; but otherwise, it's of no use taking the trouble," replied the courier.

"Well, then, will you give me your hand, and promise to serve faithfully, if I tell you all I know about the matter?"

"By the blessed St. Nicholas, I do!" replied Dimitri; "you may trust me."

"Well, then, it's my opinion that my master's over head and ears in love with her, and has come here for no other purpose."

"Well, I'm glad you told me that; it will satisfy the police."

"The police; why murder and Irish! you're not going to inform the police, you villain."

"Not with whom he is in love, most certainly, but that he has come here on that account; it will satisfy them, for they have no fear of a man that's in love, and he will not be watched. Depend upon it, I cannot do a better thing to serve our master."

"Well, then, perhaps you are right. I don't like this Champagne—get a bottle of Burgundy, Dimitri. Don't look so hard—it's all right,—The captain dines out every day, and has ordered me to drink for the honour of the house."

"He is a capital master," replied Dimitri, who had begun to feel the effects of the former bottles.

As soon as the third bottle was tapped, M'Shane continued—

"Now, Dimitri, I've given my opinion, and I can tell you, if my master has, as I suspect, come here about this young lady, and succeeds in obtaining her, it will be a blessed thing for you and I; for he's as generous as the day, and has plenty of money. Do you know who she is?"

"To be sure I do; she is an only daughter of the late Prince Czartorinski, and now a sort of ward under the protection of the Emperor. She inherits all the estates, except one which was left to found an hospital at Warsaw, and is a rich heiress. It is supposed the Emperor will bestow her hand upon one of his generals. She is at the palace, and a maid of honour to the Empress."

"Whew!" whistled M'Shane, "won't there be a difficulty?"

"I should think so," replied the courier, gravely.

"He must run away with her," said M'Shane, after a pause. "How will he get to see her?"

"He will not see her, so as to speak with her in the palace, that is not the custom here, but he might meet her elsewhere."

"To be sure, at a party or a ball," said M'Shane.

"No, that would not do, ladies and gentlemen keep very much apart here in general company. He might say a word or two when dancing, but that is all."

"But how is he to meet her in this cursed place of yours, if men and women keep at arm's length?"

"That must depend upon her. Tell me, does she love him?"

"Well, now, that's a home question; she never told him she did, and she never told me, that's certain; but still I've an idea that she does."

"Then all I can say, Macshanovich, is, that your master had better be very careful what he is about. Of course he knows not that you have told me anything; but as soon as he thinks proper to trust me, I will then do my utmost in his service."

"You speak like a very rational, sensible, intelligent courier," replied M'Shane, "and so now let us finish the bottle. "Here's good luck to Captain O'Donahue, alive or dead: and now—please the flies—I'll be asleep in less than ten minutes."

CHAPTER XIV.

Going to court, and courting.

When M'Shane awoke the next morning he tried to recall what had passed between him and Dimitri, and did not feel quite convinced that he had not trusted him too much. "I think," said he, "it was all upon as *if*. Yes, sure; *if* O'Donahue was in love, and *if* she was. Yes, I'm sure that it was all upon *ifs*. However, I must go and tell O'Donahue what has taken place."

M'Shane did so; and O'Donahue, after a little

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thought, replied, "Well, I don't know; perhaps it's all for the best; for you see I must have trusted somebody, and the difficulty would have been to know whom to trust, for everybody belongs to the police here, I believe; I think, myself, the fellow is honest; at all events, I can make it worth his while to be so."

"He would not have told me he belonged to the police if he wished to trap us," replied M'Shane.

"That's very true, and on the whole I think we could not do better. But we are going on too fast; who knows whether she meant anything by what she said to me when we parted; or, if she did then, whether she may not have altered her mind since?"

"Such things have been—that's a fact, O'Donahue."

"And will be, as long as the world lasts. However, to-morrow I am to be presented—perhaps I may see her. I'm glad that I know that I may chance to meet her, as I shall now be on my guard."

"And what shall I say to Dimitri?"

"Say that you mentioned her name, and where she was, and that I had only replied,—that I should like to see her again."

"Exactly, that will leave it an open question, as the saying is," replied M'Shane.

The next day O'Donahue, in his uniform, drove to the ambassador's hotel, to accompany him to the Annishkoff Palace, where he was to be presented to the Emperor. O'Donahue was most graciously received,—the Emperor walking up to him, as he stood in the circle, and enquiring after the health of his royal highness the commander-in-chief, what service he had been employed upon, &c. He then told O'Donahue that the Empress would be most glad to make his acquaintance, and hoped that he would make a long stay at St. Petersburgh.

It was with a quickened pulse that O'Donahue followed the ambassador into the Empress's apartments. He had not waited there more than five minutes in conversation with the ambassador, when the doors opened, and the Empress, attended by her chamberlain, and followed by her ladies in waiting and maids of honour, entered the room. O'Donahue had made up his mind not to take his eyes off the Empress until the presentation was over. As soon as he had kissed hands, and answered the few questions which were graciously put to him, he retired to make room for others, and then, for the first time, did he venture to cast his eyes upon the group of ladies behind. The first that met his view were unknown, but, behind all the rest, he at length perceived the Princess Czartoriski, talking and laughing with another lady. After a short time she turned round, and their eyes met. The princess recognised him with a start, and then turned away and put her hand up to her breast, as if the shock had taken away her breath. Once more she turned her face to O'Donahue, and this time he was fully satisfied by her looks that he was welcome. Ten minutes after, the ambassador summoned O'Donahue, and they quitted the palace.

"I have see her, M'Shane," said O'Donahue; "she is more beautiful, and I am more in love than ever. And now what am I to do?"

"That's just the difficulty," replied M'Shane. "Shall I talk with Dimitri, or shall I hold my tongue, or shall I think about it, while you go to dinner at the ambassador's?"

"I cannot dine out to-day, M'Shane. I will write an excuse."

"Well, now, I do believe you are in for it in good earnest. My love never spoiled my appetite; on the contrary, it was my appetite that made me fall in love."

"I wish she had not been a princess," said O'Donahue, throwing himself on the sofa.

"That's nothing at all here," replied M'Shane. "A *princess* is to be had. Now, if she had been a *general* it would have been all up with you. Military rank is everything here, as Dimitri says!"

"She's an angel," replied O'Donahue, with a sigh.

"That's rank in heaven, but goes for nothing in Petersburgh," replied M'Shane. "Dimitri tells me they've civil generals here, which I conceive are improvements on our staff, for devil a civil general I have had the pleasure of serving under."

"What shall I do?" said O'Donahue, getting up, and preparing to write his note to the ambassador.

"Eat your dinner, drink a bottle of champagne, and then I'll come and talk it over with you; that's all you can do at present. Give me the note and I'll send Dimitri off with it at once, and order up your dinner."

M'Shane's advice not being very bad, it was followed. O'Donahue had finished his dinner, and was sitting by the fire with M'Shane, when there was a knock at the door. M'Shane was summoned, and soon returned, saying, "there's a little fellow that wants to speak with you, and won't give his message. He's a queer little body, and not so bad-looking either, with a bolster on the top of his head, and himself not higher than a pillow; a pigeon could sit upon his shoulder, and peck up peas out of his shoes; he struts like a grenadier, and, by the powers! a grenadier's cap would serve as an extinguisher for him. Shall I show him in?"

"Certainly," replied O'Donahue.

The reader may not be aware that there is no part of the globe where there are so many dwarfs as at St. Petersburgh; there is scarcely a hotel belonging to a noble family without one or two, if not more; they are very kindly treated, and are both in appearance and temper, very superior to the dwarfs occasionally met with elsewhere. One of the diminutive race now entered the room, dressed in a Turkish costume; he was remarkably well made and handsome in person; he spoke sufficient French to enquire if he addressed himself to Captain O'Donahue; and on being replied to in the affirmative, he gave him a small billet, and then seated himself on the sofa with all the freedom of a petted menial. O'Donahue tore open the note; it was very short:

"As I know you cannot communicate with me, I write to say that I was delighted at your having kept your promise. You shall hear from me again as soon as I know where I can meet you; in the mean time be cautious. The bearer is to be trusted; he belongs to me.

"C."

O'Donahue passed the paper to his lips, and then sat down to reply. We shall not trouble the reader with what he said; it is quite sufficient that the lady was content with the communication and also at the report from her little messenger of the captain's behaviour when he had read her billet.

Two or three days afterwards, O'Donahue received a note from a German widow lady, a Countess Erhausen, particularly requesting he would call upon her in the afternoon, at three o'clock. As O'Donahue had not as yet had the pleasure of being introduced to the countess, although he had often heard her spoken of in the first society, he did not fail in his appointment, as he considered that it was possible that the Princess Czartoriski might be connected with it; nor was he deceived; for, as he entered the saloon, he found the princess sitting on the sofa with Madame Erhausen, a young and pretty woman, not more than twenty-five years of age. The princess rose, greeting Captain O'Donahue, and then introduced the countess as her first cousin. A few minutes after this introduction, the countess retired, leaving them alone. O'Donahue did not lose this opportunity of pouring out the real feelings of his heart.

"You have come a long way to see me, Captain O'Donahue, and I ought to be grateful," replied the princess; "indeed, I have much pleasure in renewing our acquaintance."

O'Donahue, however, did not appear satisfied with this mere admission; he became eloquent in his own cause, pointed out the cruelty of having brought him over to see her again if he was not to be rewarded, and, after about an hour's pleading, he was sitting on the sofa by her side, with her fair hand in his, and his arm round her slender waist. They parted; but through the instrumentality of the little dwarf they often met again at the same rendezvous. Occasionally they met in society, but before others they were obliged to appear constrained and formal; there was little pleasure in such meetings, and when O'Donahue could not see the princess, his chief pleasure was to call upon Madame Erhausen and talk about her.

"You are aware, Captain O'Donahue," said the countess, one day, "that there will be a great difficulty to overcome in this affair. The princess is a sort of ward of the emperor's, and it is said that he has already, in his own mind, disposed of her hand."

"I am aware of that," replied O'Donahue; "and I know no other means then running away with her."

"That would never do," replied the countess; "you could not leave Petersburgh without passports; nor could she leave the palace for more than an hour or two without being missed. You would soon be discovered, and then you would lose her forever."

"Then what can I do, my dear madame? shall I throw myself upon the indulgence of the Emperor?"

"No, that would not answer either; she is too rich a prize to be permitted to go into foreign hands. I'll tell you what you must first do."

"I'm all attention."

"You must make love to me," replied the countess. "Nay, understand me; I mean that you must *appear* to make love to me, and the report of our marriage must be spread. The Emperor will not interfere in such a case; you must do so to avoid suspicion. You have been here very often, and your equipage has been constantly seen at the door. If it is supposed you do not come on my account, it will be enquired why you do come; and there is no keeping a secret at Petersburgh. After it is supposed that it is a sealed affair between us, we then may consider what next ought to be done. My regard for my cousin alone induces me to consent to this; indeed, it is the only way she could avoid future misery."

"But is the Emperor so despotic on these points?"

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"An Emperor is not to be trifled with; a ward of the Emperor is considered sacred—at least, so far, that if a Russian were to wed one without permission, he probably would be sent to Siberia. With an Englishman it is different, perhaps;—and, once married, you would be safe, as you would claim the protection of your ambassador. The great point is, to let it be supposed that you are about to marry some one else, and then, suspicion not being awakened, you may gain your wish."

"But tell me, madam—that I may be safe from the Emperor's displeasure is true—but would the princess, after he discovered it?—Could he not take her away from me, and send her to Siberia for disobedience?"

"I hope, by the means I propose, to get you both clear of the Emperor—at least, till his displeasure is softened down. Me he cannot hurt; he can only order me out of his dominions. As for the princess, I should think, that if once married to you, she would be safe, for you could claim the protection of the ambassador for her, as your wife, as well as yourself. Do you comprehend me now?"

"I do, madame; and may blessings follow you for your kindness. I shall in future act but by your directions."

"That is exactly what I wished you to say; and so now, Captain O'Donahue, farewell."

CHAPTER XV.

A runaway and a hard pursuit.

"Well, now," said M'Shane, after he had been informed by O'Donahue of what had passed between him and the countess, "this is all very pretty, and looks very well; but tell me, are we to trust that fellow Dimitri? Can we do without him? I should say not when we come to the finale; and is it not dangerous to keep him out of our confidence, being such a sharp, keen-witted fellow? Nay more, as he has stated his wish to serve you in any way, it is only treating him fairly. He knows the little dwarf who has been here so often; indeed, they were fellow-servants in the Czartorinski family, for he told me so. I would trust him."

"I think so too, but we must not tell him all."

"No, that we certainly need not, for he will find it out without telling."

"Well, M'Shane, do as you please; but on second thoughts, I will speak to the countess to-morrow."

O'Donahue did so, the countess called on the princess at the palace, and the next morning O'Donahue received a note, stating that Dimitri was to be trusted. O'Donahue then sent for the courier, and told him that he was about to put confidence in him on a promise of his fidelity.

"I understand you, sir, and all you intend to do; there is no occasion to say anything more to me, until you want my assistance: I will not, in the mean time, neglect your interest, for I hope to remain with you, and that is the only reward I ask for any services I may perform. I have only one remark to make now, which is, that it will be necessary, a few days before you leave Petersburgh, to let me know, that I may advertise it."

"Advertise it?"

"Yes, sir, advertise your departure, that you may not run away in debt. Such is the custom; and without three notices being put in the Gazette, the police will not give you your passport."

"I am glad that you mentioned it. Of course you are aware that I am paying attention to the Countess Erhausen, and shall leave Petersburgh with her, I trust, as my wife."

"I understand, sir, and shall take care that your intimacy there shall be known to every body."

So saying, Dimitri left the room.

The winter now set in with unusual severity. The river was one mass of ice, the floating bridges had been removed, the Montagnes Russes became the amusement of the day, and the sledges were galloping about in every direction. For more than a month, O'Donahue continued his pretended addresses to the fair cousin of the princess, and during that time he did not once see the real object of his attachment; indeed, the dwarf never made his appearance, and all communication, except an occasional note from her to the countess, was, from prudence, given up. The widow was rich, and had often been pressed to renew her bonds, but had preferred her liberty. O'Donahue, therefore, was looked upon as a fortunate man, and congratulated upon his success. Nor did the widow deny the projected union, except in a manner as to induce people to believe in the certainty of its being arranged. O'Donahue's equipage was always at her door, and it was expected that the marriage would immediately take place, when O'Donahue attended a levee given by the Emperor on the Feast of St. Nicholas. The Emperor, who had been very civil to O'Donahue, as he walked past him, said,

"Well, Captain O'Donahue, so I understand that you intend to run away with one of our fairest and prettiest ladies—one of the greatest ornaments of my court."

"I trust that I have your majesty's permission so to do," replied O'Donahue, bowing low.

"O, certainly, you have; and, moreover, our best wishes for your happiness."

"I humbly thank your majesty," replied O'Donahue; "still I trust your majesty does not think that I wish to transplant her to my own country altogether; and that I shall be permitted to reside, for the most part, in your majesty's dominions."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure, and it will be a satisfaction to feel that I shall gain, instead of lose, by the intended marriage."

"By the powers! but I will remind him of this some day or another," thought O'Donahue. "Has'nt I his permission to the marriage, and to remain in the country!"

Every thing was now ripe for the execution of the plot. The countess gave out that she was going to her country seat, about ten miles from St. Petersburgh; and it was naturally supposed that she was desirous that the marriage should be private, and that she intended to retire there to have the ceremony performed—and O'Donahue advertised his departure in the Gazette.

The Princess Czartorinski produced a letter from the countess, requesting her, as a favour, to obtain leave from the empress to pass two or three days with her in the country, and the empress, as the countess was first cousin to the princess, did not withhold her consent; on the contrary, when the princess left the palace, she put a case of jewels in her hand, saying, "these are for the bride, with the good wishes and protection of the empress, as long as she remains in the country." One hour afterwards, O'Donahue was rewarded for all his long forbearance, by clasping his fair one in his arms. A priest had been provided, and was sent forward to the country chateau, and at ten in the morning all the parties were ready.

The princess and her cousin set off in the carriage, followed by O'Donahue, with M'Shane and his suite. Everything was *en regle*; the passports had been made out for Germany, to which country it was reported the countess would proceed a few days after the marriage, and the princess was to return to the palace. As soon as they arrived at the chateau, the ceremony was performed, and O'Donahue obtained his prize; and to guard against any mishap, it was decided that they should leave the next morning, on their way to the frontier. Dimitri had been of the greatest use, had prepared against every difficulty, and had fully proved his fidelity. The parting between the countess and her cousin was tender. "How much do I owe you, dear friend!" said the princess. "What risk do you incur for me? How will you brave the anger of the emperor?"

"I care but little for his anger; I am a woman, and not a subject of his; but before you go, you must both write a letter—your husband to the emperor, acquainting him of his having given his consent to the marriage, and his wish that he should remain in his dominions, and let him add his sincere wish, if permitted, to be employed in his majesty's service. You, my dear cousin, must write to the empress, reminding her of her promise of protection, and soliciting her good offices with the emperor. I shall play my own game; but depend upon it, it will all end in a laugh."

O'Donahue and his wife both wrote their letters, and O'Donahue also wrote one to the English ambassador, informing him of what had taken place, and requesting his kind offices. As soon as they were finished, the countess bade them farewell, saying: "I shall not send these letters until you are well out of reach, depend upon it;" and with many thanks for her kindness, O'Donahue and his bride bade her adieu, and set off on their long journey.

The carriage procured for their journey, was what is called a German *batarda*, which is very similar to an English chariot with coach-box, fixed upon a sleigh. Inside were O'Donahue and his young bride, M'Shane preferring to ride outside on the box with Joey, that he might not be in the way, as a third person invariably is, with a newly married couple. The snow was many feet deep on the ground; but the air was dry, and the sun shone bright. The bride was handed in, enveloped in a rich mantle of sable; O'Donahue followed, equally protected against the cold; while M'Shane and Joey fixed themselves on the box, so covered up in robes of wolf skins, and wrappers of bear skins for their feet, that you could see but the tips of their noses. On the front of the sleigh, below the box of the carriage, were seated the postillion, over all the courier; four fiery young horses were pawing with impatience; the signal was given, and off they went at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

"Where's the guns, Joey, and the pistols, and the ammunition?" enquired M'Shane; "we're going through a wild sort of country, I expect."

"I have put them in my self, and I can lay my hands on them immediately, sir," replied Joey; "the guns are behind us, and your pistols and the ammunition are at my feet; the captain's are in the carriage."

"That's all right, then; I like to know where to lay my hands upon my tools. Just have the

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goodness to look at my nose now and then, Joey, and if you see a white spot on the tip of it, you'll be pleased to tell me, and I'll do the same for you. Mrs. M'Shane would be any thing but pleased if I came home with only half a handle to my face."

The journey was continued at the same rapid pace until the close of the day, when they arrived at the posthouse; there they stopped, M'Shane and Joey, with the assistance of the courier, preparing their supper from the stores which they brought with them. After supper they retired, O'Donahue and his wife sleeping in the carriage, which was arranged so as to form a bed if required; while M'Shane and Joey made it out how they could upon the cloaks, and what little straw they could procure, on the floor of the posthouse, where, as M'Shane said the next morning, they "had more bedfellows than were agreeable, although he contrived to get a few hours' sleep in spite of the jumping vagabonds." When they rose the next morning, they found that the snow had just begun to fall fast. As soon as they had breakfasted, they set out, nevertheless, and proceeded at the same pace. M'Shane telling Joey, who was, as well as himself, almost embedded in it before the day was half over, that it was "better than rain, at all events;" to be sure that was cold comfort, but any comfort is better than none. O'Donahue's request for M'Shane to come inside was disregarded; he was as tough as little Joey, at all events, and it would be a pity to interrupt the conversation. They had changed their horses at a small village, about four o'clock, and were about three miles on their last stage, for that day's journey, when they passed through a pine forest.

"There's a nice place for ambuscade, Joey, if there were any robbers about here," observed M'Shane. "Murder and Irish!" what's those chaps running among the trees so fast, and keeping pace with us? I say, courier," continued M'Shane, pointing to them, "what are those?"

The courier looked in the direction pointed out, and as soon as he had done so, spoke to the driver, who, casting his eyes hastily in the direction, applied the lash to his horses, and set off with double speed.

"Wolves, sir," replied the courier, who then pulled out his pistols and commenced loading them.

"Wolves!" said M'Shane, and hungry enough, I'll warrant; but they don't hope to make a meal on us, do they? At all events we'll give them a little fight for it. Come, Joey, I see the courier don't like it, so we must shake off the snow and get our ammunition ready."

This was soon done; the guns were unstrapped from the back of the coach-box, the pistols got from beneath their feet, and all were soon ready, loaded and primed.

"It's lucky there's such a mist on the windows of the carriage, that the lady can't see what we are about, or she'd be frightened, perhaps," said Joey.

The rapid pace at which the driver had put his horses had for a time put the wolves in the rear; but now they were seen following the carriage at about a quarter of a mile distant, having quitted the forest and taken to the road.

"Here they come, the devils! one, two, three, —there are seven of them. I suppose this is what they call a convoy in these parts. Were you ever wolf-hunting before, Joey?"

"I don't call this wolf-hunting," replied Joey; "I think the wolves are hunting us."

"It's all the same, my little poacher—it's a hunt, at all events. They are gaining on us fast; we shall soon come to an explanation."

The courier now climbed up to the coach-box to reconnoitre, and he shook his head, telling them in very plain English that he did not like it; that he had heard that the wolves were out, in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, and he feared that these seven were only the advance of a whole pack; that they had many versts to go, for the stage was a long one, and it would be dark before they got to the end of it.

"Have you ever been chased by them before?" said Joey.

"Yes," replied the courier, "more than once; it's the horses that they are so anxious to get hold of. Three of our horses are very good, but the fourth is not very well, the driver says, and he is fearful that he will not hold out; however, we must keep them off as long as we can; we must not shoot at them till the last moment."

"Why not?" enquired M'Shane.

"Because the whole pack would scent the blood at miles, and redouble their efforts to come up with us. There is an empty bottle by you, sir; throw it on the road behind the carriage; that will stop them for a time."

"An empty bottle stop them! well, that's queer; it may stop a man drinking, because he can get no more out of it. However, as you please, gentlemen; here's to drink my health, bad manners to you," said M'Shane, throwing the bottle over the carriage.

The courier was right; at the sight of the bottle in the road, the wolves, who are of a most suspicious nature, and think that there is a trap laid for them in everything, stopped short and gathered round it cautiously; the carriage proceeded, and in a few minutes the animals were out of sight.

"Well, that bothers me entirely," said M'Shane; "an empty bottle to them is as good as a charged gun."

"But look, sir, they are coming on again," replied Joey; "and faster than ever. I suppose they were satisfied that there was nothing in it."

The courier mounted again to the box where Joey and M'Shane were standing.

"I think you had a ball of twine," said he to Joey, "when you were tying down the baskets, where is it?"

"It is here under the cushion," replied Joey, searching for and producing it.

"What shall we find to tie to it?" said the courier; "something not too heavy—a bottle won't do."

"What's it for?" enquired M'Shane.

"To trail, sir," replied the courier.

"To trail! I think they're fast enough upon our trail already; but if you want to help them, a red herring's the thing."

"No, sir; a piece of red cloth would do better," replied the courier.

"Red cloth! One would think you were fishing for mackerel," said M'Shane.

"Will this piece of black cloth do, which was round the lock of the gun?" said Joey.

"Yes, I think it will," replied the courier.

The courier made fast the cloth to the end of the twine, and throwing it clear of the carriage, let the ball run out, until he had little more than the bare end in his hand, and the cloth was about forty yards behind the carriage, dragging over the snow.

"They will not pass the cloth, sir," said the courier; "they think that it's a trap."

Sure enough, the wolves, which had been gaining fast on the carriage, now retreated again; and although they continued the pursuit, it was at a great distance.

"We have an hour and a half more to go before we arrive, and it will be dark, I'm afraid," said the courier; "all depends upon the horse holding out; I'm sure the pack is not very far behind."

"And how many are there in a pack?" enquired M'Shane.

"The courier shrugged up his shoulders. "Perhaps two or three hundred."

"Oh! the devil! don't I wish I was at home with Mrs. M'Shane!"

For half an hour they continued their rapid pace, when the horse referred to showed symptoms of weakness: still the wolves had not advanced beyond the piece of black cloth which trailed behind the carriage.

"I think that, considering they are so hungry, they are amazing shy of the bait," said M'Shane. "By all the powers, they've stopped again!"

"The string has broke, sir, and they are examining the cloth," cried Joey.

"Is there much line left?" enquired the courier, with some alarm.

"No, it has broken off by rubbing against the edge of the carriage behind."

The courier spoke to the driver, who now rose from his seat and lashed his horses furiously; but although three of the horses were still fresh, the fourth could not keep up with them, and there was every prospect of his being dragged down on his knees, as more than once he stumbled and nearly fell. In the mean time, the wolves had left the piece of cloth behind them, and were coming up fast with the carriage.

"We must fire on them now, sir," said the courier, going back to his seat, "or they will tear the flanks of the horses."

M'Shane and Joey seized their guns, the leadmost wolf was now nearly ahead of the carriage; Joey fired, and the animal rolled over in the snow.

"That's a good shot, Joey; load again; here's another."

M'Shane fired and missed the animal, which rushed forward; the courier's pistol, however, brought it down, just as he was springing on the hindmost horses.

O'Donahue, astonished at the firing, now lowered down the glass, and enquired the reason. M'Shane replied that the wolves were on them, and that he had better load his pistols, in case they were required.

The wolves hung back a little on the second one falling, but still continued the chase, although at a more respectable distance. The road was now on a descent, but the sick horse could hardly hold on his legs.

"A little half hour more and we shall be in town," said the courier, climbing up the coach-seat, and looking up the road they had passed; but St. Nicholas preserve us!" he exclaimed; and he turned round and spoke in hurried accents to the driver in the Russian language.

Again the driver lashed furiously, but in vain; the poor horse was dead beat.

"What is the matter now?" enquired M'Shane.

"Do you see that black mass coming down the hill? it's the main pack of wolves; I fear we are all lost; the horse cannot go on."

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"Then why not cut his traces, and go on with the three others?" cried Joey.

"The boy is right," replied the man, and there is no time to lose.

The courier went down on the sleigh, spoke to the driver in Russian, and the horses were pulled up. The courier jumped out with his knife, and commenced cutting the traces of the tired horse, while the other three, who knew that the wolves were upon them, plunged furiously in their harness, that they might proceed. It was a trying moment. The five wolves now came up; the first two were brought down by the guns of M'Shane and Joey, and O'Donahue killed a third from the carriage windows.

One of the others advanced furiously, and sprung upon the horse which the courier was cutting free. Joey leapt down, and put his pistol to the animal's head, and blew out his brains, while M'Shane who had followed our hero, with the other pistol, disabled the only wolf that remained.

But this danger which they had escaped from was nothing, compared to that which threatened them; the whole pack now came sweeping like a torrent down the hill, with a simultaneous yell which might well strike terror into the bravest. The horse, which had fallen down when the wolf seized him, was still not clear of the sleigh, and the other three were quite unmanageable. M'Shane, Joey, and the courier, at last drew him clear from the track; they jumped into their places, and away they started again like the wind, for the horses were maddened with fear. The whole pack of wolves were not one hundred yards from them when they recommenced their speed, and when M'Shane considered that there was no hope. But the horse that was left on the road proved their salvation; the starved animals darted upon it, piling themselves one on the other, snarling and tearing each other in their conflict for the feast. It was soon over; in the course of three minutes the carcass had disappeared, and the major portion of the pack renewed their pursuit; but the carriage had proceeded too far ahead of them, and their speed being now uninterrupted, they gained the next village, and O'Donahue had the satisfaction of leading his terrified bride into the chamber at the post-house, where she fainted as soon as she was placed in a chair.

"I'll tell you what, Joey, I've had enough of wolves for all my life," said M'Shane; "and Joey, my boy, you're a good shot in the first place, and a brave little fellow in the next; here's a handful of roubles, as they call them, for you to buy lollipops with, but I don't think you'll find a shop that sells them hereabouts. Never mind, keep your sweet tooth till you get to old England again; and after I tell Mrs. M'Shane what you have done for us this day, she will allow you to walk into a leg of beef, or round a leg of mutton, or dive into a beefsteak pie, as long as you live, whether it be one hundred years, more or less. I've said it, and don't you forget it; and now, as the wolves have not made their supper upon us, let us go and see what we can sup upon ourselves."

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to England.

The remainder of the journey was completed without any further adventure, and they at last found themselves out of the Russian dominions, when they were met by the uncle of the princess, who, as a Pole, was not sorry that his niece had escaped being married to a Russian. He warmly greeted O'Donahue, as his connection, and immediately exerted all the interest which he had at court to pacify the Emperor. When the affair first became known, which it soon did, by the princess not returning to court, his majesty was any thing but pleased at being outwitted; but the persuasions of the Empress, the pleading of the English Ambassador, who exerted himself strenuously for O'Donahue, with the efforts made in other quarters, and, more than all, the letter of O'Donahue, proving that the Emperor had given his consent (unwittingly, it is true,) coupled with his wish of entering into his service, at last produced the desired effect, and after two months a notice of their pardon and permission to return was at last despatched by the Empress. O'Donahue considered that it was best to take immediate advantage of this turn in his favour, and to retrace his way to the capital. M'Shane, who had been quite long enough in the situation of a domestic, now announced his intention to return home; and O'Donahue, aware that he was separating him from his wife, did not, of course, throw any obstacle in the way of his departure. Our little hero, who has lately become such a cipher in our narrative, was now the subject of consideration. O'Donahue wished him to remain with him, but M'Shane opposed it.

"I tell you, O'Donahue, that it's no kindness to keep him here; the boy is too good to be a page at a lady's shoestring, or even a servant to so great a man as you are yourself now; besides, how will he like being buried here in a foreign country, and never go back to old England?"

"But what will he do better in England, M'Shane?"

"Depend upon it, major," said the Princess, for she was now aware of M'Shane's rank, "I will treat him like a son."

"Still he will be a servant, my lady, and that's not the position—although, begging your pardon, an emperor might be proud to be your servant, yet that's not the position for little Joey."

"Prove that you will do better for him, M'Shane, and he is yours; but, without you do, I am too partial to him to like to part with him. His conduct on the journey——"

"Yes, exactly; his conduct on the journey, when the wolves would have shared us out between them, is one great reason for my objection. He is too good for a menial, and that's a fact. You ask me what I intend to do with him; it is not so easy to answer that question, because you see, my lady, there's a certain Mrs. M'Shane in the way, who must be consulted; but I think that when I tell her, what I consider to be as near the truth as most things which are said in this world, that if it had not been for the courage and activity of little Joey, a certain, Major M'Shane would have been by this time eaten and digested by a pack of wolves, why, I think, as Mrs. M'Shane and I have no child, nor prospect of any, as I know of, that she may be well inclined to come into my way of thinking, and of adopting him as her son; but, of course, this cannot be said without my consulting with Mrs. M'Shane, seeing as how the money is her own, and she has a right to do as she pleases with it."

"That, indeed, alters the case," replied O'Donahue, "and I must not stand in the way of the boy's interest; still I should like to so something for him."

"You have done something for him, O'Donahue; you have prevented his starving; and if he has been of any use to you, it is but your reward—so you and he are quits. Well, then, it is agreed that I take him with me."

"Yes," replied O'Donahue, "I cannot refuse my consent after what you have said."

Two days after this conversation the parties separated. O'Donahue, with his wife, accompanied by Dimitri, set off on their return to St. Petersburgh; while M'Shane, who had provided himself with a proper passport, got into the diligence, accompanied by little Joey, on his way back to England.

CHAPTER XVII.

The day after the murder.

We must now return to the village of Grasford, and the cottage in which we left Rushbrook and his wife, who had been raised up from the floor by her husband, and having now recovered from her swoon, was crying bitterly for the loss of her son, and the dread of her husband's crime being discovered. For some time Rushbrook remained in silence, looking at the embers in the grate; Mum sometimes would look piteously in his master's face, at other times he would slowly approach the weeping woman. The intelligence of the animal told him that something was wrong. Finding himself unnoticed, he would then go to the door by which Joey had quitted, snuff at the crevice, and return to his master's side.

"I'm glad that he's off," at last muttered Rushbrook; "he's a fine boy that."

"Yes, he is," replied Jane; "but when shall I behold him again?"

"By and bye, never fear, wife. We must not stay in this place, provided this affair blows over."

"If it does, indeed!"

"Come, come, Jane, we have every reason to hope it will; now let's go to bed; it would not do, if any one should happen to be near the spot, and be found out what has taken place, for us to be discovered not to have been in bed all night, or even for a light to be seen at the cottage by any early riser. Come, Jane, let's to bed."

Rushbrook and his wife retired, the light was extinguished, and all was quiet, except—sentence, which still tormented and kept Rushbrook turning to the right and left continually. Jane slept not; she listened to the wind; the slightest noise—the crowing of a cock—startled her, and soon footsteps were heard of those passing the windows. They could remain in bed no longer. Jane arose, dressed, and lighted the fire; Rushbrook remained sitting on the side of the bed, in deep thought.

"I've been thinking, Jane," said he at last, "it would be better to make away with Mum."

"With the dog? Why, it can't speak, poor thing. No, no—don't kill the dog."

"He can't speak, but the dog has sense; he may lead them to the spot."

"And if he were to do so, what then? it would prove nothing."

"No; only it would go harder against Joey."

"Against the boy! yes, it might convince them that Joey did the deed; but still, the very killing of the animal would look suspicious; tie him up, Rushbrook; that will do as well."

"Perhaps better," replied he; "tie him up in the back kitchen; there's a good woman."

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Jane did so, and then commenced preparing the breakfast; they had taken their seats, when the latch of the door was lifted up, and Furness, the schoolmaster, looked in. This he was often in the habit of doing, to call Joey out to accompany him to school.

"Good morning," said he; "now where's my friend Joey?"

"Come in, come in, neighbour, and shut the door," said Rushbrook; "I wish to speak to you. Maybap you'll take a cup of tea; if so, my missus will give you a good one."

"Well, as Mrs. Rushbrook does make every thing so good, I don't care if I do, although I have had breakfast; but where's my friend Joey? the lazy little dog; is he not up yet? Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what's the matter, you look distressed?"

"I am indeed," replied Jane, putting her apron to her eyes.

"Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what is it?" inquired the pedagogue.

"Just this; we are in great trouble about Joey. When we got up this morning we found that he was not in bed, and he has never been home since."

"Well that is queer; why, where can the young scamp be gone to?"

"We don't know; but we find that he took my gun with him; and I'm afraid—" and here Rushbrook paused, shaking his head.

"Afraid of what?"

"That he has gone poaching, and has been taken by the keepers."

"But did he ever do so before?"

"Not by night, if he did by day. I can't tell; he always has had a hankering that way."

"Well, they do whisper the same of you, neighbour. Why do you keep a gun?"

"I've carried a gun all my life," replied Rushbrook, "and I don't choose to be without one; but that's not to the purpose; the question is, what would you advise us to do?"

"Why, you see, friend Rushbrook," replied the schoolmaster, "advice in this question becomes rather difficult. If Joey has been poaching as you imagine, and has been taken up as you suspect, why, then, you will soon hear of it; you, of course, have had no hand in it."

"Hand in it!—hand in what?" replied Rushbrook. "Do you think we would trust a child like him with a gun?"

"I should think not; and therefore it is evident that he has acted without the concurrence of his parents. That will acquit you; but still it will not help Joey; neither do I think you will be able to recover the gun, which I anticipate will become a deodand to the lord of the manor."

"But the child—what will become of him?" exclaimed Jane.

"What will become of him?—why, as he is of tender years, they will not transport him—at least I should think not; they may imprison him for a few months, and order him to be privately whipped. I do not see what you can do, but remain quiet. I should recommend you not to say one syllable about it until you hear more."

"But suppose we do not hear?"

"That is to suppose that he did not go out with the gun to poach, but upon some other expedition."

"What else could the boy have gone out for?" said Rushbrook, hastily.

"Very true; it is not very likely that he went out to commit murder," replied the pedagogue.

At the word "murder" Rushbrook started from his chair; but, recollecting himself, he sat down again.

"No, no, Joey commit murder!" cried he. "Ha, ha, ha,—no, no, Joey is no murderer."

"I should suspect not. Well, master Rushbrook, I will dismiss my scholars this morning, and make every inquiry for you. Byres will be able to ascertain very soon, for he knows the new keeper of the manor-house."

"Byres help you, did you say? No, no, Byres never will," replied Rushbrook, solemnly.

"And why not, my friend?"

"Why," replied Rushbrook, recollecting himself, "he has not been over cordial with me lately."

"Nevertheless, depend upon it, he will if he can," replied Furness; "if not for you, he will for me. Good morning, Mrs. Rushbrook, I will hasten away now; but will you not go with me?" continued Furness, appealing to Rushbrook.

"I will go another way; it's no use both going the same road."

"Very true," replied the pedagogue, who had his reasons for not wishing the company of Rushbrook, and Furness then left the house

Mr. Furness found all his boys assembled in the school-room, very busily employed thumbing their books; he ordered silence, and informed them, that in consequence of Joey being missing, he was going to assist his father to look after him; and therefore they would have a holiday for that day. He then ranged them all in a row, and made them turn to the right face, clap their hands simultaneously, and disperse.

Although Mr. Furness had advised secrecy to the Rushbrooks, he did not follow up the advice he had given; indeed, his reason for not having wished Rushbrook to be with him was, that he might have an opportunity of communicating his secret through the village, which he did by calling at every cottage, and informing the women who were left at home, that Joey Rushbrook had disappeared last night, with his father's gun, and that he was about to go in quest of him. Some nodded and smiled, others shook their heads, some were not at all surprised at it, others thought that things could not go on so forever.

Mr. Furness having collected all their various opinions, then set off for the ale-house, to find Byres, the pedler. When he arrived, he found that Byres had not come home that night, and where he was nobody knew, which was more strange, as his box was up in his chamber. Mr. Furness returned to the village, intending to communicate this information to Rushbrook, but, on calling, he found that Rushbrook had gone out in search of the boy. Furness then resolved to go up at once to the keeper's lodge, and solve the mystery. He took the high road, and met with Rushbrook returning.

"Well, have you gained any tidings?" inquired the pedagogue.

"None," replied Rushbrook.

"Then it's my opinion my worthy friend, that we had better at once proceed to the keeper's cottage and make inquiry; for, strange to say, I have been to the ale-house, and my friend Byres is also missing."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rushbrook, who had now completely recovered his self-possession. "Be it so, then; let us go to the keeper's."

They soon arrived there, and found the keeper at home, for he had returned to his dinner. Rushbrook, who had been cogitating how to proceed, was the first to speak.

"You hav'nt taken my poor Joey, have you, sir?" said he to the keeper.

"Not yet," replied the keeper surlily.

"You don't mean to say that you know nothing about him?" said Rushbrook.

"Yes, I know something about him and about you too, my chap," replied the keeper.

"But, Mr. Lucas," interrupted the pedagogue, "allow me to put you in possession of the facts. It appears that this boy—a boy of great natural parts, and has been for some time under my tuition—did last night, but at what hour is unknown to his disconsolate parents, leave the cottage, taking with him his father's gun, and has not been heard of since."

"Well, I only hope he's shot himself, that's all," replied the keeper. "So you have a gun then, have you, my honest chap?" continued he, turning to Rushbrook.

"Which," replied Furness, "as I have informed him already will certainly be forfeited as a deodand to the Lord of the Manor; but, Mr. Lucas, this is not all; our mutual friend, Byres, the pedler, is also missing, having left the Cat and Fiddle last night, and not having been heard of since."

"Indeed!" that makes out a different case, and must be inquired into immediately. I think you were not the best of friends, were you," said the keeper, looking at Rushbrook; and then he continued: "Come, Mary, give me my dinner, quick, and run up as fast as you can for Dick and Martin, tell them to come down with their retrievers only. Never fear, my chap, we'll find your son also, and your gun to boot. You may hear more than you think for."

"All I want to know," replied Rushbrook fiercely, for his choler was raised by the sneers of the keeper, "is, where my boy may be." So saying, he quitted the cottage, leaving the schoolmaster with the keeper.

As Rushbrook returned home, he revolved in his mind what had passed, and decided that nothing could be more favourable for himself, however it might turn out for Joey. This conviction quieted his fears, and when the neighbours came in to talk with him, he was very cool and collected in his replies. In the mean time the keeper made a hasty meal, and, with his subordinates and the dogs, set off to the covers, which they beat till dark without success. The gun, however, which Joey had thrown down in the ditch, had been picked up by one of the labourers returning from his work, and taken by him to the ale-house. None could identify the gun, as Rushbrook had never permitted it to be seen. Lucas the keeper, came in about an hour after dusk, and immediately took possession of it.

Such were the events of the first day after Joey's departure. Notwithstanding that the snow fell fast, the Cat and Fiddle was, as it may be supposed, unusually crowded on that night. Various were the surmises as to the disappearance of the pedler and little Joey. The keeper openly expressed his opinion that there was foul play somewhere, and it was not until near midnight that the ale-house was deserted and the doors closed.

Rushbrook and his wife went to bed; tired with watching and excitement, they found oblivion for a few hours in a restless and unrefreshing sleep.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A coroner's inquest.

Day had scarcely dawned when the keeper and his satellites were again on the search. The snow had covered the ground for three or four inches, and, as the covers had been well examined on the preceding day, they now left them and went on in the direction towards where the gun had been picked up. This brought them direct to the furze bottom, where the dogs appeared to quicken their movements, and when the keepers came up with them again, they found them lying down by the frozen and stiffened corpse of the pedler.

"Murder, as I expected," said Lucas, as they lifted up the body and scraped off the snow which had covered it; "right through his heart, poor fellow; who would have expected this from such a little varmint! Look about, my lads, and see if we can find anything else.—What is Nap scratching at?—a bag—take it up, Martin—Dick, do you go for some people to take the body to the Cat and Fiddle, while we see if we can find anything more."

In a quarter of an hour the people arrived, the body was carried away, while the keeper went off in all haste to the authorities.

Furness, the schoolmaster, as soon as he had obtained the information, hastened to Rushbrook's cottage, that he might be the first to convey the intelligence. Rushbrook, however, from the back of the cottage had perceived the people carrying in the body, and was prepared.

"My good people, I am much distressed, but it must be told, although, believe me—I feel for you—your son—my pupil—has murdered the pedler."

"Impossible," cried Rushbrook.

"It is but too true; I cannot imagine how a boy brought up under my tuition—my, Mrs. Rushbrook, don't cry—brought up, I may say, with such strict notions of morality, promising so fairly, blossoming so sweetly—"

"He never murdered the pedler!" cried Jane, whose face was buried in her apron.

"Who then could have?" replied Furness.

"He never shot him intentionally, I'll swear," said Rushbrook; "if the pedler has come to his death, it must have been by some accident. I suppose the gun went off somehow or other; yes, that must be it; and my poor boy, frightened at what had taken place, has run away."

"Well," replied the schoolmaster, "such may have been the case; and I do certainly feel as if it were impossible that a boy like Joey, brought up by me, grounded in every moral duty—I may add, religiously and piously instructed—could ever commit such a horrible crime."

"Indeed he never did," replied Jane; "I am sure he never would do such a thing."

"Well, I must wish you good-bye now, my poor people; I will go down to the Cat and Fiddle, and hear what they say," replied the pedagogue, quitting the cottage.

"Jane, be careful," said Rushbrook; "our great point now is to say nothing. I wish that man would not come here."

"Oh, Rushbrook!" cried Jane, "what would I give if we could live the last three days over again!"

"Then imagine, Jane, what I would give," replied Rushbrook, striking his forehead; "and now say no more about it."

At twelve o'clock the next day the magistrates met, and the coroner's inquest was held on the body of the pedler. On examination of the body, it was ascertained that a charge of small shot had passed directly through the heart, so as to occasion immediate death; that the murder had not been committed with a view of robbing, it was evident, as the pedler's purse, watch, and various other articles, were found upon his person.

The first person examined was a man of the name of Green, who had found the gun in the ditch. The gun was produced, and he deposed to its being the one which he had picked up and given into the possession of the keeper; but no one could say to whom the gun might belong.

The next party who gave his evidence was Lucas, the gamekeeper. He deposed that he knew the pedler, Byres, and that, being anxious to prevent poaching, he had offered him a good sum if he would assist him in convicting any poacher; that Byres had then confessed to him that he had often received game from Rushbrook, the father of the boy, and still continued to do so, but Rushbrook had treated him ill, and he was determined to be revenged upon him, and get him sent out of the country; that Byres had informed him on the Saturday night before the murder was committed, that Rushbrook was to be out on Monday night to procure game for him, and that if he looked out sharp, he was certain to be taken. Byres had also informed him that he had never yet found out when Rushbrook left his cottage or returned, although he had often tracked the boy, Joey. As the boy was missing on the Monday morning, and Byres did not return to the ale-house after he went out on Saturday night, he presumed that it was on the Sunday night that the pedler was murdered.

The keeper then farther deposed as to the finding of the body and also of a bag by the side of it; that the bag had evidently been used for putting game in, not only from the smell, but from the feathers of the birds which were still remaining inside of it.

The evidence as to the finding of the body and the bag was corroborated by that of Martin and Dick, the under-keepers.

Mr. Furness then made his appearance to give *voluntary* evidence, notwithstanding his great regard expressed for the Rushbrooks. He deposed that, calling at the cottage on Monday morning for his pupil, he found the father and mother in great distress at the disappearance of their son, whom they stated to have left the cottage some time during the night, and to have taken his father's gun with him, and that their son had not since returned; that he pointed out to Rushbrook the impropriety of his having a gun, and that Rushbrook had replied that he had carried one all his life, and did not choose to be without one; that they told him, they supposed that he had gone out to poach, and was taken by the keepers, and had requested him to go and ascertain if such were the fact. Mr. Furness added, that he really imagined that to be the case, now that he saw the bag, which he recognised as having been once brought to him by little Joey, with some potatoes, which his parents had made him a present of; that he could swear to the bag, and so could several others as well as himself. Mr. Furness then commenced a long flourish about his system of instruction, in which he was stopped by the coroner, who said that it had nothing to do with the business.

It was then suggested that Rushbrook and his wife should be examined. There was some demur at the idea of the father and mother giving evidence against their child, but it was overruled, and in ten minutes they both made their appearance.

Mrs. Rushbrook, who had been counselled by her husband, was the first examined, but she would not answer any question put to her. She did nothing but weep, and to every question her only reply was "If he did kill him it was by accident; my boy would never commit murder." Nothing more was to be obtained from her, and the magistrates were so moved by her distress that she was dismissed.

Rushbrook trembled as he was brought in and saw the body laid out on the table: but he soon recovered himself, and became nervel and resolute, as people often will do in extremity. He had made up his mind to answer some questions, but not all.

"Do you know at what time your son left the cottage?"

"I do not."

"Does that gun belong to you?"

"Yes, it is mine."

"Do you know that bag?"

"Yes, it belongs to me."

"It has been used for putting game into; has it not?"

"I shall not answer that question, I'm not on trial."

Many other questions were put to him, but he refused to answer them: and as they would all more or less have criminated himself as a poacher, his refusals were admitted. Rushbrook had played his game well, in admitting the gun and bag to be his property, as it was of service to him, and no harm to Joey. After summing up the whole evidence, the coroner addressed the jury, and they returned an unanimous verdict of wilful murder against Joseph Rushbrook, the younger, and directed the sum of £200 to be offered for on hero's apprehension.

CHAPTER XIX.

A friend in need is a friend in deed.

Rushbrook and Jane returned to their cottage; Jane closed the door, and threw herself into her husband's arms. "You are saved, at least," she cried; "think Heaven for that! You are spared. Alas! we do not know how much we love till danger comes upon us."

Rushbrook was much affected; he loved his wife, and had good reason to love her. Jane was a beautiful woman, not yet thirty; tall in her person, her head was finely formed, yet approvingly small for her height; her features were full of expression and sweetness. Had she been born to a high station, she would have been considered one of the greatest belles. As it was, she was loved by those around her; and there was a dignity and commanding air about her which won admiration and respect. No one could feel more deeply than she did the enormity of the offence committed by her husband; and yet never in any moment since her marriage did she cling so earnestly and so closely by him as she did now. She was of that bold and daring temperament, that she could admire the courage that propelled to the crime, while the crime itself she abhorred. It was not, therefore, anything surprising that, at such a moment, in a husband to whom she was devoted, she thought more of the danger to which he was exposed, than she did of the crime which had been committed.

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To do Rushbrook himself justice, his person and mind were of no plebeian mould. He was a daring, venturous fellow, ready at any emergency, cool and collected in danger, had a pleasure in the excitement created by the difficulty and risk attending his nocturnal pursuits, caring little or nothing for the profits. He, as well as his wife, had not been neglected in point of education; he had been born in humble life, and had, by enlisting, chosen a path by which advancement became impossible; but, had Rushbrook been an officer instead of a common soldier, his talents would probably have been directed to more noble channels, and the poacher and pilferer for his captain might have exerted his dexterity so as to have gained honourable mention. His courage had always been remarkable, and he was looked upon by his officers, and so he was by his companions, as the most steady and collected man under fire to be found in the whole company.

We are the creatures of circumstances.—Frederick of Prussia had no opinion of phrenology, and one day he sent for the professor, and dressing up a highwayman and a pickpocket in uniforms and orders, he desired the phrenologist to examine their heads, and give his opinion as to their qualifications. The savant did so, and turning to the king, said, "Sire, this person," pointing to the highwayman, "whatever he may be, would have been a great general, had he been employed. As for the other, he is quite in a different line. He may be, or if he is not, he would make, an admirable financier." The king was satisfied that there was some truth in the science. "For," as he very rightly observed, "what is a general but a highwayman, and what is a financier but a pickpocket?"

"Calm yourself, dear Jane," said Rushbrook; "all is well now."

"All well! yes; but my poor child—£200 offered for his apprehension! If they were to take him!"

"I have no fear of that; and if they did, they could not hurt him; it is true that they have given their verdict, but still they have no positive proof."

"But they have hanged people upon less proof before now, Rushbrook."

"Jane," replied Rushbrook, "our boy shall never be hung; I promise you that; so make your mind easy."

"Then you must confess to save him, and I shall lose you."

A step at the door interrupted their colloquy. Rushbrook opened it, and Mr. Furness, the schoolmaster, made his appearance.

"Well, my good friends, I'm very sorry the verdict has been such as it is, but it cannot be helped; the evidence was too strong, and it was a sad thing for me to be obliged to give mine."

"You!" exclaimed Rushbrook, "why, did they call you up?"

"Yes, and put me on my oath. An oath, to a moral man, is a very serious responsibility; the nature of an oath is awful; and when you consider my position in this place, as the inculcator of morals and piety to the younger branches of the community, you must not be surprised at my telling the truth."

"And what had you to tell?" inquired Rushbrook, with surprise.

"Had to tell!—why, I had to tell what you told me in the morning; and I had to prove the bag as belonging to you; for you know you sent me some potatoes in it by little Joey, poor fellow. Wilful murder, and £200 upon apprehension and conviction!"

Rushbrook looked at the pedagogue with surprise and contempt.

"Pray, may I ask how they came to know that any thing had passed between us yesterday morning, for, if I recollect right, you desired me to be secret."

"Very true, and so I did; but then they knew what good friends we always were, I suppose, and so they sent for me and obliged me to speak upon my oath."

"I don't understand it," replied Rushbrook; "they might have asked you questions, but how could they have guessed that I had told you any thing?"

"My dear friend, you don't understand it; but, in my situation, looking up to me, as every one does, as an example of moral rectitude and correctness of conduct—as a pattern to the juvenile branches of the community—you see—"

"Yes I do see that, under such circumstances, you should not go to the ale-house and get tipsy two days at least out of the week," replied Rushbrook, turning away.

"And why do I go to the ale-house, my dear friend, but to look after those who indulge too freely—yourself for instance. How often have I seen you home?"

"Yes, when you were drunk and I was—"

Jane put her hand upon her husband's mouth.

"And you were what, friend?" inquired Furness, anxiously.

"Worse than you, perhaps. And now, friend Furness, as you must be tired with your long evidence, I wish you a good night."

"Shall I see you down at the Cat and Fiddle?"

"Not for some time, if ever, friend Furness, that you may depend upon."

"Never go to the Cat and Fiddle! A little wholesome drink drowns care, my friend; and, therefore, although I should be sorry that you indulged too much, yet, with me to look after you—"

"And drink half my ale, eh? No, no, friend Furness, those days are gone."

"Well, you are not in a humour for it now—but another time. Mrs. Rushbrook, have you a drop of small beer?"

"I have none to spare," replied Jane, turning away; "you should have applied to the magistrates for beer."

"O, just as you please," replied the pedagogue; "it certainly does ruffle people's temper when there is a verdict of wilful murder, and £200 for apprehension and conviction of the offender. Good night."

Furness banged the cottage door as he went out.

Rushbrook watched till he was out of hearing, and then said, "He's a scoundrel."

"I think so, too," replied Jane; "but never mind, we will go to bed now, thank God for his mercies, and pray for his forgiveness. Come, dearest."

The next morning Mrs. Rushbrook was informed by the neighbours that the schoolmaster had volunteered his evidence. Rushbrook's indignation was excited, and he vowed revenge.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the community at the time of the discovery of the murder, certain it is that, after all was over, there was a strong sympathy expressed for Rushbrook and his wife, and the condolence was very general. The gamekeeper was avoided, and his friend Furness fell into great disrespect, after his voluntary coming forward and giving evidence against old and sworn friends. The consequence was, his school fell off, and the pedagogue, whenever he could raise the means, became more intemperate than ever.

One Saturday night, Rushbrook, who had resolved to pick a quarrel with Furness, went down to the ale-house. Furness was half drunk and pot valiant. Rushbrook taunted him so as to produce replies. One word brought on another, till Furness challenged Rushbrook to come outside and have it out. This was just what Rushbrook wished, and after half an hour Furness was carried home beaten to a mummy, and unable to leave his bed for many days. As soon as this revenge had been taken, Rushbrook, who had long made up his mind to do so, packed up and quitted the village, no one knowing whither he and Jane went; and, Furness, who had lost all means of subsistence, did the same in a very few days afterwards, his place of retreat being equally unknown.

CHAPTER XX.

In which we again follow up our hero's destiny.

After the resolution that Major M'Shane came to, it is not surprising that he made, during their journey home, every inquiry of Joey relative to his former life. To these Joey gave him a very honest reply in every thing except that portion of his history in which his father was so seriously implicated; he had the feeling that he was bound in honour not to reveal the circumstances connected with the murder of the pedler. M'Shane was satisfied, and they arrived in London without further adventure. As soon as M'Shane had been embraced by his wife, he gave a narrative of his adventures, and did not forget to praise little Joey as he deserved. Mrs. M'Shane was all gratitude, and then it was that M'Shane expressed his intentions towards our hero, and, as he expected, he found his amiable wife wholly coincided with him in opinion. It was therefore decided that Joey should be put to a school, and be properly educated, as soon as an establishment that was eligible could be found.

Their full intentions towards him, however, were not communicated to our hero; he was told that he was to go to school, and he willingly submitted; it was not, however, for three months that M'Shane would part with him; a difficulty was raised against every establishment that was named. During this time little Joey was very idle, for there was nothing for him to do. Books there were none, for Mrs. M'Shane had no time to read, and Major M'Shane no inclination. His only resort was to rummage over the newspapers which were taken in for the benefit of the customers, and this was his usual employment. One day, in turning over the file, he came to our account of the murder of the pedler, with the report of the coroner's inquest. He read all the evidence, particularly that of Furness the schoolmaster, and found that the verdict was wilful murder, with a reward of £200 for his apprehension. The term, wilful murder, he did not exactly comprehend; so, after laying down the paper, with a beating heart he went to Mrs. M'Shane, and asked her what was the meaning of it.

"Meaning, child," replied Mrs. M'Shane, who was then very busy in her occupation, "it

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means, child, that a person is believed to be guilty of murder, and, if taken up, he will be hanged by the neck till he is dead."

"But," replied Joey, "suppose that he has not committed the murder?"

"Well, then, child, he must prove that he has not."

"And suppose he has not committed it and cannot prove it."

"Mercy on me, what a number of supposes! why, then, he will be hanged all the same to be sure."

A fortnight after these queries, Joey was sent to school: the master was a very decent man, the mistress a very decent woman, the tuition was decent, the fare was decent, the scholars were children of decent families; altogether, it was a decent establishment, and in this establishment little Joey made very decent progress, going home every half year. How long Joey might have remained there it is impossible to say; but, having been there a year and a half, and arrived at the age of fourteen, he had just returned from the holidays with three guineas in his pocket, for M'Shane and his wife were very generous and very fond of their protege, when a circumstance occurred which again ruffled the smooth current of our hero's existence.

He was walking out, as all boys do walk out in decent schools, that is, in a long line, two by two, as the animals entered Noah's Ark, when a sort of shabby genteel man passed their files. He happened to cast his eyes upon Joey, and stopped.

"Master Joseph Rushbrook, I am most happy to see you once more," said he, extending his hand.

Joey looked up into his face; there was no mistake, it was Furness, the schoolmaster.

"Don't you recollect me, my dear boy; don't you recollect him who taught the infant idea how to shoot, don't you recollect your old preceptor?"

"Yes," replied Joey, colouring up, "I recollect you very well."

"I am delighted to see you; you know you were my fairest pupil, but we are all scattered now; your father and mother have gone no one knows where; you went away, and I also could no longer stay. What pleasure it is to meet you once more!"

Joey did not respond exactly to the pleasure. The stoppage of the line had caused some confusion, and the usher who had followed it, now came up to ascertain the cause.

"This is my old pupil, or rather, I should say, my young pupil, but the best pupil I ever had. I am most delighted to see him, sir," said Furness, taking off his hat. "May I presume to ask who has the charge of this dear child at this present moment?"

The usher made no difficulty in stating the name and residence of the preceptor, and having gained this information, Furness shook Joey by the hand, bade him farewell, and wishing him every happiness, walked away.

Joey's mind was confused during the remainder of his walk, and it was not until their return home that he could reflect on what had passed. That Furness had given evidence upon the inquest he knew, and he had penetration, when he read it, to feel that there was no necessity for Furness to have given such evidence. He also knew that there was a reward of £200 for his apprehension; and when he thought of Furness's apparent kindness, and his not reverting to a subject so important as wilful murder having been found against him, he made up his mind that Furness had behaved so with the intention of lulling him into security, and that the next day he would certainly take him up for the sake of the reward.

Now, although we have not stopped our narrative to introduce the subject, we must here observe, that Joey's love for his parents, particularly his father, was unbounded; he longed to see them again; they were constantly in his thoughts, and yet he dared not to mention them, in consequence of the mysteries connected with his quitting his home. He fully perceived his danger: he would be apprehended, and, being so, he must either sacrifice his father or himself. Having weighed all this in his mind, he then reflected upon what should be his course to steer. Should he go home to acquaint Major M'Shane? He felt that he could trust him, and would have done so, but he had no right to trust any one with a secret which involved his father's life. No, that would not do; yet to leave him and Mrs. M'Shane after all their kindness, and without a word, this would be too ungrateful. After much cogitation, he resolved that he would run away, so that all else to him should be lost; that he would write a letter for M'Shane and leave it. He wrote as follows:—

"Dear Sir—Do not think me ungrateful, for I love you and Mrs. M'Shane dearly, but I have been met by a person who knows me, and will certainly betray me. I left my father's home, not for poaching, but a murder that was committed. *I was not guilty.* This is the only secret I have held from you, and the secret is not MINE. I could not disprove it, and never will. I now leave because I have been discovered by a bad man, who will certainly take advantage of having fallen in with me. We may never meet again. I can say no more, except that I shall always pray for you and Mrs. M'Shane, and remember your kindness with gratitude. Yours, truly, JOEY M'SHANE.

Since his return from St. Petersburgh, Joey had always, by their request, called himself Joey M'Shane, and he was not sorry when they gave him the permission, although he did not comprehend the advantages which were to accrue from taking the name.

Joey, having finished this letter, sat down and cried bitterly—but in a school there is no retiring place for venting your feelings, and he was compelled to smother his tears. He performed his exercises and repeated his lessons as if nothing had happened, and nothing was about to happen, for Joey was in essence a little stoic. At night he went to the room with the others; he could only obtain a small portion of his clothes, these he put up in a handkerchief, went softly down stairs about one o'clock in the morning, put his letter addressed to M'Shane on the hall table, opened the back door, climbed over the play ground wall, and was again on the high road to seek his fortune.

But Joey was much improved during the two years since he had quitted his father's house. Before that he was a reflective boy; now, he was more capable of action and decision. His ideas had been much expanded from the knowledge of the world gained during his entry, as it were, into life; he had talked much, seen much, listened much, and thought more; and naturally quiet in his manner, he was now a gentleman-like boy. At the eating-house he had met with every variety of character; and as there were some who frequented the house daily, with those Joey had become on intimate terms. He was no longer a child, but a lad of undaunted courage and presence of mind; he had only one fear, which was, that his father's crime should be discovered.

And here he was again adrift, with a small bundle, three guineas in his pocket, and the world before him. At first he had but one idea, that of removing to a distance which should elude the vigilance of Furness, and he therefore walked on, and walked fast. Joey was capable of great fatigue; he had grown considerably, it is true, during the last two years, still he was small for his age; but every muscle in his body was a wire, and his strength, as had been proved by his schoolmates, was proportionate. He was elastic as India rubber, and bold and determined as one who had been all his life in danger.

CHAPTER XXI.

The scene is again shifted, and the plot advances.

It will be necessary that for a short time we again follow up the fortunes of our hero's parents. When Rushbrook and Jane quitted the village of Grasford, they had not come to any decision as to their future place of abode; all that Rushbrook felt was a desire to remove as far as possible from the spot where the crime had been committed. Such is the feeling that will ever possess the guilty, who, although they may increase their distance, attempt in vain to fly from their consciences, or that All-seeing eye which follows them everywhere. Jane had a similar feeling, but it arose from her anxiety for her husband. They wandered away, for they had sold everything before their departure, until they found themselves in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and there they at length settled in a small village. Rushbrook easily obtained employment; for the population was scanty, and some months passed away without anything occurring of interest.

Rushbrook had never taken up his employment as a poacher since the night of the murder of the pedler; he had abjured it from that hour. His knowledge of woodcraft was, however, discovered, and he was appointed first as under, and eventually as head-keeper to a gentleman of landed property in the neighbourhood. In this situation they had remained about a year, Rushbrook giving full satisfaction to his employer, and comparatively content (for no man could have such a crime upon his conscience and not pass occasional hours of remorse and misery,) and Jane was still mourning in secret for her only and darling child, when one day a paper was put into Rushbrook's hands by his master, desiring him to read an advertisement it contained, and which was as follows:—"If Joseph Rushbrook, who formerly lived in the village of Grasford, in the county of Devon, should be still alive, and would make his residence known to Messrs. Pearce, James, and Simpson, of 14 Chancery-lane, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage. Should he be dead, and this advertisement meet the eyes of his heirs, they are equally requested to make the communication to the above address."

"What does this mean, sir?" inquired Rushbrook.

"It means that if you are that person, in all probability there is some legacy bequeathed to you by a relative," replied Mr. S——; "is it you?"

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"Yes, Sir," replied Rushbrook, changing colour; "I did once live at Grasford."

"Then you had better write to the parties and make yourself known. I will leave you the newspaper."

"What think you, Jane?" said Rushbrook, as soon as Mr.—— had quitted.

"I think he is quite right," replied Jane.

"But, Jane, you forget, this may be a trap; they may have discovered something about—you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do, and I wish we could forget it; but in this instance I do not think you have anything to fear. There is no reward offered for your apprehension, but for my poor boy's, who is wandering over the wide world; and no one would go to the expense to apprehend you, if there was nothing to be gained by it."

"True," replied Rushbrook, after a minute's reflection; "but, alas! I am a coward now—I will write."

Rushbrook wrote accordingly, and in reply, received a letter enclosing a bank-bill for £20, and requesting that he would come to town immediately; he did so, and found, to his astonishment, that he was the heir-at-law to a property of £7000 per annum—with the only contingency that he was, as nearest of kin, to take the name of Austin. Having entered into the arrangements required by the legal gentlemen, he returned to Yorkshire with £500 in his pocket, to communicate the intelligence to his wife, and when he did so, and embraced her, she burst into tears.

"Rushbrook, do not think I mean to reproach you by these tears; but I cannot help thinking that you would have been happier had this never happened. Your life will be doubly sweet to you now, and Joey's absence will be a source of more vexation than ever. Do you think that you will be happier?"

"Jane, dearest! I have been thinking of it as well as you, and, on reflection, I think I shall be safer. Who would know the poacher Rushbrook in the gentleman of £7000 a-year of the name of Austin? Who will dare accuse him, even if there were suspicion? I feel that once in another county, under another name, and in another situation, I shall be safe."

"But our poor boy, should he ever come back———"

"—Will also be forgotten. He will have grown up a man, and, having another name, will never be recognised; they will not even know what our former name was."

"I trust it will be as you say. What do you now mean to do?"

"I shall say that I have a property of four or five hundred pounds left me, and that I intend to go up to London," replied Rushbrook.

"Yes, that will be wise; it will be an excuse for our leaving this place, and will be no clue to where we are going," replied Jane.

Rushbrook gave up his situation, sold his furniture, and quitted Yorkshire. In a few weeks afterwards he was installed into his new property, a splendid mansion, and situated in the north of Dorsetshire. Report had gone before them; some said that a common labourer had come into the property, others said it was a person in very moderate circumstances; as usual, both these reports were contradicted by a third, which represented him as a half-pay lieutenant in the army. Rushbrook had contrived to mystify even the solicitor as to his situation in life; he stated to him that he had retired from the army, and lived upon the government allowance; and it was in consequence of a reference to the solicitor, made by some of the best families in the neighbourhood, who wished to know if the new-comers were people who could be visited, that this third report was spread, and universally believed. We have already observed that Rushbrook was a fine, tall man; and if there is any class of people who can be transplanted with success from low to high life, it will be those who have served in the army. The stoop is the evidence of a low-bred, vulgar man, the erect bearing equally so that of a gentleman. Now, the latter is gained in the army, by drilling and discipline, and being well dressed will provide for all else that is required, as far as mere personal appearance is concerned. When, therefore, the neighbours called upon Mr. and Mrs. Austin, they were not surprised to find an erect, military-looking man, but they were very much surprised to find him matched with such a fine, and even elegant looking woman as his wife. Timid at first, Jane had sufficient tact to watch others and copy, and before many months were passed in their new position, it would have been difficult to suppose that Mrs. Austin had not been born in the sphere in which she then moved. Austin was brusque and abrupt in his manners as before; but still there was always reserve about him, which he naturally felt, and which assisted to remove the impression of vulgarity. People who are distant are seldom considered ungentlemanlike, although they may be considered unpleasant in their manners. It is those who are too familiar who obtain the character of vulgarity.

Austin, therefore, was respected, but not liked; Jane, on the contrary, whose beauty had now all the assistance of dress, and whose continued inward mourning for her lost son had improved that beauty by the pensive air which she wore, was a deserved and universal favourite. People of course said Austin was a harsh husband, and pitied poor Mrs. Austin; but that people always do say if a woman is not inclined to mirth.

Austin found ample amusement in sporting over his extensive manor, and looking after his game. In one point the neighbouring gentlemen were surprised, that, although so keen a sportsman himself, he never could be prevailed upon to convict a poacher. He was appointed a magistrate, and, being most liberal in all his subscriptions, was soon considered as a great acquisition to the county. His wife was much sought after, but it was invariably observed that, when children were mentioned, the tears stood in her eyes. Before they had been a year in their new position, they had acquired all the knowledge and tact necessary; their establishment was on a handsome scale; they were visited and paid visits to all the aristocracy and gentry, and were as popular as they could have desired to be. But were they happy? Alas! no. Little did those who envied Austin his property and establishment imagine what a load was on his mind—what a corroding care was wearing out his existence. Little did they imagine that he would gladly have resigned all, and been once more the poacher in the village of Grasford, to have removed from his conscience the deed of darkness which he had committed, and once more have his son by his side. And poor Jane, her thoughts were day and night upon one object—where was her child? It deprived her of rest at night; she remained meditating on her fate for hours during the day; it would rush into her mind in the gayest scenes and the happiest moments; it was one incessant incubus—one continual source of misery. Of her husband she thought less; for she knew how sincerely contrite he was for the deed he had done—how bitterly he had repented it ever since, and how it would, as long as he lived, be a source of misery—a worm that would never die, but gnaw till the last hour of his existence. But her boy—her noble, self-sacrificed little Joey!—he and his destiny were ever in her thoughts; and gladly would she have been a pauper, applying for relief, if she had but that child to have led up in her hand. And yet all the county thought how happy and contented the Austins ought to be, to have suddenly come into possession of so much wealth. 'Tis God alone that knows the secrets of the heart of man.

CHAPTER XXII.

A very long chapter, but in which our hero obtains employment in a very short time.

The preparatory establishment for young gentlemen to which our hero had been sent was situated on Clapham-rise. Joey did not think it prudent to walk in the direction of London; he therefore made a cut across the country, so as to bring him, before seven o'clock in the morning, not very far from Gravesend. The night had been calm and beautiful, for it was in the month of August; and it had for some time been broad daylight, when our hero, who had walked fifteen or sixteen miles, sat down to repose himself; and, as he remained quietly seated on the green turf on the wayside, he thought of his father and mother, of the kindness of the M'Shanes, and his own hard fate, until he became melancholy and wept; and, as the tears were rolling down his cheeks, a little girl, of about ten years old, very neatly dressed, and evidently above the lower ranks of life, came along the road, her footsteps so light as not to be perceived by Joey; she looked at him as she passed, and perceived that he was in tears, and her own bright, pretty face became clouded in a moment. Joey did not look up, and, after hesitating awhile, she passed on a few steps, and then she looked round, and observing that he was still weeping, she paused, turned round, and came back to him; for a minute or two she stood before him, but Joey was unconscious of her presence, for he was now in the full tide of his grief, and not having forgotten the precepts which had been carefully instilled into him, he thought of the God of Refuge, and he arose, fell on his knees, and prayed. The little girl, whose tears had already been summoned by pity and sympathy, dropped her basket and knelt by his side—not that she prayed, for she knew not what the prayer was for, but from an instinctive feeling of respect towards the Deity which her new companion was addressing, and a feeling of kindness towards one who was evidently suffering. Joey lifted up his eyes, and beheld the child on her knees, the tears rolling down her cheeks; he hastily wiped his eyes, for, until that moment, he imagined that he had been alone, and he had been praying on account of his loneliness; he looked up, and he was not alone, but there was one by his side who pitied him, without knowing wherefore; he felt relieved by the sight. They both regained their legs at the same time, and Joey went up to the little girl, and, taking her by the hand, said, "Thank you."

"Why do you cry?" said the little girl.

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"Because I am unhappy; I have no home," replied Joey.

"No home!" said the little girl: "it is boys who are in rags and starving, who have no home, not young gentlemen dressed as you are."

"But I have left my home," replied Joey.

"Then go back again—how glad they will be to see you!"

"Yes, indeed they would," replied Joey, "but I must not."

"You have not done anything wrong, have you? No, I'm sure you have not—you must be a good boy, or you would not have prayed."

"No, I have done nothing wrong, but I must not tell you any more."

Indeed, Joey was much more communicative with the little girl than he would have been with anybody else; but he had been surprised into it, and, moreover, he had no fear of being betrayed by such innocence. He now recollected himself and changed the conversation.

"And where are you going to?" inquired he.

"I am going to school at Gravesend. I go there every morning, and stay till the evening. This is my dinner in my basket. Are you hungry?"

"No, not particularly."

"Are you going to Gravesend?"

"Yes," replied Joey; "and what is your name?"

"Emma Phillips."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"I have no father; he was killed fighting, a little while after I was born."

"And your mother—?"

"—Lives with grandmother, at that house you see there through the trees. And what are you going to do with yourself? Will you come home with me? and I'll tell my mother all you have told me, and she is very kind, and will write to your friends."

"No, no; you must not do that, I am going to seek employment."

"Why what can you do?"

"I hardly know," replied Joey; "but I can work, and am willing to work, so I hope I shall not starve."

With such conversation they continued their way, until the little girl said, "There is my school, so now I must wish you good-bye."

"Good-bye; I shall not forget you, Emma," replied Joey, "although we may never meet again." Tears stood in the eyes of Joey, as they reluctantly unclasped their hands and parted.

Joey, once more left alone, now meditated what was the best course for him to pursue. The little Emma's words, "Not young gentlemen dressed as you are," reminded him of the remarks and suspicions which must ensue if he did not alter his attire. This he resolved to do immediately; the only idea which had presented itself to his mind was, if possible, to find some means of getting back to Captain O'Donahue, who, he was sure, would receive him if he satisfied him that it was not safe for him to remain in England; but, then, must he confess to him the truth or not? On this point our hero was not decided, so he put off the solution of it till another opportunity. A slop warehouse now attracted his attention, he looked into the door after having examined the articles outside, and seeing that a sailor boy was bargaining for some clothes, he went in as if waiting to be served, but, in fact, more to ascertain the value of the articles which he wished to purchase. The sailor had cheapened a red frock and a pair of blue trousers, and at last obtained them from the Jew for 14s. Joey argued that, as he was much smaller than the lad, he ought to pay less; he asked for the same articles, but the Jew, who had scanned in his own mind the suit of clothes which Joey had on, argued that he ought to pay more. Joey was, however, firm, and stood to leave the shop, when the Jew called him back, and, after much haggling, Joey obtained the dress for 12s. Having paid for the dress, Joey begged permission to be permitted to retire to the back shop and put it on, to ascertain if it fitted him, to which the Jew consented. A Jew asks no questions where a penny is to be turned; who Joey was he cared little; his first object was to sell him the clothes, and having so done he hoped to make another penny by obtaining those of Joey at a moderate price. Perceiving that our hero was putting his own clothes which he had taken off into a bundle, the Jew asked him whether he would sell them, and Joey immediately agreed; but the price offered by the Jew was so small, that they were returned to the bundle, and once more was Joey leaving the shop, when the Jew at last offered to return Joey the money he had paid for the sailor's dress, and take his own clothes in exchange, provided that Joey would also exchange his hat for one of tarpaulin, which would be more fitting to his present costume. To this our hero consented, and thus was the bargain concluded without Joey having parted with any of his small stock of ready money. No one who had only seen him dressed as when he quitted the school, would have easily recognised Joey in his new attire.—Joey sallied forth from the shop with his bundle under his arm, intending to look out for a breakfast, for he was very hungry. Turning his head right and left to discover some notice of where provender might be obtained, he observed the sailor lad, who had been in the shop when he went in, with his new purchases under his arm, looking very earnestly at some prints in a shop window; Joey ranged up alongside of him, and inquired of him where he could get something to eat; the lad turned round, stared, and, after a little while, cried, "Well, now, you're the young gentleman chap that came into the shop; I say, arn't you after a rig, eh? given them leg bail I'll swear. No consarn of mine, old fellow.—Come along, I'll show you."

Joey walked by his new acquaintance a few yards, when the lad turned to him, "I say, did your master whop you much?"

"No," replied Joey.

"Well, then, that's more than I can say of mine, for he was at it all day. Hold out your right hand, now your left," continued he, mimicking; "My eyes! how it used to sting. I don't think I should mind it much now;" continued the lad, turning up his coat; "it's a little harder than it was then. Here's the shop, come in; if you haven't no money I'll give you a breakfast."

The lad took his seat on one end of the table and Joey on the other, and his new acquaintance called for two pints of tea, a two penny loaf, and two penny bits of cheese. The loaf was divided between them, and with their portion of cheese and pint of tea each, they made a good breakfast. As soon as it was over, the young sailor said to Joey,—

"Now, what are you going arter; do you mean to ship?"

"I want employment," replied Joey; "and I don't much care what it is."

"Well, then, look you; I ran away from my friends and went to sea, and do you know that I've only repented of it once, and that's ever since. Better do anything than go to sea—winter coming on and all; besides, you don't look strong enough; you don't know what it is to be coasting in the winter time; thrashed up to furl the top-gallant-sail, when it is so dark you can't see your way, and so cold that you can't feel your fingers, holding on for your life, and feeling as if life, after all, was not worth caring for; cold and misery aloft, kicks and thumps below. Don't you go to sea; if you do, after what I've told you, why then you're a greater fool than you look to be."

"I don't want to be a sailor," replied Joey, "but I must do something to get my living. You are very kind; will you tell me what to do?"

"Why, do you know, when I saw you come up to me, while I stood looking at the pictures, in your frock and trousers, you put me in mind, because you are so much like him, of a poor little boy who was drowned the other day along side of an India ship; that's why I stared, for I thought you were he, at first."

"How was he drowned, poor fellow?" responded Joey.

"Why, you see, his aunt is a good old soul; who keeps a bumboat and goes off to the shipping."

"What's a bumboat?"

"A boat full of soft tommy, soldiers, pipes, and backy, rotten apples, stale pies, needles and threads, and a hundred other things; besides a fat old woman sitting in the stern sheets."

Joey stared; he did not know that "soft tommy" meant loaves of bread, or that "soldiers" was a term for red herrings. He only thought that the boat must be very full.

"Now you see that little Peter was her right hand man, for she can't read and write. Can you? but of course you can."

"Yes, I can," replied Joey.

"Well, little Peter was holding on by the painter against a head sea, but his strength was not equal to it, and so he was pulled right overboard, when a swell took the boat and he was drowned."

"Was the painter drowned too?" inquired Joey.

"Ha! ha! that's capital; why the painter is a rope. Now the old woman has been dreadfully put out, and has done nothing but cry about little Peter, not being able to keep her accounts. Now, you look very like him, and I think it very likely the old woman would take you in his place, if I went and talked to her once; that's better than going to sea, for at all events you sleep dry and sound on shore every night, even if you do have a wet jacket sometimes.—What d'ye think?"

"I think you are very kind, and I should be glad to take the place."

"Well, she's a good old soul, and has a warm heart, and trusts them who have no money; too much, I'm afraid, for she loses a great deal. So now I'll go and speak to her, for she'll be along side of us when I go on board; and where shall I find you when I come on shore in the evening?"

"Wherever you say, I'll be."

"Well then, meet me here at nine o'clock; that will make all certain. Come, I must be off now. I'll pay for the breakfast."

"No—I have money, I thank you," replied Joey.

"Then keep it, for it's more than I can do; and what's your name?"

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"Joey."

"Well then, Joey, my hearty, if I get you this berth, when we come in, and I am short, you must recollect to let me go on tick till I can pay."

"What's tick?"

"You'll soon find out what tick is, after you have been a week in the bumboat," replied the lad, laughing. "Nine o'clock, my hearty; good-bye."

So saying the young sailor caught up his new clothes, and hastened down to the beach.

The town was crowded with women and seamen, but they were too busy talking and laughing to pay any attention to Joey and his comrade. Our little hero sat some little while at the table after his new acquaintance had left, and then walked out into the street, telling the people of the house that he was coming back again, and requesting them to take care of his bundle.

"You'll find it here, my little fellow, all right when you ask for it," said the woman at the bar, who took it inside, and put it away under the counter.

Joey went out with his mind more at ease.—The nature of his new employment, should he succeed in obtaining it, he could scarcely comprehend, but still it appeared to him one that he could accomplish. He amused himself walking down the streets, watching the movements of the passers by, the watermen in their wherries, and the people on board of the vessels which were lying off in the stream. It was a busy and animating sight. As he was lolling at the landing place, a boat came on shore, which, from the description given by his young sailor friend, he was convinced was a bumboat; it had all the articles described by him, as well as many others, such as porter in bottles, a cask probably containing beer, leeks, onions, and many other heterogeneous matters; and, moreover, there was a fat woman seated in the stern.

The waterman shoved in with his boat-hook, and the wherry grounded. The fat personage got out, and the waterman handed to her a basket, a long book, and several other articles, which she appeared to consider indispensable; among others, a bundle which looked like dirty linen for the wash.

"Dear me! how shall I get up all these things?" exclaimed the woman; "and William, you can't leave the boat, and there's nobody here to help me."

"I'll help you," said Joey, coming down the steps; "what shall I carry for you?"

"Well, you're a good, kind boy," replied she; "can you carry that bundle; I'll manage all the rest."

Joey tossed the bundle on his shoulder in a moment.

"Well, you're a strong little chap," said the waterman.

"He's a very nice little fellow, and a kind one. Now come along, and I'll not forget you," said the old woman.

Joey followed with the bundle, until they arrived at a narrow door not eighty yards from the landing place, and the woman asked him if he would carry it up stairs to the first floor, which he did.

"Do you want me any more?" said Joey, letting down the bundle.

"No, dear, no; but I must give you something for your trouble."

"Nothing at all," replied Joey, "I shall not take any thing; you are welcome; good-bye;" and so saying, Joey walked down stairs, although the woman hallooed after him, and recommenced his peregrination in the streets of Gravesend; but he was soon tired of walking on the pavement, which was none of the best, and he then thought he would go out into the country, and enjoy the green fields; so off he set, the same way that he came into town, passed by the school of little Emma, and trudged away on the road, stopping every now and then to examine what attracted his notice, watching a bird if it sang on the branch of a tree, and not moving lest he should frighten it away, at times sitting down by the road side, and meditating on the past and future. The day was closing in, and Joey was still amusing himself as every boy who has been confined in a school room would do; he saunntered on until he came to the very spot where he had been crying, and had met with little Emma Phillips; and as he sat down again, he thought of her sweet little face and her kindness towards him—and there he remained some time till he was roused by some one singing as they went along the road. He looked up, and perceived it was the little girl, who was returning from school. Joey rose immediately, and walked towards her to meet her, but she did not appear to recognise him, and would have passed him if he had not said,—

"Don't you know me?"

"Yes, I do now," she replied, smiling, "but I did not at first—you have put on another dress. I have been thinking of you all day—and, do you know, I've got a black mark for not saying my lesson," added the girl with a sigh.

"And then it's my fault," replied Joey; "I'm very sorry."

"O, never mind; it is the first that I have had for a long while, and I shall tell mamma why. But you are dressed as a sailor boy—are you going to sea?"

"No, I believe not—I hope to have employment here in town, and then I shall be able to see you sometimes when you return from school. May I walk with you as far as your own house?"

"Yes, I suppose so, if you like it."

Joey walked with her until they came to the house, which was about two hundred yards farther.

"But," said Joey, "you must make me a promise."

"What is that?"

"You must keep my secret. You must not tell your mother that you saw me first in what you called gentlemen's clothes—it might do me harm—and, indeed it's not for my own sake I ask it. Don't say a word about my other clothes or they may ask me questions which I must not answer, for it's not my secret. I told you more this morning than I would have told any one else—I did, indeed."

"Well," replied the little girl, after thinking a little, "I suppose I have no right to tell a secret, if I am begged not to do it, so I will say nothing about your clothes. But I must tell mother that I met you."

"O, yes; tell her that you met me, and that I was looking for some work, and all that, and to-morrow or next day I will let you know if I get any."

"Will you come in now?" said Emma.

"No, not now; I must first see if I can get this employment promised for me, and then I will see you again; if I should not see you again I will not forget you, indeed I won't—Good-bye."

Emma bade him adieu, and they separated, and Joey remained and watched her till she disappeared under the porch of the entrance.

Our hero returned towards Gravesend in rather a melancholy mood; there was something so unusual in his meeting with the little girl—something so uncommon in the sympathy expressed by her—that he felt pain at parting. But it was getting late, and it was time that he kept his appointment with his friend, the sailor boy.

Joey remained at the door of the eating-house for about a quarter of an hour, when he perceived the sailor-lad coming up the street. He went forward to meet him.

"O, here we are. Well, young fellow, I've seen the old woman, and had a long talk with her, and she won't believe there can be another in the world like her Peter, but I persuaded her to have a look at you, and she has consented; so come along, for I must be on board again in half an hour."

Joey followed his new friend down the street, until they came to the very door to which he had carried the bundle. The sailor-boy mounted the stairs, and turning into the room at the first landing, Joey beheld the woman whom he had assisted in the morning.

"Here he is, Mrs. Chopper, and if he won't suit you I don't know who will," said the boy. "He's a regular scholar, and can sum up like winkin."

This character, given so gratuitously by his new acquaintance, made Joey stare, and the woman looked hard into Joey's face.

"Well, now," said she, "where have I seen you before? Dear me! and *he is* like poor Peter, as you said Jem; I vow he is."

"I saw you before to-day," replied Joey, "for I carried a bundle up for you."

"And so you did, and would have no money for your trouble. Well, Jem, he is like poor Peter."

"I told you so, old lady! say, and he'll just do for you as well as Peter did; but I'll leave you to settle matters, for I must be aboard."

So saying, the lad tipped a wink to Joey, the meaning of which our hero could not understand, and went down stairs.

"Well, now, it's very odd, but you do look like poor Peter, and the more I look at you the more you are like him; poor Peter! did you hear how I lost him?"

"Yes, the sailor-lad told me this morning."

"Poor fellow! he held on too fast, most people drown by not holding on fast enough; he was a good boy and very smart indeed; and so it was you who helped me this morning when I missed poor Peter so much? Well, it showed you had a good heart, and I love that; and where did you meet with Jim Patterson?"

"I met him first in a slop-shop as he calls it, when I was buying my clothes."

"Well, Jim's a wild one, but he has a good heart, and pays when he can. I've been told by those who know his parents, that he will have property by-and-by. Well, and what can you do? I am afraid you can't do all Peter did."

"I can keep your accounts, and I can be honest and true to you."

"Well, Peter could not do more; are you sure you can keep accounts and sum up totals?"

"Yes, to be sure I can; try me."

"Well, then, I will, here is pen, ink, and paper. Well, you are the very image of Peter, and that's a fact. Now write down, beer, 8d.; tobacco, 4d.; is that down?"

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"Yes."

"Let me see; duck for trousers, 3s. 6d.; beer, again, 4d.; tobacco, 4d.; is that down? Well, then, say beer again, 8d. Now sum that all up."

Joey was perfect master of the task, and, as he handed over the paper, announced the whole sum to amount to 5s. 10d.

"Well," says Mrs. Chopper, "it looks all right, but just stay here a minute while I go and speak to somebody." Mrs. Chopper left the room, went down stairs, and took it to the bar girl at the next public house to ascertain if it was all correct.

"Yes, quite correct, Mrs. Chopper," replied the lass.

"And is it as good as Peter's was, poor fellow?"

"Much better," replied the girl.

"Dear me!—who would have thought it!—and so like Peter, too!"

Mrs. Chopper came up stairs again, and took her seat. "Well," says she, "and now what is your name?"

"Joey."

"Joey what?"

"Joey—O'Donahue," replied our hero, for he felt fearful of giving the name of M'Shane.

"And who are your parents?"

"They are poor people," replied Joey, "and live a long way off."

"And why did you leave them?"

Joey had already made up his mind to tell his former story; "I left there because I was accused of poaching, and they wished me to go away."

"Poaching; yes, I understand that—killing hares and birds. Well, why did you poach?"

"Because father did."

"O, well, I see: then if you only did what your father did, we must not blame his child: and so you came down here to go to sea?"

"If I could not do better."

"But you shall do better, my good boy. I will try you instead of poor Peter, and if you are an honest and good careful boy, it will be much better than going to sea. Dear me! how like he is, but now I must call you Peter; it will make me think I have him with me, poor fellow!"

"If you please," said Joey, who was not sorry to change his name.

"Well, then, where do you sleep to-night?"

"I did intend to ask for a bed at the house where I left my bundle."

"Then don't do so, go for your bundle, and you shall sleep in Peter's bed, (poor fellow, his last was a watery bed, as the papers say,) and then to-morrow morning you can go off with me."

Joey accepted the offer, went back for his bundle, and returned to Mrs. Chopper in a quarter of an hour; she was then preparing her supper, which Joey was not sorry to partake of; after which she led him into a small room, in which was a small bed without curtains; the room itself was hung round with strings of onions, papers of sweet herbs, and flitches of bacon; the floor was strewed with empty ginger-beer bottles, oakum in bags, and many other articles. Altogether the smell was anything but agreeable.

"Here is poor Peter's bed," said Mrs. Chopper; "I changed his sheets the night before he was drowned, poor fellow! Can I trust you to put the candle out?"

"O, yes; I'll be very careful."

"Then good night, boy. Do you ever say your prayers, poor Peter did?"

"Yes, I do," replied Joey, "good night."

Mrs. Chopper left the room. Joey threw open the window, for he was almost suffocated, undressed himself, put out the light, and when he had said his prayers, his thoughts naturally reverted to the little Emma, who had knelt with him on the road-side.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which our hero goes on duty.

At five o'clock, the next morning, Joey was called up by Mrs. Chopper; the waterman was in attendance, and, with the aid of Joey, carried down the various articles into the boat. When all was ready, Mrs. Chopper and Joey sat down to their breakfast, which consisted of tea, bread and butter, and red herrings; and, as soon as it was finished, they embarked and the boat shoved off.

"Well, Mrs. Chopper," said the waterman, "so I perceive you've got a new hand."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Chopper; "don't you think he's the moral of poor Peter?"

"Well, I don't know but there is a something about the cut of his jib which reminds me of him, now you mention it. Peter was a good boy."

"Ay, that he was, and as sharp as a needle.—You see," said Mrs. Chopper, turning to Joey, "sharp's the word in the bumboat. There's many who pay, and many who don't; some I trust, and some I don't—that is, those who won't pay me old debts. We lose a bit of money at times, but it all comes round in the end; but I lose more by not booking the things taken than in any other way, for sailors do pay when they have the money—that is, if they ever come back again, poor fellows. Now, Peter."

"What! is his name Peter, too?"

"Yes; I must call him Peter, William; he is so like poor Peter."

"Well, that will suit me; I hate learning new names."

"Well, but Peter," continued Mrs. Chopper, "you must be very careful; for, you see, I'm often called away here and there, after wash clothes and such things, and then you must look out, and if they do take up anything, why you must book it at all events. You'll learn by-and-by who to trust and who not to trust; for I know the most of my customers. You must not trust a woman—I mean any of the sailors' wives—unless I tell you, and you must be very sharp with them, for they play all manner of tricks; you must look two ways at once. Now, there's a girl on board the brig we are pulling to, called Nancy; why, she used to weather poor Peter, sharp as he was. She used to pretend to be very fond of him, and hug him close to her with one arm, so as to blind him, while she stole the tarts with the other; so don't admit her familiarities; if you do, I shall pay for them."

"Then who am I to trust?"

"Bless the child! you'll soon find out that; but mind one thing—never trust a tall, lanky seaman, without his name's on the books; those chaps never pay. There's the book kept by poor Peter; and you see names upon the top of each score—at least, I believe so; I have no learning myself, but I've a good memory; I can't read nor write, and that's why Peter was so useful."

That Peter could read his own writing, it is to be presumed; but certain it was that Joey could not make it out until after many days' examination, when he discovered that certain hieroglyphics were meant to represent certain articles; after which it became more easy.

They had now reached the side of the vessel, and the sailors came down into the boat, and took up several articles upon credit; Joey booked them very regularly.

"Has Bill been down yet?" said a soft voice from the gangway.

"No, Nancy, he has not."

"Then he wants two red herrings, a sixpenny loaf, and some baccy."

Joey looked up, and beheld a very handsome, fair, blue-eyed girl, with a most roguish look, who was hanging over the side.

"Then he must come himself, Nancy," replied Mrs. Chopper, "for yon know the last time you took up the things, he said that you were never told to do so, and he would not pay for them."

"That's because the fool was jealous; I lost the tobacco, Mrs. Chopper, and he said I had given it to Dick Snapper."

"I can't help that; he must come himself."

"But he's away in the boat, and he told me to get the things for him. Who have you there? Not Peter, no, it's not Peter; but what a dear little boy."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Chopper to our hero; "now, if I wasn't in the boat, she would be down in it in a minute, and persuade you to let her have the things—and she never pays."

Joey looked up again, and, as he looked at Nancy, felt that it would be very unkind to refuse her.

"Now, what a hard hearted old woman you are, Mrs. Chopper. Bill will come on board; and, as sure as I stand here, he'll whack me. He will pay you, you may take my word for it."

"Your word, Nancy!" replied Mrs. Chopper, shaking her head.

"Stop a moment," said Nancy, coming down the side, with very little regard as to showing her well-formed legs; "stop, Mrs. Chopper, and I'll explain to you."

"It's no use coming down, Nancy, I tell you," replied Mrs. Chopper.

"Well, we shall see," replied Nancy, taking her seat in the boat, and looking archly in Mrs. Chopper's face; "the fact is, Mrs. Chopper, you don't know what a good-tempered woman you are."

"I know, Nancy, what you are," replied Mrs. Chopper.

"O, so does everybody; I'm nobody's enemy but my own, they say."

"Ah! that's very true, child; more's the pity."

"Now, I didn't come down to wheedle you out of any thing, Mrs. Chopper, but mostly to talk to you, and look at this pretty boy."

"There you go, Nancy; but an't he like Peter?"

"Well, and so he is! very like Peter; he has Peter's eyes and his nose, and his mouth is exactly Peter's—how very strange!"

"I never see'd such a likeness!" exclaimed Mrs. Chopper.

"No, indeed," replied Nancy, who, by agreeing with Mrs. Chopper in all she said, and praising Joey, and his likeness to Peter, at last quite came over the old bumboat woman; and Nancy

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quitted her boat with the two herrings, the loaf, and the paper of tobacco.

"Shall I put them down, Mrs. Chopper?" said Joey.

"O, dear!" replied Mrs. Chopper, coming to her recollection, "I'm afraid that it's no use; but put them down, any how; they will do for bad debts. Shove off, William, we must go to the large ship now."

"I do wish that that Nancy was at any other port," exclaimed Mrs. Chopper, as they quinted the vessel's side; "I do lose so much money by her."

"Well," said the waterman, laughing, "you're not the only one; she can wheedle man or woman, or as they say, the devil to boot, if she would try."

During the whole of the day the wherry proceeded from ship to ship, supplying necessaries; in many instances they were paid for in ready money, in others Joey's capabilities were required, and they were booked down against the customers. At last, about five o'clock in the evening, the beer barrel being empty, most of the contents of the baskets nearly exhausted, and the wherry loaded with the linen for the wash, biscuits, empty bottles, and various other articles of traffic on board, Mrs. Chopper ordered William, the waterman, to pull on shore to the landing place.

As soon as the baskets and other articles had been carried up to the house, Mrs. Chopper sent out for the dinner, which was regularly obtained from a cook's shop. Joey sat down with her, and when his meal was finished, Mrs. Chopper told him he might take a run and stretch his legs a little if he pleased, while she tended to the linen which was to go to the wash. Joey was not sorry to take advantage of this considerate permission, for his legs were quite cramped from sitting so long jammed up between baskets of eggs, red herrings, and the other comestibles which had encompassed him.

We must now introduce Mrs. Chopper to the reader a little ceremoniously. She was the widow of a boatswain who had set her up in the bumboat business, with some money he had acquired a short time before his death, and she had continued it ever since on her own account. People said that she was rich, but riches are comparative, and if a person in a seaport town, and in her situation, could show £200 or £300 at her banker's, she was considered rich. If she was rich in nothing else, she certainly was in bad and doubtful debts, having seven or eight books like that which Joey was filling up for her during the whole day, all containing accounts of long standing, and most of which would probably stand for ever; but if the bad debts were many, the profits were in proportion; and what with the long standing debts being occasionally paid, the ready money she continually received, and the profitable traffic which she made in the way of exchange, &c., she appeared to do a thriving business, although it is certain the one half of her goods were as much given away as were the articles obtained from her in the morning by Nancy.

It is a question whether these books of bad debts were not a source of enjoyment to her, for every night she would take one of the books down, and although she could not read, yet, by having them continually read to her, and knowing the pages so exactly, she could almost repeat every line which the various bills contained; and then there was always a story which she had to tell about each—something relative to the party of whom the transaction reminded her; and subsequently, when Joey was fairly domiciled with her, she would make him hand down one of the books, and talk away from it for hours; they were the ledgers of her reminiscences; the events of a considerable portion of her life were all entered down along with the bacey, porter, pipes and red herrings; a bill for these articles was, to her, time, place, and circumstance; and what with a good memory, and bad debts to assist it, many were the hours which were passed away—and pleasantly enough, too, for one liked to talk and the other to listen—between Mrs. Chopper and our little hero. But we must not anticipate.

The permission given to Joey to stretch his legs induced him to set off as fast as he could to gain the high road before his little friend, Emma Philips, had left school. He sat down in the same place, waiting for her coming. The spot had become hallowed to the poor fellow—for he had there met with a friend—with one who sympathised with him when he most required consolation. He was felt happy, for he was no longer in doubt about obtaining a livelihood, and his first wish was to impart the pleasing intelligence to his little friend. She was not long before she made her appearance in her little straw bonnet and blue ribbons. Joey started up, and informed her that he had got a very nice place, explained to her what it was, and how he had been employed during the day.

"And I can very often come out about this time, I think," added Joey; "and then I can walk home with you and see that you come to no harm."

"But," replied the little girl, "my mother says that she would like to see you, as she will not allow me to make sequaintance with people I meet by accident. Don't you think that mother is right?"

"Yes, I do; she is very right," replied Joey; "I didn't think of that."

"Will you come and see her, then?"

"Not now, because I am not very clean. I'll come on Sunday if I can get leave."

They separated, and Joey returned back to the town. As he walked on, he thought he would spend the money he had got in a suit of Sunday clothes of a better quality than those he had on, the same which were very coarse. On second thoughts he resolved to apply to Mrs. Chopper, as he did not exactly know where to go for them, and was afraid that he would be imposed upon.

"Well, Peter," said his new mistress, "do you feel better for your walk?"

"Yes, thank you, ma'am."

"Peter," continued Mrs. Chopper, "you appear to be a very handy, good boy, and I hope we shall live together a long while. How long have you been at sea?"

"I was going to sea, I have never been to sea yet, and I don't want to go; I would rather stay with you."

"And so you shall, that's a settled thing. What clothes have you got, Peter?"

"I have none but what I stand in, and a few shirts in a bundle, and they are Sunday ones; but when I left home I had some money given me, and I wish to buy a suit of clothes for Sunday, to go to church in."

"That's a good boy, and so you shall; but how much money have you got?"

"Quite enough to buy a suit of clothes," replied Joey, handing out two sovereigns, and seventeen shillings in silver.

"O, I suppose they gave you all that to fit you out with when you left home; poor people, I dare say they worked hard for it. Well, I don't think the money will be of any use to you; so you had better buy a Sunday suit, and I will take care you want for nothing afterwards.—Don't you think I'm right?"

"Yes, I wish to do so. To-day is Tuesday, I may have them made by next Sunday."

"So you can; and as soon as William comes in, which he will soon, from the washerwoman's, we will go out and order them. Here he comes up the stairs—no, that foot's too light for his.—Well, it's Nancy, I declare! Why, Nancy, now," continued Mrs. Chopper, in a deprecating tone, "what do you want here?"

"Well, I leave you to guess," replied Nancy, looking very demurely, and taking a seat upon a hamper.

"Guess; I fear there's no guess in it, Nancy; but I will not—now it's no use—I will not trust another shilling."

"But I know you will, Mrs. Chopper. Lord love you, you're such a good-natured creature, you can't refuse any one, and certainly not me. Why don't you take me with you in your boat as your assistant? then there would be something in it worth looking at. I should bring you plenty of custom."

"You're too wild, Nancy, too wild, girl; but now, what do you want? recollect, you've already had some things to-day."

"I know I have, and you're a good-natured old trump, that you are. Now, I'll tell you—gold must pass between us this time."

"Mercy on me, Nancy! why, you're mad.—I've no gold—nothing but bad debts."

"Now, you, Mrs. Chopper, look at this shabby old bonnet of mine. Don't I want a new one?"

"Then you must get somebody else to give you money, Nancy," replied Mrs. Chopper, coolly, and decidedly.

"Don't talk so fast, Mrs. Chopper; now, I'll let you know how it is. When Bill came on board, he asked the captain for an advance; the captain refused him before, but this time he was in a good humour, and he consented. So then I coaxed Bill out of a sovereign to buy a new bonnet, and he gave it me, and then I thought what a fool you were, and I resolved that I would bring you the sovereign, and go without the new bonnet; so here it is, take it quick, or I shall repent."

"Well, Nancy," said Mrs. Chopper, "you said right; gold has passed between us, and I am surprised. Now I shall trust you again."

"And so you ought, it's not every pretty girl like me who will give up a new bonnet. Only look what a rubbishing affair this is," continued Nancy, giving her own a kick up in the air.

"I wish I had a sovereign to give away," said Joey to Mrs. Chopper; "I wish I had not said a word about the clothes."

"Do as you like with your own money, my dear," said the bumboat woman.

"There, Nancy, I'll give you a sovereign to buy yourself a new bonnet with," said Joey, taking one out of his pocket, and putting it into her hand.

Nancy looked at the sovereign, and then at Joey. "Bless the boy!" said she, at last, kissing him on the forehead; "he has a kind heart; may the world use him better than it has me! Here, take your sovereign, child; my bonnet's

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good enough for one like me." So saying, Nancy turned hastily away, and ran down stairs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which Mrs. Chopper reads her ledger.

"Ah, poor girl!" said Mrs. Chopper with a sigh, as Nancy disappeared. "You are a good boy, Peter; I like to see boys not too fond of money, and if she had taken it (and I wish she had, poor thing,) I would have made it up to you."

"Is the man she calls Bill her husband," enquired Joey.

"O, I know nothing about other people's husbands," replied Mrs. Chopper, hastily. "Now, then, let us go and order the clothes, and then you'll be able to go to church on Sunday; I will do without you."

"What, won't you go to church?"

"Bless you, child! who is to give the poor men their breakfast and their beer? a bumboat woman can't go to church any more than a baker's man, for people must eat on a Sunday. Church, like everything else in this world, appears to me to be only made for the rich; I always take my Bible in the boat with me on Sunday, but then I can't read it, so it's of no great use. No, dear, I can't go to church, but I can contrive, if it don't rain in the evening, to go to meeting and hear a little of the word; but you can go to church, dear."

A suit of blue cloth, made in sailor's fashion, having been ordered by Mrs. Chopper, she and Joey returned home; and, after their tea, Mrs. Chopper desired Joey to hand her one of the account books, which she put upon her knees and opened.

"There," said she, looking at the page, "I know that account well; it was Tom Alsop's—a fine fellow he was, only he made such a bad marriage; his wife was a very fiend, and the poor fellow loved her, which was worse. One day he missed her, and found she was on board another vessel; and he came on shore distracted like, and got very tipsy, as sailors always do when they're in trouble, and he went down to the wharf, and his body was picked up the next day."

"Did he drown himself?"

"Yes, so people think, Peter, and he owed me £1 3s. 4d., if I recollect right. Arn't that the figure, Peter?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Joey, "that's the sum total of the account exactly."

"Poor fellow!" continued Mrs. Chopper with a sigh, "he went to his long account without paying me my short one. Never mind; I wish he was alive, and twice as much in my debt.—There's another, I recollect that well, Peter, for it's a proof that sailors are honest, and I do believe that, if they don't pay, it's more from thoughtlessness than any thing else; and then the women coax all their money from them, for sailors don't care for money when they do get it, and then those Jews are such shocking fellows; but look you, Peter, this is almost the first bill run up after I took up the business; he was a nice, fair-haired lad from Shields, and the boy was cast away, and he was picked up by another vessel and brought here, and I let him have things, and lent him money to the amount of a matter of £20, and he said he would save all and pay me, and he sailed away again, and I never heard of him for nine years. I thought that he was drowned, or that he was not an honest lad; I didn't know which, and it was a deal of money to lose; but I gave it up, when one day a tall stout fellow, with great red whiskers, called upon me and said, 'Do you know me?'

"'No,' said I, half frightened; 'how should I know you? I never see'd you before.'

"'Yes, you do,' says he, 'and here's a proof of it; and he put down on the table a lot of money, and said, 'Now, missus, help yourself; better late than never. I'm Jim Sparling, who was cast away, whom you were as good as a mother to; but I've never been able to get leave to come and see you since. I'm boatswain's mate of a man-of-war, and have just received my pay, and now I've come to pay my debts.'"

"He would make me take £5 more than his bill to buy a new silk gown, for his sake; poor fellow! he's dead now. Here's another, that was run up by one of your tall, lanky sailors, who wear their knives in a sheath, and not with a lanyard round their waists; those fellows never pay, but they swear dreadfully. Let me see, what can this one be! Read it, Peter; how much is it?"

"£4 2s. 4d.," replied our hero.

"Yes, yes, I recollect now, it was the Dutch skipper; there's something in that bill, Peter; it was things I supplied to him just before he sailed, and an old man was passenger in the cabin; he was a very rich man, although he pretended to be poor; he was a diamond merchant they say, and as soon as they were in sea, the Dutch captain murdered him in the night, and threw him out of the cabin window; but one of the sailors saw the deed done, and he was taken up at Amsterdam and had his head cut off. The crew told us when the gallicot came back with a new captain. So the Dutch skipper paid the forfeit of his crime; he paid my bill, too, that's certain. 'O, deary me,' continued the old lady, turning to another page, 'I shan't forget this in a hurry; I never see poor Nancy now without recollecting it. Look, Peter; I know the sum—4s. 6d. exactly; it was the things she took up when Tom Freelove married Nancy; it was the wedding dinner and supper."

"What, Nancy who was here just now?"

"Yes, that Nancy, and a sweet modest young creature she was then, had been well brought up too; she could read and write beautifully, and subscribed to a circulating library, they say.—She was the daughter of a baker in this town. I recollect it well; such a fine day it was when they went to church, she looking so handsome in her new ribbons and smart dress, and he such a fine-looking young man. I never see'd such a handsome young couple; but he was a bad one, and so it all ended in misery."

"Tell me how," said Joey.

"I'll tell you all you ought to know, boy; you are too young to be told all the wickedness of this world. Her husband treated her very ill; before he had been married a month, he left her and went about with other people, and was always drunk, and she became jealous and distracted, and he beat her cruelly and deserted her, and then, to comfort her, people would persuade her to keep her spirits up, and gave her something to drink, and by degrees she became fond of it. Her husband was killed by a fall from the mast head, and she loved him still, and took more to liquor, and that was her ruin. She don't drink now, because she don't feel as she used to do; she cares about nothing; she is much to be pitied, poor thing, for she's still young and very pretty. It's only four years ago when I saw her come out of church, and thought what a happy couple they would be."

"Where are her father and mother?"

"Both dead; don't let us talk about it any more; it's bad enough when a man drinks, but if a woman takes to it, it's all over with her; but some people's feelings are so strong that they fly to it directly to drown care and misery. Put up the book, Peter; I can't look at it any more to-night; we'll go to bed."

Joey every day gave more satisfaction to his employer, and, upon his own responsibility, allowed his friend, the sailor lad, to open an account as soon as his money was all gone. Finding that the vessel was going up the river to load, Joey determined to write a few lines to the M'Shanes, to allay the uneasiness which he knew his absence must have occasioned, Jim Patterson promising to put the letter in the post as soon as he arrived at London.

Our hero simply said, "My dear sir, I am quite well, and have found employment, so pray do not grieve about me, as I never shall forget your kindness.

JOEY M'SHANE."

On the following Sunday, Joey was dressed in his sailor's suit, and looked very well in it. He was not only a very good-looking but a gentlemanlike boy in his manners. He went to church, and after church, he walked out to the abode of his little friend, Emma Philips. She ran out to meet him, was delighted with his new clothes, and took him by the hand to present him to her mother. Mrs. Philips was a quiet looking, pleasing woman, and the old lady was of a very venerable appearance. They made many inquiries about his friends, and Joey continued in the same story, that he and his father had been poachers, that he had been discovered and obliged to go away, and that he went with the consent of his parents. They were satisfied with his replies, and prepossessed in his favour; and as Joey was so patronised by her little daughter, he was desired to renew his visits, which he occasionally did on Sundays, but preferred meeting Emma on the road from school, and the two children (if Joey could be called a child) became very intimate, and felt annoyed if they did not every day exchange a few words. Thus passed the first six months of Joey's new life; the winter was cold and the water rough, and he blew his fingers, while Mrs. Chopper folded her arms up in her apron; but he had always a good dinner and a warm bed after the day's work was over. He became a great favourite with Mrs. Chopper, who at last admitted that he was much more useful than even Peter; and William, the waterman, declared that such was really the case, and that he was, in his opinion, worth two of the former Peter, who had come to such an untimely end.

CHAPTER XXV.

In which the biter is bit.

The disappearance of Joey from the school was immediately communicated to M'Shane by the master, who could not imagine how such an incident could have occurred in such a decent establishment as his preparatory seminary; it was an epoch in his existence, and ever afterwards his chronology was founded upon it, and every thing that occurred was so many months

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or weeks before or after the absconding of young master M'Shane. The letter had of course been produced, and as soon as the schoolmaster had taken his departure, M'Shane and his wife were in deep council.

"I recollect," said Mrs. M'Shane, who was crying in easy chair, "I recollect now, that one day the boy came up and asked me the meaning of wilful murder, and I told him. And now I think of it, I do also remember the people at No. 1 table, close to the counter, some time ago, talking about a murder having been committed by a mere child, and a long report of it in the newspapers. I am sure, however, (as Joey says in his letter,) that he is not guilty."

"And so am I," replied M'Shane. "However, bring up the file of newspapers, dear, and let me look over them. How long back do you think it was?"

"Why, it was about the time you went away with Captain O'Donahne, I think, or a little before—that was in October."

M'Shane turned over the file of newspapers, and after a quarter of an hour's search, found the report of the coroner's inquest.

"Here it is, my dear, sure enough," said M'Shane.

As soon as he had read it over, and came to the end, he said—

"Yes; wilful murder against Joseph Rushbrook the younger, and £200 for his apprehension. This it was that drove the lad from home, and not poaching, although I have no doubt that poaching was the cause of the murder. Now, my dear," continued M'Shane, "I think I can unravel all this; the murder has been committed, that's evident, by somebody, but not by Joey. I'll be sworn; he says that he is not guilty, and I believe him. Nevertheless, Joey runs away, and a verdict is found against him. My dear wife, I happen to know the father of Joey well; he was a fine, bold soldier, but one who would stick at nothing; and if I could venture an opinion, it is, that the murder was committed by Rushbrook, and not by Joey, and that the boy has absconded to save his father."

The reader will acknowledge that M'Shane was very clear sighted.

"That's my opinion," continued M'Shane. "How it has been managed to make the boy appear as the party, I cannot tell; but knowing the father, and knowing the son, I'd stake my commission that I've guessed the truth."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Shane; "well, the commandments say that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. What can be done, M'Shane?"

"Nothing at present; it would injure Joey to raise a hue and cry after him; for, you see, if he is apprehended, he must either be tried for his life, and convicted himself, or prove that he did not do it, which probably he could not do without convicting his father; I will, however, make some inquiries about Rushbrook himself, and if I can I will see him."

The same evening the schoolmaster called upon M'Shane, to say that two persons had come to the school in the afternoon and asked to see him; that one of them, shabbily dressed, but evidently a person who was not of so low a class in life, as the other, had accosted him when he came into the parlour with—

"I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Slappum; if so, may I request the favour to see my little friend Joey, whom I met yesterday walking out with the other young gentlemen under your care, as I have a message to him from his father and mother? The dear boy was once under my tuition, and did me much credit, as I have no doubt that he has done you."

Now, the usher had told Mr. Slappum that Joey had been addressed by this person the day before, and the schoolmaster presuming, of course, that it was Joey M'Shane, replied—

"I am sorry to say that he left this house last night, and has absconded we know not where. He had left a letter for Major M'Shane, which I have this day delivered to him, acquainting him with the unpleasant circumstance."

"Bolted, by all that's clever!" said the second personage to the first, who looked very much surprised and confounded.

"You really astonish me, my dear sir," replied the first person, whom the reader will of course recognise to be Furness; "that a lad brought up by me in such strict moral principles, such pious feelings, should have taken such a step, is to me incomprehensible. Major M'Shane, I think you said, lives at——?"

"Major M'Shane lives at No. — in Holborn," replied the schoolmaster.

"And the lad has not gone home to him?"

"No, he has not; he left a letter, which I took to Major M'Shane; but I did not break the seal, and am ignorant of the contents."

"I am stupified with grief and vexation," replied Furness, "and will not intrude any longer. Bless the boy! what can have come of him?"

So saying, Furness took his departure with the peace officer, whom he had intrusted with a warrant which he had taken out to secure the person of our hero.

M'Shane heard the schoolmaster's account without interruption, and then said, "I have no doubt but that this person who has called upon you will pay me a visit; oblige me, therefore, by describing his person particularly, so that I may know him at first sight."

The schoolmaster gave a most accurate description of Furness, and then he took his leave.

As the eating-house kept by Mrs. M'Shane had a private door, Furness (who, as M'Shane had prophesied, came the next afternoon,) after having read the name on the private door, which was not on the eating house, which went by the name of the Chequers, imagined that it was an establishment apart, and thought it advisable to enter into it, and ascertain a little about Major M'Shane before he called upon him. Although M'Shane seldom made his appearance in the room appropriated for the dinners, it so happened that he was standing at the door when Furness entered and sat down in a box, calling for the bill of fare, and ordering a plate of beef and cabbage. M'Shane recognised him by the description given of him immediately, and resolved to make his acquaintance incog., and ascertain what his intentions were; he therefore took his seat in the same box, and winking to one of the girls who attended, also called for a plate of beef and cabbage. Furness, who was anxious to pump any one he might fall in with, immediately entered into conversation with the major.

"A good house this, sir, and well attended, apparently?"

"Yes, sir," replied M'Shane; "it is considered a very good house."

"Do you frequent it much yourself?"

"Always, sir; I feel much interested in its success," replied M'Shane; "for I know the lady who keeps it, well, and have a high respect for her."

"I saw her as I passed by——a fine woman, sir! Pray, may I ask, who is Major M'Shane, who I observe lives in the rooms above?"

"He is a major in the army, sir—now on half pay?"

"Do you know him?"

"Remarkably well," replied M'Shane; "he's a countryman of mine."

"He's married, sir, I think? I'll trouble you for the pepper."

"He is married, sir, to a very amiable woman."

"Any family, sir?"

"Not that I know of; they have a young protege, I believe now at school,—a boy they call Joey."

"Indeed! how very kind of them; really, now, its quite refreshing to me to see so much goodness of heart still remaining in this bad world. Adopted them, I presume?"

"I really cannot exactly say that; I know that they treat him as their own child."

"Have you seen Major M'Shane lately, sir?"

"Saw him this morning, sir, just after he got up."

"Indeed! This is remarkably good ale, sir—will you honour me by tasting it?"

"Sir, you are very kind; but the fact is, I never drink malt liquor. Here, girl, bring a half-pint of brandy. I trust, sir, you will not refuse to join me in a glass, although I cannot venture to accept your polite offer."

Furness drank off his pot of ale, and made ready for the brandy, which had been offered him; M'Shane filled his own glass, and then handed the decanter over to Furness.

"I have the pleasure of drinking your good health, sir," said M'Shane. "You are from the country, I presume; may I enquire from what part?"

"I am from Devonshire; I was formerly head of the grammar school at ——; but, sir, my principles would not allow me to retain my situation; rectitude of conduct, sir, is absolutely necessary to the profession which inculcates morality and virtue, as well as instruction to youth, sir. Here is to our better acquaintance, sir."

"Sir, to yours; I honour your sentiments. By the powers! but you're right, Mr. ——. I beg your pardon—but I don't catch your name exactly."

"Furness, sir; at your service. Yes, sir, the directors of the foundation which I presided over, I may say, with such credit to myself, and such advantage to the pupils under my care, wished to make a job,—yes, sir—of a charity; I could not consent to such deeds, and I resigned."

"And you have been in London ever since?"

"No, sir; I returned to the small village of Grassford, where I set up a school, but circumstances compelled me to resign, and I am now about to seek for employment in another hemisphere; in short, I have an idea of going out to New South Wales as a preceptor. I understand they are in great want of tuition in that quarter."

"I should think so," replied M'Shane; "and they have a great deal to unlearn as well as to learn."

"I speak of the junior branches—the scions or offsets. I may say—born in the colony, and who, I trust, will prove that crime is not hereditary."

"Well, I wish you luck, sir," replied M'Shane; "you must oblige me by taking another glass, for I never shall be able to finish this decanter myself."

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"I gladly avail myself of the pleasure of your company, sir."

As the reader is well aware that Furness was an intemperate man, it is not to be surprised that he accepted the offer; and before the second glass was finished, the ale and brandy had begun to have the effect, and he had become very communicative.

"What was the village which you stated you had resided in, lately, sir?" inquired M'Shane.

"The village of Grasford."

"There is something I recollect about the village; let me see—something that I read in the newspapers. I remember now—it was the murder of a pedler."

"Very true, sir; such a circumstance did take place; it was a dreadful affair—and, what is more strange, committed by a mere child, who absconded."

"Indeed! What was his name?"

"Rushbrook, sir; his father was a well known poacher—a man who had been in the army, and had a pension for wounds. There is an old saying, sir, of high authority—'Bring up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it.' I instructed that boy, sir, but, alas! what avails the instruction of a preceptor when a father leads a child into evil ways?"

"That's the truth, and no mistake," replied M'Shane: "So the boy ran away? Yes; I recollect now. And what became of the father."

"The father, sir, and mother have since left the village, and gone nobody knows where."

"Indeed! are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure, sir; for I was most anxious to discover them, and took great pains, but without success."

"What did the people say thereabouts? Was there no suspicion of the father being implicated?"

"I do not think there was. He gave evidence at the inquest, and so did I, sir, as you may suppose, most unwillingly; for the boy was a favourite of mine. I beg your pardon, sir—you say you are acquainted with Major M'Shane, and saw him this morning; is the interesting little boy you speak of as under his protection now at home or still at school.

"I really cannot positively say," replied M'Shane; "but this is not holiday times. Come, sir, we must not part yet; your conversation is too interesting. You must allow me to call for some more brandy; poor as I am, I must treat myself, and you too. I wish I knew where I could pick up a little money; for, to tell you the truth, cash begins to run low."

Furness was now more than half drunk. "Well, sir," said he, "I have known money picked up without any difficulty; for instance, now suppose we should fall in with this young rascal who committed the murder; there is £200 offered for his apprehension and conviction."

"I thought as much," muttered M'Shane; "the infernal scoundrel!—I suspect that you will find him where you are going to, Mr. Furbish; he's got that far by this time."

"Between you and I, I think not, sir. My name is Furness, sir—I beg your pardon—not Furbish."

"Why, you do not think he would be such a fool as to remain in the country after such an act?"

"The wicked are foolish, sir, as well as others," replied Furness, putting his finger to his nose, and looking very knowingly.

"That's truth, sir. Help yourself; you drink nothing. Excuse me one minute; I'll be back directly."

M'Shane left the box for a few minutes to explain to his wife what he was about, and to give time for the liquor to operate upon Furness. As he expected, he found, on his return, that Furness had finished his glass, and was more tipsy than when he left him.

The conversation was renewed, and M'Shane again pleading his poverty, and his wish to obtain money, brought out the proposal of Furness, who informed him that he had recognised the *protege* of Major M'Shane to be the identical Joseph Rushbrook; that the boy had absconded from the school, and was concealed in Major M'Shane's house. He concluded by observing, that, as he was so intimate with the major, it would be very easy for him to ascertain the fact, and offered him £50 as his share of the reward, if he would assist him in the boy's capture. It was lucky for Furness that M'Shane was surrounded by others, or in all probability there would have been another murder committed. The major, however, said he would think of it, and fell back in deep thought; what he was thinking of was, what he should do to punish Furness. At last an idea came into his head; the rascal was drunk, and he proposed that they should go to another house; where they might find the major, and he would present him. Furness consented, and reeled out of the box; M'Shane, although he would as soon have touched a viper, controlled himself sufficiently to give Furness his arm, and leading him down by two or three back courts, he took him into an ale-house where there was a rendezvous for enlisting marines for the navy. As soon as they were seated, and had liquor before them, M'Shane spoke to the sergeant, tipped him a guinea, and said he had a good recruit for him, if he could be prevailed to enlist. He then introduced the sergeant as the major, and advised Furness to pretend to agree with him in everything. The sergeant told long stories, clapped Furness, who was now quite intoxicated, on the back, called him a jolly fellow, and asked him to enlist. "Say yes, to please him," said M'Shane in his ear. Furness did so, received the shilling, and when he came to his senses the next day, found his friend had disappeared, and that he was under an escort for Portsmouth. All remonstrances were unavailing; M'Shane had fee'd the sergeant, and had promised him a higher fee not to let Furness off; and the latter, having but a few shillings in his pocket, was compelled to submit to his fate.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In which our hero again falls in with an old acquaintance.

For nearly two years Joey had filled his situation as chancellor of the exchequer to Mrs. Chopper. He certainly did not find himself always in the humour or the disposition for business, especially during the hard winter months, when, seated almost immovably in the bust during the best portion of the day, he would find his fingers so completely dead, that he could not hold his pen. But there is no situation under any of the powers that be that has not some drawback. People may say that a sinecure is one that has not its disadvantages; but such is not the case—there is the disgrace of holding it. At all events, Joey's place was no sinecure, for he was up early, and was employed the whole of the day.

Nancy, the young woman we have introduced to our readers, had contracted a great regard for our hero, ever since his offering her his money, and Joey was equally partial to her, for she possessed a warm heart and much good feeling; she would very often run up stairs into Mrs. Chopper's room, to talk with the old lady and to see Joey, and would then take out her thimble and needle, examine his clothes, and make the necessary repairs.

"I saw you walking with little Emma Philips, Peter," said Nancy; "where did you come to know her?"

"I met her in the road the day that I came down to Gravesend."

"Well, I'm sure! and do you speak to every young lady you chance to meet?"

"No; but I was unhappy, and she was very kind to me."

"She's a very sweet child, or rather, I can only say that she was, when I knew her."

"When did you know her?"

"Four or five years ago; I lived for a short time with Mrs. Philips; that was when I was a good girl."

"Yes indeed, Nancy," said Mrs. Chopper, shaking her head.

"Why aint you good now, Nancy?" replied Joey.

"Because——" said Nancy.

"Because why?"

"Because I am not good," replied the girl; "and now Peter, don't ask any more questions, or you'll make me cry. Heigho! I think crying very pleasant now and then; one's heart feels fresher, like flowers after the rain. Peter, where are your father and mother?"

"I don't know; I left them at home."

"You left them at home! but do you never hear from them? do you never write?"

"No."

"But, why not? I am sure they have brought you up well. They must be very good people, are they not?"

Joey could not answer; how could he say that his father was a good man after what had passed?

"You don't answer me, Peter; don't you love your father and mother dearly?"

"Yes, indeed I do; but I must not write to them."

"Well, I must say there is something about Peter and his parents which I cannot understand, and which I have often tried to make him tell, and he will not," said Mrs. Chopper. "Poaching aint such a great crime, especially in a boy. I can't see why he should not write to his father and mother. At all events, I hope, Peter, you have told me the truth."

"I have told you what is true; but my father was a poacher, and they know it; and if they did not punish me, they would him, and transport him too, if I gave evidence against him, which I must do, if put to my oath; I've told you all I can tell; I must not tell of father, must I?"

"No, no, child; I dare say you are right," replied Mrs. Chopper.

"Now, I don't ask you to tell me, Peter," said Nancy, "for I can guess what has taken place; you and your father have been out poaching, there has been a scuffle with the keepers and there has been blood shed; and that's the reason why you keep out of the way. Aint I right?"

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"You are not far wrong," replied Joey; "but I will not say a word more upon it."

"And I won't ask you my little Peter; there, that's done, and now I shall have a peep out of the window, for its very close here, Mrs. Chopper."

Nancy threw the window open and leaned out of it, watching the passers by. "Mercy on us! here's three soldiers coming up the street with a deserter handcuffed," cried she. "Who can it be? he's a sailor. Why, I do believe it's Sam Oxenham, that belongs to the Thomas and Mary, of Sunderland. Poor fellow! Yes, it is him."

Joey went to the window, and took his stand by the side of Nancy.

"What soldiers are those?" enquired he.

"They're not soldiers after all," replied Nancy; "they are jollies—a sergeant and two privates."

"Jollies! what are they?"

"Why, marines, to be sure."

Joey continued looking at them until they passed under the window, when Nancy, who had a great respect at anything like arbitrary power, could not refrain from speaking.

"I say, master sergeant, you're a nice brave fellow, with your two jollies. D'ye think the young man will kill you all three, that you must put the derbies on so tight?"

At this appeal the sergeant and privates looked up at the window and laughed, when they saw such a pretty girl as Nancy. The eyes of one of the privates were, however, soon fixed on our hero's face, and deeply scrutinising it, when Joey looked at him. As soon as Joey recognised him, he drew back from the window, pale as death, the private still remaining staring at the window.

"Why, what's the matter, Peter?" said Nancy; "what makes you look so pale! do you know that man?"

"Yes," replied Joey, drawing his breath, "and he knows me, I'm afraid."

"Why do you fear?" replied Nancy.

"See if he's gone," said Joey.

"Yes, he has; he has gone up the street with the sergeant; but every now and then he looks back at this window; but perhaps that's to see me."

"Why, Peter, what harm can that marine do you?" enquired Mrs. Chopper.

"A great deal; he will never be quiet until he has me taken up, and then what will become of my poor father?" continued Joey, with tears running down his cheeks.

"Give me my bonnet, Peter. I'll soon find out what he is after," said Nancy, leaving the window. She threw her bonnet on her head, and ran down stairs.

Mrs. Chopper in vain endeavoured to comfort our hero, or make him explain—he did nothing but sit mournfully by her side, thinking what he had best do, and expecting every minute to hear the tramp of Furness (for it was he who had recognised Joey) coming up the stairs.

"Mrs. Chopper," at last said Joey, "I must leave you, I'm afraid; I was obliged to leave my former friends on this man's account."

"Leave me, boy! no, no, you must not leave me—how could I get on without you?"

"If I don't leave you myself, I shall be taken up, that is certain; but indeed I have not done wrong—don't think that I have."

"I'm sure of it, child; you've only to say so, and I'll believe you; but why should he care about you?"

"He lived in our village, and knows all about it; he gave evidence at——"

"At what, boy?"

"At the time that I ran away from home; he proved that I had the gun and bag, which were found."

"Well, and suppose you had; what then?"

"Mrs. Chopper, there was a reward offered, and he wants to get the money."

"O, I see now—a reward offered; then it must be as Nancy said; there was blood shed;" and Mrs. Chopper put her apron up to her eyes.

Joey made no answer. After a few minutes' silence, he rose, and went into his room where he slept, and put his clothes up in a bundle. Having so done, he sat down on the side of the bed and reflected what was the course he ought to pursue.

Our hero was now sixteen, and much increased in stature; he was no longer a child, although, in heart, almost as innocent. His thoughts wandered—he yearned to see his father and mother; and reflected whether he might not venture back to the village, and meet them by stealth; he thought of the M'Shanes, and imagined that he might in the same way return to them; then little Emma Philips rose in his imagination, and his fear that he might never see her again; Captain O'Donahue was at last brought to his recollection, and he longed to be once more with him in Russia; and, lastly, he reviewed the happy and contented life he had lately led with his good friend Mrs. Chopper, and how sorry he should be to part with her. After a time, he threw himself on his bed, and his face in the pillow; and, overcome with the excess of his feelings, he at last fell asleep.

In the mean time Nancy had followed the marines up the street, and saw them enter, with their prisoner, into a small public house, where she was well known; she followed them, spoke a few kind words to the seamen who had been apprehended, and with whom she was acquainted, and then sat down by Furness to attract his attention.

Furness had certainly much improved in his appearance since he had (much against his will) been serving his majesty. Being a tall man, he had, by drilling, become perfectly erect, and the punishment awarded to drunkenness, as well as the difficulty of procuring liquor, had kept him from his former intemperance, and his health had improved in consequence. He had been more than once brought up to the gangway upon his first embarkation, but latterly had conducted himself properly, and was in expectation of being made a corporal, for which situation his education certainly qualified him. On the whole, he was now a fine looking marine, although just as unprincipled a scoundrel as ever.

"Well, my pretty lass, didn't I see you looking out of a window, just now?"

"To be sure you did, and you might have heard me too," replied Nancy; "and when I saw such a handsome fellow as you, didn't I put on my bonnet in a hurry, and come after you? What ship do you belong to?"

"The Mars, at the Nore."

"Well, I should like to go on board of a man-of-war. Will you take me?"

"To be sure I will; come, have a drink of beer."

"Here's to the jollies," said Nancy, putting the pewter pot to her lips. "When do you go on board again?"

"Not till to-morrow; we've caught our bird, and now we'll amuse ourselves a little. Do you belong to this place?"

"Yes, bred and born here; but we hardly ever see a man-of-war; they stay at the Nore, or go higher up."

Nancy did all she could to make Furness believe she had taken a fancy to him, and knew too well how to succeed. Before an hour had passed, Furness had, as he thought, made every arrangement with her, and congratulated himself on his good fortune. In the mean time the beer and brandy went round, even the unfortunate captive was persuaded to drink with them, and drown reflection. At last Furness said to her, "Who was that lad that was looking out of the window with you? Was it your brother?"

"My brother! bless you, no. You mean that scamp Peter, who goes in the bumboat with old mother Chopper."

"Does he?—well I have either seen him before, or some one like him."

"He's not of our town," replied Nancy; "he came here about two years ago, nobody knows where he came, and has been with Mrs. Chopper ever since."

"Two years ago," muttered Furness, "that's just the time. Come, girl, take some more beer."

Nancy drank a little and put down the pot.

"Where does Mrs. Chopper live?" inquired Furness.

"Where you saw me looking out of the window," replied Nancy.

"And the boy lives with her! I will call upon her by-and-by."

"Yes, to be sure he does; but why are you talking so about the boy? Why don't you talk to me, and tell me what a pretty girl I am, for I like to be told that."

Furness and his comrades continued to carouse, and were getting fast to a state of intoxication; the sergeant only was prudent; but Furness had taken the first opportunity of indulging without fear of punishment. He became more loving towards Nancy, as he became more tipsy, when Nancy who cajoled him to the utmost of her power, again mentioned our hero; and then it was that Furness, who when inebriated could never hold a secret, first told her that there was a reward offered for his apprehension, and that if she would remain with him, they would spend the money together. To this Nancy immediately consented, and offered to assist him as much as she could, as she had the entrance into Mrs. Chopper's house, and knew where the lad slept. But Nancy was determined to gain more from Furness, and as he was now pretty far gone, she proposed that they should take a walk out, for it was a beautiful evening. Furness gladly consented. Nancy again explained to him how she should manage to get Joey into her power, and appeared quite delighted at the idea of there being a reward, which they were to obtain; and finding that Furness was completely deceived, and that the fresh air had increased his inebriety, she then persuaded him to confide to her all the circumstances connected with the reward offered for our hero's apprehension. She then learned when had occurred at the inquest—Joey's escape—his being again discovered by Furness—and his second escape from the school, to which he had been put by the M'Shanes.

"And his father and mother, where are they? When I think of them, I must say, that I do not much like to assist in taking up the boy. Poor people, how they will suffer when they hear of it! Really I don't know what to say, continued

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Nancy, biting the tip of her finger as if hesitating.

"Don't let them stop you," said Furness; "they will not be likely even to hear of it; they left the village before me, and no one knows where they are gone. I tried to find out myself, but could not. It's very clear that they're gone to America."

"Indeed!" said Nancy, who had put the questions, because she wished to give Joey some information relative to his parents; "gone to America, do you say?"

"Yes, I am inclined to think so, for I lost all trace of them."

"Well, then," replied Nancy, "that scruple of mine is got over."

She then pointed out to Furness the propriety of waiting an hour or two, till people were in bed, that there might be no chance of a rescue; and they returned to the public house. Furness took another glass of ale, and then fell fast asleep on the bench, with his head over the table.

"So," thought Nancy, as she left the public house, "the drunken fool makes sure of his £200; but there is no time to be lost."

Nancy hastened back to Mrs. Chopper, whom she found sitting with a candle, turning over the leaves of an old account book.

"O, Nancy, is that you? I was just sighing over you; here's the things that were ordered for your wedding. Poor girl! I fear you have not often been to church since."

Nancy was silent for a short time. "I'm sick of my life and sick of myself, Mrs. Chopper; but what can I do?—a wretch like me! I wish I could run away, as poor Peter must directly, and go to where I never was known; I should be so happy."

"Peter must go, do you say, Nancy; is that certain?"

"Most certain, Mrs. Chopper, and he must be off directly. I have been with the marines, and the fellow has told me everything; he is only waiting now for me to go back, to come and take him."

"But tell me, Nancy, has Peter been guilty?"

"I believe from my heart that he has done nothing; but still murder was committed, and Peter will be apprehended, unless you give him the means of running away. Where is he now?"

"Asleep, fast asleep; I didn't like to wake him, poor fellow!"

"Then he must be innocent, Mrs. Chopper; they say the guilty never sleep. But what will he do—he has no money?"

"He has saved me a mint of money, and he shall not want it," replied Mrs. Chopper. "What shall I do without him? I can't bear to part with him."

"But you must, Mrs. Chopper; and if you love him, you will give him the means, and let him be off directly. I wish I was going too," continued Nancy, bursting into tears.

"Go with him, Nancy, and look after him, and take care of my poor Peter," said Mrs. Chopper, whimpering; "go, my child, go, and lead a good life. I should better part with him, if I thought you were with him, and away from this horrid place."

"Will you let me go with him, Mrs. Chopper—will you, indeed?" cried Nancy, falling on her knees. "Oh! I will watch him as a mother would her son, as a sister would her brother!—Give us but the means to quit this place, and the good and the wicked both will bless you."

"That you shall, then, my poor girl; for it has often pained my heart to look at you; for I felt that you are too good for what you are, and will be again a good, honest girl. You both shall go. Poor Peter! I wish I were young enough, I would go with you; but I can't. How I shall be cheated again when he is gone! but go he must. Here, Nancy, take the money; take all I have in the house;" and Mrs. Chopper put upwards of £20 into Nancy's hand as she was kneeling before her. Nancy fell forward with her face in the lap of the good old woman, suffocated with emotion and tears. "Come, come, Nancy," said Mrs. Chopper, after a pause, and wiping her eyes with her apron, "you mustn't take on so, my poor girl. Recollect poor Peter; there's no time to lose."

"That is true," replied Nancy, rising up. Mrs. Chopper, you have done a deed this night for which you will have your reward in heaven. May the God of mercy bless you! and as soon as I dare, night and morning will I pray for you."

Mrs. Chopper went into Joey's room with the candle in her hand, followed by Nancy. "See, how sound he sleeps!" said the old woman; "he is not guilty. Peter! Peter! come, get up, child."

Joey rose from his bed, confused at first with the light in his eyes, but soon recovered himself.

"Peter, you must go, my poor boy, and go quickly, Nancy says."

"I was sure of it," replied Joey. "I am very, very sorry to leave you, Mrs. Chopper. Pray think well of me, for, indeed, I have done nothing wrong."

"I am sure of it; but Nancy knows it all, and away you must go. I wish you were off; I'm getting fidgetty about it, although I cannot bear to lose you; so good-bye at once, Peter, and God bless you! I hope we shall meet again yet."

"I hope so, indeed, Mrs. Chopper; for you have been very kind to me, as kind as a mother could be."

Mrs. Chopper hugged him to her breast, and then said, in a hurried tone, as she dropped on the bed, "There; go now."

Nancy took up Joey's bundle in one hand and Joey by the other, and they went down stairs. As soon as they were in the street, Nancy turned short round, went to the house where she usually slept, desiring Joey to wait a moment at the door. She soon returned with her own bundle, and then, with a quick pace, walked on, desiring Joey to follow her. They proceeded in this manner until they were clear of the town, when Joey came up to Nancy, and said, "Thank you, Nancy; I suppose we'd better part now."

"No, we don't part yet, Peter," replied Nancy.

"But where are you going, and why have you that bundle?"

"I am going with you, Peter," replied Nancy.

"But Nancy——," replied Joey; and then after a pause: "I will do all I can for you—I will work for you—but I have no money, and I hope we shall not starve."

"Bless you, boy! bless you for that kind feeling! but we shall not starve; I have Mrs. Chopper's leave to go with you; indeed, she wished me so to do, and she has given me money for you—it is for you, although she said for both."

"She is very kind; but why should you go with me, Nancy? you have nothing to fear."

"We must not talk now, Peter; let us walk on; I have more to fear then you."

"How is that? I fear being taken up for that of which I am not guilty, but you have nothing to fear."

"Peter, dear," replied Nancy solemnly, "I do not fear for any thing this world can do for me; but don't talk now—let us go on."

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which the wheel of fortune brings our hero's nose to the grindstone.

When Nancy and our hero had proceeded about three miles on their way, Nancy slackened her pace, and they entered into conversation.

"Which way are you going?" demanded Joey.

"I'm cutting right across the country, Peter, or rather Joey, as I shall in future call you, for that is your real name—the marine told me it was Joseph Rushbrook—is it not."

"Yes, it is," replied Joey.

"Then in future I shall call you so, for I do not wish to hear even a name which would remind me of the scene of my misery; and, Joey, do you never call me Nancy again, the name is odious to me; call me Mary."

"I will, if you wish it; but I cannot imagine why you should run away from Gravesend, Mary. What do you mean to do? I ran away from fear of being taken up."

"And I, Joey, do more; I fly from the wrath to come. You ask we what I intend to do; I will answer you in the words of the catechism which I once used to repeat: 'to lead a new life, have a thankful remembrance of Christ's death, and be in charity with all men.' I shall seek for service; I care not how humble—it will be good enough. I will sift cinders for brick-making, make bricks, do anything, as long as what I do is honest."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, Mary," replied Joey, "for I was always very fond of you."

"Yes, Joey, and you were the first who offered to do a kind thing for me for a long while; I have never forgotten it, and this night I have done something to repay it."

"Nancy then entered into a detail of all that had passed between her and Furness, of which Joey had been ignorant, and which proved to him what a narrow escape he had had.

"I little thought you had done all this while I slept," replied Joey, "but I am very grateful, Mary."

"I know you are, so say no more about it. You see, Joey, he gave me all your history, and appears to believe that you committed the murder. I do not believe it; I do not believe you would do such a thing, although your gun might have gone off by accident."

"No, Mary, I did not do it, either on purpose or by accident; but you must ask me no more questions, for if I were put on my trial I should not reveal the secret."

"Then I will never speak to you any more about it, if I can help it. I have my own thoughts on the business, but now I drop it. It is nearly daylight, and we have walked a good many miles; I shall not be sorry to sit down and rest myself."

"Do you know how far we have to go before we come to any town, Mary?"

"We are not far from Maidstone; it is on our right, but it will be as well not to go through so large a town so near to Gravesend. Besides,

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some of the soldiers may know me. As soon as we come to a good place, where we can find a drink of water, we will sit down and rest ourselves."

About a mile further on they came to a small rivulet, which crossed the road.

"This will do, Joey," said Nancy; "now we'll sit down."

It was then daylight; they took their seats on their bundles as soon as they had drank from the stream.

"Now Joey," said Mary, (as we shall call her for the future,) "let us see what money we have. Mrs. Chopper put all she had in my hands; poor, good old woman; bless her! Count it, Joey; it is yours."

"No, Mary, she gave it for both of us."

"Never mind; do you keep it; for you see, Joey, you might have to run at a minute's warning, and it would not do for you to be without money."

"If I was to run off at a minute's warning, I should then take it all with me, and it would not do for you to be left without any money, Mary, so we must halve it between us, although we will always make one purse."

"Well, be it so, for if you were robbed, or I were robbed, on the way, the other might escape."

They then divided the money, Joey putting his share into his pocket, and tying it in with a string. Mary dropped hers down in the usual deposit for women for bank notes and billets-doux. As soon as this matter had been arranged, Mary opened her bundle and took out a handkerchief, which she put on her shoulders; combed out the ringlets which she had worn, and dressed her hair flat on her temples; removed the gay ribbons from her bonnet, and substituted some plain brown in their stead.

"There," says she; "now don't I look more respectable?"

"You do look more neat and more ——"

"—More modest, you would say, Joey. Well, and I hope in future to become what I look.—But I look more fit to be your sister, Joey, for I have been thinking we had better pass off as brother and sister to avoid questioning. We must make out some story to agree in. Who shall we say that we are (as we dare not say who we really are?) I am looking out for service, and so are you, that's very clear; father and mother are both dead; father was a baker. That's all true, as far as relates to me; and as you are my brother, why you must take my father and mother. It's no very great story after all."

"But it won't do to say we came from Gravesend."

"No; we need not say that, and yet tell no story; the village we passed through last night was Wrotham, so we came from thence."

"But where do you think of going, Mary?"

"A good way farther off yet; at all events, before we look out for service, we will get into another county. Now, if you are ready, we will go on, Joey, and look out for some breakfast, and then I shall be able to change my gown for a quieter one."

In half an hour they arrived at a village, and went into a public house. Mary went up stairs and changed her dress; and now that she had completed her arrangements, she looked a very pretty modest young woman, and none could have supposed that the day before she had been flaunting in the street of a seafaring town. Inquiries were made, as might be supposed, and Mary replied that she was going to service, and that her brother was escorting her. They had their breakfast, and, after resting two hours, they proceeded on their journey.

For some days they traveled more deliberately, until they found themselves in the small town of Manstone, in Dorsetshire, where they as usual, put up at an humble public house. Here Mary told a different story; she had been disappointed in a situation, and they intended to go back again to their native town.

The landlady of the hotel was prepossessed in favour of such a very pretty girl as Mary, as well as with the appearance of Joey, who although in his sailor's dress, was very superior in carriage to a boy in his supposed station in life, and she said, that if they would remain there a few days, she would try to procure them some situation. The third day after their arrival, she informed Mary that she had heard of a situation as under-housemaid at the squire's, about a mile off, if she would like to take it, and Mary gladly consented. Mrs. Derborough sent up word, and received orders for Mary to make her appearance, and Mary accordingly went up to the hall, accompanied by Joey. When she arrived there, and made known her business, she was desired to wait in the servants'-hall until she was sent for. In about a quarter of an hour she was summoned, and leaving Joey in the hall, she went up to see the lady of the house, who enquired whether she had ever been out at service before, and if she had a good character.

Mary replied that she had never been out at service, and that she had no character at all, (which, by-the-bye, was very true.)

The lady of the house smiled at this apparently naive answer from so very modest looking and pretty a girl, and asked how her parents were.

To this question Mary's answer was ready, and she further added, that she had left home in search of a place and had been disappointed; that her father and mother were dead, but her brother was down below, and had escorted her; and that Mrs. Chopper was an old friend of her mother's, and could answer as to her character.

The lady was prepossessed by Mary's appearance, by the report of Mrs. Derborough, and by the respectability of her brother traveling with her, and agreed to try her; but at the same time said she must have Mrs. Chopper's address, that she might write to her; but, the place being vacant, she might come to-morrow morning; her wages were named and immediately accepted, and thus did Mary obtain her situation.

People say you cannot be too particular when you choose servants; and, to a certain degree, this is true: but this extreme caution, however selfishness and prudence may dictate it, is but too often the cause of servants, who have committed an error and have in consequence been refused a character, being driven to destitution and misery, when they had a full intention, and would have, had they been permitted, redeemed their transgression.

Mary was resolved to be a good and honest girl. Had the lady of the house been very particular, and had others to whom she might afterwards have applied been the same, all her good intentions might have been frustrated, and she might have been driven to despair, if not to her former evil courses. It is perhaps fortunate that every body in the world is not so particular as your very good people, and that there is an occasional loophole by which those who have erred are permitted to return to virtue. Mary left the room delighted with her success, and went down to Joey in the servants' hall. The servants soon found out from Mary that she was coming to the house, and one of the men chucked her under the chin and told her she was a very pretty girl. Mary drew back, and Joey immediately resented the liberty, stating that he would not allow any man to insult his sister; for Joey was wise enough to see that he could not do a better thing to serve Mary. The servant was insolent in return, and threatened to chastise Joey, and ordered him to leave the house. The women took our hero's part. The housekeeper came down at the time, and hearing the cause of the dispute, was angry with the footman; the butler took the side of the footman; and the end of it was, that the voices were at the highest pitch, when the bell rang, and the men being obliged to answer it, the women were for the time left in possession of the field.

"What is that noise below?" inquired the master of the house.

"It is a boy, sir—the brother, I believe, of the girl who has come as under-housemaid—who has been making a disturbance."

"Desire him to leave the house instantly."

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, who went down to enforce the order.

Little did the master of the house imagine that in giving that order he was turning out of the house his own son: for the squire was no other than Mr. Austin. Little did the inconsolable Mrs. Austin fancy that her dear lamented boy was at that minute under the same roof with her, and being driven out of it by her menials; but such was the case. So Joey and Mary quitted the hall, and bent their way back to the village inn.

"Well, Mary," said Joey, "I am very glad that you have found a situation."

"And so am I very thankful indeed, Joey," replied she, "and only hope that you will be able to get one somewhere about here also, and then we may occasionally see something of one another."

"No, Mary," replied Joey, "I shall not look for a situation about here; the only reason I had for wishing it was, that I might see you; but that will be impossible now."

"Why so?"

"Do you think that I will ever put my foot into that house again, after the manner I was treated to-day? Never."

"I was afraid so," replied Mary, mournfully.

"No, Mary, I am happy that you are provided for; I can seek my own fortune, and I will write to you and let you know what I do; and you will write to me, Mary, won't you?"

"It will be the greatest pleasure that will be left to me, Joey; for I love you as dearly as if you were my own brother."

The next day our hero and Mary parted, with many tears on her side, and much sorrow on his. Joey refused to take more of the money than what he had in his possession, but promised, in case of need, to apply to Mary, who said that she would hoard up everything for him, and she kept her word. Joey, having escorted Mary to the hall lodge, remained at the inn till the next morning, and then set off once more on his travels.

Our hero set off at break of day, and had walked, by a western road, from Manstone, about six miles, when he met two men coming towards him. They were most miserably clad, neither of them had shoes or stockings; one had only a waistcoat and a pair of trousers, with a sack on

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his back; the other had a pair of blue trousers, torn to ribbons, a Guernsey frock, and a tarpaulin hat; they appeared what they represented themselves to be, when they demanded charity,—two wrecked seamen, who were traveling to a northern port to obtain employment; but, had these fellows been questioned by a sailor, he would soon have discovered, by their total ignorance of anything nautical, that they were impostors. Perhaps there is no plan more successful than this, which is now carried on to an enormous extent by a set of rogues and depredators, who occasionally request charity, but too often extort it, and add to their spoils by robbing and plundering everything in their way. It is impossible for people in this country to ascertain the truth of the assertions of these vagabonds, and it appears unfeeling to refuse assistance to a poor seaman who has lost his all: even the cottager offers his mite, and thus do they levy upon the public to an extent which is scarcely credible; but it should be known that, in all cases of shipwreck, sailors are now invariably relieved and decently clothed, and supplied with the means of traveling to obtain employment; and, whenever a man appeals for charity in a half-naked state, he is invariably an impostor or worthless scoundrel.

The two men were talking loud, and laughing when they approached our hero. As soon as they came near, they looked hard at him, and stopped right before him, so as to block up the footpath.

"Hilloah, my little sailor! where are you bound to?" said one to Joey, who had his common sailor's dress on.

"And, I say, what have you got in that bundle?" said the other; "and how are you off for brick! hasn't you something to spare for brother seamen? Come, feel in your pockets; or shall I feel for you?"

Joey did not much like this exordium; he replied, stepping into the road at the same time,—"I've no money, and the bundle contains my clothes."

"Come, come," said the first, "you're not going to get off that way; if you don't wish your brains beaten out, you'll just hand over that bundle for me to examine;" and so saying, the man stepped into the road towards Joey, who continued to retreat to the opposite side.

There was no footpath at the side of the road to which Joey retreated, but a very thick quick-set hedge, much too strong for any man to force his way through. Joey perceived this, and as the man came at him to seize his bundle, he contrived, by a great effort, to swing it over the hedge into the field on the other side. The man, exasperated at this measure on the part of our hero, ran to seize him; but Joey dodged under him, and ran away down the road for a few yards, where he picked up a heavy stone for his defence, and there remained, prepared to defend himself, and not lose his bundle if he could help it.

"You get hold of him, Bill, while I go round for the bundle," said the man who had followed Joey across the road, and he immediately set off to find the gate, or some entrance into the field, while the other man made after Joey. Our hero retreated at full speed; the man followed but could not keep pace with our hero, as the road was newly graveled, and he had no shoes. Joey, perceiving this, slackened his pace, and when the man was close to him, turned short round, and aiming the stone with great precision, hit him on the forehead, and the fellow fell down senseless. In the mean time, the other miscreant had taken the road in the opposite direction to look for the gate, and Joey, now rid of his assailant, perceived, that in the hedge opposite to that part of the road where he now stood, there was a gap which he could get through. He scrambled into the field, and ran for his bundle; the other man, who had been delayed, the gate being locked, and fenced with thorns, had little gained the field when Joey had his bundle in his possession. Our hero caught it up, and ran like lightning to the gap, tossed over his bundle, and followed it, while the man was still a hundred yards from him. Once more in the high-road, Joey took to his heels, and having run about two hundred yards, he looked back to ascertain if he was pursued, and perceived the man standing over his comrade, who was lying where he had fallen. Satisfied that he was now safe, Joey continued his journey at a less rapid rate, although he continued to look back every minute, just by way of precaution; but the fellows, although they would not lose an opportunity of what appeared such an easy robbery, had their own reasons for continuing their journey, and getting away from that part of the country.

Our hero pursued his way for two miles, looking out for some water by the wayside to quench his thirst, when he observed in the distance that there was something lying on the roadside. As he came nearer he made it out to be a man lying on the grass, apparently asleep, and a few yards from where the man lay was a knife-grinder's wheel, and a few other articles in the use of a traveling tinker; a fire nearly extinct was throwing up a tiny column of smoke, and a saucepan, which appeared to have been upset, was lying beside it. There was something in the scene before him which created a suspicion in the mind of our hero that all was not right, so, instead of passing on, he walked right up to where the man lay, and soon discovered that his face and dress were bloody. Joey knelt down by the side of him, and found that he was senseless, but breathing heavily. Joey untied the handkerchief which was round his neck, and which was apparently very tight, and almost immediately afterwards the man appeared relieved and opened his eyes. After a little time he contrived to utter one word—"Water!" and Joey taking up the empty saucepan, proceeded in search of it. He soon found some and brought it back. The tinker had greatly recovered during his absence, and as soon as he had drank the water, sat upright.

"Don't leave me, boy," said the tinker; "I feel very faint."

"I will stay by you as long as I can be of any use to you," replied Joey; "what has happened?"

"Robbed and almost murdered!" replied the man, with a groan.

"Was it by those two rascals without shoes and stockings, who attempted to rob me?" inquired Joey.

"Yes; the same, I've no doubt. I must lie down for a time, my head is so bad," replied the man, dropping back upon the grass.

In a few minutes the exhausted man fell asleep, and Joey remained sitting by his side for nearly two hours. At last, his new companion awoke, raised himself up, and, dipping his handkerchief into the saucepan of water, washed the blood from his head and face.

"This might have been worse, my little fellow," said he to Joey, after he had wiped his face; "one of these rascals nearly throttled me, he pulled my handkerchief so tight. Well, this is a wicked world this, to take away a fellow creature's life for thirteen pence halfpenny, for that was all the money they found in my pocket. I thought an itinerant tinker was safe from highway robbery, at all events. Did you not say that they attacked you, or did I dream it?"

"I did say so; it was no dream."

"And how did a little midge, like you, escape?"

Joey gave the tinker a detail of what had occurred.

"Cleverly done, boy, and kindly done, now, to come to my help, and to remain by me. I was going down the road, and as you have come down, I presume we are going the same way," replied the tinker.

"Do you feel strong enough to walk now?" inquired Joey.

"Yes, I think I can; but there's the grindstone."

"O, I'll wheel that for you."

"Do, that's a good boy, for I tremble very much, and it would be too heavy for me now."

Joey fixed his bundle, with the saucepan, &c., upon the knife grinder's wheel, and rolled it along the road, followed by the tinker, until they came to a small hamlet, about two miles from the spot from which they had started; they halted when they were fifty yards from the first cottage, and the tinker, having selected a dry place under the hedge, said, "I must stay here a little while."

Joey who heard the tinker say that the men had robbed him of thirteen pence halfpenny, imagined that he was destitute, and as he wished to proceed on his way, he took out two shillings, and held them out to the man, saying, "This will keep you until you can earn some more. Good-bye, now; I must go on."

The tinker looked at Joey. "You're a kind hearted lad, at all events, and a clever, bold one, if I mistake not," said he; "put up your money, nevertheless, for I do not want any. I have plenty, if they had only known where to look for it."

Joey was examining his new companion during the time that he was speaking to him. There was a free and independent spirit about the man, and a refinement of manner and speech very different from what might be expected from one in so humble a situation. The tinker perceived this, and, after meeting his glance, said, "Well, what are you thinking of now?"

"I was thinking that you have not always been a tinker."

"And I fancy that you have not always been a sailor, my young master; but however, oblige me by going into the village and getting some breakfast for us. I will pay you the money when you return, and then we will talk a little."

Joey went into the village, and finding a small chandler's shop, bought some bread and cheese, and a large mug which held a quart of beer, both of which he also purchased, and then went back to the tinker. As soon as they had made their breakfast, Joey rose up and said, "I must go on now; I hope you'll find yourself better to-morrow."

"Are you in a very great hurry, my lad?" inquired the tinker.

"I want to find some employment," replied Joey; and, therefore, I must look for it."

"Tell me what employment you want. What can you do?"

"I don't exactly know, I have been keeping accounts for a person."

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"Then you are a scholar, and not a seafaring person?"

"I am not a sailor, if you mean that; but I have been on the river."

"Well, if you wish to get employment, as I know this country well, and a great many people, I think I may help you. At all events a few days can make no difference; for you see, my boy, to-morrow I shall be able to work, and then, I'll answer for it, I'll find meat and drink for both of us; so, what do you say? suppose you stay with me, and we'll travel together for a few days, and when I have found work that will suit you, then we can part?"

"I will, if you wish it," replied Joey.

"Then, that's agreed," said the tinker; "I should like to do you a good turn before we part, and I hope I shall be able; at all events, if you stay with me a little while I will learn you a trade which will serve you when all others fail."

"What, to mend kettles and to grind knives?"

"Exactly; and depend upon it, if you would be sure of gaining your livelihood, you will choose a profession which will not depend upon the caprices of others, or upon patronage. Kettles, my boy, will wear out, knives will get blunt, and therefore, for a good trade, give me "kettles to mend, knives to grind." I've tried many trades, and there is none that suits me so well. And now that we've had our breakfast, we may as well look out for lodgings for the night, for I suppose you would not like the heavens for your canopy, which I very often prefer. Now put yourself to the wheel, and I'll try my old quarters."

The knife-grinder walked into the village, followed by Joey, who rolled the wheel, until they stopped at a cottage, where he was immediately recognised and welcomed; Joey was ordered to put the wheel under a shed, and then followed the tinker into the cottage. The latter told his story, which created a good deal of surprise and indignation, and then complained of his head and retired to lie down, while Joey amused himself with the children. They ate and slept there that night, the people refusing to take any thing for their reception. The next day the tinker was quite recovered, and having mended a kettle and ground two or three knives for his hostess, he set off again, followed by Joey, who rolled the wheel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the science of tinkering, and the art of despatches.

They had proceeded about two miles when the tinker said:—

"Come, my lad, let us sit down and rest ourselves a bit, for it is past noon, and you must be tired by shoving that wheel along; I would have taken it from you before this, but the fact is, I'm rather stiffened yet about the head and shoulders; I feel more than I thought I should; here's a nice spot; I like to sit down under a tree, not too well covered with leaves, like this ash; I like to see the sunshine playing here and there upon the green grass, shifting its spots, as the leaves are rustled by the wind. Now, let us lie down here, and not care a fig for the world. I am a philosopher; do you know that?"

"I don't exactly know what it means; a very clever, good man—is it not?"

"Well, not exactly; a man may be a philosopher without being very clever. A philosopher is a man who never frets about anything, cares about nothing, is contented with a little, and don't envy any one who appears better off than himself; at least, that is my school of philosophy. You stare, boy, to hear a tinker talk in this way—I perceive that; but, you must know, that I am a tinker by choice; and I have tried many other professions before, all of which have disgusted me."

"What other professions have you been?"

"I have been—let me see—I almost forget; but I'll begin at the beginning. My father was a gentleman, and, until I was fourteen years old, I was a gentleman, or the son of one; then he died, and that profession was over, for he left nothing; my mother married again, and left me; she left me at school, and the master kept me there for a year, in hopes of being paid; but, hearing nothing of my mother, and not knowing what to do with me, he at last (for he was a kind man) installed me as an under usher of the school; for, you see, my education had been good, and I was well qualified for the situation, as far as capability went; it was rather a bathos though, to me who, from a gentleman, fell to an under usher; but I was not a philosopher at that time. I handed the toast to the master and mistress, the head ushers, and parlour boarders, but was not allowed any myself; I taught Latin and Greek, and English Grammar, to the little boys who made faces at me and put crooked pins on the bottom of my chair; I walked at the head of the string when they went out for an airing, and walked up stairs the last when it was time to go to bed. I had all the drudgery, and none of the comforts; I was up first, and held answerable for all deficiencies; I had to examine all their nasty little trousers, and hold weekly conversations with the boarders, to the possibility of repairs; to run out if a hen cackled, that the boys should not get the egg; to wipe the dirty noses of my mistress's children, and carry them if they roared; to pay for all broken glass, if I could not discover the culprit; to account for all bad smells, for all noises, and for all spilled ink; to make all pens, and keep one hundred boys silent at church; for all which, with deductions, I received £10 a year, and found my own washing. I stayed two years, during which time I contrived to save about £6; and with that, one fine morning, I set off on my travels, fully satisfied that, let what would, I could not change for the worse."

"Then you were about in the same condition that I'm in now," said Joey.

"Yes, thereabouts; only a little older I should imagine. I set off with good hopes, but soon found that nobody wanted educated people—they were a complete drug. At last I obtained a situation as waiter, at a posting house on the road, where I ran along all day long to the tinkling of bells, with hot brandy and water ever under my nose; I answered all the bells, but the head waiter took all the money. However, I made acquaintance there; and at last obtained a situation as clerk to a corn-chandler, where I kept the books; but he failed, and then I was handed over to the miller, and covered with flour the whole time I was in his service. I stayed there till I had an offer from a coal merchant (that was going from white to black); but, however, it was a better place. Then, by mere chance, I obtained the situation of clerk on board a fifteen gun brig, and cruised in the channel for six months; but as I found there was no chance of my being a purser, and as I hated the confinement and discipline of a man-of-war, I cut and run as soon as I obtained my pay. Then I was shopman at a draper's, which was abominable, for if the customers would not buy the goods I got all the blame; besides, I had to clean my master's boots and my mistress's shoes, and dine in the kitchen on scraps, with a slipshod, squinting girl, who made love to me. Then I was a warehouseman; but they soon tacked on to it the office of light porter, and I had to carry weights enough to break my back. At last I obtained a situation as foreman, in a tinman and cutler's shop, and by being constantly sent into the work-shop I learnt something of the trade; I had made up my mind not to remain much longer, and I paid attention, receiving now and then a lesson from the workmen, till I found I could do very well; for, you see, it's a very simple sort of business, after all."

"But still a traveling tinker is not so respectable as being in any of the situations you were in before," said Joey.

"There I must beg your pardon, my good lad; I had often serious thoughts on the subject, and I argued as follows:—What is the best profession in this world of ours?—That of a gentleman; for a gentleman does not work, he has liberty to go where he pleases, he is not controlled, and is his own master. Many a man considers himself a gentleman who has not the indispensables that must complete the profession. A clerk in the treasury or the public offices, considers himself a gentleman; and so he is by birth, but not by profession; for he is not his own master, but is as much tied down to his desk as the clerk in a banker's counting-house, or in a shop. A gentleman by profession must be his own master, and independent; and how few there are in this world who can say so! Soldiers and sailors are obliged to obey orders, and therefore I do not put them down as perfect gentlemen, according to my ideas of what a gentleman should be. I doubt whether the prime minister can be considered a gentleman until after he is turned out of office. Do you understand me, boy?"

"O, yes, I understand what you mean by a gentleman; I recollect reading a story of a negro who came to this country, and who said that the pig was the only living being who did not work."

"The negro was not far wrong," resumed the tinker. "Well, after thinking a long while, I came to the decision that, as I could not be a perfect gentleman, I would be the nearest thing to it that was possible; and I considered that the most enviable situation was that of a traveling tinker. I learned enough of the trade, saved money to purchase a knife-grinder's wheel, and here I have been in this capacity for nearly ten years."

"And do you hold to the opinion that you formed?"

"I do; for, look you, work I must, therefore the only question was, to take up the work that was lightest and paid best; I know no trade where you can gain so much with so little capital and so little labour. Then, I am not controlled by any living being; I have my liberty and independence; I go where I please, stop where I please, work when I please, and idle when I please; and never know what it is to want a night's lodging. Show me any other profession which can say the same! I might be better clothed—I might be considered more respectable; but I am a philosopher, and despise all that; I earn as much as I want, and do very little work for it. I can grind knives and scissors and mend kettles enough in one day to provide

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for a whole week; for instance, I can grind a knife in two minutes, for which I receive twopence. Now, allowing that I work twelve hours in the day, at the rate of one penny per minute, I should earn £3 per day, which, deducting Sundays, is £939 a year. Put that against £40 a year, as a drudge to a school, or confined to a desk in a shop, or any other profession, and you see how lucrative mine is in proportion; then I am under no control; not ordered here or there, like a general or admiral; not attacked in the house of commons or lords, like a prime minister; on the contrary, half a day's work out of the seven, is all I require; and I therefore assert that my profession is nearer to that of a gentleman than any other that I know of."

"It may be as you style it, but you don't look much like one," replied Joey, laughing.

"That's prejudice; my clothes keep me as warm as if they were of the best materials, and quite new. I enjoy my victuals quite as much as any gentleman does—perhaps more; I can indulge in my own thoughts; I have been as well educated, as it happens, and I am too much of a philosopher not to despise all the rest. Besides, as I must work a little, it is pleasant to feel that I am always in request and respected by those who employ me."

"Respected! on what account?"

"Because I am always wanted, and therefore always welcome. It is the little things of life which annoy, not the great; and a kettle that won't hold water, or a knife that won't cut, are always objects of execration; and as people heap their anathemas upon the kettle and knife, so do they long for my return, and when I come, they are glad to see me, glad to pay me, and glad to find their knives are sharp, and their kettles, thrown on one side, are useful again, at a trifling charge. I add to people's comforts; I become necessary to every poor person in the cottages; and therefore they like me and respect me. And, indeed, if it is only considered how many oaths and execrations are used when a person is hacking and sawing away with a knife which will not cut, and how by my wheel I do away with the cause of crime, I think that a travelling tinker may be considered, as to his moral influence upon society, more important than any parson in his pulpit. You observe that I have not degraded the profession by marriage, as many do."

"How do you mean?"

"I hold that, whatever may be the means of a gentleman, that he must be considered to lose the most precious advantage appertaining to the profession when he marries; for he loses his liberty, and can no longer be said to be under no control. It is very well for other professions to marry, as the world must be peopled; but a gentleman never should. It is true he may contrive to leave his clog at home, but then he pays dear for a useless and galling appendage; but in my situation as a traveling tinker, I could not have done so; I must have dragged my clog after me through the mud and mire, and have had a very different reception than what I have at present."

"Why so?"

"Why, a man may stroll about the country by himself—find lodging and entertainment for himself: but not so if he had a wife in rags, and two or three dirty children, at his heels. A single man, in every stage of society, if he pays his own way, more easily finds admission than a married one, that is, because the women regulate it; and although they will receive him as a tinker, they invariably object to his wife, who is considered and stigmatised as the tinker's trull. No, that would not do—a wife would detract from my respectability, and add very much to my cares."

"But have you no home, then, anywhere?"

"Why, yes, I have, like all single men on the *pave*, as the French say—just a sort of chamber to keep my property in, which will accumulate in spite of me."

"Where are they?"

"In Dudstone, to which place I am now going. I have a room for £6 a year; and the woman in the house takes charge of every thing during my absence. And now, my boy, what is your name?"

"Joey Atherton," replied our hero, who had made up his mind to take the surname of his adopted sister, Nancy.

"Well, Joey, do you agree with me that my profession is a good one, and are you willing to learn it? if so, I will teach you."

"I shall be very glad to learn it, because it may one day be useful; but I am not sure that I should like to follow it."

"You will probably change your opinion; at all events, give it a fair trial. In a month or so you will have the theory of it by heart, and then we will come to the practice."

"How do you mean?"

"It's of no use attempting anything till you're well grounded in the theory of the art, which you will gain by using your eyes. All you have to do at first is to look on; watch me when I grind a knife or a pair of scissors; be attentive when you see me soldering a pot, or putting a patch upon a kettle; see how I turn my hand when I'm grinding, how I beat out the iron when I mend, and learn how to heat the tools when I solder. In a month you will know how things are to be done in theory, and after that we shall come to the practice. One only thing in the way of practice, must you enter upon at once, and that is turning the wheel with your foot; for you must learn to do it so mechanically, that you are not aware that you are doing it, otherwise you cannot devote your whole attention to the scissor or knife in your hand."

"And do you really like your present life, then, wandering about from place to place?"

"To be sure I do. I am my own master; go where I like; stop where I like; pay no taxes or rates; sleep in the open air when the weather is warm, and where I please when it is cold. Besides, mine is a philanthropic profession; I go about doing good, and I've the means of resenting an affront, like a despot."

"As how?"

"Why you see, we travellers never interfere in each other's beats; mine is a circuit of many miles of country, and as the vase I travel, it is somewhat about three months until I am at the same place again; they must wait for me if they want their jobs done, for they cannot get any one else. In one village they played me a trick one Saturday night when all the men were at the alehouse, and the consequence was, I cut the village for a year; and there as the vase such a village full of old kettles and blunt knives in consequence. However, they sent me a deputation, hoping that I would forget what had passed, and I pardoned them."

"What is your name?" enquired Joey.

"Augustus Spikeman. My father was Augustus Spikeman, Esq.; I was Master Augustus Spikeman, and now I'm Spikeman, the tinker; so now we'll go on again. I have nearly come to the end of my beat; in two days we shall be at Dudstone, where I have my room, and where we shall probably remain for some days before we start again."

In the afternoon they arrived at a small hamlet, where they supped and slept. Spikeman was very busy till noon grinding and repairing; they then continued their journey, and on the second day, having waited outside the town till it was dusk, Spikeman left his wheel in the charge of the landlord of a small ale-house, to whom he appeared well known, then walked with Joey to the house in which he had a room, and led him up stairs to his apartments.

When our hero entered the chamber of Spikeman, he was very much surprised to find it was spacious, light, and airy, and very clean. A large bed was in one corner; a sofa, mahogany table, chest of drawers, and chairs, composed the furniture; there was a good sized looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and several shelves of books round the room. Desiring Joey to sit down and take a book, Spikeman rang for water, shaved off his beard, which had grown nearly half an inch long, washed himself, and then put on clean linen, and a very neat suit of clothes. When he was completely dressed, Joey could hardly believe that it was the same person. Upon Joey expressing his astonishment, Spikeman replied, "You see, my lad, there's no one in this town who knows what my real profession is. I always go out and return at dusk, and the traveling tinker is not recognised; not that I care for it so much, only other people do, and I respect their prejudices. They know that I am in the ironmongery line, and that is all; so I always make it a rule to enjoy myself after my circuit, and live like a gentleman till a part of my money is gone, and then I set out again. I am acquainted with a good many highly respectable people in this town, and that is the reason why I said that I could be of service to you. Have you any better clothes?"

"Yes, much better."

"Then dress yourself in them, and keep those you wear for our travels."

Joey did as he was requested, and Spikeman then proposed that they should make a call at a friend's, where he would introduce our hero as his nephew. They set off, and soon came to the front of a neat looking house, at the door of which Spikeman rapped. The door was opened by one of the daughters of the house, who, on seeing him, cried out, "Dear me, Mr. Spikeman, is this you! Why, where have you been all this while?"

"About the country for orders, Miss Amelia," replied Spikeman; "business must be attended to."

"Well, come in; mother will be glad to see you," replied the girl, at the same time opening the door of the sitting-room for them to enter.

"Mr. Spikeman, as I live!" exclaimed another girl, jumping up, and seizing his hand.

"Well, Mr. Spikeman, it's an age since we have seen you," said the mother, "so now sit down and tell us all the news; and, Ophelia, my love, get tea ready; and who is it you have with you, Mr. Spikeman?"

"My little nephew, madam; he is about to enter into the mysteries of the cutlery trade."

"Indeed! well, I suppose, as you are looking out for a successor, you soon intend to retire from business and take a wife, Mr. Spikeman?"

"Why, I suppose it will be my fate one of

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these days," replied Spikeman; "but that's an affair that requires some consideration."

"Very true, Mr. Spikeman, it's a serious affair," replied the old lady; and I can assure you that neither my Ophelia nor Amelia should marry a man with my consent, without I was convinced the gentleman considered it a very serious affair. It makes or mars a man, as the saying is."

"Well, Miss Ophelia, have you read all the books I lent you the last time I was here?"

"Yes, that they have, both of them," replied the old lady; "they're so fond of poetry."

"But we've often wished that you were here to read to us," replied Amelia, "you do read so beautifully; will you read to us after tea?"

"Certainly, with pleasure."

Miss Ophelia now entered with the tea-tray; she and her sister then went into the kitchen to make some toast, and to see to the kettle boiling, while Mr. Spikeman continued in conversation with the mother. Mrs. James was the widow of a draper in the town, who had, at his death, left her sufficient to live quietly and respectably with her daughters, who were both very good, amiable ones; and, it must be acknowledged, neither of them was unwilling to listen to the addresses of Mr. Spikeman, had he been so inclined; but they began to think that Mr. Spikeman was not a marrying man, which, as the reader must know by this time, was the fact.

The evening passed very pleasantly. Mr. Spikeman took a volume of poetry, and, as Miss Ophelia had said, he did read very beautifully; so much so, that Joey was in admiration, for he had never yet known the power produced by good reading. At ten o'clock they took their leave, and returned to Spikeman's domicile.

As soon as they were up stairs, and candles lighted, Spikeman sat down on the sofa. "You see, Joey," said he, "that it is necessary not to mention the knife-grinder's wheel, as it would make a difference in my reception. All gentlemen do not get their livelihood as honestly as I do; but still, prejudices are not to be overcome. You did me a kind act, and I wished to return it; I could not do so without letting you into this little secret, but I have seen enough of you to think you can be trusted."

"I should hope so," replied Joey; "I have learnt caution, young as I am."

"That I have perceived already, and therefore I have said enough on the subject. I have but one bed, and you must sleep with me, as you did on our travels."

The next morning the old woman of the house brought up their breakfast. Spikeman lived in a very comfortable way; very different to what he did as a traveling tinker; and he really appeared to Joey to be, with the exception of his conversation, which was always superior, a very different person from what he was when Joey first fell in with him. For many days they remained at Dudstone, visiting at different houses, and were always well received.

"You appear so well known, and so well liked in this town," observed Joey. "I wonder you do not set up a business, particularly as you say you have money in the bank."

"If I did, Joey, I should no longer be happy, no longer be my own master, and do as I please; in fact, I should no longer be the gentleman, that is, the gentleman by profession, as near as I can be one—the man who has his liberty and enjoys it. No, no, boy; I have tried almost every thing, and have come to my own conclusions. Have you been reading the book I gave you?"

"Yes; I have nearly finished it."

"I am glad to see that you like reading. Nothing so much improves or enlarges the mind. You must never let a day pass without reading a two or three hours, and when we travel again, and are alone by the way-side, we will read together; I will choose some books on purpose."

"I should like very much to write to my sister Mary," said Joey.

"Do so, and tell her that you have employment; but do not say exactly how. There is paper and pens in the drawer. Stop, I will find them for you." Spikeman went to the drawer, and when taking out the pens and paper, laid hold of some manuscript writing. "By-the-bye," said he, laughing, "I told you, Joey, that I had been a captain's clerk on board the Weasel, a fourteen gun brig; I wrote the captain's despatches for him; and here are two of them of which I kept copies, that I might laugh over them occasionally. I wrote all his letters; for he was no great penman in the first place, and had a very great confusion of ideas in the second. He certainly was indebted to me, as you will acknowledge, when you hear what I read and tell you. I served under him, cruising in the Channel; and I flatter myself that it was entirely through my writings that he got his promotion. He is now Captain Alcibiades Ajax Boggs, and all through me. We were cruising off the coast of France, close into Ushant, where we perceived a fleet of small vessels, called Chasse Marees (coasting laggers), laden with wine, coming round; and, as we did not know of any batteries thereabouts, we ran in to attempt a capture; we cut off three of them; but just as we had compelled them, by firing broadsides into them, to lower their sails, a battery, which our commander did not know anything of, opened fire upon us, and before we could get out of range, which we did as soon as we could, one shot came in on deck, and cut the topsail halyard's fall, at the very time that the men were hoisting the sail (for we had been shaking another reef out,) and the rope being divided, as the men were hauling upon it, of course they all tumbled on the deck, one over the other. The other shot struck our foremast, and chipped off a large slice, besides cutting away one of the shrouds, and the signal halyards. Now, you do not know enough about ships to understand that there was very little harm done, or that the coasting vessels were very small, with only three or four men on board of each of them; it therefore required some little management to make a flaming despatch. But I did it—only listen, now—I have begun in the true Nelson style.

"'TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"'Sir,—It has pleased the Great Disposer to grant a decided victory to his majesty's arms, through the efforts of the vessel which I have the honour to command. On the 23d day of August last, Ushant, then bearing S. W. 6 4 West, wind W., distant from three to four leagues, perceived an enemy's fleet, of three-masted vessels rounding the point, with the hopes, I presume, of gaining the port of Cherbourg. Convinced that I should have every support from the gallant officers and true British tars under my command, I immediately bore down to the attack; the movements of the enemy fully proved that they were astounded at the boldness of the manœuvre, and instead of keeping their line, they soon separated and sheered off in different directions, so as to receive the support of their batteries.'

"You see, Joey, I have said three-masted vessels, which implies ships, although, in this case, they were only luggers.

"'In half an hour we were sufficiently close to the main body to open our fire, and broadside after broadside were poured in, answered by the batteries on the coast, with unerring aim. Notwithstanding the unequal contest, I have the pleasure of informing you, that in less than half an hour we succeeded in capturing three of the vessels (named as per margin,) and finding nothing more could be done for the honour of his majesty's arms, as soon as we could take possession, I considered it my duty to haul off from the incessant and galling fire of the batteries.

"'In this well-fought and successful contest, I trust that the British flag has not been tarnished. What the enemy's loss may have been it is impossible to say; they acknowledge themselves, however, that it has been severe.'"

"But, did the enemy lose any men?" demanded Joey.

"Not one; but you observe I do not say loss of life, although the Admiralty may think I refer to it—that's not my fault. But I was perfectly correct in saying the enemy's loss was great; for the poor devils who were in the Chasse Marees, when they were brought on board, wrung their hands, and said that they had *lost their all*. Now, what loss can be greater than *all?*

"'His majesty's vessel is much injured in her spars and rigging, from the precision of the enemy's fire; her lower rigging—running rigging being cut away, her foremast severely wounded, and, I regret to add, severely injured in the hull; but, such was the activity of the officers and men, that, with the exception of the foremast, which will require the services of the dock yard, in twenty-four hours we were ready to resume the contest. I am happy to say, that, although we have many men hurt, we have none killed; and I trust that, under the care of the surgeon, they will, most of them, be soon able to resume their duty.'"

"But you had no men wounded?" interrupted Joey.

"None wounded! I don't say wounded, I only say hurt. Didn't a dozen of the men, who were hoisting the main-topsail when the fall was cut away, all tumble backwards on deck? and do you think they were not hurt by the fall?—of course they were; besides, one man nearly had his finger jammed off, and another burnt his hand by putting too much powder to the touch-hole of his carronade. So I continue:—

"'It now becomes my duty to point out to their lordships the very meritorious conduct of Mr. John Smith, an old and deserving officer, Mr. James Hammond, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Byfleet; indeed, I may say that all the officers under my command vied in their exertions for the honour of the British flag.'

"You see the commander had quarreled with some of his officers at that time, and would not mention them. I tried all I could to persuade him, but he was obstinate.

"'I have the honour to return a list of casualties and the names of the vessels taken, and have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"'ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS.

"'Report of killed and wounded on board of his majesty's brig Weasel, in the action of the 23d of August:—Killed, none; wounds and con-

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tusions, John Potts, William Smith, Thomas Snaggs, William Walker, and Peter Potter, able seamen; John Hobbs, Timothy Stout, and Walter Pye, marines.

"Return of vessels captured in the action of the 23d of August, by his majesty's brig Weasel:—Notre Dame de Misericorde, de Rochelle; La Vengeur, de Bordeaux; L'Etoile du Matin, de Charente.

(Signed) "'ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS, COM.'"

"Well, I'm sure, if you had not told me otherwise, I should have thought it had been a very hard fight."

"That's what they did at the Admiralty, and just what we wanted; but now I come to my other despatch, which obtained the rank for my captain, and upon which I plume myself not a little. You must know, that when cruising in the Channel, in a thick fog, and not keeping a very sharp look-out, we ran foul of a French privateer. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and we had very few hands on deck, and those on deck were most of them, if not all, asleep. We came bang against one another, and carried away both spars and yards; and the privateer, who was by far the most alert after the accident happened, cut away a good deal of our rigging, and got clear of us before our men could be got up from below. Had they been on the look-out, they might have boarded us to a certainty, for all was confusion and amazement; but they cleared themselves and got off before our men could get up and run to their guns.—She was out of sight immediately, from the thickness of the fog; however, we fired several broadsides in the direction we supposed she might be; and there was an end of the matter.

"Why, no," replied Joey; "I don't see how you could make much out of that."

"Well, if you can't see, now you shall hear:

"'TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"'Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you that, on the night of the 10th November, cruising in the Channel, with the wind from S. E., and foggy, a large vessel hove in sight on our weather bow.'

"You see, I didn't say, we perceived a vessel, for that would not have been correct.

"'As she evidently did not perceive us, we continued our course towards her; the men were summoned to their quarters, and, in a very short time, were ready to uphold the honour of the English flag. The first collision between the two vessels was dreadful; but she contrived to disengage herself, and we were therefore prevented carrying her by boarding. After repeated broadsides, to which, in her disabled and confused state, she could make no return, she gradually increased her distance; still, she had remained in our hands, a proud trophy—I say, still, she had been a proud trophy—had not the unequal collision'—[it was a very unequal collision, for she was a much smaller vessel than we were]—'carried away our fore-yard, cat-head, foretop-gallant mast, jibboom and dolphin-striker, and rendered us, from the state of our rigging, a mere wreck. Favoured by the thick fog and darkness of the night, I regret that, after all our efforts, she contrived to escape, and the spoils of victory were wrested from us after all our strenuous exertions in our country's cause.

"'When all performed their duty in so exemplary a manner, it would be unfair, and indeed, invidious, to particularise; still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the good conduct of Mr. Smith, my first lieutenant; Mr. Bowles, my second lieutenant; Mr. Chabb, my worthy master; Mr. Jones and Mr. James, master's mates; Messrs. Hall, Smith, Ball, and Pall, midshipmen; and Messrs. Sweet and Sharp, volunteers. I also received every assistance from Mr. Grull, the purser, who offered his services, and I cannot omit the conduct of Mr. Spikeman, clerk.—I am also highly indebted to the attention and care shown by Mr. Thorne, surgeon, who is so well supported in his duties by Mr. Green, assistant surgeon of this ship. The activity of Mr. Bruce, the boatswain, was deserving of the highest encomiums; and it would be an act of injustice not to notice the zeal of Mr. Bile, the carpenter, and Mr. Sponge, gunner of this ship. James Anderson, quarter-master, received a severe contusion, but is now doing well; I trust I shall not be considered presumptuous in recommending him to a boatswain's warrant.

"'I am happy to say that our casualties, owing to the extreme panic of the enemy, are very few. I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient and humble servant,

"'ALCIBIADES AJAX BOGGS.

"'Wounded—Very severely, James Anderson, quarter-master. Contusions—John Peters, able seaman; James Morrison, marine; Thomas Snewball, captain's cook.'"

"There, now; that I consider a very capital letter; no Frenchman, not even an American, could have made out a better case. The Admiralty were satisfied that something very gallant had been done, although the fog made it appear not quite so clear as it might have been; and the consequence was, that my commander received his promotion. There, now write your letter, and tell your sister that she must answer it as soon as possible, as you are going out with me for orders in three or four days, and shall be absent for three months."

Joey wrote a long letter to Mary; he stated the adventure with the two scoundrels who would have robbed him, his afterwards falling in with a gentleman who dealt in cutlery, and his being taken into his service; and as Spikeman had told him, requested her to answer directly, as he was about to set off on a circuit with his master, which would occasion his absence for three months.

Mary's reply came before Joey's departure. She stated that she was comfortable and happy, that her mistress was very kind to her, but that she felt that the work was rather too much;—however, she would do her duty to her employers. There was much good advice to Joey, much affectionate feeling, occasional recurrence to past scenes, and thankfulness that she was no longer a disgrace to her parents and her sex; it was an humble, grateful, contrite, and affectionate effusion, which did honour to poor Mary, and proved that she was sincere in her assertions of continuing in the right path, and deeply attached to our hero. Joey read it over and over again, and shed tears of pleasure as he recalled the scenes which had passed. Poor Joey had lost his father and mother, as he supposed, for ever; and it was soothing to the boy's feelings to know that there were some people in the world who loved him; and he remained for hours thinking of Mary, Mrs. Chopper, and his good and kind friends, the M'Shanes.

Two days after the receipt of Mary's letter, Spikeman and Joey went to the houses of their various acquaintances and bade them adieu, announcing their intention to set off on the circuit. Spikeman paid up every thing, and locked up many articles in his room which had been taken out for use. Joey and he then put on their traveling garments, and, waiting till it was dusk, locked the chambers and set off to the little public-house, where the knife-grinder's wheel had been deposited. Spikeman had taken the precaution to stunt and dirty his face, and Joey, at his request, had done the same. When they entered the public-house, the landlord greeted Spikeman warmly, and asked him what he had been about. Spikeman replied that, as usual, he had been to see his old mother, and now he must roll his grindstone a bit. After drinking a pot of beer at the kitchen fire, they retired to bed: and the next morning, at daylight, they once more proceeded on their travels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which the tinker falls in love with a lady of high degree.

For many months Spikeman and our hero traveled together, during which time Joey had learned to grind a knife or a pair of scissors as well as Spikeman himself, and took most of the work off his hands; they suited each other, and passed their time most pleasantly; indulging themselves every day with a few hours' repose and reading on the way side.

One afternoon, when it was very sultry, they had stopped and encamped themselves in a shady copse by the side of the road, not far from an old mansion, which stood on an eminence, when Spikeman said, "Joey, I think we are intruding here; and, if so, may be forcibly expelled, which will not be pleasant; so roll the wheel in, out of sight, and then we may indulge in a siesta, which during this heat, will be very agreeable."

"What's a siesta?" said Joey.

"A siesta is a nap in the middle of the day, universally resorted to by the Spaniards, Italians, and, indeed, by all the inhabitants of hot climates; with respectable people it is called a siesta, but with a traveling tinker it must be, I presume, called a snooze."

"Well, then, a snooze let it be," said Joey, taking his seat on the turf by Spikeman, in a reclining position.

They had not yet composed themselves to sleep, when they heard a female voice singing at a little distance. The voice evidently proceeded from the pleasure grounds which were between them and the mansion.

"Hush!" said Spikeman, putting up his finger, as he raised himself on his elbow.

The party evidently advanced nearer to them, and carolled, in very beautiful tones, the song of Ariel,—

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie."&c.

Heigho!" exclaimed a soft voice, after the song had been finished; "I wish I could creep into a cowslip bell. Miss Araminta, you are not coming down the walk yet; it appears you are in no hurry, so I'll begin my new book."

After this soliloquy there was silence. Spikeman made a sign to Joey to remain still, and then, creeping on his hands and knees, by degrees arrived as far as he could venture to the other side of the copse.

In a minute or two another footstep was heard coming down the gravel walk, and soon afterwards another voice.

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"Well, Melissa, did you think I never would come? I could not help it. Uncle would have me rub his footon little."

"Ay, there's the rub," replied the first young lady. "Well, it was a sacrifice of friendship at the altar of humanity. Poor papa! I wish I could rub his foot for him; but I always do it to a quadrille tune, and he always says I rub it too hard: I only follow the music."

"Yes, and so does he; for you sometimes set him a dancing, you giddy girl."

"I am not fit for a nurse, and that's a fact, Araminta. I can feel for him, but I cannot sit still a minute: that you know. Poor mamma was a great loss; and, when she died, I don't know what I should have done if it had'nt been for my dear cousin Araminta."

"Nay, you are very useful in your way; for you play and sing to him, and that soothes him."

"Yes, I do it with pleasure. for I can do but little else; but, Araminta, my singing is that of a caged bird; I must sing where they hang my cage. O, how I wish I had been a man!"

"I believe that there never was a woman yet who has not, at one time in her life, said the same thing, however mild and quiet she may have been in disposition. But, as we cannot, why ——"

"Why, the next thing is to wish to be a man's wife, Araminta; is it not?"

"It is natural, I suppose, to wish so," replied Araminta; "but I seldom think about it. I must first see the man I can love before I think about marrying."

"And now, tell me, Araminta, what kind of man do you think you could fancy?"

"I should like him to be steady, generous, brave and handsome; of unexceptionable family, with plenty of money: that's all."

"O, that's all! I admire your 'that's all.'— You are not very likely to meet with your match, I'm afraid. If he's steady, he is not likely to be very generous; and if to those two qualifications you tack on birth, wealth, beauty, and bravery, I think your 'that's all' is very misplaced. Now I have other ideas."

"Pray let me have them, Melissa."

"I do not want my husband to be very handsome, but I wish him to be full of fire and energy; a man that—in fact, a man that could keep me in tolerable order. I do not care about his having money, as I have plenty in my own possession to bestow on any man I love; but he must be of good education—very fond of reading—romantic not a little—and his extraction must be, however poor, respectable—that is, his parents must not have been tradespeople. You know I prefer riding a spirited horse to a quiet one; and, if I were to marry, I should like a husband who would give me some trouble to manage; I think I would master him."

"So have many thought before you, Melissa, but they have been mistaken."

"Yes, because they have attempted it by meekness and submission, thinking to disarm by that method. It never will do, any more than getting into a passion. When a man gives up his liberty, he does make a great sacrifice—that I'm sure of—and a woman should prevent him feeling that he is chained to her."

"And how would you manage that?" said Araminta.

"By being infinite in my variety, always cheerful, and, instead of permitting him to stay at home pinned to my apron string, order him out of the way from me, join his amusements, and always have people in the house that he liked, so as to avoid being too much tete-a-tete. The caged bird ever wants to escape; open the door and let him take a flight, and he will come back of his own accord, of course. I am supposing my gentleman to be naturally good-hearted and good-tempered. Sooner than marry what you call a steady, sober man, I'd run away with a captain of a privateer. And, one thing more, Araminta, I never would, passionately, distractedly fond as I might be, acknowledge to my husband the extent of my devotion and affection for him. I would always have him to suppose that I could still love him better than what I yet did—in short, that there was more to be gained; for, depend upon it when a man is assured that he has nothing more to gain, his attentions are over. You can't expect a man to chase nothing, you know."

"You are a wild girl, Melissa; I only hope you will marry well."

"I hope I shall; but I can tell you this, that if I do make a mistake, at all events, my husband will find that he has made a mistake also. There's a little lurking devil in me, which, if roused up by his ill-treatment, would I expect, make me more than a match for him. I'm almost sorry that I've so much money of my own, for I suspect every man who says any thing pretty to me; and there are but few in this world who would seem to marry for money."

"I believe so, Melissa; but your person would be quite sufficient without fortune."

"Thanks, coz; for a woman, that's very handsome of you. And so now we will begin our new book."

Miss Melissa now commenced reading; and Spikeman, who had not yet seen the faces of the two young ladies, crept softly nearer to the side of the copse, so as to enable him to satisfy his curiosity. In this position he remained nearly an hour, when the book was closed, and the young ladies returned to the house, Melissa again singing as she went.

"Joey," said Spikeman, "I did not think that there was such a woman in existence as that girl; she is just the idea that I have formed of what a woman ought to be; I must find out who she is; I am in love with her, and——"

"Mean to make her a tinker's bride," replied Joey, laughing.

"Joey, I shall certainly knock you down, if you apply that term to her. Come, let us go to the village, it is close at hand."

As soon as they arrived at the village, Spikeman went into the ale-house. During the remainder of the day, he was in a brown study, and Joey amused himself with a book. At nine o'clock the company had all quitted the tap-room, and then Spikeman entered into conversation with the hostess. In the course of conversation, she informed him that the mansion belonged to 'Squire Mathews, who had formerly been a great manufacturer, and who had purchased the place; that the old gentleman had long suffered from the gout, and saw no company, which was very bad for the village; that Miss Melissa was his daughter, and he had a son who was with his regiment in India, and, it was said, not on very good terms with his father; that the old gentleman was choleric and violent because he was always in pain; but that every one spoke well of Miss Melissa and Miss Araminta, her cousin, who were both very kind to the poor people. Having obtained these particulars, Spikeman went to bed; he slept little that night, as Joey, who was his bed-fellow, could testify; for he allowed Joey no sleep either—turning and twisting round in the bed every two minutes. The next morning they arose early and proceeded on their way.

"Joey," said Spikeman, after an hour's silence, "I have been thinking a great deal last night."

"So I suppose, for you certainly were not sleeping."

"No, I could not sleep; the fact is, Joey, I am determined to have that girl, Miss Mathews, if I can; a bold attempt for a tinker you will say, but not for a gentleman born as I was. I thought I never should care for a woman; but there is a current in the affairs of men. I shall now drift with the current, and if it leads to fortune, so much the better; if not, he who dares greatly, does greatly. I feel convinced that I should make her a good husband, and it shall not be my fault if I do not gain her."

"Do you mean to propose in form, with your foot on your wheel?"

"No, saucebox, I don't; but I mean to turn my knife grinder's wheel into a wheel of fortune; and, with your help, I will do so."

"You are sure of my help, if you are serious," replied Joey; "but how you are to manage I cannot comprehend."

"I have already made out a programme, although the interweaving of the plot is not yet decided upon; but I must get to the next town as fast as I can, as I must make preparations."

On arrival, they took up humble quarters, as usual; and then Spikeman went to the stationer's, and told them that he had got a commission to execute for a lady. He bought sealing-wax, a glass seal, with "Esperance" as a motto, gilt-edged note paper, and several other requisites in the stationary line, and ordered them to be packed up carefully, that he might not soil them; he then purchased scented soap, a hair brush, and other articles for the toilet; and having obtained all these requisites, he added to them one or two pair of common beaver gloves, and then went to the barber's to get his hair cut.

"I am all ready now, Joey," said he, when he returned to the ale-house; "and to-morrow we retrace our steps."

"What! back to the village?"

"Yes; and where we shall remain some time perhaps."

On reaching the village next morning, Spikeman hired a bed-room, and, leaving Joey to work the grindstone, remained in his apartments. When Joey returned in the evening, he found Spikeman had been very busy with the soap, and had restored his hands to something like their proper colour; he had also shaved himself, and washed his hair clean and brushed it well.

"You see, Joey, I have commenced operations already; I shall soon be prepared to act the part of a gentleman who has turned tinker to gain the love of a fair lady of high degree."

"I wish you success; but what are your plans?"

"That you will find out to-morrow morning; now we must go to bed."

CHAPTER XXX.

Plotting, reading and writing.

Spikeman was up early the next morning. When they had breakfasted, he desired Joey to

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go for the knife-grinder's wheel, and follow him. As soon as they were clear of the village, Spikeman said,—

"It will not do to remain at the village; there's a cottage half a mile down the road where they once gave me lodging; we must try if we cannot get it now."

When they arrived at the cottage, Spikeman made a very satisfactory bargain for board and lodging for a few days, stating that they charged so much at the village ale-house, that he could not afford to stay there, and that he expected to have a good job at Squire Mathews's, up at the mansion house. As soon as this arrangement was completed, they returned back to the copse near the mansion house, Joey rolling the knife-grinder's wheel.

"You see, Joey," said Spikeman, "the first thing necessary will be to stimulate curiosity; we may have to wait a day or two before the opportunity may occur, but, if necessary, I will wait a month. That Miss Mathews will very often be found on the seat by the copse, either alone or with her cousin, I take to be certain, as all ladies have their favourite retreats. I do not intend that they should see me yet; I must make an impression first. Now, leave the wheel on the outside, and come with me; do not speak."

As soon as they were in the copse, Spikeman reconnoitred very carefully, to ascertain if either of the young ladies was on the bench, and finding no one there he returned to Joey.

"They cannot come without our hearing their footsteps," said Spikeman, "so now we must wait here patiently.

Spikeman threw himself down on the turf in front of the copse, and Joey followed his example.

"Come, Joey, we may as well read a little to pass away the time; I have brought two volumes of Byron with me."

For half an hour they were thus occupied, when they heard the voice of Miss Mathews singing as before, as she came down the walk. Spikeman rose and peeped through the foliage.

"She is alone," said he, "which is just what I wished. Now, Joey, I am going to read to you aloud. Spikeman then began to read in the masterly style which we have before referred to:—

"I loved, and was beloved again;
They tell me, sir, you never knew
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true
I shorten all my joys and pain,
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all now are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
There, o'er themselves and nations too.
I am, or rather was, a Prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on when each would foremost bleed,
But would not o'er myself maintain
The like control. But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth it is a happy doom—
But yet where happiness ends in pain."

"I am afraid that is but too true, my dear boy," said Spikeman, laying down the book; "Shakspeare has most truly said, 'The course of true love never did run smooth.' Nay, he cannot be said to be original in that idea, for Horace and most of the Greek and Latin poets have said much the same thing before him; however, let us go on again—

"We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to my lady's bower
Was fairy expectation's dower;
The days and nights were nothing—all
Except the hour which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age,
No other like itself."

"Do you observe the extreme beauty of that passage?" said Spikeman.

"Yes," said Joey, "it is very beautiful."

"You would more feel the power of it, my dear boy, if you were in love, but your time is not yet come; but I am afraid we must leave off now, for I expect letters of consequence by the post, and it is useless, I fear, waiting here. Come, put the book by, and let us take up the wheel of my sad fortunes."

Spikeman and Joey rose on their feet. Joey went to the knife-grinder's wheel, and Spikeman followed him without looking back; he heard a rustling nevertheless, among the bushes, which announced to him that his manœuvre had succeeded; and, as soon as he was about fifty yards from the road, he took the wheel from Joey, desiring him to look back, as if accidentally. Joey did so, and saw Miss Mathews following them with her eyes.

"That will do," observed Spikeman; "her curiosity is excited, and that is all I wish."

What Spikeman said was correct. Araminta joined Miss Mathews shortly after Spikeman and Joey had gone away.

"My dear Araminta," said Melissa, "such an adventure! I can hardly credit my senses."

"Why, what is the matter, dear cousin?"

"Do you see that man and boy, with a knife-grinder's wheel, just in sight now?"

"Yes, to be sure I do; but what of them?—Have they been insolent?"

"Insolent! they never saw me; they had no idea that I was here. I heard voices as I came down the walk, so I moved softly, and when I gained the seat, there was somebody reading poetry so beautifully; I never heard one read with such correct emphasis, and clear pronunciation. And then he stopped and talked to the boy about the Greek and Latin poets, and quoted Shakspeare. There must be some mystery."

"Well, but if there is, what has that to do with the traveling tinkers?"

"What! why it was the traveling tinker himself, dearest; but he cannot be a tinker; for I heard him say that he expected letters of consequence, and no traveling tinker could do that."

"Why, no; I doubt if most of them can read at all."

"Now, I would give my little finger to know who that person is. Did you see his face?"

"No; he never turned this way; the boy did when they were some distance off. It's very, very strange. What was he reading?"

"I don't know; it was very beautiful. I wonder if he will ever come this way again! if he does——"

"Well, Melissa, and if he does?"

"My scissors want grinding very badly; they won't cut a bit."

"Why, Melissa, you don't mean to fall in love with a tinker!" said Araminta, laughing.

"He is no tinker, I'm sure; but why he is disguised I should like to know."

"Well, but I came out to tell you that your father wants you. Come along."

The two young ladies then returned to the house, but the mystery of the morning was broached more than once, and canvassed in every possible way.

Spikeman, as soon as he had returned to the cottage, took out his writing materials to concoct an epistle. After some time in correcting, he made out a fair copy, which he read to Joey.

"I tremble lest at the first moment you cast your eyes over the page you throw it away, without deigning to peruse it; and yet there is nothing in it which could raise a blush on the cheek of a modest maiden. If it be a crime to have seen you by chance, to have watched you by stealth, to consider hallowed every spot you visit,—nay, more, if it be a crime to worship at the shrine of beauty and of innocence, or, to speak more boldly, to adore you—then am I guilty. You will ask, why I resort to a clandestine step. Simply, because, when I discovered your name and birth, I felt assured that an ancient feud between the two families, to which not you nor I were parties, would bar an introduction to your father's house. You would ask me who I am. A gentleman, I trust, by birth and education; a poor one, I grant; and you have made me poorer, for you have robbed me of more than wealth—my peace of mind and my happiness. I feel that I am presumptuous and bold; but forgive me. Your eyes tell me you are too kind, too good, to give unnecessary pain; and if you know how much I have already suffered, you would not oppress a fallen man who was happy until he saw you. Pardon me, therefore, my boldness, and excuse the means I have taken of placing this communication before you."

"That will do, I think," said Spikeman; "and now, Joey, we will go out and take a walk, and I will give you your directions.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which the plot thickens.

The next day our hero, having received the letter with his instructions, went with the wheel down to the copse near to the mansion house. Here he remained quietly until he heard Miss Melissa coming down the gravel-walk; he waited till she had time to gain her seat, and then, leaving his wheel outside, he walked round the copse until he came to her. She raised her eyes from her book when she saw him.

"If you please, miss, have you any scissors or knives for me to grind?" said Joey, bowing with his hat in his hand.

Miss Mathews looked earnestly at Joey.

"Who are you?" said she at last; "are you the boy who was on this road with a knife-grinder and his wheel yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, madam, we came this way," replied Joey, bowing again very politely.

"Is he your father?"

"No, madam, he is my uncle; he is not married."

"Your uncle. Well, I have a pair of scissors to grind, and I will go for them; you may bring your wheel in here, as I wish to see how you grind."

"Certainly, miss, with the greatest pleasure."

Joey brought in his wheel, and observing that Miss Mathews had left her book on the seat, he opened it at the marked page and slipped the letter in; and scarcely had done so, when he perceived Miss Mathews and her cousin coming towards him.

"Here are the scissors; mind you make them cut well."

"I will do my best, miss," replied Joey, who immediately set to work.

"Have you been long at this trade?" said Miss Mathews.

"No, miss, not very long."

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"And your uncle, has he been long at it?"

Joey hesitated on purpose. "Why, I really don't know exactly how long."

"Why is your uncle not with you?"

"He was obliged to go to town, miss—that is, to a town at some distance from here—on business!"

"Why, what business can a tinker have?" inquired Aramita.

"I suppose he wanted some soft solder, miss; he requires a great deal."

"Can you write and read, boy?" inquired Melissa.

"Me, miss! how should I know how to write and read?" replied Joey, looking up.

"Have you been much about here?"

"Yes, miss, a good deal; uncle seems to like this part; we never were so long before. The scissors are done now, miss, and they will ent very well. Uncle was in hopes of getting some work at the mansion-house when he came back."

"Can your uncle write and read?"

"I believe he can a little, miss."

"What do I owe you for the scissors?"

"Nothing miss, if you please; I had rather not take any thing from you."

"And why not from me?"

"Because I never worked for so pretty a lady before. Wish you good morning, ladies," said Joey, taking up his wheel and rolling it away.

"Well, Aramintu, what do you think now? That's no knife-grinder's boy; he is as well bred and polite as any lad I ever saw."

"I suspect that he is a little story-teller, saying that he could not write and read," Aramintu replied.

"And so do I; what made him in such a hurry to go away?"

"I suppose he did not like our questions. I wonder whether the uncle will come. Well, Melissa, I must not quit your father just now, so I must leave you with your book;" and, so saying, Aramintu took her way into the house.

Miss Mathews was in a reverie for some minutes; Joey's behaviour had puzzled her almost as much as what she had overheard the day before. At last she opened the book, and, to her great astonishment, beheld the letter. She started—looked at it—it was addressed to her. She demurred at first whether she should open it. It must have been put there by the tinker's boy—it was evidently no tinker's letter; it must be a love letter, and she ought not to read it. There was something, however, so very charming in the whole romance of the affair, if it should turn out, as she suspected, that the tinker should prove a gentleman who had fallen in love with her, and had assumed the disguise. Melissa wanted an excuse to herself for opening the letter. At last she said to herself, "Who knows but what it may be a petition from some poor person or another who is in distress? I ought to read it, at all events."

Had it proved to be a petition, Miss Melissa would have been terribly disappointed. "It certainly is very respectful," thought Melissa, after she had read it, "but I cannot reply to it; that would never do. There certainly is nothing I can take offence at. It must be the tinker himself, I am sure of that; but still he does not say so. Well, I don't know, but I feel very anxious as to what this will come to. O, it can come to nothing, for I cannot love a man I have never seen, and I would not admit a stranger to an interview; that's quite decided. I must show the letter to Aramintu. Shall I? I don't know, she is so particular, so steady, and would be talking of propriety, and prudence; it would vex her so and put her quite into a fever, she would be so unhappy; no, it would be cruel to say any thing to her, she would fret so about it; I won't tell her until I think it absolutely necessary. It is a very gentlemanlike hand, and elegant language too; but still I'm not going to carry on a secret correspondence with a tinker. It must be the tinker. What an odd thing altogether! What can his name be? An old family quarrel, too. Why, it's a Romeo and Juliet affair, only Romeo is a tinker. Well, one mask is as good as another. He acknowledges himself poor, I like that of him, there's something so honest in it. Well, after all, it will be a little amusement to a poor girl like me, shut up from year's end to year's end, with opodeldoc always in my nose; so I will see what the end of it may be," thought Melissa, rising from her seat to go into the house, and putting the letter into her pocket.

Joey went back to Spikeman and reported progress.

"That's all I wish, Joey," said Spikeman; "now you must not go there to-morrow; we must let it work a little; if she is at all interested with the letter, she will be impatient to know more."

Spikeman was right. Melissa looked up and down the road very often during the next day, and was rather silent during the evening. The next day after, Joey, having received his instructions, set off with his knife-grinder's wheel for the mansion-house. When he went round the copse where the bench was, he found Miss Mathews there.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but do you think there is any work at the house?"

"Come here, sir," said Melissa, assuming a very dignified air.

"Yes, miss," said Joey, walking slowly to her.

"Now, tell me the truth, and I will reward you with half a crown."

"Yes, miss."

"Did you not put this letter in my book the day before yesterday?"

"Letter, miss! what letter?"

"Don't you deny it, for you know you did; and if you don't tell me the truth, my father is a magistrate, and I'll have you punished."

"I was told not to tell," replied Joey, pretending to be frightened.

"But you must tell; yes, and tell me immediately."

"I hope you are not angry, miss."

"No; not if you tell the truth."

"I don't exactly know, miss; but a gentleman——"

"What gentleman?"

"A gentleman that came to uncle."

"Well, go on."

"I suppose he wrote the letter, but I'm not sure; and uncle gave me the letter to put it where you might see it."

"O, then, a gentleman, you say, gave your uncle this letter, and your uncle gave it to you to bring to me. Is that it?"

"Uncle gave me the letter, but I dare say uncle will tell you all about it, and who the gentleman was."

"Is your uncle come back?"

"He comes back to night, madam."

"You're sure your uncle did not write the letter?"

"Lu, n iss! uncle write such a letter as that—and to a lady like you—that would be odd!"

"Very odd, indeed!" replied Miss Melissa, who remained a minute or two in thought. "Well, my lad," said she, at last, "I must and will know who has had the boldness to write this letter to me, and as your uncle knows, you will bring him here to morrow, that I may inquire about it; and let him take care that he tells the truth."

"Yes, miss; I will tell him as soon as he comes home. I hope you are not angry with me, miss; I did not think there was any harm in putting into the book such a nice, clean letter as that."

"No, I am not angry with you; your uncle is more to blame; I shall expect him to morrow, about this time. You may go now."

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which the tinker makes love.

Joey made his obeisance, and departed as if he was frightened. Miss Melissa watched him; at last she thought, "Tinker or no tinker? that is the question. No tinker, for a cool hundred, as my father would say; for, no tinker's boy, no tinker; and that is no tinker's boy. How clever of him to say that the letter was given him by a gentleman! Now I can send to him to interrogate him, and have an interview without any offence to my feelings; and if he is disguised, as I feel confident that he is, I shall soon discover it."

Miss Melissa Mathews did not sleep that night; and at the time appointed she was sitting on the bench with all the assumed dignity of a newly-made magistrate. Spikeman and Joey were not long before they made their appearance. Spikeman was particularly clean and neat, although he took care to wear the outward appearance of a tinker; his hands were, by continual washing in hot water, very white, and he had paid every attention to his person, except in wearing his rough and soiled clothes.

"My boy tells me, miss, that you wish to speak to me," said Spikeman, assuming the air of a vulgar man.

"I did, friend," said Melissa, after looking at Spikeman for a few minutes; "a letter has been brought here clandestinely, and your boy confesses that he received it from you; and, I wish to know how you came by it."

"Boy, go away to a distance," said Spikeman, very angrily; "if you can't keep one secret, at all events you shall not hear any more."

Joey retreated as had been arranged between them.

"Well, madam, or miss (I suppose miss)," said Spikeman, "that letter was written by a gentleman that loves the very ground you tread upon."

"And he requested it to be delivered to me?"

"He did, miss; and if you knew, as I do, how he loves you, you would not be surprised at his taking so bold a step."

"I am surprised at your taking so bold a step, Tinker, as to send it by your boy."

"It was a long while before I would venture, miss; but when he told me what he did, I really could not help doing so; for I pitied him, and so would you, if you knew all."

"And, pray, what did he tell you?"

"He told me, miss," said Spikeman, who had gradually assumed his own manner of speaking, "that he had ever rejected the thoughts of matrimony—that he had rose up every morning thank-

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ing Heaven that he was free and independent—that he had scorned the idea of ever being capitvated with the charms of a woman; but that one day he had by chance passed down this road, and had heard you singing as you were coming down to repose on this bench. Captivated by your voice, curiosity induced him to conceal himself in the copse behind us, and from thence had a view of your person; nay, miss, he told me more, that he had played the eaves-dropper, and heard all your conversation, free and unconstrained as it was from the supposition that you were alone; he heard you express your sentiments and opinions, and finding that there was on this earth what, in his scepticism, he thought never to exist—youth, beauty, talent, family, and principle, all united in one person—he had bowed at the shrine, and had become a silent and unseen worshipper."

Spikeman stopped speaking.

"Then, it appears that this gentleman, as you style him, has been guilty of the ungentlemanly practice of listening to private conversation—no very great recommendation."

"Such was not his intention at first; he was seduced to it by you. Do not blame him for that—now that I have seen you I cannot; but, miss, he told me more. He said that he felt that he was unworthy of you, and had not a competence to offer you, even if he could obtain your favour; that he discovered that there was a cause which prevented his gaining an introduction to your family; in fact, that he was hopeless and despairing. He had hovered near you for a long time, for he could not leave the air your breathed; and, at last, that he had resolved to set his life upon the die and stake the hazard. Could I refuse him, miss? He is of an old family, but not wealthy; he is a gentleman by birth and education, and therefore I did not think I was doing so very wrong in giving him the chance, trifling as it might be. I beg your pardon, madam, if I have offended; and any message you may have to deliver to him, harsh as it may be—nay, even if it should be his death—it shall be faithfully and truly delivered."

"When shall you see him, Master Tinker?" said Melissa, very gravely.

"In a week he will be here, he said, not before."

"Considering he is so much in love he takes his time," replied Melissa. "Well, Master Tinker, you may tell him from me that I've no answer to give him. It is quite ridiculous, as well as highly improper, that I should receive a letter or answer one from a person whom I never saw. I admit his letter to be respectful, or I should have sent a much harsher message."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, miss; that is, if you cannot be persuaded to see him for one minute."

"Most certainly not; I see no gentleman who is not received at my father's house, and properly presented to me. It may be the custom among people in your station of life, Master Tinker, but not in mine; and, as for yourself, I recommend you not to attempt to bring another letter."

"I must request your pardon for my fault, miss; may I ask, after I have seen the poor young gentleman, am I to report to you what takes place?"

"Yes, if it is to assure me that I shall be no more troubled with his addresses."

"You shall be obeyed, miss," continued Spikeman, then, changing his tone and air, he said, "I beg your pardon, have you any knives or scissors to grind?"

"No," replied Melissa, jumping up from her seat, and walking towards the house to conceal her mirth. Shortly afterwards she turned round to look if Spikeman was gone; he had remained near the seat with his eyes following her footsteps. "I could love that man," thought Melissa, as she walked on. "What an eye he has, and what eloquence! I shall run away with a tinker, I do believe; but it is my destiny. Why does he say a week, a whole week? But how easy to see through his disguise! He had the stamp of a gentleman upon him. Dear me, I wonder how this is to end! I must not tell Araminta yet; she would be fidgeted out of her wits. How foolish of me! I quite forgot to ask the name of this *gentleman*. I'll not forget it next time."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Well done, tinker.

"It is beyond my hopes, Joey," said Spikeman, as they went back to the cottage; "she knows well enough that I was pleading for myself and not for another, and she has said quite as much as my most sanguine wishes could desire; in fact, she has given me permission to come again, and repeat the result of her message to the non-existent gentleman, which is equal to an assignation. I have no doubt now I shall ultimately succeed, and I must make my preparations; I told her that I should not be able to deliver her message for a week, and she did not like the delay, that was clear; it will all work in my favour; a week's experimentation will ripen the fruit more than daily meetings. I must leave this to-night; but you may as well stay here, for you can be of no use to me."

"Where are you going, then?"

"First to Dudstone, to take my money out of the bank; I have a good sum, sufficient to carry me on for many months after our marriage, if I do marry her. I shall change my dress at Dudstone, of course, and then start for London, by mail, and fit myself out with a most fashionable wardrobe, and carecaras, come down again to Cobhurst, the town one were in the other day, with my portmanteau, and from thence return here in my tinker's clothes to resume operations. You must not go near her during my absence."

"Certainly not; shall I go out at all?"

"No, not with the wheel; you might meet her on the road, and she would be putting questions to you."

That evening Spikeman set off, and was absent for five days, when he again made his appearance early in the morning. Joey had remained almost altogether in-doors, and had taken that opportunity of writing to Mary. He wrote on the day of Spikeman's departure, as it would give ample time for an answer before his return; but Joey received no reply to his letter.

"I am all prepared now, my boy," said Spikeman; whose appearance was considerably improved by the various little personal arrangements which he had gone through during the time he was in London. "I have my money in my pockets, my portmanteau at Cobhurst, and now it depends upon the rapidity of my success when the day is to come that I make my knife-grinder's wheel over to you. I will go down now, but without you this time."

Spikeman set off with his wheel, and soon arrived at the usual place of meeting; Miss Mathews had perceived him, from the window, coming down the road, she waited a quarter of an hour before she made her appearance; had not she had her eyes on the hands of the time-piece, and knew that it was only a quarter of an hour, she could have sworn that it had been two hours at least. Poor girl! she had during this week run over every circumstance connected with the meeting at least a thousand times; every word that had been exchanged had been engraven on her memory, and, without her knowledge almost, her heart had imperceptibly received the impression. She walked down reading her book very attentively until she arrived at the bench.

"Any knives or scissors to grind, ma'am?" asked Spikeman, respectfully coming forward.

"You here again, Master Tinker! why I had quite forgot all about you."

(Heaven preserve us! how innocent girls will sometimes tell fibs out of modesty.)

"It were well for others, Miss Mathews, if their memories were equally treacherous," rejoined Spikeman.

"And why so, pray?"

"I speak of the gentleman to whom you sent the message."

"And what was his reply to you?"

"He acknowledged, Miss Mathews, the madness of his communication to you, of the impossibility of your giving him an answer, and of your admitting him to your presence. He admired the prudence of your conduct, but, unfortunately, his admiration only increased his love. He requested me to say that he will write no more."

"He has done wisely, and I am satisfied."

"I would I could say as much for him, Miss Mathews; for it is my opinion that his very existence is now so bound up with the possession of you, that if he does not succeed he cannot exist."

"That is not my fault," replied Melissa, with her eyes cast down.

"No, it is not; still, Miss Mathews, when it is considered that this man had abjured, I may say had almost despised women, it is no small triumph to you, or homage from him, that you have made him feel the power of your sex."

"It is his just punishment for having despised us."

"Perhaps so; yet if we were all punished for our misdeeds, as Shakspeare says, who should escape whipping?"

"Pray, Master Tinker, where did you learn to quote Shakspeare?"

"Where I learnt much more; I was not always a traveling tinker."

"So I presumed before this; and pray how came you to be one?"

"Miss Mathews, if the truth must be told, it arose from an unfortunate attachment."

"I have read in the olden poets that love would turn a man into a god; but I never heard of its making him a tinker," replied Melissa, smiling.

"The immortal Jove did not hesitate to conceal his thunderbolts when he deigned to love; and Cupid bet too often has recourse to the aid of Protens to secure success. We have, therefore, no mean warranty."

"And who was the lady of thy love, good Master Tinker?"

"She was, Miss Mathews, like you in every thing; she was as beautiful, as intelligent, as honest, as proud, and, unfortunately, she was, like you, as obdurate, which reminds me of the

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unfortunate gentleman whose emissary I now am. In his madness he requested me, yes, Miss Mathews, me, a poor tinker—to woo you for him; to say to you all that he would have said had he been admitted to your presence; to plead for him at your feet, and entreat you to have some compassion for one whose only misfortune was to love,—whose only fault was to be poor. What could I say, Miss Mathews,—what could I reply to a person in his state of desperation? To reason with him, to argue with him, had been useless; I could only soothe him by making such a promise, provided that I was permitted to do it. Tell me, Miss Mathews, have I your permission to make the attempt?"

"First, Mr. Tinker, I should wish to know the name of this gentleman."

"I promised not to mention it, Miss Mathews, but I can evade the promise. I have a book which belongs to him in my pocket, on the inside of which are the arms of his family, with his father's name underneath them."

Spikeman presented the book. Melissa read the name, and then laid it on the bench, without saying a word.

"And now, Miss Mathews, as I have shown you that the gentleman has no wish to conceal who he is, may I venture to hope that you will permit me to plead occasionally, when I may see you, in his behalf?"

"I know not what to say, Master Tinker; I consider it a measure fraught with some danger both to the gentleman and to myself. You have quoted Shakspeare, allow me now to do the same—

'Friendship is constant in all things
Save in the affairs and offices of love,
Therefore all hearts use your own tongues.'

You observe, Master Tinker, that there is the danger of your pleading for yourself, and not for your client; and there is also the danger of my being insensibly moved to listen to the addresses of a tinker. Now, only reflect upon the awful consequences," continued Melissa, smiling.

"I pledge you my honour, Miss Mathews, that I will only plead for the person whose name you have read in the book, and that you shall never be humiliated by the importunities of a mender of pots and pans."

"You pledge the honour of a tinker; what may that be worth?"

"A tinker that has the honour of conversing with Miss Mathews has an honour that cannot be too highly appreciated."

"Well, that is very polite for a mender of old kettles; but the schoolmaster is abroad, which, I presume, accounts for such strange anomalies as our present conversation. I must now wish you good morning."

"When may I have the honour of again presenting myself in behalf of the poor gentleman?"

"I can really make no appointments with tinkers," replied Melissa; "if you persuade that young man, you must be content to wait for days or months to catch a glimpse of the hem of my garment; to bay the moon and bless the stars, and I do not know what else. It is, in short, catch me when you can; and now, farewell, good Master Tinker," replied Melissa, leaving her own book, and taking the one Spikeman had put into her hand, which she carried with her to the house. It was all up with Miss Melissa Mathews, that was clear.

We shall pass over a fortnight, during which Spikeman, as first every other day, and subsequently every day or evening, had a meeting with Melissa, in every one of which he pleaded his cause in the third person. Joey began to be very tired of this affair, as he remained idle during the whole time, when one morning Spikeman told him that he must go down to the meeting place without the wheel and tell Miss Mathews that his uncle, the tinker, was ill, and not able to come that evening.

Joey received his instructions and went down immediately. Miss Mathews was not to be seen, and Joey, to avoid observation, hid himself in the copse, awaiting her arrival. At last she came, accompanied by Araminta, her cousin. As soon as they had taken their seats on the bench, Araminta commenced: "My dear Melissa, I could not speak to you in the house on account of your father, but Simpson has told me this morning that she thought in her duty to state to me, that you have been seen, not only in this day time, but late in the evening, walking and talking with a strange looking man. I have thought it very odd that you should not have mentioned this mysterious person to me lately, but I do think it most strange that you should have been so imprudent. Now, tell me everything that has happened, or I must really make it known to your father."

"And have me locked up for months; that's very kind of you, Araminta," replied Melissa.

"But consider what you have been doing, Melissa. Who is this man?"

"A traveling tinker, who brought me a letter from a gentleman who has been so silly as to fall in love with me."

"And what steps have you taken, cousin?"

"Positively refused to receive a letter, or to see the gentleman."

"Then, why does the man come again?"

"To know if we have any knives or scissors to grind."

"Come, come, Melissa, this is ridiculous. All the servants are talking about it: and you know how servants talk. Why do you continue to see this fellow?"

"Because he amuses me, and it is so stupid of him."

"If that is your only reason, you can have no objection to see him no more, now that scandal is abroad. Will you promise me that you will not? Recollect, dear Melissa, how imprudent and how unmaidenly it is."

"Why, you don't think that I am going to elope with a tinker, do you, cousin?"

"I should think not; nevertheless, a tinker is no companion for Miss Mathews, dear cousin. Melissa, you have been most imprudent. How far you have told me the truth I know not; but this I must tell you, if you do not promise me to give up this disgraceful acquaintance, I will immediately acquaint my uncle."

"I will not be forced into any promise, Araminta," replied Melissa, indignantly.

"Well, then, I will not hurry you into it. I will give you forty-eight hours to reply, and if by that time your own good sense does not point out your indiscretion, I certainly will make it known to your father; that is decided." So saying, Araminta rose from the bench and walked towards the house.

"Eight-and-forty hours," said Melissa, thoughtfully; "it must be decided by that time."

Joey, who had wit enough to perceive how matters stood, made up his mind not to deliver his message. He knew that Spikeman was well, and presumed that his staying away was to make Miss Mathews more impatient to see him. Melissa remained on the bench in deep thought; at last Joey went up to her.

"You here, my boy! what have you come for?" said Melissa.

"I was strolling this way, madam."

"Come here; I want you to tell me the truth; indeed it is useless to attempt to deceive me. Is that person your uncle?"

"No, miss, he is not."

"I knew that. Is he not the person who wrote the letter, and a gentleman in disguise? Answer me that question, and then I have a message to him which will make him happy."

"He is a gentleman, miss."

"And his name is Spikeman; is it not?"

"Yes, miss, it is."

"Will he be here this evening? This is no time for trifling."

"If you want him, miss, I am sure he will."

"Tell him to be sure and come, and not in disguise," said Melissa, bursting into tears. "That's no use, my die is cast," continued she, talking to herself. Joey remained by her side until she removed her hands from her face.

"Why do you wait?"

"At what hour, miss, shall he come?" said Joey.

"As soon as it is dusk. Leave me, boy, and do not forget."

Joey hastened to Spikeman, and narrated what he had seen and heard, with the message of Melissa.

"My dear boy!" you have helped me to happiness," said Spikeman. "She shed tears, did she? Poor thing! I trust they will be the last she shall shed. I must be off to Cobhurst—at once. Meet me at dark at the copse, for I shall want to speak to you."

Spikeman set off for the town as fast as he could, with his bundle on his head. When half way he went into a field and changed his clothes, discarding his tinker's dress for ever, throwing it into a ditch for the benefit of the finder. He then went into the town to his rooms, dressed himself in a fashionable suit, arranged his portmanteau, and ordered a chaise to be ready at the door at a certain time, so as to arrive at the village before dusk. After he had passed through the village, he ordered the postboy to stop about fifty yards on the other side of the copse, and, getting out, desired him to remain till he returned. Joey was already there, and soon afterwards Miss M. made her appearance, coming down the walk in a hurried manner, in her shawl and bonnet. As soon as she gained the bench, Spikeman was at her feet; he told her he knew what had passed between her and her cousin; that he could not, would not, part with her; he now came without disguise to repeat what he had so often said to her, that he loved and adored her, and that his life should be devoted to make her happy.

"Melissa wept, entreated, refused, and half consented; Spikeman led her away from the bench towards the road, she still refusing, yet still advancing, until they came to the door of the chaise. Joey let down the steps; Melissa, half fainting and half resisting, was put in, Spikeman followed, and the door was closed by Joey.

"Stop a moment, boy," said Spikeman.

"Here, Joey, take this."

As Spikeman put a packet into our hero's hands, Melissa clasped her hands, and cried—"Yes—yes! stop, do stop and let me out, I cannot go, indeed I cannot."

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"There's lights coming down the gravel walk," said Joey; "they are running fast."

"Drive on, boy, as fast as you can," said Spikeman.

"Oh, yes! drive on," cried Melissa, sinking into her lover's arms.

Off went the chaise, leaving Joey on the road with the packet in his hands; our hero turned round and perceived the lights close to him, and, not exactly wishing to be interrogated, he set off as fast as he could, and never checked his speed until he arrived at the cottage where he and Spikeman had taken up their quarters.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A very long chapter.

As it was late that night, Joey did not open the packet delivered to him from Spikeman until he arose the next morning, which he did very early, as he thought it very likely that he might be apprehended, if he was not off in good time. The packet contained a key, £20 in money, and a paper, with the following letter:—

"My Dear Boy,—As we must now part, at least for some time, I have left you money sufficient to set you up for the present; I have enclosed a memorandum, by which I make over to you the knife-grinder's wheel, and all the furniture, books, &c., that are in my rooms at Dudstone, the key of which is also enclosed. I should recommend your going there, and taking immediate possession, and as soon as I have time I shall write to the woman of the house, to inform her of the contents of the memorandum; and I will also write to you, and let you know how I get on. Of course you will now do as you please; at all events, I have taught you a profession, and have given you the means of following it. I only hope, if you do, that some day you may be able to retire from business as successfully as I have done. You will, of course, write to me occasionally, after you know where I am. Depend upon it there is no profession so near to that of a gentleman as that of a traveling tinker. Yours ever truly,

"AUGUSTUS SPIKEMAN.

"N. B. There is some money in the old place to pay the bill at the cottage."

Our hero considered that he could not do better than follow the advice of Spikeman. He first wrote a few lines to Mary, requesting that she would send her answer to Dudstone; and then, having settled with the hostess, he set off with his knife-grinder's wheel on his return home to what were now his apartments. As he was not anxious to make money, he did not delay on the road, and on the fifth day he found himself at the door of the ale-house near to Dudstone, where he had before left the wheel. Joey thought it advisable to do so now, telling the landlord that Spikeman had requested him so to do; and as soon as it was dusk our hero proceeded to the town, and knocked at the door of the house in which were Spikeman's apartments. He informed the landlady, that Spikeman would not in all probability return, and had sent him to take possession, showing her the key. The dame was satisfied, and Joey went up stairs. As soon as he had lighted the candle, and fairly installed himself, our hero threw himself down on the sofa, and began to reflect. It is pleasant to have property of our own, and Joey never had had any before; it was satisfactory to look at the furniture, bed, and books, and say, "All this is *mine*." Joey felt this, as it is to be presumed everybody would in the same position, and for some time he continued looking round and round at his property. Having satisfied himself with a review of it externally, he next proceeded to open all the drawers, the chests, &c. There were many articles in them which Joey did not expect to find, such as a store of sheets, table-linen, and all Spikeman's clothes, which he had discarded when he went up to London, some silver spoons, and a variety of little odds and ends; in short, Spikeman had left our hero everything as it stood. Joey put his money away, and then went to bed and slept as serenely as the largest landed proprietor in the kingdom. When he awoke next morning, our hero began to reflect upon what he should do. He was not of Spikeman's opinion that a traveling tinker was the next thing to a gentleman, nor did he much like the idea of rolling the wheel about all his life; nevertheless, he agreed with Spikeman that it was a trade by which he could earn his livelihood, and if he could do no better, it would always be a resource. As soon as he had taken his breakfast, he sat down and wrote to Mary, acquainting her with all that had taken place, and stating what his own feelings were upon his future prospects. Having finished his letter, he dressed himself neatly, and went out to call upon the widow James. Miss Ophelia and Miss Amelia were both at home.

"Well, Master Atherton, how do you do? and pray where is Mr. Spikeman?" said both the girls in a breath.

"He is a long way from this," replied Joey.

"A long way from this! Why, has he not come back with you?"

"No; and I believe he will not come back any more. I am come, as his agent, to take possession of his property."

"Why, what has happened?"

"A very sad accident," replied our hero, shaking his head; "he fell——"

"Fell!" exclaimed the two girls in a breath.

"Yes, fell in love, and is married."

"Well, now!" exclaimed Miss Ophelia, "only to think!"

Miss Amelia said nothing.

"And so he is really married?"

"Yes; and he has given up business."

"He did seem in a great hurry when he last came here," observed Amelia. "And what are you going to do?"

"I am not going to follow his example just yet," replied Joey.

"I suppose not; but what are you going to do?" replied Ophelia.

"I shall wait here for his orders; I expect to hear from him. Whether I am to remain in this part of the country, or sell off and join him, or look out for some other business, I hardly know; I think myself I shall look out for something else; I don't like the cutlery line and traveling for orders. How is your mamma, Miss Ophelia?"

"She is very well, and has gone to market. Well, I never did expect to hear of Mr. Spikeman being married! Who is he married to, Joseph?"

"To a very beautiful young lady, daughter of Squire Mathews, with a large fortune."

"Yes, men always look for money now-a-days," said Amelia.

"I must go now," said Joey, getting up; I have some calls and some enquiries to make. Good morning, young ladies."

It must be acknowledged that the two Misses James were not quite so cordial towards Joey as they were formerly; but unmarried girls do not like to hear of their old acquaintances marrying any body save themselves. There is not only a flirt the less, but a chance the less in consequence; and it should be remarked, that there were very few *beaux* at Dudstone. Our hero was some days at Dudstone before he received a letter from Spikeman, who informed him that he had arrived safely at Gretna (indeed, there was no male relation of the family to pursue him,) and the silken bands of Hymen had been made more secure by the iron rivets of the blacksmith; that three days after he had written a letter to his wife's father, informing him that he had *done him the honour* of marrying his daughter; that he could not exactly say when he could find time to come to the mansion and pay him a visit, but that he would as soon as he conveniently could; that he begged that the room prepared for them upon their arrival might have a *large* dressing-room attached to it, as he could not dispense with that convenience; that he was not aware whether Mr. Mathews was inclined to part with the mansion and property, but, as his wife had declared that she would prefer living there to anywhere else, he had not any objection to purchase it of Mr. Mathews, if they could come to terms; hoped his gout was better, and was his "very faithfully, AUGUSTUS SPIKEMAN." Melissa wrote a few lines to Araminta, begging her, as a favour, not to attempt to palliate her conduct, but to rail against her incessantly, as it would be the surest method of bringing affairs to an amicable settlement.

To her father she wrote only these few words: "My dear papa, you will be glad to hear that I am married. Augustus says that, if I behave well, he will come and see you soon; dear papa, your dutiful child, MELISSA SPIKEMAN."

That the letters of Spikeman and Melissa put the old gentleman in no small degree of rage, may be conceived; but nothing could be more judicious than the plan Spikeman had acted upon. It is useless to plead to a man who is irritated with constant gout; he only becomes more despotic and more unyielding. Had Araminta attempted to soften his indignation, it would have been equally fruitless; but the compliance with the request of her cousin, of continually railing against her, had the effect intended. The vituperation of Araminta left him nothing to say; there was no opposition to direct his anathemas against; there was no coaxing or wheedling on the part of the offenders for him to repulse; and when Araminta pressed the old gentleman to vow that Melissa should never enter the doors again, he seemed her being influenced by interested motives, threw a basin at her head, and wrote an epistle requested, and Melissa to come and take his blessing. Araminta refused to attend her uncle after this insult, and the old gentleman became still more anxious for the return of his daughter, as he was now left entirely to the caprice of the servants. Araminta gave Melissa an account of what had passed, and entreated her to write at once. She did so, and a general reconciliation took place. Mr. Mathews, finding his new son-in-law very indifferent to pecuniary matters, insisted upon making over to his wife an estate in Herefordshire, which, with Melissa's own fortune, rendered them in most affluent circumstances. Spikeman requested Joey to write to

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him now and then, and that, if he required assistance, he would apply for it; but still advised him to follow up the profession of traveling tinker as being the most independent.

Our hero had hardly time to digest the contents of Spikeman's letter when he received a large packet from Mary, accounting for her not having replied to him before, in consequence of her absence from the hall. She had three weeks before received a letter written for Mrs. Chopper, acquainting her that Mrs. Chopper was so very ill that it was not thought possible that she could recover, having an abscess in the liver which threatened to break internally, and requesting Mary to obtain leave to visit Gravesend if she possibly could, as Mrs. Chopper wished to see her before she died. Great as was Mary's repugnance to revisit Gravesend, she felt that the obligations she was under to Mrs. Chopper, were too great for her to hesitate; and showing the letter to Mrs. Austin, and stating at the same time that she considered Mrs. Chopper as more than a mother to her, she obtained the leave which she requested, and set off for Gravesend.

It was with feelings of deep shame and humiliation that poor Mary walked down the main street of the town, casting her eyes up fearfully to the scenes of her former life. She was very plainly attired, and had a thick veil over her face, so that nobody recognised her; she arrived at the door of Mrs. Chopper's abode, ascended the stairs, and was once more in the room out of which she had quitted Gravesend to lead a new life; and most conscientiously had she fulfilled her resolution, as the reader must be aware of. Mrs. Chopper was in bed and slumbering when Mary softly opened the door; the signs of approaching death were on her countenance—her large round form had wasted away—her fingers were now taper and bloodless; Mary would not have recognised her had she fallen in with her under other circumstances. An old woman was in attendance; she rose up when Mary entered, imagining that it was some kind lady come to visit the sick woman. Mary sat down by the side of the bed, and motioned to the old woman that she might go out, and then she raised her veil and waited till the sufferer awoke. Mary had snuffed the candle twice that she might see sufficiently to read the prayer book which she had taken up, when Mrs. Chopper opened her eyes.

"How very kind of you, ma'am!" said Mrs. Chopper; "and where is Miss ——? My eyes are dimmer every day."

"It is me, Mary. Nancy, that was!"

"And so it is! O, Nancy, now I shall die in peace! I thought at first it was the kind lady who comes every day to read and to pray with me. Dear Nancy, how glad I am to see you! And how do you do? And how is poor Peter?"

"Quite well when I heard from him last, my dear Mrs. Chopper."

"You don't know, Nancy, what a comfort it is to me to see you looking as you do, so good and so innocent; and when I think it was by my humble means that you were put in the way of becoming so, I feel as if I had done one good act, and that perhaps my sins may be forgiven me."

"God will reward you, Mrs. Chopper; I said so at the time, and I feel it now," replied Mary, the tears rolling down her cheeks; "I trust by your means, and with strength from above, I shall continue in the same path, so that one sinner may be saved."

"Bless you, Nancy!—You never were a bad girl in heart; I always said so. And where is Peter now?"

"Going about the country earning his bread; poor, but happy."

"Well, Nancy, it will soon be over with me; I may die in a second, they tell me, or I may live for three or four days; but I sent for you that I might put my house in order. There are only two people that I care for upon earth—that is you and my poor Peter; and all I have I mean to leave between you. I have signed a paper already, in case you could not come, but now that you are come I will tell you all I wish; but give me some of that drink first."

Mary having read the directions on the label, poured out a wine glass of the mixture, and gave it to Mrs. Chopper, who swallowed it, and then proceeded, taking a paper from under her pillow,—

"Nancy! this is the paper I told you of. I have about £2700 in the bank, which is all that I have saved in twenty-two years; but it has been honestly made. I have, perhaps, much more owing to me, but I do not want it to be collected. Poor sailors have no money to spare, and I release them all. You will see me buried, Nancy, and tell poor Peter how I loved him, and I have left my account-books with my bad debts and good debts, to him. I am sure he would like to have them, for he knows the history of every sum-total, and he will look over them, and think of me. You can sell this furniture: but the wherry you must give to William; he is not very honest, but he has a large family to keep. Do what you like, dearest, about what is here; perhaps my clothes would be useful to his wife; they are not fit for you. There's a good deal of money in the upper drawer; it will pay for my funeral and the doctor. I believe that is all now; but do tell poor Peter how I loved him. Poor fellow, I have been chased ever since he left; but that's no matter. Now, Nancy dear, read to me a little. I have so longed to have you by my bedside to read to me, and pray for me! I want to hear you pray before I die. It will make me happy to hear you pray, and see that kind face looking up to heaven, as it was always meant to do."

Poor Mary shed some tears. After a few minutes she became more composed, and, dropping down on her knees by the side of the bed, she opened the prayer book, and complied with the request of Mrs. Chopper; and as she fervently poured forth her supplication, occasionally her voice faltered, and she would stop to brush away the tears which dimmed her sight. She was still occupied when the door of the room was gently opened, and a lady, with a girl of fourteen or fifteen years old, quietly entered the room. Mary did not perceive them until they also had knelt down. She finished the prayers, rose, and, with a short courtesy, retired from the side of the bed.

Although not recognised herself by the lady, Mary immediately remembered Mrs. Philips and her daughter Emma, having, as we have before observed, been at one time in Mrs. Philips's service.

"This is the young woman whom you so wished to see, Mrs. Chopper, is it not?" said Mrs. Philips. "I am not surprised at your longing for her, for she appears well suited for a companion in such an hour; and, alas! how few there are! Sit down, I request," continued Mrs. Philips, turning to Mary. "How do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Chopper?"

"Sinking fast, dear madam, but not unwilling to go, since I have seen Nancy, and heard of my poor Peter; he wrote to Nancy a short time ago. Nancy, don't forget my love to Peter."

Emma Philips, who had now grown tall and thin, immediately went up to Mary, and said, "Peter was the little boy who was with Mrs. Chopper; I met him on the road when he first came to Gravesend, did I not?"

"Yes, miss, you did," replied Mary.

"He used to come to our house sometimes, and very often to meet me as I walked home from school. I never could imagine what became of him, for he disappeared all at once without saying good-bye."

"He was obliged to go away, miss. It was not his fault; he was a very good boy, and is so still."

"Then pray remember me to him, and tell him that I often think of him."

"I will, Miss Philips, and he will be very happy to hear that you have said so."

"How did you know that my name was Philips? O, I suppose poor Mrs. Chopper told you before we came!"

Mrs. Philips had now read some time to Mrs. Chopper, and this put an end to the conversation between Mary and Emma Philips. It was not resumed. As soon as the reading was over, Mrs. Philips and her daughter took their leave.

Mary made up a bed for herself by the side of Mrs. Chopper's. About the middle of the night, she was roused by a gurgling kind of noise; she hastened to the bed-side and found that Mrs. Chopper was suffocating. Mary called in the old woman to her aid, but it was useless, the abscess had burst, and in a few seconds all was over; and Mary, struggling with emotion, closed the eyes of her old friend, and offered up a prayer for the departed spirit.

The remainder of the night was passed in solemn meditation and a renewal of those vows which the poor girl had hitherto so scrupulously adhered to, and which the death-bed scene was so well fitted to encourage; but Mary felt that she had her duties towards others to discharge, and did not give way to useless and unavailing sorrow. It was her duty to return as soon as possible to her indulgent mistress, and the next morning she was busy in making the necessary arrangements. On the third day Mary attended the funeral of her old friend, the bills were all paid, and having selected some articles which she wished to retain as a remembrance, she resolved to make over to William, the waterman, not only the wherry, but all the stock on land, furniture and clothes of Mrs. Chopper. This would enable him and his wife to set up in business themselves and provide for their family. Mary knew that she had no right to do so without Joey's consent, but of this she felt she was sure; and having so done, she had nothing more to do but to see the lawyer who had drawn up the will, and having gone through the necessary forms, she received an order on the county bank nearest to the hall for the money, which, with what was left in the drawers, after paying every demand, amounted to more than £2700. She thought it was her duty to call upon Mrs. Philips before she went away, out of gratitude for her kindness to Mrs. Chopper; and as she had not been recognised, she had no scruple in so doing. She was kindly received and blushed at the praise bestowed upon her. As she was going away Emma Philips followed her out, and putting into her hands a silver pencil-case, requested she would "give it to Peter, as a remembrance

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of his little friend, Emma." The next day Mary arrived at the hall, first communicated to Mrs. Austin what had occurred, and then, having received our hero's two last epistles, sat down to write the packet containing all the intelligence we have made known, and ended by requesting Joey to set off with his knife-grinder's wheel, and come to the village near to the hall, that he might receive his share of Mrs. Chopper's money, the silver pencil-case, and the warm greeting of his adopted sister. Joey was not long in deciding. He resolved that he would go to Mary; and, having locked up his apartments, he once more resumed the wheel, and was soon on his way to Hampshire.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A retrospect, that the parties may all start fair again.

We must leave our hero on his way to the hall, while we acquaint our readers with the movements of other parties connected with our history. A correspondence had been kept up between O'Donahue and M'Shane. O'Donahue had succeeded in obtaining the pardon of the emperor, and employment in the Russian army, in which he had rapidly risen to the rank of general. Five or six years had elapsed since he had married, and both O'Donahue and his wife were anxious to visit England; a letter at last came, announcing that he had obtained leave of absence from the emperor, and would, in all probability, arrive in the ensuing spring.

During this period M'Shane had continued in his old quarters, Mrs. M'Shane still carrying on the business, which every year became more lucrative, so much so, indeed, that her husband had for some time thought very seriously of retiring altogether, as they had already amassed a large sum, when M'Shane received the letter from O'Donahue, announcing that in a few months he would arrive in England. Major M'Shane, who was very far from being satisfied with his negative position in society, pressed the matter earnestly to his wife, who, although she was perfectly content with her own position, did not oppose his entreaties. M'Shane found that after disposing of the good will of the business and the house, they would have a clear sum of £30,000, which he considered more than enough for his wants, unencumbered as they were with children.

Let it not be supposed that M'Shane had ceased in his inquiries after our hero: on the contrary, he had resorted to all that his inventive could suggest to trace him out, but, as the reader must be aware, without success. Both M'Shane and his wife mourned his loss, as if they had been bereaved of their own child; they still indulged the idea that some day he would re-appear, but when they could not surmise. M'Shane had not only searched for our hero, but had traced his father with as little success, and he had now made up his mind that he should see no more of Joey, if he ever did see him again, until after the death of his father, when there would no longer be any occasion for secrecy. Our hero and his fate was a continual source of conversation between M'Shane and his wife; but latterly, after not having heard of him for more than five years, the subject had not been so often renewed. As soon as M'Shane had wound up his affairs, and taken his leave of his eating-house, he looked out for an estate in the country, resolving to lay out two thirds of his money in land, and leave the remainder in the funds. After about three months' search, he found a property which suited him, and, as it so happened, about six miles from the domains held by Mr. Austin. He had taken possession and furnished it. As a retired officer in the army he was well received, and if Mrs. M'Shane was sometimes laughed at for her housekeeper-like appearance, still her sweetness of temper and unassuming behaviour soon won her friends, and M'Shane found himself in a very short time comfortable and happy. The O'Donahues were expected to arrive very shortly, and M'Shane had now a domicile fit for the reception of his old friend, who had promised to pay him a visit as soon as he arrived.

Of the Austins little more can be said that has not been said already. Austin was a miserable, unhappy man: his cup of bliss—for he had every means of procuring all that this world consider as bliss, being in possession of station, wealth, and respect—was poisoned by one heavy crime which passion had urged him to commit, and which was now a source of hourly and unavailing repentance. A man who should have inherited his wealth, was lost to him, and he dared not mention that he was in existence. Every day he became more nervous and irritable, more exclusive and averse to society; he trembled at shadows, and his strong constitution was rapidly giving way to the heavy weight on his conscience. He could not sleep without opiates, and he dreaded to sleep lest he should reveal everything of the past in his slumbers. Each year added to the irascibility of his temper, and the harshness with which he treated his servants and his unhappy wife. His chief amusement was hunting, and he rode in so reckless a manner that people often thought that he was anxious to break his neck. Perhaps he was. Mrs. Austin was much to be pitied; she knew how much her husband suffered, how the warm gnawed within; and, having that knowledge, she submitted to all his harshness, pitying him instead of condemning him; but her life was still more embittered by the loss of her child, and many were the bitter tears which she would shed alone, for she dared not in her husband's presence, as he would have taken them as a reproof to himself. Her whole soul yearned after our hero, and that one feeling rendered her indifferent only to all the worldly advantages by which she was surrounded, but to the unkindness and hard-heartedness of her husband. Mary, who had entered her service as kitchen maid, was very soon a favourite, and had been advanced to the situation of Mrs. Austin's own attendant. Mrs. Austin considered her a treasure, as she daily became more partial to and more confidential with her. Such was the state of affairs, when one morning, as Austin was riding to cover, a gentleman of the neighbourhood said to him in the course of conversation—

"By-the-bye, Austin, have you heard that you have a new neighbour?"

"What! on the Frampton estate, I suppose? I heard that it had been sold."

"Yes; I have seen him. He is one of your profession—a lively, amusing sort of Irish major; gentlemanlike, nevertheless. The wife not very high bred, but very fat, and very good humoured, and amusing from her downright simpleness of heart. You will call upon them I presume?"

"Oh, of course," replied Austin. "What is his name, did you say?"

"Major M'Shane, formerly of the 53d regiment I believe."

Had a bullet passed through the heart of Austin he could not have received a more sudden shock, and the start which he made from his saddle attracted the notice of his companion.

"What's the matter, Austin, you look pale, you are not well?"

"No," replied Austin recollecting himself, "I am not; one of those twinges from an old wound in the breast came on. I shall be better directly."

Austin stopped his horse, and put his hand to his heart. His companion rode up and remained near him.

"It is worse than usual; I thought it was coming on last night; I fear that I must go home."

"Go! Go with you?"

"Go; I must not spoil your sport. I am better now a great deal; it is going off fast. Come, let us proceed, or we shall be too late at cover."

Austin had resolved to conquer his feelings. His friend had no suspicion, it is true; but when we are guilty, we imagine that every body suspects us. They rode a few minutes in silence.

"Well, I am glad that you did not go home," observed his friend; "for you will meet your new neighbour; he has subscribed to the pack, and they say he is well mounted; we shall see how he rides."

"Austin made no reply; but, after riding on a few yards farther, he pulled up, saying that the pain was coming on again, and that he could not proceed. His companion expressed his sorrow at Austin's indisposition, and they separated.

Austin immediately returned home, dismounted his horse, and hastened to his private sitting-room. Mrs. Austin, who had seen him return and could not imagine the cause, went into her husband.

"What is the matter my dear?" said Mrs. Austin.

"Matter!" cried Austin bitterly, pacing up and down the room; "heaven and hell conspire against us!"

"Dear Austin, don't talk in that way. What has happened."

"Something which will compel me, I expect, to remain a prisoner in my own house, or lead to something unpleasant. We must not stay here."

Austin then threw himself down on a sofa and was silent. At last the persuasions and endearments of his wife overcame him. He told her that Mr. M'Shane was the major of his regiment when he was a private; that he would inevitably recognise him; and that, if nothing else occurred from M'Shane's knowledge of his former name, at all events the general supposition of his having been an officer in the army would be contradicted, and it would lower him in the estimation of the county gentlemen.

"I can indeed a very amusing circumstance, my dear Austin; but are you sure that he would, after so long a period, recognise the private soldier in the gentleman of fortune?"

"As sure as I sit here," replied Austin, gloomily; "I wish I were dead."

"Don't say so, dear Austin, it makes me miserable."

"I never am otherwise," replied Austin, clasping his hands. "God forgive me; I have sinned, but have I not been punished."

"You have, indeed, and as repentance is availing, my dear husband, you will receive God's mercy."

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"The greatest boon, the greatest mercy would be death," replied the unhappy man; "I envy the pedler."

Mrs. Austin wept. Her husband, irritated at tears which, to him, seemed to imply reproach, sternly ordered her to leave the room.

That Austin repented bitterly of the crime which he had committed is not to be doubted; but it was not with the subdued soul of a Christian. His pride was continually struggling within him, and was not yet conquered; this it was that made him alternately self-condemning and irascible, and it was the continual warfare in his soul which was undermining his constitution.

Austin sent for medical advice for his supposed complaint. The country practitioner, who could discover nothing, pronounced it to be an affection of the heart. He was not far wrong; and Mr. Austin's illness was generally promulgated. Cards and calls were the consequence, and Austin kept himself a close but impatient prisoner in his own house. His humours remained in the stables, his dogs in the kennel, and every one intimated that Mr. Austin was labouring under a disease from which he would not recover. At first this was extremely irksome to Austin, and he was very impatient; but gradually he became reconciled, and even preferred his sedentary and solitary existence. Books were his chief amusement, but nothing could minister to a mind diseased, or drive out the rooted memory of the brain. Austin became more morose and misanthropic every day, and at last would permit no one to come near him but his valet and his wife.

Such was the position of his parents when Joey was proceeding to their abode.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Our hero falls in with an old acquaintance, and is not very much delighted.

We left our hero rolling his knife-grinder's wheel towards his father's house. It must be confessed that he did it very unwillingly. He was never very fond of it at any time; but since he had taken possession of Spikeman's property, and had received from Mary the intelligence that he was worth £350 more, he had taken a positive aversion to it. It retarded his movements, and it was hard work when he had not to get his livelihood by it. More than once he thought of rolling it into horsepond, and leaving it below low water-mark; but then he thought it a sort of protection against inquiry, and against assault, for it told of poverty and honest employment; so Joey rolled on, but not with any feelings of regard towards his companion.

How many castles did our hero build as he went along the road? The sum of money left to him appeared to be enormous. He planned and planned again; and, like most people, at the close of the day, he was just as undetermined as at the commencement. Nevertheless, he was very happy, as people always are, in anticipation; unfortunately more so than when they grasp what they have been seeking. Time rolled on, as well as the grindstone, and at last Joey found himself at the ale-house where he and Mary had put up previously to her obtaining a situation at the Hall. He immediately wrote a letter to her, acquaining her with his arrival. He would have taken it there himself, only he recollected the treatment he had received, and found another messenger in the butcher's boy, who was going up to the Hall for orders. The answer returned by the same party was, that Mary would come down and see him that evening. When Mary came down Joey was astonished at the improvement in her appearance. She looked much younger than she did when they had parted, and her dress was as very different, that our hero could with difficulty imagine that it was the same person who had been his companion from Gravesend. The careless air and manner had disappeared; there was a *retenue*—a dignity about her which astonished him; and he felt a sort of respect, mingled with his regard for her, of which he could not divest himself. But, if she looked younger, as may well be imagined, for her change of life, she also looked more sedate, except when she smiled, or when occasionally, but very rarely, her merry laughter reminded him of the careless, sweet-tongued Nancy of former times. That the greeting was warm, need hardly be said. It was the greeting of a sister and a younger brother, who loved one another dearly.

"You are very much grown, Joey," said Mary. "Dear boy, how happy I am to see you!"

"And you, Mary, you're younger in face, but older in your manners. Are you as happy in your situation as you have told me in your letters?"

"Quite happy; more happy than I deserve to be, my dear boy; and now tell me, Joey, what do you think of doing? You have now the means of establishing yourself."

"Yes, I have been thinking of it; but I don't know what to do."

"Well, you must look out, and do not be in too great a hurry. Recollect, Joey, that if anything offers which you have any reason to believe will suit you, you shall have my money as well as your own."

"Nay, Mary, why should I take that?"

"Because, as it is of no use to me, it must be idle; besides, you know, if you succeed, you will be able to pay me interest for it; so I shall gain as well as you. You must not refuse your sister, my dear boy."

"Dear Mary, how I wish we could live in the same house!"

"That cannot be now, Joey; you are above my situation at the Hall, even allowing that you would ever enter it."

"That I never will, if I can help it; not that I feel angry now, but I like to be independent."

"Of course you do."

"And as for that grindstone, I hate the sight of it; it has made Spikeman's fortune, but it never shall make mine."

"You don't agree, then, with your former companion," rejoined Mary, "that it is the nearest profession to that of a gentleman which you know of."

"I certainly do not," replied our hero; "and as soon as I can get rid of it I will; I have rolled it here, but I will not roll it much farther; I only wish I knew where to go."

"I have something in my pocket which puts me in mind of a piece of news which I received the other day, since my return. First, let me give you what I have in my pocket,"—and Mary pulled out the pencil case sent to Joey by Emma Phillips. "There, you know already who that is from."

"Yes, and I shall value it very much, for she was a dear, kind little creature; and when I was very, very miserable, she comforted me."

"Well, Joey, Miss Phillips requested me to write when I came back, as she wished to hear that I had arrived safe at the Hall. It was very kind of her, and I did so, of course. Since that I have received a letter from her, stating that her grandmother is dead, and that her mother is going to quit Gravesend for Portsmouth, to reside with her brother, who is now a widower."

"I will go to Portsmouth," replied our hero.

"I was thinking that, as her brother is a navy-agent, and Mrs. Phillips is interested about you, you could not do better. If anything turns up then you will have good advice, and your money is not so likely to be thrown away. I think, therefore, that you had better go to Portsmouth and try your fortune."

"I am very glad that you have mentioned this, Mary, fur, till now, one place was as indifferent to me as another; but now it is otherwise, and to Portsmouth I will certainly go."

Our hero remained two or three days longer at the village, during which time Mary was with him every evening, and once she obtained leave to go to her banker's about her money. She then turned over to Joey's account the sum due to him, and arrangements were made with the bank so that Joey could draw his capital out whenever he pleased. After which our hero took leave of Mary, promising to correspond more freely than before; and once more putting the strap of his knife-grinder's wheel over his shoulders, set off on his journey to Portsmouth.

Joey had not gained two miles from the village when he asked himself the question, "What shall I do with my grindstone?" He did not like to leave it on the road; he did not know to whom he could give it away. He rolled it on for about six miles farther, and then, quite tired, he resolved to follow the plan formerly adopted by Spikeman, and repose a little upon the turf on the road side of the hedge, which was shaded; and, having taken his bundle from the side of the wheel where it hung, he first made his dinner of the provender he had brought with him, and then, laying his head on the bundle, was soon fast asleep, from which he was awakened by hearing the sound of voices on the other side of the hedge. He turned round and perceived two men on the side of the road, close to his knife-grinder's wheel. They were in their shirts and trousers only, and sitting down on the turf.

"It would be a very good plan," observed one of them; "we should then travel without suspicion."

"Yes; if we could get off with it without being discovered. Where can the owner of it be?"

"Well, I dare say he is away upon some business or another, and has left the wheel here till he comes back. Now, suppose we were to take it—how should we manage?"

"Why, we cannot go along this road with it. We must get over the gates and hedges till we get across the country into another road; and then, by travelling all night, we might be quite clear."

"Yes, and then we should do well; for even if our description as deserters was sent out from Portsmouth, we should be considered as travelling tinkers, and there would be no suspicion."

"Well, I'm ready for it. If we can only get off the road, and conceal it till night, we may then easily manage it. But first let's see if the fellow it belongs to may not be somewhere about here."

As the man said this he rose up and turned his

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face towards the hedge, and our hero immediately perceived that it was his old acquaintance, Furness, the schoolmaster and marine. What to do he hardly knew. At last he perceived Furness advancing towards the gate of the field, which was close to where he was lying, and, as escape was impossible, our hero covered his face with his arms, and pretended to be fast asleep. He soon heard a "hush!" given, as a signal to the other men, and, after awhile, footsteps close to him. Joey pretended to snore loudly, and a whispering then took place. At last he heard Furness say,—

"Do you watch by him while I wheel away the grindstone."

"But, if he wakes, what shall I do?"

"Brain him with that big stone. If he does not wake up when I am past the second field follow me."

That our hero had no inclination to wake after this notice may be easily imagined; he heard the gate opened, and the wheel trundled away, much to his delight, as Furness was the party who had it in charge; and Joey continued to snore hard, until at last he heard the departing footsteps of Furness's comrade, who had watched him. He thought it prudent to continue motionless for some time longer, to give them time to be well away from him, and then he gradually turned round and looked in the direction in which they had gone; he could see nothing of them, and it was not until he had risen up, and climbed up on the gate, that he perceived them two or three fields off, running away at a rapid pace. Thanking heaven that he had escaped the danger he was in, and delighted with the loss of his property, our hero re-commenced his journey, with his bundle over his shoulder, and before night he was safe outside one of the stages, which took him to a town from which there was another which would carry him to Portsmouth, at which sea-port he arrived the next evening without further adventure.

As our hero sat on the outside of the coach and reflected upon his last adventure, the more he felt he had reason to congratulate himself. That Furness had deserted from the marine barracks at Portsmouth was evident; and if he had not, that he would have recognised Joey some time or other was almost certain. Now, he felt sure that he was safe at Portsmouth, as it would be the last place at which Furness would make his appearance; and he also felt that his knife-grinder's wheel, in supplying Furness with the ostensible means of livelihood, and thereby preventing his being taken up as a deserter, had proved the best friend to him, and could not have been disposed of better. Another piece of good fortune was, his having secured his bundle and money; for had he left it with the wheel it would of course have shared its fate. "Besides," thought Joey, "if I should chance to fall in with Furness again, and he attempts to approach me, I can threaten to have him taken as a deserter, and this may deter him from so doing." It was with a grateful heart that our hero laid his head upon his pillow, in the humble inn at which he had taken up his quarters.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which our hero returns to his former employment, but on a grander scale of operation.

Our hero had received from Mary the name and address of Mrs. Phillips's brother, and, on inquiry, found that he was known by every body. Joey dressed himself in his best suit, and presented himself at the door about ten o'clock in the morning as Joseph O'Donahue, the name which he had taken when he went to Gravesend, and by which he had been known to Mrs. Phillips and her daughter Emma, when he made occasional visits to their house. He was admitted, and found himself once more in company with his friend Emma, who was now fast growing up into womanhood. After the first congratulations and inquiries, he stated his intentions in coming down to Portsmouth, and their assistance was immediately promised. They then requested a detail of his adventures since he quitted Gravesend, of which Joey told everything that he safely could; passing over his meeting with Furness, by simply stating that while he was asleep his knife-grinder's wheel had been stolen by two men, and that when he awoke he dared not offer any opposition. Mrs. Phillips and her daughter both knew there was some mystery about our hero which had induced him to come to and also to leave Gravesend; but, being assured by Mary and himself that he was not to blame, they did not press him to say more than he wished; and, as soon as he finished his history, they proposed introducing him to Mr. Small, the brother of Mrs. Phillips, in whose house they were then residing, and who was then in his office.

"But, perhaps, mamma, it will be better to wait till to-morrow, and in the mean time you will be able to tell my uncle all about Joey," observed Emma.

"I think it will be better, my dear," replied Mrs. Phillips; "but there is Marianne's tap at the door, for the second time; she wants me down stairs, so I must leave you for a little while; but you need not go away, O'Donahue; I will be back soon."

Mrs. Philips left the room, and our hero found himself alone with Emma.

"You have grown very much, Joey," said Emma, "and so have I too, they tell me."

"Yes, you have indeed," replied Joey; "you are no longer the little girl who comforted me when I was so unhappy. Do you recollect that day?"

"Yes, indeed I do, as if it were but yesterday. But you have never told me why you lead so wandering a life: you won't trust me."

"I would trust you with anything but that which is not mine to trust, as I told you four years ago; it is not my secret; as soon as I can, I will tell you everything; but I hope not to lead a wandering life any longer, for I have come down here to settle, if I can."

"What made you think of coming down here?" asked Emma.

"Because you were here; Mary told me so. I have not yet thanked you for your present, but I have not yet forgotten your kindness in thinking of a poor boy like me, when he was far away; here it is," continued Joey, taking out the pencil case, "and I have loved it dearly," added he, kissing it, "ever since I have had it in my possession. I very often have taken it out and thought of you."

"Now you are so rich a man, you should give me something to keep for your sake," replied Emma, "and I will be very careful of it, for old acquaintance sake."

"What can I offer you! you are a young lady! I would give you all I had in the world, if I dared, but ——"

"When I first saw you," rejoined Emma, "you were dressed as a young gentleman."

"Yes, I was," replied Joey, with a sigh; and as the observation of Emma recalled to his mind the kindness of M'Shane, he passed his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear or two that started.

"I did not mean to make you unhappy," said Emma, taking our hero's hand.

"I am sure you did not," replied Joey, smiling. "Yes, I was then as you say; but you recollect that lately I have been a knife-grinder."

"Well, you know, as your friend said, that was the nearest thing to a gentleman; and now I hope you will be quite a gentleman again."

"Not a gentleman, for I must turn to some business or another," replied Joey.

"I did not mean an idle gentleman; I meant in a respectable profession," said Emma. "My uncle is a very old man, but very good hearted; you must not mind his way towards you. He is very fond of mamma and me, and I have no doubt will interest himself about you, and see that your money is not thrown away. Perhaps you would like to set up a bumboat on your own account," added Emma, laughing.

"No, I thank you; I have had enough of that. Poor Mrs. Chopper! what a kind creature she was! I'm sure I ought to be very grateful to her for thinking of me as she did."

"I believe," said Emma, "that she was a very good woman, and so does mamma. Recollect, Joey, when you live with my uncle you must not contradict him."

"I am sure I shall not," replied Joey; "why should I contradict a person so far my superior in years and everything else?"

"Certainly not; and as he is fond of argument you had better give up to him at once; and," continued Emma, laughing, "everybody else does in the end. I hope you will find a nice situation, and that we shall see a great deal of you."

"I am sure I do," replied Joey, for I have no friends that I may see, except you. How I wish that you did know everything!"

A silence ensued between the young people, which was not interrupted until by the appearance of Mrs. Philips, who had seen Mr. Small, and had made an engagement for our hero to present himself at nine o'clock on the following morning, after which communication our hero took leave. He amused himself during the remainder of that day in walking over the town, which at that time presented a most bustling appearance, as an expedition was fitting out; the streets were crowded with officers of the army, navy, and marines, in their uniforms, soldiers and sailors, more or less tipsy, flaunting ribbons and gaudy colours, and every variety of noise was to be heard that could well be imagined, from the quashing of a drum with its head out of the basket in which it was confined to be taken on board, to the martial music, the rolling of the drums, and the occasional salutes of artillery, to let the world know that some great man had put his foot on board of a ship or had again designed to tread upon terra firma. All was bustle and excitement, hurrying, jostling, cursing, and swearing; and Joey found himself, by the way that he was shoved about right and left, to be in the way of everybody.

At the time appointed, our hero made his appearance at the door, and, having given his name, was asked into the counting-house of the establishment, where sat Mr. Small and his factotum,

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Mr. Sleek. It may be as well here to describe the persons and peculiarities of these two gentlemen.

Mr. Small certainly did not accord with his name, for he was a man full six feet high, and stout in proportion; he was in face extremely plain, with a turned up nose; but, at the same time, there was a lurking good humour in his countenance, and a twinkle in his eye, which immediately prepossessed you, and in a few minutes you forgot that he was not well-favoured. Mr. Small was very fond of an argument and a joke, and he had such a forcible way of maintaining his argument when he happened to be near you, that, as Emma had told her hero, few people ventured to contradict him after a time. This mode of argument was nothing more than digging the hard knuckles of his large hand into the ribs of his opponent, we should rather say, gimleting, as it were, a hole in your side, as he gradually heated in his illustrations. If was the last person in the world in his disposition to inflict pain, even upon an insect—and yet, from his habit, no one perhaps gave more, or appeared to do so with more malice, as his countenance was radiant with good humour at the very time that his knuckles were taking away your breath. What made it worse, he had a knack of seizing the coat-lappet with the other hand, so that escape was difficult; and when he had exhausted all his reasoning, he would follow it up with a pressure of his knuckles under the fifth rib, saying, "Now you feel the force of my argument, don't you?" Every body did, and no one would oppose him unless the table was between them. It was much the same with his jokes: he would utter them, and then with a loud laugh, and the insidious insertion of his knuckles, say, "Do you take that, eh?" Mr. Sleek had also his peculiarity, and was not an agreeable person to argue with, for he had learnt to argue from his many years' constant companionship with the head of the firm. Mr. Sleek was a spare man, deeply pock-marked in the face, and with a very large mouth; and, when speaking, he spattered to such a degree, that a quarter of an hour's conversation with him was as good as a shower-bath. At long range Mr. Sleek could beat his superior out of the field; but if Mr. Small approached once to close quarters, Mr. Sleek gave in immediately. The captains of the navy used to assert that his fibbing enforcement of his *truths*, on the part of Small, was quite contrary to all the rules of modern warfare, and never would stand it unless they required an advance of money; and then, by submitting to a certain quantity of digs in the ribs, in proportion to the unreasonableness of their demand, they usually obtained their object; as they said he "knuckled down" in the end. As for Mr. Sleek, although the best man in the world, he was their abhorrence; he was nothing but a watering-pot, and they were not plants which required his aid to add to their vigour. Mr. Sleek, even in the largest company, invariably found himself alone, and could never imagine why. Still he was an important personage; and when stock is to be got on board in a hurry, officers in his majesty's service do not care about a little spray.

Mr. Small was, as we have observed, a navy agent, that is to say, he was a general provider of the officers and captains of his majesty's service. He obtained their agency on any captures which they might send in, or he cashed their bills, advanced them money, supplied them with their wine, and every variety of stock which might be required; and, in consequence, was reported to be accumulating a fortune. As is usually the case, he kept open house for the captains who were his clients, and occasionally invited the junior officers to the hospitalities of his table, so that Mrs. Philips and Emma were of great use to him, and had quite sufficient to do in superintending such an establishment. Having thus made our readers better acquainted with our new characters, we shall proceed.

"Well, young man, I have heard all about you from my sister. So you wish to leave off rags ondising, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Joey.

"How old are you? can you keep books?"

"I am seventeen, and have kept books," replied our hero, in innocence; for he considered Mrs. Chopper's day-books to come under that denomination.

"And you have some money—how much?"

Joey replied that he had so much of his own, and that his sister had so much more.

"£700; eh, youngster? I began business with £100 less, and here I am. Money breeds money; do you understand that?" and here Joey received a knuckle in his ribs which almost took his breath away, but which he bore without flinching, as he presumed it was a mark of good will.

"What can we do with this lad, Sleek?" said Mr. Small, "and what can we do with this money?"

"Lay him stay in the counting-house here for a week," replied Mr. Sleek, and we shall see what he can do; and, as for his money, it will be as safe here as in a country bank, until we know how to employ it, and we can allow five per cent. for it. All this was said in a shower of spray which induced Joey to wipe his face with his pocket handkerchief.

"Yes, I think that will do for the present," rejoined Mr. Small; "but you observe, Sleek, that this young lad has very powerful interest, and we shall have the worst of it. You understand that?" continued he, giving Joey a knuckle again. "The ladies!—no standing against that!"

Joey thought that there was no standing such digs in the ribs, but he said nothing.

"I leave him to you, Sleek. I must be off to call upon Captain James. See to the lad's food and lodging. There's an order from the gun-room of the Hecate." So saying, Mr. Small departed.

Mr. Sleek asked our hero were he was stopping; recommended him another lodging close to the house, with directions how to proceed and what arrangements to make; told him to haste as much as he could, and then come back to the counting-house.

In a couple of hours our hero was back again.

"Look on this list; do you understand it?" said Mr. Sleek to Joey; "it is sea-stock for the Hecate, which sails in a day or two. If I send a porter with you to the people we deal with, would you be able to get all these things which are marked with a cross? the wine and the others we have here."

Joey looked over it, and was quite at home; it was only bamboozling on a large scale. "O, yes; and I know the prices of all these things," replied he; "I have been used to the supplying of ships at Gravesend."

"Why, then," said Mr. Sleek, "you are the very person I want; for I have no time to attend to out-door work now."

The porter was sent for, and our hero soon executed his task, not only with precision, but with a rapidity that was highly satisfactory to Mr. Sleek. As soon as the articles were all collected, Joey asked whether he should take them on board—"I understand the work, Mr. Sleek, and not even an egg shall be broke, I promise you." The second part of the commission was executed with the same precision by our hero, who returned with a receipt of every article having been delivered safe and in good condition, and Mr. Sleek was delighted with him, and told Mr. Small so when they met in the evening. Mr. Sleek's opinion was given in the presence of Mrs. Philips and Emma, who exchanged glances of satisfaction at Joey's fortunate *debut*.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In which the wheel of fortune turns a spoke or two in favour of our hero.

If we were to analyse the feelings of our hero towards Emma Philips, we should hardly be warranted in saying that he was in love with her, although at seventeen years young men are apt to be, or so to fancy themselves. The difference in their positions was so great, that although our hero would, in his dreams, often fancy himself on most intimate terms with his kind little patroness, in his waking thoughts she was more an object of adoration and respect—a being to whom he was most ardently and devotedly attached—one whose friendship and kindness had so wrought upon his best feelings, that he would have thought it no sacrifice to die for her; but the idea of ever being closer allied to her than he now was had not yet entered into his imagination; all he ever thought was that if ever he united himself to any female for life, the party selected must be like Emma Philips, or, if not, he would remain single. All his endeavours were to prove himself worthy of her patronage, and to be rewarded by her smiles of encouragement when they met. She was the leadstar which guided him on to his path of duty, and, stimulated by his wishes to find favour in her sight, Joey never relaxed in his exertions; naturally active and methodical, he was indefatigable, and gave the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Sleek, who found more than half his labour taken off his hands; and, further, that if Joey once said a thing should be done, it was not only well done, but done to the very time that was stipulated for its completion. Joey cared not for meals, or any thing of that kind, and often went without his dinner.

"Sleek," said Small, one day, "that poor boy will be starved."

"It's not my fault, sir; he won't go to his dinner if there is anything to do; and as there is always something to do, it is as clear as the day that he can get no dinner. I wish he was living in the house altogether, and came to his meals with us, after the work was done; it would be very advantageous, and much time saved."

"Time is money, Sleek. Time saved is money saved; and, therefore, he is worthy of his food. It shall be so. Do you see to it."

Thus, in about two months after his arrival, Joey found himself installed in a nice little bedroom, and living at the table of his patron, not only constantly in company with the naval officers, but, what was of more value to him, in the company of Mrs. Philips and Emma.

We must pass over more than a year, during

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which time our hero had become a person of some importance. He was a great favourite with the naval captains, as his punctuality and rapidity corresponded with their ideas of doing business; and it was constantly said to Mr. Sleek or to Mr. Small, "Let O'Donahue and I settle the matter, and all will go right." Mr. Small had already established him as a salary of £40 per annum, besides his living in the house, and our hero was comfortable and happy. He was well known to all the officers, from his being constantly on board of their ships, and was a great favourite. Joey soon discovered that Emma had a fancy for natural curiosities; and as he boarded almost every man-of-war which came into the port, he soon filled her room with shells and a variety of birds, which he procured for her. These were presents which he could make and which she could accept, and not a week passed without our hero adding something to her museum of live and dead objects. Indeed, Emma was now grown up, and was paid such attention to by the officers who frequented her uncle's house (not only on account of her beauty, but on account of the expectation that her uncle, who was without children, would give her a handsome fortune,) that some emotions of jealousy, of which he was hardly conscious, would occasionally give severe pain to our hero. Perhaps, as his fortunes rose, so did his hopes: certain it is, that he was sometimes very grave.

Emma was too clear-sighted not to perceive the cause, and hastened, by her little attentions, to remove the feeling; not that she had any definite ideas upon the subject any more than Joey, but she could not bear to see him look unhappy.

Such was the state of things, when one day Mr. Small said to Joey, as he was busy copying an order into the books, "O'Donahue, I have been laying out some of your money for you."

"Indeed, sir! I'm very much obliged to you."

"Yes; there was a large stock of claret sold at auction to-day; it was good, and went cheap. I have purchased to the amount of £900 on your account. You may bottle, and bin it here, and sell it as you can. If you don't like the bargain I'll take it off your hands."

"I am very grateful to you, sir," replied Joey, who knew the kindness of the act, which, in two months, more than doubled his capital; and, as he was permitted to continue the business on his own account, he was very soon in a position amounting to independence, the French wine business being ever afterwards considered as exclusively belonging to our hero.

One morning, as Joey happened to be in the countinghouse by himself, which was rather an unusual circumstance, a midshipman came in. Joey remembered him very well, as he had been often there before. "Good morning, Mr. O'Donahue," said the midshipman. "Is Mr. Small within."

"No, he is not; can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you can tell me how I am to persuade Mr. Small to advance me a little money upon my pay, you can do something for me."

"I never heard of such an application before," replied Joey, smiling.

"No, that I venture you did not, and it requires all the impudence of a midshipman to make such a one; but the fact is, Mr. O'Donahue, I am a mate with £40 a year, and upon that I have continued to assist my poor old mother up to the present. She now requires £10 in consequence of illness, and I have not a farthing.—I will repay it if I live, that is certain; but I have little hopes of obtaining it, and nothing but my affection for the old lady would induce me to risk the mortification of a refusal. It is true enough that 'he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.'"

"I fear it is: but I will so far assist you as to let you know what your only chance is. State your case to Mr. Small as you have to me to-day, and then stand close to him while he answers; if he puts his knuckles into your ribs to enforce his arguments, don't shrink, and then wait the result without interrupting him."

"Well, I'd do more than that for the old lady," replied the poor midshipman, as Mr. Small made his appearance.

The midshipman told his story in very few words, and Mr. Small heard him without interruption. When he had finished, Mr. Small commenced,—

"You see, my man, you ask me to do what no navy-agent ever did before—to lend upon a promise to pay from a midshipman. In the first place, I have only the promise without the security; that's one point, do you observe (a punch with the knuckles)! And then the promise to pay depends whether you are in the country or not —again, if you have the money, you may not have the inclination to pay; that's another point (then came another sharp impression into the ribs of the middy). Then, again, it is not even personal security, as you may be drowned, shot, blown up, or taken out of the world, before any pay is due to you; and by your death you would be unable to pay, if so inclined; there's a third point (and there was a third dig, which the middy stood boldly up against). Insure your life you cannot, for you have no money; you, therefore, require me to lend my money upon no security whatever; for even allowing that you would pay if you could, yet your death might prevent it; there's another point (and the knuckles again penetrated into the mid-shipman's side, who felt the torture increasing as hope was departing.) But," continued Mr. Small, who was evidently much pleased with his own ratiocination, "there is another point not yet touched upon, which is, that as good Christians, we must sometimes lend money upon no security, or even give it away, for so we are commanded; and, therefore, Mr. O'Donahue, you will tell Mr. Sleek to let him have the money; there's the last and best point of all, eh?" wound up Mr. Small, with a thumping blow upon the ribs of the middy that almost took away his breath. We give this as a specimen of Mr. Small's style of practical and theoretical logic combined.

"The admiral, sir, is coming down the street," said Sleek, entering, "and I think he is coming here."

Mr. Small, who did not venture to chop logic with admirals, but was excessively polite to such great people, went out to receive the admiral, hat in hand.

"Now, Mr. Small," said the admiral, "the counting-house for business, if you please. I have very unexpected orders to leave Portsmouth. I must save the next tide, if possible. The ships will be ready, for I know what our navy can do when required; but, as you know, I have not one atom of stock on board. The flood tide has made almost an hour, and we must sail at the first of the ebb, as twelve hours delay may be most serious. Now, tell me:—here is the list of what is required; boats will be ready and men in plenty to get it on board;—can you get it ready by that time?"

"By that time, Sir William!" replied Small, looking over the tremendous catalogue.

"It is now eleven o'clock; can it all be down by four o'clock—that is the latest I can give you!"

"Impossible, Sir William."

"It is of the greatest importance that we sail at five o'clock; the fact is, I must and will; but it's hard that I must starve for a whole cruise."

"Indeed, Sir William," said Mr. Small, "if it were possible; but two cows, so many sheep, hay, and every-thing to be got from the country; we never could manage it. To-morrow morning, perhaps."

"Well, Mr. Small, I have appointed no prize-agent yet, had you obliged me——"

Our hero now stepped forward and ran over the list.

"Can you inform me, sir," said he to the Flag Captain, "whether the Zenobia or Orestes sail with the squadron?"

"No, they do not," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Small," said Joey, "but I do think we can accomplish this with a little arrangement."

"Indeed!" cried Sir William.

"Yes, Sir William; if you would immediately make the signals for two boats to come on shore, with steady crews to assist me, I promise it shall be done."

"Well said, O'Donahue!" cried the captain; "we are all right now, admiral; if he says it shall be done, it will be done.

"May I depend upon you, Mr. O'Donahue?"

"Yes, Sir William; everything shall be as you wish."

"Well, Mr Small, if your young man keeps his word, you shall be my prize-agent. Good morning to you."

"How could you promise?" cried Small, addressing our hero, when the admiral and suite had left the counting-house.

"Because I can perform, sir," replied Joey; "I have the cows and sheep for the Zenobia and Orestes, as well as the fodder, all ready in the town; we can get others for them to-morrow, and I know where to lay my hands on every thing else."

"Well, that's lucky! but there is no time to be lost."

Our hero, with his usual promptitude and activity kept his promise; and, as Mr. Small said, it was lucky, for the prize-agency, in a few months afterwards, proved worth to him nearly £5000.

It is not to be supposed that Joey neglected his correspondence either with Mary or Spikeman, although, with the latter it was not so frequent. Mary wrote to him every month; she had not many things to enter upon, chiefly replying to Joey's communications, and congratulating him upon his success. Indeed, now that our hero had been nearly four years with Mr. Small, he might be said to be a very rising and independent person. His capital, which had increased very considerably, had been thrown into the business, and he was now a junior partner, instead of a clerk, and had long enjoyed the full confidence both of his superior and of Mr. Sleek, who now entrusted him with almost everything. In short, Joey was in the fair way to competence and distinction.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

A chapter of infinite variety, containing Agony, Law, Quarrelling, and Suicide.

It may be a subject of interest on the part of the reader to inquire what were the relative positions of Emma Phillips and our hero, now that four years had passed, during which time he had been continually in her company, and gradually as he rose in importance, removing the distance that was between them. We have only to reply that the consequences natural to such a case did ensue. Every year their intimacy increased—every year added to the hopes of our hero, who now no longer looked upon an alliance with Emma as impossible; yet he still never felt sufficient confidence in himself or his fortunes to intimate such a thought to her; indeed, from a long habit of veneration and respect, he was in the position of a subject before a queen who feels a partiality towards him; he dared not give vent to his thoughts, and it remained for her to have the unfeminine task of intimating to him that he might venture. But, although in outward appearance there was nothing but respect and feelings of gratitude on his part, and condescension and amiability on them, there was a rapid affinity going on within. Their interviews were more restrained, their words more selected; for both parties felt how strong were the feelings which they would repress; they were both pensive, silent, and distant—would talk unconnectedly, running from one subject to another, attempting to be lively and unconcerned when they were most inclined to be otherwise, and not daring to scrutinise too minutely their own feelings when they found themselves alone; but what they would fain conceal from themselves their very attempts to conceal made known to others who were standing by. Both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Small perceived how matters stood, and, had they had any objections, would have immediately no longer permitted them to be in contact; but they had no objections; for our hero had long won the hearts of both mother and uncle, and they awaited quietly the time which should arrive when the young parties should no longer conceal their feelings from each other.

It was when affairs were between our hero and Emma Phillips as we have just stated, that a circumstance took place which, for a time, embittered all our hero's happiness. He was walking down High-street, when he perceived a file of marines marching towards him, with two men between them, handcuffed, evidently deserters who had been taken up. A feeling of alarm pervaded our hero; he had a presentiment which induced him to go into a perfumer's shop and to remain there, so as to have a view of the faces of the deserters as they passed along without their being able to see him. His forebodings were correct; one of them was his old enemy and persecutor, Furness, the schoolmaster.

Had a dagger been plunged into Joey's bosom the sensation could not have been more painful than what he felt when he found himself so near to his dreaded denouncer. For a short time he remained so transfixed that the woman who was attending in the shop asked whether she should bring him a glass of water. The inquiry made him recollect himself, and complaining of a sudden pain in his side, he sat down, and took the water when it was brought; but he went home in despair, quite forgetting the business which brought him out, and retired to his own room that he might collect his thoughts. What was he to do? This man had been brought back to the barracks; he would be tried and punished, and afterwards set at liberty. How was it possible that he could always avoid him, or escape being recognised? and how little chance had he of escape from Furness's searching eye! Could he bribe him? Yes, he could *now*; he was rich enough; but, if he did, one bribe would be followed up by a demand for another, and a threat of denouncement if he refused. Flight appeared his only chance; but, to leave his present position—to leave Emma—it was impossible. Our hero did not leave his room for the remainder of the day, but retired early to bed that he might ponder, for sleep he could not. After a night of misery, the effects of which were too visibly marked in his countenance on the ensuing morning, Joey determined to make some inquiries relative to what the fate of Furness might be; and, having made up his mind, he accosted a sergeant of marines, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and whom he fell in with in the streets. He observed to him, that he perceived they had deserters brought in yesterday, and inquired from what ship they had deserted, or from the barracks. The sergeant replied that they had deserted from the Niobe frigate, and had committed theft previous to desertion; that they would remain in confinement at the barracks till the Niobe arrived, and that then they would be tried by a court-martial, and, without doubt, for the double offence, would go through the fleet.

Joey wished the sergeant good morning, and passed on in his way home. His altered appearance had attracted the notice of not only his partners but of Mrs. Philips, and had caused much distress to the latter. Our hero remained the whole day in the counting-house, apparently unconcerned, but in reality thinking and re-thinking, over and over again, his former thoughts. At last he made up his mind that he would wait the issue of the court-martial before he took any decided steps; indeed, what to do he knew not.

We leave the reader to guess the state of mind in which Joey remained for a fortnight previous to the return of the Niobe frigate from a channel cruise. Two days after, the signal was made for a court-martial; the sentence was well known before night: it was that the culprits were to go through the fleet on the ensuing day.

This was, however, no consolation to our hero; he did not feel animosity against Furness, so much as he did dread of him; he did not want his punishment, but his absence, and security against future annoyance. It was about nine o'clock on the following morning, when the punishment was to take place, that Joey came down from his room; he had been thinking all night, and had decided that he had no other resource but to quit Portsmouth, Emma, and his fair prospects forever; he had resolved so to do, to make this sacrifice; it was a bitter conclusion to arrive at, but it had been come to. His haggard countenance, when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, shocked Mrs. Philips and Emma, but they made no remarks; the breakfast was passed over in silence, and soon afterwards our hero found himself alone with Emma, who immediately went to him, and with tears in her eyes, said, "What is the matter with you? you look so ill, you alarm us all, and you make me quite miserable."

"I am afraid, Miss Philips—"

"Miss Philips!" replied Emma.

"I beg your pardon; but, Emma, I am afraid that I must leave you."

"Leave us!"

"Yes, leave you and Portsmouth for ever, perhaps."

"Why, what has occurred?"

"I cannot, dare not, tell; will you so far oblige me as to say nothing at present; but you recollect that I was obliged to leave Gravesend on a sudden."

"I recollect you did, but why I know not; only Mary said it was not your fault."

"I trust it was not so; but it was my misfortune, Emma, I am almost distracted; I have not slept for weeks; but pray believe me, when I say, that I have done no wrong indeed—"

"We are interrupted," said Emma, hurriedly; "there is somebody coming up stairs."

She had hardly time to remove a few feet from our hero, when Captain B———, of the Niobe, entered the room.

"Good morning, Miss Philips, I hope you are well; I just looked in for a moment before I go to the admiral's office—we have had a catastrophe on board of the Niobe, which I must report immediately."

"Indeed," replied Emma; "nothing very serious, I hope?"

"Why no, only rid of a blackguard not worth hanging; one of the marines, who was to have gone round the fleet this morning, when he went to the forepart of the ship under the senty's charge, leaped overboard, and drowned himself."

"What was his name, Captain B———?" inquired Joey, seizing him by the arm.

"His name—why, how can that interest you, O'Donahue? Well, if you wish to know, it was Furness."

"I am very sorry for him," replied our hero. "I knew him once when he was in better circumstances, that is all;" and Joey, no longer daring to trust himself with others, quitted the room and went to his own apartment. As soon as he was there he knelt down and prayed, not for the death of Furness, but for the removal of that load which had so oppressed his mind. In an hour his relief was so great that he felt himself sufficiently composed to go down stairs; he went into the drawing-room to find Emma, but she was not there. He longed to have some explanation with her, but it was not until the next day that he had an opportunity.

"I hardly know what to say to you," said our hero, "or how to explain my conduct of yesterday."

"It certainly appeared very strange, especially to Captain B———, who told me that he thought you were mad."

"I care little what he thinks, but I care much what you think, Emma; and I must now tell you what, perhaps, this man's death may permit me to. That he has been most strangely connected with my life is most true; he it was who knew me, and who would, if he could, have put me in a situation in which I must either have suffered myself to be thought guilty of a crime which I am incapable of, or—let it suffice to say—have done, to exculpate myself, what I trust I never would have done, or ever will do. I can say no more than that without betraying a secret which I am bound to keep, and the not keeping of which would prove my destruction. When you first saw me on the wayside, Emma, it was this man who forced me from a happy home to wander about the world; it was the re-appearance of this man, and his recognition of me, that induced me to quit Gravesend suddenly. I again met him, and avoided him, when he was

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deserting; and I trusted that, as he had deserted, I could be certain of living safely in this town without meeting with him. It was his reappearance here, as a deserter taken up, which put me in that state of agony which you have seen me in for these last three weeks; and it was the knowledge that, after his punishment, he would be again free, and likely to meet with me when walking about here, which resolved me to quit Portsmouth, as I said to you yesterday morning. Can you, therefore, be surprised at my emotion when I heard that he was removed, and that there was now no necessity of my quitting my kind patrons and you."

"Certainly, after this explanation, I cannot be surprised at your emotion; but what does surprise me, Mr. O'Donahue, is that you should have a secret of such importance that it cannot be revealed, and which has made you tremble at the recognition of one man, when at the same time you declare your innocence. Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand?"

"Your addressing me as Mr. O'Donahue, Miss Philips, has pointed out to me the impropriety I have been guilty of in making use of your christian name. I thought that that confidence which you placed in me when as a mere boy I told you exactly what I now repeat, that the secret was not my own, would not have been so cruelly withdrawn. I have never varied in my tale, and I can honestly say that I have never felt degraded when I have admitted that I have a mystery connected with me; nay, should it please Heaven that I have the option given me to suffer in my own person, or reveal the secret in question, I trust that I shall submit to my fate with constancy, and be supported in my misfortune by the conviction of my innocence. I feel that I was not wrong in the communication that I made to you yesterday morning, that I must leave this place. I came here because you were living here—you to whom I felt so devoted for your kindness and sympathy when I was poor and friendless; now that I am otherwise, you are pleased to withdraw not only your good will but your confidence in me; and, as the spell is broken which has drawn me to this spot, I repeat, that as soon as I can, with justice to my patrons, I shall withdraw myself from your presence."

Our hero's voice faltered before he had finished speaking; and then turning away slowly, without looking up, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER XI.

In which our hero tries change of air.

The reader will observe that there has been a little alteration at the end of the last chapter. Emma Philips was guilty of letting drop a received truism, or rather a metaphor, which offended our hero. "Did innocence and mystery ever walk hand in hand?" If Emma had put that question to us, we, from our knowledge of the world, should have replied, "Yes, very often, my dear Miss Philips." But Emma was wrong, not only in her metaphor, but in the time of her making it. Why did she do so? Ah! that is a puzzling question to answer; we can only say, at our imminent risk, when this narrative shall be perused by the other sex, that we have made the discovery that women are not perfect; that the very best of the sex is full of contradiction, and that Emma was a woman. That women very often are more endowed than the generality of men we are ready to admit; and their cause has been taken up by Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jamieson, and many others, who can write much better than we can. When we say their cause, we mean the right of equality they would claim with our own sex, and not subjection to it. Reading my Lady Morgan the other day, which, next to conversing with her, is one of the greatest treats we know of, we began to speculate upon what were the causes which had subjected woman to man; in other words, how was it that man had got the upper hand and kept it. That women's mind is not inferior to man's we were forced to admit; that their aptitude for cultivation is often greater, was not to be denied. As to the assertion that man makes laws, or that his frame is of more robust material, it is no argument, as a revolt on the part of the other sex would soon do away with such advantage; and men, brought up as nursery-maids, would soon succumb to women who were accustomed to athletic sports from their youth upwards. After a great deal of agitation we came to the conclusion, that there is no great difference between the action in the minds of men and women; the actions of the latter being more complex than that of our own sex. A man's mind is his despot; it works but by one single action; it has one ruling principle—one propelling power to which all is subservient. This ruling passion (disguised and dormant as it may be in feeble minds) is the only one which propels him on; this *primum mobile*, as it may be termed, is ambition, or, in other words, self-love; every thing is sacrificed to it.

Now, as in proportion as a machine is simple so is it strong in its action; so in proportion that a machine is complex, so does it become weak; and if we analyse a woman's mind, we shall find that her inferiority arises from the simple fact, that there are so many wheels within wheels working in it, so many counteracting balances (if we may use the term, and we use it to her honour) that, although usually more right-minded than man, her strength of action is lost, and has become feeble by the time that her decision has been made. What will a man allow to stand in the way of his ambition—love? no—friendship? no—he will sacrifice the best qualities, and, which is more difficult, make the worst that are in his disposition subservient to it. He moves only from one great principle, one propelling power—and the action being single, it is strong in proportion. But will a woman's mind decide in this way? Will she sacrifice to ambition, love, or friendship, or natural ties? No; in her mind the claims of each are, generally speaking, fairly balanced—and the quotient, after the calculation has been worked out, although correct, is small. Our argument, after all, only goes to prove that women, abstractedly taken, have more principle, more conscience, and better regulated minds than men—which is true if—if they could always go correct as timekeepers; but the more complex the machine, the more difficult it is to keep it in order, the more likely it is to be out of repair, and its movements to be disarranged by a trifling shock, which would have no effect upon one of such simple and powerful construction as that in our own sex. Not only do they often go wrong, but sometimes the serious shocks which they are liable to in this world will put them in a state which is past all repair.

We have no doubt that by this time the reader will say, "Never mind women's minds, but mind your own business." We left Emma in the drawing-room, rather astonished at our hero's long speech, and still more by his, for the first time during their acquaintance, venturing to breathe a contrary opinion to her own sweet self.

Emma Phillips, although she pouted a little, and the colour had mounted to her temples, nevertheless looked very lovely as she pensively reclined on the sofa. Rebuked by him who had always been so attentive, so submissive—her creature as it were—she was mortified, as every pretty woman is, at loss of power—any symptoms of rebellion on the part of a liege vassal; and then she taxed herself, had she done wrong? She had said, "Innocence and mystery did not walk hand in hand." Was not that true? She felt that it was true, and her own opinion was corroborated by others, for she had read it in some book, either in Burke, or Rochefoucault, or some great author. Miss Phillips bit the tip of her nail and thought again. Yes, she saw how it was; our hero had risen in the world, was independent and well received in society; he was no longer the little Joey of Gravesend; he was now a person of some consequence, and he was a very ungrateful fellow; but the world was full of ingratitude; still she did think better of our hero; she certainly did. Well; at all events she could prove to him that—what she did not exactly know. Then ended cogitation the second, after which came another series.

What had our hero said—what had he accused her of? that she no longer bestowed on him her confidence placed in him for many years. This was true; but were not the relative positions, was not the case different? Should he now retain any secret from her—there should be no secrets between them? There again there was a full stop before the sentence was complete. After a little more reflection her own generous mind pointed out to her that she had been in the wrong; and that our hero had cause to be offended with her; and she made up her mind to make reparation the first time that they should be alone.

Having come to this resolution she dismissed the previous question, and began to think about the secret itself, and what it possibly could be, and how she wished to know what it was, all of which was very natural. In the mean time our hero had made up his mind to leave Portsmouth, for a time at all events. This quarrel with Emma, if such it might be considered, had made him very miserable, and the anxiety he had suffered had seriously affected his health.

We believe that there never was anybody in this world who had grown to man's or woman's estate, and had mixed with the world, who could at any time afterwards say that they were perfectly happy; or who, having said so, did not find that the reverse was the case a moment or two after the words were out of their mouth. "There is always something," as a good lady said to us; and so there always is, and always will be. The removal of Furness was naturally a great relief to the mind of our hero; he then felt as if all his difficulties were surmounted, and that he had no longer any fear of the consequences which might ensue from his father's crime. He would now, he thought, be able to walk boldly through the world without recognition, and he had built castles enough to form a metropolis when his rupture with Emma broke the magic mirror through which he had scanned futurity. When most buoyant with hope, he

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found the truth of the lady's saying—"There is always something."

After remaining in his room for an hour Joey went down to the counting-house, where he found Mr. Small and Mr. Sleek both at work, for their labours had increased since Joey had so much neglected business.

"Well, my good friend, how do you find yourself?" said Mr. Small.

"Very far from well, sir. I feel that I cannot attend to business," replied Joey, "and I am quite ashamed of myself. I was thinking that, if you have no objection to allow me a couple of months' leave of absence, change of air would be very serviceable to me. I have something to do at Dudstone, which I have put off ever since I came to Portsmouth."

"I think change of air will be very serviceable to you, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Small; "but what business you can have at Dudstone I cannot imagine."

"Simply this—I locked up my apartments, leaving my furniture, books, and linen, when I went away more than four years ago, and have never found time to look after them."

"Well, they must want dusting by this time, O'Donahue, so look after them if you please; but I think looking after your health is of more consequence, so you have my full consent to take a holiday, and remain away three months, if necessary, till you are perfectly re-established."

"And you have mine," added Mr. Sleek, "and I will do your work while you are away."

Our hero thanked his senior partners for their kind compliance with his wishes, and stated his intention of starting the next morning by the early coach, and then left the counting-house to make preparations for his journey.

Joey joined the party, which was numerous, at dinner. It was not until they were in the drawing-room after dinner that Mr. Small had an opportunity of communicating to Mrs. Phillips what were our hero's intentions. Mrs. Phillips considered it a very advisable measure, as our hero had evidently suffered very much lately; probably over exertion might have been the cause, and relaxation would effect the cure.

Emma, who was sitting by her mother, turned pale; she had not imagined that our hero would have followed up his expressed intentions of the morning, and she asked Mr. Small if he knew when O'Donahue would leave Portsmouth. The reply was, that he had taken his place on the early coach of the next morning; and Emma fell back on the sofa, and did not say any thing more.

When the company had all left, Mrs. Phillips rose, and lighted a chamber candlestick to go to bed, and Emma followed the motions of her mother. Mrs. Phillips shook hands with our hero, wishing him a great deal of pleasure, and that he would return quite restored in health. Emma, who found that all chance of an interview with our hero was gone, mustered up courage enough to extend her hand, and say—"I hope your absence will be productive of health and happiness to you, Mr. O'Donahue," and then followed her mother.

Our hero, who was in no humour for conversation, then bade farewell to Mr. Small and Mr. Sleek, and, before Emma had risen from not a very refreshing night's rest, he was two stages on his way from Portsmouth.

CHAPTER XLI.

In which our hero has his head turned the wrong way.

Although it may be very proper, when an offence has been offered us, to show that we feel the injury, it often happens that we act too much upon impulse and carry measures to extremities; and this our hero felt as the coach wheeled him along, every second increasing his distance from Emma Phillips; twenty times he was inclined to take a post-chaise and return, but the inconsistency would have been so glaring, that shame prevented him; so he went on, and when he reached the metropolis, and on arriving there, having nothing better to do, he went to bed. The next day he booked himself for the following day's coach to ———, and having so done, he thought he would reconnoitre the domicile of Major and Mrs. M'Shane, and, now that Furness was no longer to be dreaded, make his existence known to them. He went to Holborn accordingly, and found the shop in the same place, with the usual enticing odour sent forth from the grating which gave light and air to the kitchen; but he perceived that there was no longer the name of M'Shane on the private door, and entering the coffee-room, and looking towards the spot where Mrs. M'Shane usually stood carving the joint, he discovered the face of a person unknown to him similarly employed, and it could not be Mrs. M'Shane, as it was a man. Our hero went up to him, and inquired if the M'Shanes still carried on the business, and was told that they had sold it some time back. His next inquiry, as to what had become of them, produced an "I don't know," with some symptoms of impatience at being interrupted. Under these circumstances, our hero had nothing more to do but either to sit down and eat beef or to quit the premises. He preferred the latter, and was once more at the hotel, where he devoted the remainder of the day to thinking of his old friends, as fate had debarred him from seeing them.

The next morning Joey set off by the coach, and arrived at ——— a little before dusk. He remained at the principal inn of the village, called the Austin Arms, in honour of the property in the immediate vicinity; and, having looked at the various hieroglyphics that the sign-board contained, without the slightest idea that they appertained to himself, he ordered supper, and looking out of the window of the first door, discovered at no great distance down the one street which composed the village, the small ale-house where he had met Mary. Our hero no longer felt the pride of poverty; he had resented the treatment he had received at the hall when friendless, but now that he was otherwise, he had overcome the feeling, and had resolved to go up to the hall on the following day, and ask for Mary. He was now well dressed, and with all the appearance and manners of a gentleman; and, moreover, he had been so accustomed to respect from servants, that he had no idea of being treated otherwise. The next morning, therefore, he walked up to the hall, and knocked at the door; as soon as it was opened, he told the well-powdered domestics that he wished to speak a few words to Miss Atherton, if she still lived with Mrs. Austin. His appearance was considered by these gentlemen in waiting as sufficient to induce them to show him into a parlour, and to send for Mary, who in a few minutes came down to him, and embraced him tenderly. "I should hardly have known you, my dear boy," said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes; "you have grown quite a man. I cannot imagine, as you now stand before me, that you could have been the little Joey that was living at Mrs. Chopper's."

"We are indebted to that good woman for prosperity," replied Joey. "Do you know, Mary, that your money has multiplied so fast that I almost wish that you would take it away, lest by some accident it should be lost. I have brought you an account."

"Let me have an account of yourself, my dear brother," replied Mary; "I have no want of money; I am here well and happy."

"So you must have been, for you look as young and handsome as when I last saw you, Mary. How is your mistress?"

"She is well, and would, I think, be happy, if it were not for the morbid state of Mr. Austin, who secludes himself entirely, and will not even go outside the park gates. He has become more overbearing and haughty than ever, and several of the servants have quitted within the last few months."

"I have no wish to meet him, dear Mary, after what passed when I was here before; I will not put up with insolence from any man, even in his own house," replied our hero.

"Do not speak so loud, his study is next to us, and that door leads to it," replied Mary; "he would not say anything to you, but he would find fault with me."

"Then you had better come to see me at the Austin Arms, where I am stopping."

"I will come this evening," replied Mary.

At this moment the door which led to the study was opened, and a voice was heard—

"Mary I wish you would take your sweethearts to a more convenient distance."

Joey heard the harsh, hollow voice, but recognised it not; he would not turn round to look at Mr. Austin, but remained with his back to him, and the door closed again with a bang.

"Well," observed Joey, "that is a pretty fair specimen of what he is, at all events. Why did you not say I was your brother?"

"Because it was better to say nothing," replied Mary; "he will not come in again."

"Well, I shall leave you now," said Joey, "and wait till the evening; you will be certain to come?"

"O, yes, I certainly shall," replied Mary. Hush! I hear my mistress with Mr. Austin. I wish you could see her, you would like her very much."

The outer door of the study was closed to, and then the door of the room in which they were conversing was opened, but it was shut again immediately.

"Who was that?" said our hero, who had not turned round to ascertain.

"Mrs. Austin; she just looked in, and seeing I was engaged, she only nodded to me to say that she wanted me, I presume, and then went away again," replied Mary. "You had better go now, and I will be sure to come in the evening."

Our hero quitted the hall; he had evidently been in the presence of his father and mother without knowing it, and all because he happened on both occasions to have his face turned in a wrong direction, and he left the house as unconscious as he went in. As soon as our hero had left the hall, Mary repaired to her mistress.

"Do you want me, madam?" said Mary, as she went to her mistress.

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"No, Mary, not particularly, but Mr. Austin sent for me; he was annoyed at your having a strange person in the house, and desired me to send him away."

"It was my brother, madam," replied Mary.

"Your brother! I am sorry, Mary, but you know how nervous Mr. Austin is, and there is no reasoning against nerves. I should have liked to have seen your brother very much; if I recollect rightly, you told me he was doing very well at Portsmouth, is he not?"

"Yes, madam; he is now a partner in one of the first houses there."

"Why, Mary, he will soon have you to keep his own house, I presume, and I shall lose you; indeed, you are more fit for such a situation than your present one, so I must not regret it if you do."

"He has no idea of taking a house, madam," replied Mary, "nor have I any of quitting you: your place is quite good enough for me. I promised to go down and meet him this evening, with your permission, at the Austin Arms."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Austin, and then the conversation dropped.

Our hero remained at the inn two days, a portion of which Mary passed with him, and then he set off for Dudstone; he did not make Mary a confidant of his attachment to Emma Phillips, although he imparted to her the death of Furness, and the relief it had afforded him, promising to return to see her before he went back to Portsmouth.

Joey once more set off on his travels, and without incident arrived at the good old town of Dudstone, where he put up at the Commercial Hotel; his first object was to ascertain the condition of his lodgings; for the first two years he had sent the rent of the room to the old woman to whom the house belonged, but latterly no application had been made for it, although his address had been given; and occupied by other business more important, our hero had quite forgotten the affair, or if he did occasionally recall it to his memory, it was soon dismissed again. His key he had brought with him, and he now proceeded to the house and knocked at the door, surmising that the old woman was possibly dead, and his property probably disposed of; the first part of the surmise was disproved by the old woman coming to the door; she did not recognise our hero, and it was not until he produced the key of his room that she was convinced that he was the lawful owner of its contents. She told him she could not write herself, and that the party who had written to Portsmouth for her was dead, and that she felt sure he would come back at some time and settle with her; and, moreover, she was afraid that the furniture would be much injured by having been shut up so long, which was not only very likely, but proved to be the case when the door was opened; she also said that she could have made money for him, had he allowed her to let the lodgings furnished, as she had had several applications. Our hero walked into his apartment, which certainly had a very mouldy and mouldy appearance. As soon as a fire had been lighted, he collected all he wanted to retain for himself, the books, plate, and some other articles which he valued for Spikeman's sake, and for old reminiscence, and putting them up in a chest, requested that it might be sent to the inn; and then, upon reflection, he thought he could do no better with the remainder than to make them a present to the old woman, which he did, after paying her her arrears of rent, and by so doing made one person for the time superlatively happy, which is something worth doing in this chequered world of ours. Joey, as soon as he had returned to the inn, sat down to write to Spikeman, and also to Mr. Small, at Portsmouth, and having posted his letters, as he did not quit Dudstone until the next morning, he resolved to pay a visit to his former acquaintances, Miss Amelia and Miss Ophelia. His knock at the door was answered by Miss Amelia as usual, but with only one arm unoccupied, a baby being in the other, and the squalling in the little parlour gave further evidence of maternity. Our hero was obliged to introduce himself, as he was stared at as an utter stranger, and was immediately welcomed, and requested to walk into the parlour. In a few minutes the whole of the family history was communicated. The old lady had been dead three years, and at her death the young ladies found themselves in possession of one thousand pounds each: the thousand pounds proved to them that husbands were to be had even at Dudstone and its vicinity. Miss Amelia had been married more than two years, to a master builder, who had, in consequence, not so much in building new houses at Dudstone as in repairing the old ones, and they were doing well, and had two children. Her sister had married a young farmer, and she could see her money every day in the shape of bullocks and sheep upon the farm; they also were doing well. Joey remained an hour; Mrs. Potts was very anxious that he should remain longer, and give her his opinion of her husband; but this Joey declined, and, desiring to be kindly remembered to her sister, took his leave, and the next morning was on his way to London.

CHAPTER XLII.

Very pleasant correspondence.

As soon as Joey arrived at the metropolis, he went to the correspondent of the house at Portsmouth to inquire for letters. He found one of the greatest interest from Mr. Small, who, after some preliminaries relative to the business, and certain commissions for him to transact in town, proceeded as follows:—

"Your health has been a source of great anxiety to us all, not only in the counting-house but in the drawing-room; the cause of your illness was ascribed to over exertion in your duties, and it must be admitted, that until you were ill, there was no relaxation on your part; but we have reason to suppose that there have been other causes which may have occasioned your rapid change from activity and cheerfulness to such a total prostration of body and mind. You may feel grieved when I tell you that Emma has been very unwell since you left, and the cause of her illness is beyond the skill of Mr. Taylor, our medical man. She has, however, confided so much to her mother as to let us know that you are a party who has been the chief occasion of it. She has acknowledged that she has not behaved well to you, and has not done you justice; and I really believe that it is this very circumstance which is the chief ground of her altered state of health. I certainly have been too much in the counting-house to know what has been going on in the parlour, but I think that you ought to know as better than to suppose that we should not in every point be most anxious for your happiness, and your being constantly with us. That Emma blames herself, is certain; that she is very amiable, is equally so; your return would give us the greatest satisfaction. I hardly need say I love my niece, and am anxious for her happiness; I love you, my dear friend, and am equally anxious for yours; and I do trust, that any trifling disagreement between you (for surely you must be on intimate terms to quarrel), and for her to feel the quarrel so severely) will be speedily overcome. From what her mother says, I think that her affections are seriously engaged, (I treat you with the confidence I am sure you deserve,) and I am sure that there is no one upon whom I would so willingly bestow my niece; or, at find by questioning, no one to whom Mrs. Phillips would so willingly entrust her daughter. If, then, I am right in my supposition, you will be received with open arms by all, not even excepting Emma—she has no coquetry in her composition. Like all the rest of us she has her faults; but if she has her faults, she is not too proud to acknowledge them, and that you will allow when you read the enclosed which she has requested me to send to you, and at the same time desired me to read it first. I trust this communication will accelerate your recovery, and that we shall soon see you again. At all events, answer my letter, and if I am in error, let me know, that I may undeceive others."

The enclosure from Emma was then opened by our hero; it was in few words:—

"My dear friend,—On reflection, I consider that I have treated you unjustly; I intended to tell you so, if I had had an opportunity before you quitted us so hastily. My fault has preyed upon my mind ever since, and I cannot lose this first opportunity of requesting your forgiveness, and hoping that we shall be on the same friendly terms that we had always been previous to my unfortunate ebullition of temper. Yours, truly, EMMA."

That this letter was a source of unqualified delight to our hero, may be easily imagined. He was at once told by the uncle, and certainly Emma did not leave him to suppose to the contrary, that he might aspire to and obtain her hand. Our hero could not reply to it by return of post. If distress had occasioned his illness, joy now prostrated him still more, and he was compelled to return to his bed; but he was happy, almost too happy, and he slept at last, and dreamt such visions as only can be conjured up by those who have in anticipation every wish of their heart gratified. The next day he replied to Mr. Small, acknowledging, with frankness, his feelings towards his niece, which a sense of his own humble origin and unworthiness had prevented him from venturing to disclose, and requesting him to use his influence in his favour, as he dared not speak himself, until he had received such assurance of his unmerited good fortune as might encourage him so to do. To Emma his reply was in few words; he thanked her for her continued good opinion of him, the idea of having lost which had made him very miserable, assuring her that he was ashamed of the petulance which he had shown, and it was for him to have asked pardon, and not one who had behaved so kindly, and protected him for so long a period; that he felt much better already, and hoped to be able to shorten the time of absence which had been demanded by him and kindly granted by his patrons. Having concluded and despatched these epistles, our hero determined that he would take a stroll about the metropolis.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

A very long chapter, with a very long story, which could not well be cut in half.

A man may walk a long while in the city of London, without having any definite object, and yet be amused, for there are few occupations more pleasant, more instructive, or more contemplative, than looking into the shop windows; you pay a shilling to see an exhibition, whereas in this instance you have the advantage of seeing many without paying a farthing, provided that you look after your pocket handkerchief. Thus was our hero amused: at one shop he discovered that very gay shawls were to be purchased for one pound, Bandanas at 3s. 9d. and soiled Irish linen remarkably cheap; at another he saw a row of watches, from humble silver at £2 10s., to gold and enameled at twelve or fourteen guineas, all warranted to go well; at another he discovered that furs were at half price, because nobody wore them in the summer. He proceeded farther, and came to where there was a quantity of oil paintings exposed for sale, pointing out to the passer by that pictures of that description, were those which he ought *not* to buy. A print shop gave him the idea of the merits of composition and design shown by the various masters; and as he could not transport himself to the Vatican, it was quite as well to see what the Vatican contained; his thoughts were on Rome and her former glories. A tobacconist's transported him to the state of Virginia, where many had been transported in former days. A grocer's wafted him still farther to the West Indies and the negroes, and from these, as if by magic, to the Spice Islands and their aromatic groves. But an old curiosity shop, with bronzes, China, Marquetre, point lace, and armour, embraced at once a few centuries; and he thought of the feudal times, the fifteenth century, the belle of former days, the amber-headed cane and snuff-box of the beaux who sought her smiles—all gone, all dust; the workmanship of the times, even portions of their dresses, still existing—everything less perishable than man.

Our hero proceeded on, his thoughts wandering as he wandered himself, when his attention was attracted by one of those placards, the breed of which appears to have been very much improved of late, as they get larger and larger every day; what they will end in there is no saying, unless it be in placards without end. This placard intimated that there was a masquerade at Vauxhall, on that evening, besides fireworks, and anything but good works. Our hero had heard of Vauxhall, and his curiosity was excited, and he resolved that he would pass away the evening in, at that time, a rather fashionable resort.

It was half-past six, and time to go, so he directed his steps over Westminster-bridge, and, having only lost three minutes in peeping through the balustrades at the barges and wherries proceeding up and down the river, after asking his way three times, he found himself at the entrance, and, paying his admission, walked in. There was a goodly sprinkling of company, but not many masks; there was a man clad in brass armour, who stood quite motionless, for the armour, was so heavy that he could hardly bear the weight of it. He must have suffered very great inconvenience on such a warm night, but people stared at him as they passed by, and he was more than repaid by the attention which he attracted, so he stood and suffered on. There were about twenty-five clowns in their motley dresses, seven or eight pantaloons, three devils, and perhaps forty or fifty dominoes. Joey soon found himself close to the orchestra, which was a blaze of light, and he listened very attentively to a lady in ostrich feathers, who was pouring out a bravura, which was quite unintelligible to the audience, while the gentleman behind her, in their cocked hats, accompanied her voice. He was leaning against one of the trees, and receiving, without knowing it, the drippings of a leaky lamp upon his coat, when two men came up and stopped on the other side of the trunk of the tree, and, one said to the other—"I tell you, Joseph, she is here, and with the Christian. Manasseh traced her by the driver of the coach. She never will return to her father's house if we do not discover her this night."

"What! will she become a *Mushkemed!*—an apostate!" exclaimed the other; "I would see her in her grave first! Holy Father!—the daughter of a rabbi to bring such disgrace upon her family! Truly our sins, and the sins of our forefathers have brought this evil upon our house. If I meet him here I will stab him to the heart!"

"*Lemain Hashem!* for the sake of thy holy name, my son, think what you say; you must not be so rash. Alas! alas! but we are mixed with the heathens. She must be concealed in one of the Moabitish garments," continued the elder of the two personages, whom our hero had of course ascertained to be of the house of Israel. "Manasseh tells me that he has discovered, from another quarter, that the Christian had procured a domino, black, with the sleeves slashed with white. That will be a distinguishing mark; and if we see that dress we must then follow, and if a female is then with it, it must be thy sister Miriam."

"I will search now and meet you here in half an hour," replied the younger of the two.

"Joseph, my son, we do not part; I cannot trust you in your anger, and you have weapons with you, I know; we must go together. Rooch Hakodesh! May the Holy Spirit guide us, and the daughter of our house be restored, for she is now my heart's bitterness and my soul's sorrow!"

"Let me but discover the gaw—the infidel!" replied the son, following the father; and our hero observed him put his hand into his breast and half unsheath a poniard.

Joey easily comprehended how the matter stood: a Jewish maiden had met by assignation or had been run away with by some young man, and the father and son were in pursuit to recover the daughter.

"That is all very well," thought our hero; "but although they may very properly wish to prevent the marriage, I do not much like the cold steel which the young Israelite had in his hand. If I do meet with the party, at all events I will give him warning; and Joey having made this resolution, turned away from the orchestra and went down to the covered way, which led to what are usually termed the dark walks; he had just arrived at the commencement of them, when he perceived coming towards him two dominoes, the shorter hanging on the arm of the taller so as to assure him that they were male and female. When they came to within ten yards of the lighted walk, they turned abruptly, and then Joey perceived that the taller had white slashed sleeves to his domino.

"There they are," thought our hero; "well, it's not safe, for a murder might be committed without much chance for the party being found out. I will give them a hint at all events;" and Joey followed the couple so as to overtake them by degrees. As he walked softly, and they were in earnest conversation, his approach was not heeded until within a few feet of them, when the taller dominoe turned impatiently round, as if to inquire what the intruder meant.

"You are watched, and in danger, sir, if you are the party I think you are," said Joey, going up to him, and speaking in a low voice.

"Who are you," replied the domino, "that gives this notice?"

"A perfect stranger to you, even if your mask was removed, sir, but I happened to overhear a conversation relative to a person in a domino such as you wear. I may be mistaken, and, if so, there is no harm done;" and our hero turned away.

"Stop him, dear Henry," said a soft female voice. "I fear that there is danger; he can have told you but for kindness."

The person in the domino immediately followed Joey, and accosted him, apologising for his apparent rudeness at receiving his communication, which he ascribed to the suddenness with which it was given, and requested, as a favour, that our hero would inform him why he had thought it necessary.

"I will tell you, certainly; not that I interfere with other people's concerns; but when I see that one of them had a poniard—"

"A poniard!" exclaimed the female, who had now joined them.

"Yes," replied Joey; "and appeared determined to use it. In one word, madam, is your name Miriam! If so, what I heard concerns you; if not, it does not, and I need say no more."

"Sir, it does concern her," replied the domino; "and I will thank you to proceed."

Our hero then stated briefly what he had overheard, and that the parties were in pursuit of them.

"We are lost!" exclaimed the young woman. "We shall never escape from the gardens! What must we do? My brother in his wrath is as a lion's whelp."

"I care little for myself," replied the domino. "I could defend myself; but, if we meet, I shall lose you. Your father would tear you away while I was engaged with your brother."

"At all events, sir, I should recommend you not remaining in these dark walks," replied our hero, "now that you are aware of what may take place."

"And yet, if we go into the lighted parts of the gardens, they will soon discover us, now that they have, as it appears, gained a knowledge of my dress."

"Then put it off," said Joey.

"But they know my person even better," replied the domino. "Your conduct, sir, has been so kind, that perhaps you would be inclined to assist us?"

Our hero was in love himself, and, of course, felt sympathy for others in the same predicament; so he replied that, if he could be of service, they might command him.

"Then, Miriam dear, what I propose is this; will you put yourself under the protection of this stranger? I think you risk nothing, for he has proved that he is kind. You may then, without fear of detection, pass through the gardens, and be conducted by him to a place of safety. I will remain here for half an hour; should your father

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and brother meet me, although they may recognise my dress, yet, not having you with me, there will be no grounds for any attack being made, and I will, after a time, return home.

"And what is to become of me!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"You must send this gentleman to my address to-morrow morning, and he will acquaint me where you are. I am giving you a great deal of trouble, sir, but at the same time I show my confidence; I trust it will not interfere with your other engagements."

"Your confidence is, I trust, not misplaced, sir," replied our hero; "and I am just now an idle man. I promise you, if this young lady will venture to trust herself with a perfect stranger, that I will do your request. I have no mask on, madam; do you think you can trust me?"

"I think I can, sir; but, indeed, I must, or there will be shedding of blood; but, Henry, they are coming, I know them; see, right up the walk!

Joey turned round, and perceived that it was the two persons whose conversation he had overheard. "It is them, sir," said he to the gentleman in the domino; "leave us and walk back farther into the dark part. I must take her away on my arm and pass them boldly. Come, sir, quick!"

Our hero immediately took the young Jewess on his arm and walked towards the father and brother. He felt her trembling like an aspen as they came close to them, and was fearful that her legs would fail her. As they passed, the face of our hero was severely scrutinised by the dark eyes of the Israelites. Joey returned their stare, and proceeded on his way; and after they had separated some paces from the father and brother, he whispered to the maiden, "You are safe now." Joey conducted his charge through the gardens, and when he arrived at the entrance he called a coach and put the lady in.

"Where shall he drive to?" inquired our hero.

"I don't know, say anywhere, so that we are away from this!"

Joey ordered the man to drive to the hotel where he had taken up his abode, for he knew not where else to go.

On his arrival he left the young lady in the coach, while he went in to prepare the landlady for her appearance. He stated that he had rescued her from a very perilous situation, and that he would feel much obliged to his hostese if she would take charge of the young person until she could be restored to her friends on the ensuing morning. People like to be consulted and to appear of importance. The fat old lady, who had bridled up at the very mention of the introduction of a lady in a domino, as soon as she heard that the party was to be placed under her protection, relaxed her compressed features, and graciously consented.

Our hero having consigned over his charge, whose face he had not yet seen, immediately retired to his own apartment. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he sent to inquire after the health of his protege, and was answered by a request that he would pay her a visit. When he entered the room he found her alone. She was dressed somewhat in the Oriental style, and he was not a little surprised at her extreme beauty. Her stature was rather above the middle size; she was exquisitely formed; and her ancles, hands, and feet, were models of perfection. She was indeed one of the most exquisite specimens of the Jewish nation, and that is quite sufficient for her portrait. She rose as he entered, and coloured deeply as she saluted him. Our hero, who perceived her confusion, hastened to assure her that he was ready to obey any order she might be pleased to give him, and trusted that she had not been too much annoyed with her very unpleasant position.

"I am more obliged to you, sir, than I can well express," replied she, "by your kind consideration in putting me into the charge of the landlady of the house; that one act assured me that I was in the hands of a gentleman and a man of honour. All I have to request of you now is, that you will call at No.—, in Berkeley square, and inform Mr. S—— of what you have kindly done for me. You will probably hear from him the cause of the strange position in which you found us and relieved us from."

As our hero had nothing to reply, he wrote down the address and took his leave, immediately proceeding to the house of Mr. S——; but as he was walking up Berkeley street, he was encountered by two men whom he immediately recognised as the father and brother of the young Israelite; the brother fixed his keen eye upon our hero, and appeared to recognise him; at all events, as our hero passed them, they turned round and followed him, and he heard the brother say, "He was with her," or something to that purport. Our hero did not, however, consider that it was advisable to wait until they were away before he knocked at the door, as he felt convinced that they were on the watch, and that any delay would not obtain the end. He knocked, and was immediately admitted. He found Mr. S—— pacing the room up and down in great anxiety, the breakfast remaining on the table untouched. He warmly greeted the arrival of our hero. Joey, as soon as he had informed him of what he had done, and in whose hands he had placed the young lady, stated the circumstance of the father and brother being outside on the watch, and that he thought that they had recognised him.

"That is nothing more than what I expected," replied Mr. S——; "but I trust easily to evade them; they are not aware that the back of this house communicates with the stables belonging to it in the mews, and we can go out by that way without their perceiving us. I've so many thanks to offer you, sir, for your kind interference in our behalf, that I hardly know how to express them; to one thing you are most certainly entitled, and I should prove but little my sincerity if I did not immediately give it you; that is, my confidence, and a knowledge of the parties whom you have assisted, and the circumstances attending this strange affair. The young lady, sir, is, as you know, a Jewess by birth, and the daughter of the rabbi, a man of great wealth and high ancestry, for certainly Jews can claim that higher than any other nation upon earth; and I am myself a man of fortune, as it is usually termed, at all events with sufficient to indulge any woman I should take as my wife with every luxury that can reasonably be demanded. I mention this to corroborate my assertion, that it was not her father's wealth which has been my inducement. I made the acquaintance of the father and daughter when I was traveling on the continent; he was on his way to England, when his carriage broke down in a difficult pass on the mountains, and they would have been left on the road for the night if I had not fortunately come up in time, and, being alone, was able to convey them to the next town.

"I have always had a great respect for the Jewish nation. I consider that every true Christian should have; but I will not enter upon that point now. It was probably my showing such a feeling, and my being well versed in their history, which was the occasion of an intercourse of two days ripening into a regard for one another; and we parted with sincere wishes that we might meet again in this country. At the time I speak of, which was about three years ago, his daughter Miriam, was, comparatively speaking, a child, and certainly not at that period, or indeed, for some time after our meeting again in England, did it ever come into my ideas that I should ever feel anything for her but good will; but circumstances, and her father's confidence in me, threw us much together. After a time, I found myself growing attached to her, and I taxed myself, and reflected on the consequences. I was aware how very severe the Jewish laws were upon the subject of any of their family uniting themselves to a Christian. That it was not only considered that the party itself was dishonoured before the nation, but that the whole family became vile, and were denied the usual burial rites. Perhaps you are aware that if a Jew embraces Christianity, the same disgrace is heaped upon the relations. With this knowledge, I determined to conquer my feelings for Miriam, and of course I no longer went to her father's house; it would have been cruel to put my friend (for such he certainly was) in such a position; the more so, as, being a rabbi, he would have to denounce himself and his own children.

"My absence was, however, the cause of great annoyance to the father. He sought me, and I was so pressed by him to return, that I had no choice, unless I confessed my reasons, which I did not like to do. I therefore visited the house as before, although not so frequently, and continually found myself in company with Miriam, and, her father being constantly summoned away to the duties of his office, but too often alone. I therefore resolved that I would once more set off on my travels, as the only means by which I could act honourably, and get rid of the feeling which was obtaining such a mastery over me. I went to the house to state my intention, and at the same time bid them farewell; when, ascending the stairs, I slipped and sprained my ancle so severely that I could not put my foot to the ground. This decided our fate, and I was not only domiciled for a week in the house, but, as I lay on the sofa, was continually attended by Miriam. Her father would not hear of my removal, but declared that my accident was a judgment against me for my rash intention.

"That Miriam showed her regard for me in every way that a modest maiden could do is certain. I did, however, make one last struggle; I did not deny my feelings towards her, but I pointed out to her the consequences which would ensue, which it was my duty as a friend, and her duty as a daughter, to prevent. She heard me in silence and in tears, and then quitted the room.

"The next day she appeared to have recovered her composure, and entered freely into general conversation, and, after a time, referred to the rites of their church. By degrees she brought up the subject of Christianity; she demanded the reasons and authority for our belief; in short, she brought me to enter warmly into the subject, and to prove, to the best of my ability, that the true Messiah had already come. This conversation she took a pleasure in renewing, during my stay in the house; and as I considered that the subject was one that diverted our attention from the

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one I wished to avoid, I was not sorry to renew it, although I had not the least idea of converting her to our faith.

"Such was the state of affairs when I quitted the house, and again seriously thought of removing myself from so much temptation, when her brother Joseph arrived from Madrid, where he had been staying with his uncle for some years, and his return was the occasion of a jubilee, at which I could not refuse to appear. He is a fine young man, very intelligent and well informed, but of a very irascible disposition; and his long residence in Spain has probably given him those ideas of retaliation which are almost unknown in this country. He conceived a very strong friendship for me, and I certainly was equally pleased with him, for he is full of talent, although he is revengeful, proud of his lineage, and holding to the tenets of his faith with all the obstinacy of a Pharisee. Indeed it is strange that he could ever become so partial to a Christian, respecting as he does the rabbinical doctrines held forth to the Jewish people, and which it must be admitted have been inculcated, in consequence of the unwarrant and unjustifiable persecution of the tribes for centuries, by those who call themselves Christians, but whose practice has been at open variance with the precepts of the founder of their faith. However, so it was. Joseph conceived a great regard for me, was continually at my house, and compelled me but too often to visit at his father's. At last I made up my mind that I would leave the country for a time, and was actively preparing, intending to go without saying a word to them, when I found myself one morning alone with Miriam. She walked up to me as I was sitting on the couch; I motioned to her to sit by me, but she stood before me with a stately air, fixing upon me her dark gazelle-like eyes.

"'Do you,' said she, in a slow and solemn tone of voice, 'do you remember the conversation which we had upon our respective creeds? you recollect how you pointed out to me your authorities and your reasons for your faith, and your sincere belief that the Messiah had already come?'

"'I do, Miriam,' replied I; 'but not with any view to interfere with your belief; it was only to uphold in argument my own.'

"'I do not say nay to that; I believe you,' said Miriam; 'nevertheless I have that in my vest, which, if it was known to my father or brother, would cause them to dash me to the earth, and to curse me in the name of the great Jehovah; and she pulled out of her vest a small copy of the new testament. 'This is the book of your creed; I have searched and compared it with our own; I have found the authorities; I have read the words of the Jews who have narrated the history, and the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth, and—I am *Christian*.'

"'It may appear strange, but I assure you, sir, you can't imagine the pain I felt when Miriam thus acknowledged herself a convert to our faith; to say to her that I was sorry for it would have argued little for my Christian belief; but when I reflected upon the pain and disgrace it would bring upon her family, and that I should be the cause, I was dreadfully shocked; I could only reply, 'Miriam, I wish that we had never met!'

"'I know what your feelings are but too well,' replied she; 'but we have met, and what is done cannot be undone. I, too, when I think of my relations, am torn with anxiety and distress; but what is my duty? If I am, and I declare, not only by the great Jehovah, but by the crucified Messiah, that I am a sincere believer in your creed, must I shrink—must I conceal it on account of my father and my mother? Does not he say, leave all and follow me! Must I not add my feeble voice in acknowledgment of the truth, if I am to consider myself a Christian? Must not my avowal be public? Yes, it must be, and it shall be! Can you blame me?'

"'Oh, no! I dare not blame you,' replied I, 'I only regret that religious differences should so mar the little happiness permitted to us in this world, and that neither Jew nor Christian will admit what our Saviour has distinctly declared—that there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, or Gentile. I see much misery in this, and I cannot help regretting deeply that I shall be considered as the cause of it, and be upbraided with ingratitude.'

"'You did your duty,' replied Miriam. 'I have been converted by your having so done. Now I have my duty to do. I am aware of the pain it will occasion my father, my relations, and the whole of my tribe; but if they suffer, shall I not suffer more? Thrust out from my father's door, loaded with curses and execrations; not one Jew permitted to offer me an asylum, not even to give me a morsel of bread, or a drop of water; a wanderer and an outcast! Such must be my fate.'

"'Not so, Miriam; if your tribe desert you—'

"'Stop one moment,' interrupted Miriam; 'do you recollect the conversation you had with me before we entered into the subject of our religious creeds? Do you remember what you then said; and was it true, or was it merely as an excuse?'

"'It was as true, Miriam, as I stand here. I have loved you long and devotedly. I have tried to conquer the passion, on account of the misery your marriage with a Christian would have occasioned your relations; but if you persist in avowing your new faith, the misery will be equally incurred; and, therefore, I am doubly bound, not only by my love, but because I have, by converting you, put you in such a dreadful position, to offer you not only an asylum, but, if you will accept them, my heart and hand.'

"Miriam folded her arms across her breast, and knelt down, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. 'I can only answer in the words of Ruth,' replied she, in a low voice, and trembling lips.—I hardly need observe that after this interview the affair was decided—the great difficulty was to get her out of the house; for you must have been inside of one of the houses of a Jew of rank to be aware of their arrangements. It was impossible that Miriam could be absent an hour without being missed; and to get out by herself without being seen was equally difficult. Her cousin is married to a Jew, who keeps the masquerade paraphernalia and costumes in Tavistock street, and she sometimes accompanies her father and mother there, and, as usual, goes up to her cousin in the women's apartment, while four male relations remain below. We therefore hit upon this plan. That on the first masquerade night at Vauxhall, she should persuade her father and brother to go with her to her cousin's; that I should be close by in a coach, and, after she had gone in, I was to drive up as the other customers do, and obtain two dominoes, and then wait while she escaped from the women's apartment, and came down stairs to the street door, where I was to put her in the coach, and drive off to Vauxhall. You may inquire why we went to Vauxhall. Because, as but few minutes would elapse before she would be missed, it would have been almost impossible to have removed her without being discovered, for I was well known to the people. You recollect that Manasseh, who was in the shop, informed them that my domino was slashed with white in the sleeves; he knew me when I obtained the dominoes. Had I not been aware of the violence of the brother, I should have cared little had he followed me to my house, or any other place he might have traced me to, but his temper is such that his sister would certainly have been sacrificed to his rage and fury, as you may imagine from what you have seen and heard; I considered, therefore, that if we once became mixed with the crowd of masks and dominoes at Vauxhall, that I should elude them and all trace of us be lost. I believe I have now made you acquainted with every circumstance, and trust that you will still afford me your valuable assistance."

"Most certainly," replied our hero; "I am in duty bound. I cannot help thinking that they have recognized me as the party conducting her out of the dark walk. Did you meet them afterwards?"

"No," rejoined Mr. S——; "I allowed them to walk about without coming up to me, for some time, and then when they were down at the further end, I made all haste and took a coach home, before they could possibly come up with me, allowing that they did recognise me, which I do not think they did until they perceived me hastening away at a distance."

"What, then, are your present intentions?" inquired our hero.

"I wish you to return with me to your hotel;" replied Mr. S——; "I will then take a chaise, and leave for Scotland as fast as four horses can carry us, and unite myself to Miriam; and, as soon as I can, I shall leave the country, which will be the best step to allow their rage and indignation to cool."

"I think your plan is good," replied Joey, "and I am at your service.

In a few minutes Mr. S—— and our hero went out by the back way into the mews, and as soon as they came to a stand took a coach and drove to the hotel.

They had not, however, been in the company of Miriam more than five minutes, when the waiter entered the room in great alarm, stating that two gentlemen were forcing their way up stairs, in spite of the landlord and others who were endeavouring to prevent them. The fact was, that our hero and Mr. S—— had been perceived by Joseph and his father, as they came out of the mews, and they had immediately followed them, taking a coach at the same stand, and desiring the coachman to follow the one our hero and Mr. S—— had gone into.

The waiter had hardly time to make the communication before the door was forced open, and the man was so terrified that he retreated behind our hero and Mr. S——, into whose arms Miriam had thrown herself for protection. The father and brother did not, however, enter without resistance on the part of the landlord and waiters, who followed, remonstrating with them and cheeking them; but Joseph broke from them with a poniard drawn; it was wrenched from him by our hero, who dashed forward. The enraged Israelite then caught up a heavy bronze clock which was on the sideboard, and crying out, "This for the Gaw and the Meshumed!"

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(the infidel and the apostate) he hurled it at them with all his strength; it missed the parties it was intended for, but striking the waiter who had ill-treated behind them, fractured his skull, and he fell dead upon the floor.

Upon this outrage the landlord and his assistants rushed upon Joseph and his father; the police were sent for, and after a desperate resistance the Israelites were taken away to the police-office, leaving Mr. S——— and Miriam at liberty. Our hero, was, however, requested by the police to attend at the examination, and, of course, could not refuse. The whole party had been a quarter of an hour waiting until another case was disposed of, before the magistrate could attend to them, when the surgeon came in and acquainted them that the unfortunate waiter had expired. The depositions were taken down, and both father and son were committed, and Joey and some others bound over to appear as witnesses. In about two hours our hero was enabled to return to the hotel, where he found that Mr. S——— had left a note for him, stating that he considered it advisable to start immediately, lest they should require his attendance at the police-court and he should be delayed, which would give time to the relatives of Miriam to take up the question; he had, therefore, set off, and would write to him as soon as he possibly could.

The affair made some noise, and appeared in all the newspapers, and our hero therefore sat down and wrote a detailed account of the whole transaction (as communicated to him by Mr. S———) which he despatched to Portsmouth. He made inquiries, and found that the sessions would come on in a fortnight, and that the grand jury would sit in a few days. He therefore made up his mind that he would not think of returning to Portsmouth until the trial was over, and in his next letter he made known his intentions, and then set off for Richmond, where he had been advised to remain for a short time, as being more favourable to an invalid than the confined atmosphere of London.

Our hero found amusement in rowing about in a wherry, up and down the river, and replying to the letters received from Mary, and from Portsmouth. He also received a letter from Mr. S———, informing him of his marriage, and requesting that as soon as the trial was over he would write to him. Our hero's health also was nearly re-established, when he was informed that his attendance was required at the court to give his evidence in the case of manslaughter found by the grand jury against Joseph the brother of Miriam.

He arrived in town and attended the court on the following day, when the trial was to take place. A short time after the cause came on he was placed in the witness-box. At the time that he gave his depositions before the magistrate he had not thought about his name having been changed, but now that he was sworn, and had declared that he would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, when the counsel asked him if his name was not Joseph O'Donahue, our hero replied that it was Joseph Rushbrook.

"Your deposition says Joseph O'Donahue. How is this? Have you an alias, like many others, sir," inquired the counsel.

"My real name is Rushbrook, but I have been called O'Donahue for some time," replied our hero.

This reply was the occasion of the opposite counsel making some very severe remarks, but the evidence of our hero was taken, and was indeed considered very favourable to the prisoner, as Joey said that he was convinced the blow was never intended for the unfortunate waiter, but for Mr. S———.

After about an hour's examination, our hero was dismissed, and, as directed, in case that he might be recalled, remained in the room where the witnesses were assembled.

CHAPTER XLV.

In which the tide of fortune turns against our hero.

As soon as Joey had been dismissed from the witness-box, he returned to the room in which the other witnesses were assembled, with melancholy forebodings that his real name having been given in open court would lead to some disaster. He had not been there long before a peace-officer came in, and said to him—"Step this way, if you please, sir; I have something to say to you."

Joey went with him outside the door, when the peace-officer, looking at him full in the face, said, "Your name is Joseph Rushbrook; you said so in the witness-box."

"Yes," replied Joey, "that is my name."

"Why did you change it?" demanded the officer.

"I had reasons," replied our hero.

"Yes, and I'll tell you the reasons," rejoined the other. "You were concerned in a murder some years ago; a reward was offered for your apprehension, and you absconded from justice. I see that you are the person; your face tells me so. You are my prisoner. Now, come away quietly, sir; it is of no use for you to resist, and you will only be worse treated."

Joey's heart had almost ceased to beat when the constable addressed him; he felt that denial was useless, and that the time was now come when either he or his father must suffer; he, therefore, made no reply, but quietly followed the peace-officer, who, holding him by the arm, called a coach, into which he ordered Joey to enter, and, following him, directed the coachman to drive to the police office.

As soon as the magistrate had been acquainted by the officer who the party was whom he had taken into custody, he first pointed out to our hero that he had better not say any thing which might criminate himself, and then asked him if his name was Joseph Rushbrook.

Joey replied that it was.

"Have you any thing to say that might prevent my committing you on the charge of murder?" demanded the magistrate.

"Nothing, except that I am not guilty," replied Joey.

"I have had the warrant out against him these seven years, or thereabouts, but he escaped me," observed the peace-officer; "he was but a lad then."

"He must have been a child, to judge by his present appearance," observed the magistrate, who was making out the committal. "I now perfectly recollect the whole affair."

The officer received the committal, and in half an hour our hero was locked up with felons of every description. His blood ran cold when he found himself enclosed within the massive walls; and as soon as the jailor had left him alone, he shuddered and covered his face with his hands. Our hero had, however, the greatest of all consolations to support him—the consciousness of his innocence; but when he called to mind how happy and prosperous he had lately been—when he thought of Emma, and that now all his fair prospects and fondest anticipations were thrown to the ground, it is not surprising that, for a short time, he wept in his solitude and silence. To whom should he make known his situation? Alas! it would too soon be known, and would not every one, even Emma, shrink from a supposed murderer? No! there was one who would not—one on whose truth he could depend; Mary would not desert him even now; he would write to her and acquaint her with his situation. Our hero having made up his mind so to do, obtained paper and ink from the jailor when he came into his cell, which he did in about two hours after he had been locked up. Joey wrote to Mary, stating his position in a few words, and that the next morning he was to be taken down to Exeter to await his trial, and expressed a wish, if possible, that she would come there to see him; and, giving a guinea to the turnkey, requested him to forward the letter.

"It shall go safe enough, young master," replied the man. "Now do you know that yours is one of the strangest cases that ever came to my knowledge?" continued the man; "we've been talking about it among ourselves; why, the first warrant for your apprehension was out more than eight years ago; and to look at you now, you cannot be more than seventeen or eighteen."

"Yes, I am," replied Joey, "I am twenty-two."

"Then don't you tell any body else that, and I will forget it. You see youth goes a great way in court; and they will see that you must have been quite a child when the deed was done—for judging by the evidence there is no doubt of that—and it won't be a hanging matter, that you may be certain of; you'll cross the water, that's all; so keep up your spirits, and look as young as you can."

Mary received the letter on the following day, and was in the deepest distress at its contents. She was still weeping over it, and her work had been thrown down at her feet, when Mrs. Austin came into the dressing room where she was sitting.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Mrs. Austin.

"I have received a letter from my brother, madam," replied Mary; "he is in the greatest distress; and I beg you to let me go to him immediately."

"Your brother, Mary! what difficulty is he in?" asked Mrs. Austin.

Mary did not reply, but wept more.

"Mary, if your brother is in distress, I certainly will not refuse your going to him; but you should tell me what his distress is, or how shall I be able to advise or help you? Is it very serious?"

"He is in prison, madam."

"In prison for debt, I suppose?"

"No madam; on a charge of murder, which he is not guilty of?"

"Murder!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, "and not guilty? Why—when—and where did this murder take place?"

"Many years ago, madam, when he was quite a child."

"How very strange!" thought Mrs. Austin, panting for breath, and sinking into a chair. "But where, Mary?"

"Down in Devonshire, madam, at Grasford."

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Mrs. Austin fell senseless from her chair. Mary, very much surprised, hastened to her assistance, and, after a time, succeeded in restoring her, and leading her to a sofa. For some time, Mrs. Austin remained with her face buried in the cushions, while Mary stood over her. At last Mrs. Austin looked up, and, laying her hand upon Mary's arm, said, in a solemn tone—

"Mary, do not deceive me; you say that that boy is *your* brother—tell me, is not that false? I am sure that it is. Answer me, Mary."

"He is not my born brother, madam, but I love him as one," replied Mary.

"Again answer me truly, Mary, if you have any regard for me. You know his real name; what is it?"

"Joseph Rushbrook, madam," replied Mary, weeping."

"I was certain of it!" replied Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears; "I knew it! the blow has come at last! God have mercy on me! What can be done!" And again Mrs. Austin abandoned herself to bitter grief.

Mary was in amazement; how Mrs. Austin should know anything of Joey's history, and why she should be in such distress was to her a complete mystery; she remained for some time at the side of her mistress, who became gradually more composed, Mary at last said,—

"May I go to him, madam?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Austin, "most certainly, Mary, I must have no secrets now; you must tell me everything. You see that I am deeply interested about this young man as well as yourself; it is quite sufficient for you at present to know that; before I say any thing more, you must be candid with me, and tell me how you became acquainted with him, and all that you know relative to his life; that I will assist you and him in every way in my power, that neither money nor interest shall be spared, you may be assured; and I think, Mary, that after this promise, you will not conceal any thing from me."

"Indeed I will not, madam," replied Mary, "for I love him as much as I can love." Mary then commenced by stating that she was living at Gravesend when she first met with Joey. There was a little hesitation at the commencement of her narrative, which Mrs. Austin pretended not to observe; she then continued, winding up with the information which she had received from Furness, the mariner, their escape, and her admission into Mrs. Austin's family.

"And it was Joseph Rushbrook that came with you to this house?"

"Yes, madam," replied Mary; "but one of the men was quite rude to me, and Joey took it up. Mr. Austin, hearing a noise, sent down to inquire the cause; the servants threw all the blame upon Joey, and he was ordered out of the house immediately. He refused even to come back to the hall, after the treatment he had received, for a long while; but it was he who was in the parlour when you opened the door, if you recollect, a few weeks ago."

Mrs. Austin clasped her hands and then pressed them to her forehead; after a while she said,

"And what has he been doing since you came here?"

Mary then informed her mistress of all she knew of Joey's subsequent career.

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. Austin, "you must go to him directly. You will want money; but Mary, promise me that you will not say a word to him about what has passed between us—that is, for the present; by-and-by I may trust you more."

"You may trust me, madam," replied Mary, looking her mistress in the face; "but it is too late for me to go this afternoon; I will, if you please, now wait till to-morrow morning."

"Do so, Mary; I am glad that you do not go to-night, for I wish you to stay with me; I have many questions to ask you. At present I wish to be alone, my good girl. Tell Mr. Austin that I am very unwell and do not dine below,"

"Shall I bring your dinner up here, madam?" asked Mary.

"Yes, you may *bring* it, Mary," replied Mrs. Austin, with a faint smile.

Never did two people leave one another both so much wishing to be alone as Mary and Mrs. Austin. The former quitted the room, and having first executed her commission, returned to her own apartment that she might reflect without being disturbed. What could be the reason of Mrs. Austin's behaviour? What could she know of Joey Rushbrook? and why so interested and moved? She had heard among the servants that Mr. and Mrs. Austin were formerly in an humbler sphere of life; that he was a half-pay officer; but there was still no clue to such interest about Joey Rushbrook. Mary thought and thought over and over again, revolved all that had passed in her mind, but could make nothing of it; and she was still trying to solve the mystery, when the housemaid came into the room and informed her that Mrs. Austin's bell had rung twice. Mrs. Austin, on her part, was still more bewildered; she could not regain sufficient calmness to enable her to decide how to act. Her son in prison, to be tried for his life for a crime he had not committed! Would he divulge the truth and sacrifice his father? She thought not. If he did not, would he not be condemned? and if he were, could she remain away from him? or ought she not to divulge what the boy would conceal? And if he did confess the truth, would they find out that Mr. Austin and Joseph Rushbrook were one and the same person?—Would there be any chance of his escape?—Would he not sooner or later be recognised?—How dreadful was her situation! Then, again, should she acquaint her husband with the position of his son? If so, would he come forward? Yes, most certainly, he would never let Joey suffer for his crime. Ought she to tell her husband? And then Mary, who knew so much already, who had witnessed her distress and anguish, who was so fond of her son, could she trust her? Could she do without trusting her? Such were the various and conflicting ideas which passed in the mind of Mrs. Austin. At last she resolved that she would say nothing to her husband; that she would send Mary to her son; and that she would that evening have more conversation with the girl, and decide, after she had talked with her, whether she would make her a confidante or not. Having made up her mind so far, she rang the bell for Mary.

"Are you better, madam?" asked Mary, who had entered the room very quietly.

"Yes, thank you, Mary; take your work and sit down; I wish to have some more conversation with you about this young person, Joseph Rushbrook; you must have seen that I am much interested about him."

"Yes, madam."

"There was some portion of your story, Mary, which I did not quite understand. You have now lived with me five years, and I have every reason to be satisfied with your behaviour. You have conducted yourself as a well-behaved, modest, and attentive young woman."

"I am much obliged to you, madam, for your good opinion," replied Mary.

"And I hope you will admit that I have not been a hard mistress to you, Mary; but on the contrary, have shown you that I have been pleased with your conduct."

"Certainly, madam, you have; and I trust I am grateful."

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Austin. "Now, Mary, I wish you to confide in me altogether. What I wish to know is—how did you in so short a time become acquainted with this Furness, so as to obtain this secret from him? I may say, whom did you live with, and how did you live, when at Gravesend? for you have not mentioned that to me. It seems so odd to me that this man should have told to a person whom he had seen but for a few hours a secret of such moment."

Mary's tears fell fast, but she made no reply.

"Cannot you answer me, Mary?"

"I can, madam," said she, at last; "but if I tell the truth—and I cannot tell a lie now—you will despise me, and perhaps order me to leave your house immediately; and if you do, what will become of me?"

"Mary, I tell you think I intend to take advantage of a confession extorted from you, you do me wrong; I ask the question because it is necessary that I should know the truth—because I cannot confide in you without you first confide in me; tell me, Mary, and do not be afraid."

"Madam, I will; but pray do not forget that I have been under your roof for five years, and that I have been during that time an honest and modest girl. I was not so once, I confess it;" and Mary's cheeks were red with shame, and she hung down her head.

"We are all sinful creatures, Mary," replied Mrs. Austin; "and who is there that has not fallen into error? The Scriptures say, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone;' nay, more, Mary, there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine who need no repentance; shall I then be harsh to you my poor girl? No, no. By trusting me you have made me your friend; you must be mine, Mary, for I want a friend now."

Poor Mary fell on her knees before Mrs. Austin, and wept over her hand as she kissed it repeatedly.

Mrs. Austin was much affected, and, as the contrite girl recovered herself, Mrs. Austin leaned on her elbow, and putting her arm round Mary's neck, drew her head towards her, and gently kissed her on the brow.

"You are, indeed, a kind friend, madam," said Mary, after a pause, "and may the Almighty reward you! You are unhappy; I know not why; but I would die to serve you. I only wish you would let me prove it."

"First, Mary, tell me as much of your own history as you choose to tell; I wish to know it."

Mary then entered into the details of her marriage, her husband's conduct, her subsequent career, and her determination to lead a new life, which she had so sincerely proved by her late conduct.

Mary having concluded her narrative, Mrs. Austin addressed her thus:—

"Mary, if you imagine that you have fallen in my good opinion, after what you have confessed to me, you are much mistaken; you have, on the

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contrary, been raised. There have been few, very few, that have had the courage and fortitude that you have shown, or who could have succeeded as you have done. I was afraid to trust you before, but now I am not. I will not ask you not to betray me, for I am sure you will not. On two points only my lips are sealed; and the reason why they are sealed is, that the secret is not mine alone, and I have not permission to divulge it. That I am deeply interested in that boy is certain; nay, that he is a near and very dear connection is also the case; but what his exact relationship is towards me I must not at present say. You have asserted your belief of his innocence, and I tell you that you are right; he did not do the deed; I know who did, but I dare not reveal the name."

"That is exactly what Joey said to me, madam," observed Mary; "and, moreover, that he never would reveal it, even if he were on his trial."

"I do not think that he ever will, Mary," rejoined Mrs. Austin, bursting into tears; "poor boy! it is horrible that he should suffer for an offence that he has not committed."

"Surely, madam, if he is found guilty, they will not hang him, he was such a child."

"I scarcely know."

"It's very odd that his father and mother have disappeared in the manner they did; I think it is very suspicious," observed Mary.

"You must, of course, have your own ideas, from what you have already heard," replied Mrs. Austin, in a calm tone; "but, as I have already said, my lips on that subject are sealed. What I wish you to do Mary, is, not at first to let him know that I am interested about him, or even that I know anything about him. Make all the inquiry you can as to what is likely to be the issue of the affair; and, when you have seen him, you must then come back and tell me all that he says, and all that has taken place."

"I will, madam."

"You had better go away early to-morrow; one of the grooms shall drive you over to meet the coach that runs to Exeter. While I think of it, take my purse, and do not spare it, Mary, for money must not be thought of now; I am very unwell and must go to bed."

"I had better bring up the tray, madam; a mouthful and a glass of wine will be of service to you."

"Do so, dear Mary, I feel very faint."

As soon as Mrs. Austin had taken some refreshment, she entered again into conversation with Mary, asking her a hundred questions about her son. Mary, who had now nothing to conceal, answered freely; and when Mary wished her good night, Mrs. Austin was more than ever convinced that the boy's rectitude of principle would have made him an ornament to society. Then came the bitter feeling that he was about to sacrifice himself; and that he would be condemned as a felon, disgraced, and perhaps executed; and, as she turned on her restless pillow, she exclaimed, "Thank God that he is innocent!—his poor father suffers more."

CHAPTER XLV.

In which Mary makes a discovery of what has been long known to the reader.

It was hardly ten o'clock on the ensuing morning when Mary arrived at Exeter, and proceeded to the jail. Her eyes were directed to the outside of the massive building, and her cheeks blanched when she viewed the chains and fetters over the entrance, so truly designating the purport of the structure. There were several people at the steps and in the passage, making inquiries, and demanding permission of the turnkey to visit the prisoners; and Mary had to wait some minutes before she could make her request. Her appearance was so different to the usual class of applicants, that the turnkey looked at her with some surprise.

"Whom do you wish to see?" inquired the man, for Mary's voice had faltered.

"Joseph Rushbrook, my brother," repeated Mary.

At this moment the head jailer came to the wicket.

"She wishes to see her brother, young Rushbrook," said the turnkey.

"Yes, certainly," replied the jailer, "walk in, and sit down in the parlour for a little while till I can send a man with you."

There was a gentleness and kindness of manner shown by both the gentlemen towards Mary, for they were moved with her beauty and evident distress. Mary took a seat in the jailer's room; the jailer's wife was there, and she was more than kind. The turnkey came to show her to the cell; and when Mary arose, the jailer's wife said to her: "After you have seen your brother, my child, you had better come back again, and sit down here a little while, and then, perhaps, I can be of some use to you, in letting you know what can be done, and what is not allowed."

Mary could not speak, but she looked at the jailer's wife, her eyes brimming over with tears; the kind woman understood her. "Go now," said she, "and mind you come back to me."

The turnkey, without speaking, led her to the cell, fitted the key to the ponderous lock, pushed back the door and remained outside. Mary entered, and in a second was in the arms of our hero, kissing him, and bedewing his cheeks with her tears.

"I was sure that you would come, Mary," said Joey, "now, sit down, and I will tell you how this happened, while you compose yourself; you will be better able to talk to me after a while."

They sat down on the stretchers upon which the bed had been laid during the night, their hands still clasped, and as Joey entered into a narrative of all that had passed, Mary's sobs gradually diminished, and she was restored to something like composure.

"And what do you intend to do when you are brought to trial, my dear boy?" said Mary at last.

"I shall say nothing, except 'not guilty,' which is the truth, Mary; I shall make no defence whatever."

"But why will you not confess the truth?" replied Mary. "I have often thought of this, and I have long made up my mind that no one could act as you do, if a parent's life were not concerned; you or anybody else would be mad to sacrifice himself in this way, unless it were to save a father.

Joey's eyes were cast down on the stone pavement; he made no reply.

"Why, then, if I am right in my supposition," continued Mary—"I do not ask you to say yes or no on that point—why should you not tell the truth? Furness told me that your father and mother had left the village and that he had attempted to trace them, but could not, and he expressed himself sure that they had gone to America. Why, then, supposing I am right, should you sacrifice yourself for nothing?"

"Supposing you are right, Mary," replied Joey, with his eyes still cast down, "what proof is there that my parents have left the country? It was only the supposition of Furness, and it is my conviction they have not. Where they may be, I know not; but I feel positive that my mother would not leave the country without having first found out where I was, and have taken me with her. No, Mary, my father and mother, if alive, are still in this country."

"Recollect again, my dear boy, that your father may be dead."

"And if so, my mother would have by this time found me out; she would have advertised for me—done everything—I feel that she would have—she would have returned to Grasford, and—"

"And what, Joey?"

"I must not say what, Mary," replied our hero; "I have thought a great deal since I have been shut up here, and I have taken my resolution, which is not to be changed; so let us now say no more upon the subject, dear Mary. Tell me all about yourself."

Mary remained another hour with Joey, and then bade him farewell; she was anxious to return to Mrs. Austin, and acquaint her with the result of her interview; with a heavy heart she walked away from the cell and went down into the parlour of the jailer.

"Would you like to take anything?" said the jailer's wife, after Mary had sat down.

"A little water," replied Mary.

"And how is your brother?"

"He is innocent," replied Mary; "he is indeed; but he won't tell anything, and they will condemn him."

"Well, well; but do not be afraid; he must have been very young at the time, innocent or guilty, and he won't suffer, that I know; but he will be sent out of the country."

"Then I will go with him," replied Mary.

"Perhaps he will be pardoned, dear; keep your spirits up, and, if you have money, get a good lawyer."

"Can you tell me who would be a good lawyer to apply to."

"Yes; Mr. Trevor; he is a very clever man, and comes the western circuit; if any one can save him, he can."

"I will take his name down, if you please," said Mary.

The jailer's wife gave Mary a piece of paper and pen and ink; Mary wrote down the name and address of Mr. Trevor, and then, with many thanks, took her leave.

On her return to the hall, Mary communicated to Mrs. Austin what had passed. Mrs. Austin perceived that Joey would not swerve from his resolution, and all that could be done was to procure the best legal assistance.

"Mary, my good girl," said Mrs. Austin, "here is money which you will find necessary for your adopted brother's assistance. You say that you have obtained the name of the best legal person to be employed in his behalf. To-morrow you must go to London, and call upon that gentleman. It may be as well not to mention my name. As his sister, you of course seek the best legal advice. You must manage all this as if from yourself."

"I will, madam."

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"And Mary, if you think it advisable, you can remain in town two or three days; but pray write to me every day."

"I will, madam."

"Let me know your address, as I may wish to say something to you when I know what has been done."

"I will, madam."

"And now you had better go to bed, Mary, for you must be tired; indeed, you look very fatigued, my poor girl; I need not caution you not to say anything to any of the servants; good night."

Mary threw herself on her bed, she was indeed worn out with anxiety and grief; at last she slept. The next morning she was on her way to town, having, in reply to the curiosity of the servants, stated that the cause of her journey was the dangerous illness of her brother.

As soon as she arrived in London, Mary drove to the chambers of the lawyer, whose direction she had obtained from the Exeter jailer; he was at home, and after waiting a short time, she was ushered by the clerk into his presence.

"What can I do for you, young lady?" inquired Mr. Trevor, with some surprise; "it is not often that the den of a lawyer has such a bright vision to cheer it. Do me the favour to take a chair."

"I am not a young lady, sir," replied Mary; "I have come to you to request that you will be so kind as to defend my brother, who is about to be tried."

"Your brother! what is he charged with?"

"Murder," replied Mary; "but indeed, sir, he is not guilty," she continued, as she burst into tears.

Mr. Trevor was not only a clever but also a kind and considerate man. He remained silent for some minutes to allow Mary time to recover herself. When she was more composed, he said,—

"What is your brother's name?"

"Joseph Rushbrook."

"Rushbrook! Rushbrook; I well remember that name," remarked Mr. Trevor; "strange, the Christian name also the same! it is singular, certainly. The last time I was concerned for a person of that name, I was the means of his coming into a large landed property; now I am requested to defend one of the same name, accused of murder."

Mary was astonished at this observation of Mr. Trevor's, but made no reply.

"Have you the indictment? Where did the murder take place?"

"In Devonshire, sir, many years ago."

"And he is now in Exeter jail? Come, tell me all the particulars."

Mary told all that she knew, in a very clear and concise manner.

"Now, my good girl," said Mr. Trevor, "I must see your brother. In two days I shall be down at Exeter. If you write to him, or see him, before I do, you must tell him he must trust in his lawyer, and have no reservation, or I shall not be able to do him so much service. Allow me to ask you, have you any relations in Yorkshire?"

"No, sir, none."

"And yet the name and Christian name are exactly the same. It's an odd coincidence!—They, however, changed their name, when they came into the property."

"Changed the name of Rushbrook, sir!" said Mary, who now thought that she had a clue to Joey's parents.

"Yes, changed it to Austin; they live now in Dorsetshire. I mention it because, if interest is required for your brother, and he could prove any relationship, it might be valuable. But, bless me! what is the matter? Smithers," cried Mr. Trevor, as he ran and supported Mary, "some water! quick! the girl has fainted!"

It was surprise at this astonishing intelligence, her regard for Mrs. Austin, and the light now thrown upon the interest she had shown for our hero, and the conviction of what must be her suffering, which had overcome the poor girl.—In a short time she recovered.

"I thank you, sir, but I have suffered so much anxiety about my poor brother," said Mary, faltering, and almost gasping for breath.

"He cannot be a very bad boy, since you are so fond of him," said Mr. Trevor.

"No, indeed; I wish I was half as good," murmured Mary.

"I will do all I possibly can, and that immediately; indeed, as soon as I have the documents, and have perused them, I will go to your brother a day sooner than I intended. Do you feel yourself well enough to go now? If you do, my clerk shall procure you a coach. Do you stay in London? If so, you must leave your address."

Mary replied that she intended to set off to Exeter that evening by the mail, and would meet him there.

Mr. Trevor handed her out, put her into the coach, and she ordered the man to drive to the inn where she was stopping. Mary's senses were quite bewildered. It was late, and the mail was to start in an hour or two. She secured her place, and during her long journey she hardly knew how time passed away. On her arrival, in the morning, she hastened to the prison. She was received kindly as before by the jailer and his wife, and then attended the turnkey into Joey's cell. As soon as the door was closed she threw herself down on the bedstead, and wept bitterly, quite heedless of our hero's remonstrance or attempts to soothe her.

"Oh! it is horrible—too horrible!" cried the almost fainting girl. "What can—what must be done? Either way misery—disgrace! Lord, forgive me! But my heart is broken! That you should be here! that you should be in this strait! Why was it not me? I—I have deserved all and more; prison, death, everything is not too bad for me; but you, my dear, dear boy!"

"Mary, what is the reason of this? I cannot understand. Are matters worse than they were before?" said Joey. "And why should you talk in such a way about yourself? If you ever did wrong, you were driven to it by the conduct of others; but your reformation is all your own."

"Ah, Joey!" replied Mary; "I should think little of my repentance if I held myself absolved by a few years' good conduct. No, no; a whole life of repentance is not sufficient for me; I must live on, ever repenting, and must die full of penitence, and imploring for pardon. But why do I talk of myself?"

"What has made you thus, Mary?"

"Joey, I cannot keep it a secret from you; it is useless to attempt it. I have discovered your father and mother!"

"Where are they? and do they know anything of my position?"

"Yes, your mother does, but not your father."

"Tell me all, Mary, and tell me quickly."

"Your father and mother are Mr. and Mrs. Austin."

Joey's utterance failed him from astonishment; he stared at Mary, but he could not utter a word. Mary again wept; and Joey for some minutes remained by her side in silence.

"Come, Mary," said Joey at last, "you can now tell me everything."

Joey sat down by her side, and Mary then communicated what had passed between herself and Mrs. Austin; her acknowledgment that he was her relation; the interest she took in him; the money she had lavished; her sufferings, which she had witnessed; and then she wound up with the conversation between her and Mr. Trevor.

"You see, my dear boy, there is no doubt of the fact. I believe I did promise Mrs. Austin to say nothing to you about it; but I forgot my promise till just this minute. Now, Joey, what is to be done?"

"Tell me something about my father, Mary," said Joey; "I wish to know how he is estimated, and how he behaves in his new position."

Mary told him all she knew, which was not a great deal; he was respected; but he was a strange man, kept himself very much aloof from others, and preferred seclusion.

"Mary," said Joey, "you know what were my intentions before; they are now still more fixed—I will take my chance; but I never will say one word. You already know and have guessed more than I could wish; I will not say that you are right, for it is not my secret."

"I thought as much," replied Mary, "and I feel how much my arguments must be weakened by the disclosures I have made. Before, I only felt for you; now I feel for all. Oh, Joey! why are you so innocent, to be punished this way, and I, so guilty, to be spared?"

"It is the will of God that I should be in this strait, Mary; and now let us not renew the subject."

"But, Joey, Mr. Trevor is coming here to-morrow; and he told me to tell you that you must have no reservation with your lawyer, if you wish him to be of service to you."

"You have given your message, Mary, and now you must leave me to deal with him."

"My heart is breaking," said Mary, solemnly. "I wish I were in my grave, if that wish is not wicked."

"Mary, recollect one thing;—recollect it supports me, and let it support you;—I am innocent."

"You are, I'm sure; would to Heaven that I could say the same for another! But tell me, Joey, what shall I do when I meet your mother? I loved her before; but oh! how much I love her now! What shall I do? Shall I tell her that I have discovered all? I do not know how I can keep it from her."

"Mary, I see no objection to your telling her, but tell her also that I will not see her till after my trial; whatever my fate may be, I should like to see her after it is decided."

"I will take your message the day after to-morrow," replied Mary; "now I must go and look out for lodgings, and then write to your mother. Bless you!"

Mary quitted the cell; she had suffered so much that she could hardly gain the jailer's parlour, where she sat down to recover herself.—She inquired of the jailer's wife if she could procure apartments near to the prison, and the woman requested one of the turnkeys to take her to a

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lodging which would be suitable. As soon as Mary was located, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Austin, informing her of her having seen the lawyer, and that his services were secured; and then, worn out with the anxiety and excitement of the three last days, she retired to bed, and in her sleep forgot her sufferings.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In which our hero makes up his mind to be hanged.

Our hero was not sorry to be left alone; for the first time, he felt the absence of Mary a relief. He was almost as much bewildered as poor Mary, with the strange discovery; his father a great landed proprietor, one of the first men in the county, universally respected—in the first society! His mother, as he knew by Mary's letters written long ago, courted and sought after, loved and admired! If he had made a resolution—a promise, he might say—when a mere child, that he would take the onus of the deed upon his own shoulders, to protect his father, then a poacher and a humble life, how much more was it his duty, now that his father would so feel any degradation—now that being raised so high, his fall would be so bitter, his disgrace so deeply felt, and the stigma so doubly severe! "No, no," thought Joey, "were I to impeach my father now—to accuse him of a deed which would bring him to the scaffold—I should not only be considered his murderer, but it would be said I had done it to inherit his possessions; I should be considered one who had sacrificed his father to obtain his property. I should be scouted, shunned, and deservedly despised; the disgrace of my father having been hanged would be a trifle compared with the reproach of a son having condemned a parent to the gallows. Now I am doubly bound to keep to my resolution, and, come what may, the secret shall die with me;" and Joey slept soundly that night.

The next morning Mr. Trevor came into his cell.

"I have seen your sister, Rushbrook," said he, "and, at her request, have come to assist you, if it is in my power. She has been here since, I have been informed, and, if so, I have no doubt that she has told you that you must have no secrets with your lawyer; your legal friend and adviser in this case is your true friend; he is bound in honour to secrecy, and were you to declare now that you were guilty of this murder, the very confidence would only make me more earnest in your defence. I have here all the evidence at the coroner's inquest, and the verdict against you; tell me honestly what did take place, and then I shall know better how to convince the jury that it did not."

"You are very kind, sir, but I can say nothing even to you, except that, on my honour, I am not guilty."

"But, tell me then, how did it happen?"

"I have nothing more to say, and, with my thanks to you, sir, I will say nothing more."

"This is very strange: the evidence is strong against you; was the evidence correct?"

"The parties were correct in their evidence, as it appeared to them."

"And yet you are not guilty?"

"I am not, I shall plead not guilty, and leave my fate to the jury."

"Are you mad? Your sister is a sweet young woman, and has interested me greatly; but, if innocent, you are throwing away your life."

"I am doing my duty, sir; whatever you may think of my conduct, the secret dies with me."

"And for whom do you sacrifice yourself in this way, if as you say, and as your sister declares, you are not guilty?"

Joey made no reply, but sat down on the bedstead.

"If the deed was not done by you, by whom was it done?" urged Mr. Trevor. "If you make no reply to that, I must throw up my brief."

"You said just now," returned Joey, "that if I declared myself guilty of the murder, you would still defend me; now, because I say I am not, and will not say who is, you must throw up your brief. Surely you are inconsistent."

"I must have your confidence, my good lad."

"You never will have more than you have now. I have not requested you to defend me. I care nothing about defence."

"Then you wish to be hanged?"

"No, I do not; but, rather than say anything, I will take my chance of it."

"This is very strange," said Mr. Trevor; after a pause he continued, "I observe that you are supposed to have killed this man, Byres, when nobody else was present; you were known to go out with your father's gun, and the keeper's evidence proved that you poached. Now, as there is no evidence of intentional murder on your part, it is not impossible that the gun went off by accident, and that, mere boy as you must have been at that age, you were so frightened at what had taken place, that you absconded from fear. It appears to me that that should be our line of defence."

"I never fired at the man at all," said Joey.

"Who fired the gun, then?" asked Mr. Trevor.

Joey made no reply.

"Rushbrook," said Mr. Trevor, "I am afraid I can be of little use to you; indeed, were it not that your sister's tears have interested me, I would not take up your cause. I cannot understand your conduct, which appears to me to be absurd; your motives are inexplicable, and all I can believe is, that you have committed the crime, and will not divulge the secret to any one, not even to those who would befriend you."

"Think of me what you please, sir," rejoined our hero; "see me condemned, and, if it should be so, executed; and after all that has taken place, believe me, when I assert to you—as I hope for salvation—I am not guilty. I thank you, sir, thank you sincerely, for the interest you have shown for me. I feel grateful, and the more so for what you have said of Mary; but if you were to remain here for a month, you could gain no more from me than you have already."

"After such an avowal, it is useless my stopping here, said Mr. Trevor; "I must make what defence I can, for your sister's sake."

"Many, many thanks, sir, for your kindness; I am really grateful to you," replied Joey.

Mr. Trevor remained for a minute scanning the countenance of our hero. There was something in it so clear and bright, so unflinching, so proclaiming innocence and high feeling, that he sighed deeply as he left the cell.

His subsequent interview with Mary was short; he explained to her the difficulties arising from the obstinacy of her brother; but at the same time expressed his determination to do his best to save him.

Mary, as soon as she had seen Mr. Trevor, set off on her return to the Hall. As soon as she went to Mrs. Austin, Mary apprised her of Mr. Trevor's having consented to act as counsel for our hero, and also of Joey's resolute determination not to divulge the secret.

"Madam," said Mary, after some hesitation, "it is my duty to have no secret from you; and I hope you will not be angry when I tell you that I have discovered that which you would have concealed."

"What have you discovered, Mary?" asked Mrs. Austin, looking at her with alarm.

"That Joseph Rushbrook is your own son," said Mary, kneeling down, and kissing the hand of her mistress. "The secret is safe with me, depend upon it," she continued.

"And how have you made the discovery, Mary; for I will not attempt to deny it?"

Mary then entered into a detail of her conversation with Mr. Trevor. "He asked me," said she, "as the sister of Joey, if we had any relatives, and I replied 'No;' so that he has no suspicion of the fact. I beg your pardon, madam, but I could not keep it from Joey; I quite forgot my promise to you at the time."

"And what did my poor child say?"

"That he would not see you until after his trial; but, when his fate was decided, he should like to see you once more. Oh, madam! what a painful sacrifice! and yet, now, I do not blame him; for it is his duty."

"My dread is not for my son, Mary; he is innocent; and that to me is everything; but if my husband was to hear of his being about to be tried, I know not what would be the consequence. If it can only be kept from his knowledge! God knows that he has suffered enough! But what am I saying! I was talking nonsense."

"Oh, madam! I know the whole; I cannot be blinded either by Joey or you. I beg your pardon, madam, but, although Joey would not reply, I told him that his father did the deed.—But do not answer me, madam; be silent, as your son has been; and believe me when I say that my suspicion could not be wrenched from me even by torture.

"I do trust you, Mary; and perhaps the knowledge that you have obtained is advantageous. When does the trial come on?"

"The assizes commence to-morrow forenoon, madam, they say."

"Oh! how I long to have him in these arms!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin.

"It is, indeed, a sad trial to a mother, madam," replied Mary; "but still it must not be until after he is——"

"—Yes; until he is condemned! God have mercy on me; Mary, you had better return to Exeter; but write to me every day. Stay by him and comfort him; and may the God of comfort listen to the prayers of an unhappy and distracted mother! Leave me now. God bless you, my dear girl! you have indeed proved a comfort. Leave me now."

CHAPTER XLVII.

In which our hero proves game to the last.

Mary returned to Exeter. The trial of our hero was expected to come on the following day. She preferred being with Joey to witnessing the agony and distress of Mrs. Austin, to whom she could offer no comfort; indeed her own state of suspense was so wearing, that she almost felt relief when the day of trial came on. Mr. Trevor had once more attempted to reason with Joey,

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but our hero continued firm in his resolution, and Mr. Trevor, when he made his appearance in the court, wore upon his countenance the marks of sorrow and discontent: he did not, nevertheless, fail in his duty. Joey was brought to the bar, and his appearance was so different from that which was to be expected in one charged with the crime of murder, that strong interest was immediately excited; the spectators anticipated a low-bred ruffian, and they beheld a fair, handsome young man, with an open brow and intelligent countenance, whose eye quailed not when it met their own, and whose demeanour was bold without being offensive. Time that there were traces of sorrow in his countenance, and that his cheeks were pale; but no one who had any knowledge of human nature, or any feeling of charity in his disposition, could say that there was the least appearance of guilt. The jury were empanelled, the counts of the indictment read over, and the trial commenced, and, as the indictment was preferred, the judge caught the date of the supposed offence.

"What is the date?" said the judge, "the year I mean."

Upon the reply of the clerk, his lordship observed, "Eight years ago!" and then looking at the prisoner, added, "Why, he must have been a child!"

"As is too often the case," replied the prosecuting counsel; "a child in years, but not in guilt, as we shall soon bring evidence to substantiate."

As the evidence brought forward was the same as we have already mentioned as given on the inquest over the body, we shall pass it over; that of Furness, as he was not to be found, was read to the court. As the trial proceeded, and as each fact came forth, more condemning, people began to look with less compassion on the prisoner; they shook their heads and compressed their lips.

As soon as the evidence for the crown was closed, Mr. Trevor rose in our hero's defence. He commenced by ridiculing the idea of trying a child upon so grave a charge, for a child the prisoner must have been at the time the offence was committed. "Look at him, now, gentlemen of the jury; eight years ago the murder of the pedler, Byres, took place; why, you may judge for yourselves whether he is now more than seventeen years of age; he could scarcely have held a gun at the time referred to."

"The prisoner's age does not appear in the indictment," observed the judge.

"May we ask his age, my lord?" demanded one of the jury.

"The prisoner may answer the question if he pleases," replied the judge, "not otherwise; perhaps he may not yet be seventeen years of age. Do you wish to state your age to the jury, prisoner?"

"I have no objection, my lord," replied Joey, not regarding the shakes of the head of his counsel; "I was twenty-two last month."

Mr. Trevor bit his lips at this unfortunate regard for truth in our hero, and, after a time, proceeded, observing, that the very conduct of the prisoner, in not taking advantage of his youthful appearance to deceive the jury, ought to be a strong argument in his favour. Mr. Trevor then continued to address the jury on the vagueness of the evidence, and, as he proceeded, observed.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, if this case had been offered to me to give an opinion upon, I should, without any previous knowledge of the prisoner, have just come to the following conclusion:—I should have said (and your intelligence and good sense will, I have no doubt, bear me out in the supposition,) that, allowing that the pedler, Byres, did receive his death by the prisoner's hand,—I say, gentlemen, that *allowing* such to have been the case, for I deny that it is borne out by the evidence—that it must have been him, at the moment preceding of the pedler, when the lad's conscience told him that what he was doing was wrong, that the gun of the prisoner was discharged unintentionally, and the consequence was fatal: I should then surmise further, that the prisoner, frightened at the deed which he had unintentionally committed, had absconded upon the first impulse. That, gentlemen, I believe to be the real state of the case; and what was more natural than that a child, under such circumstances, should have been frightened, and have attempted to evade the inquiry which must have eventually ensued?"

"You state such to be your opinion, Mr. Trevor; do you wish me to infer that the prisoner pleads such as his defence?" asked the judge.

"My lord," replied Mr. Trevor, in a hesitating way, "the prisoner has pleaded not guilty to the crime imputed to him."

"That I am aware of, but I wish to know whether you mean to say that the prisoner's defence is, not having anything to do with the death of the pedler, or upon the plea of his gun going off by accident?"

"My lord, it is my duty to my client to make no admission whatever."

"I should think that you would be safe enough, all circumstances considered, if you took the latter course," observed the judge, humanely.

Mr. Trevor was now in a dilemma; he knew not how to move. He was fearful, if he stated positively that our hero's gun went off by accident, that Joey would deny it; and yet if he was permitted to assert this to be the case, he saw, from the bearing of the judge, that the result of the trial would be nugatory. It hardly need be observed that both judges, prosecuting counsel, jury, and every body in court, were much astonished at this hesitation on the part of the prisoner's counsel.

"Do you mean to assert that the gun went off by accident, Mr. Trevor?" asked the judge.

"I never fired the gun, my lord," replied Joey, in a clear steady voice.

"The prisoner has answered for me," replied Mr. Trevor, recovering himself; "we are perfectly aware that by making a statement of accidental murder, we could safely have left the prisoner in the hands of an intelligent jury; but the fact is, my lord, that the prisoner never fired the gun, and therefore could not be guilty of the murder imputed to him."

Mr. Trevor had felt, upon our hero's assertion, that his case was hopeless; he roused up, however, to make a strong appeal to the jury; unfortunately, it was declamation only, not disproof of the charges, and the reply of the prosecuting counsel completely established the guilt of our hero upon what is called collateral evidence. The jury retired for a few minutes after the summing up of the judge, and then returned a verdict against our hero of Guilty, but recommended him to mercy. Although the time to which we refer was one in which leniency was seldom extended, still there was the youth of our hero, and so much mystery in the transaction, that when the judge passed the sentence, he distinctly stated that the royal mercy would be so far extended, that the sentence would be commuted to transportation. Our hero made no reply; he bowed, and was led back to his place of confinement, and in a few minutes afterwards the arms of the weeping Mary were encircled round his neck.

"You don't blame me, Mary?" said Joey.

"No, no," sobbed Mary; "all that the world can do, is nothing, when we are innocent."

"I shall soon be far from here, Mary," said Joey, sitting down on the bedstead; "but, thank heaven! it is over!"

The form of Emma Philips rose up in our hero's imagination, and he covered up his face with his hands.

"Had it not been for her!" thought he. "What must she think of me! a convicted felon! this is the hardest of all to bear up against."

"Joey," said Mary, who had watched him in silence and tears, "I must go now; you will see her now, will you not?"

"She never will see me; she despises me already," replied Joey.

"Your mother despise her noble boy? oh, never! How can you think so?"

"I was thinking of somebody else, Mary," replied Joey. "Yes, I wish to see my mother."

"Then I will go now; recollect what her anxiety and impatience must be. I will travel post to-night, and be there by to-morrow morning."

"Go, dear Mary, go, and God bless you; hasten to my poor mother, and tell her that I am quite—yes—quite happy and resigned. Go now, quickly."

Mary left the cell, and Joey, whose heart was breaking at the moment that he said he was happy and resigned, for he was thinking of his eternal separation from Emma, as soon as he was alone, threw himself on his bed, and gave full vent to his feelings of bitter anguish which he could no longer repress.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

In which everybody appears to be on the move except our hero.

Mary set off with post-horses, and arrived at the hall before daylight. She remained in her own room until the post came in, when her first object was to secure the newspapers before the butler had opened them, stating that her mistress was awake and requested to see them. She took the same precaution when the other papers came in late in the day, so that Mr. Austin should not read the account of the trial; this was the more easy to accomplish, as he seldom looked at a newspaper. As soon as the usual hour had arrived, Mary presented herself to her mistress, and communicated the melancholy result of the trial. Mrs. Austin desired Mary to say to the servants that she was gone to remain with a lady, a friend of hers, some miles off, who was dangerously ill, and should, in all probability, not return that night, or even the next, if her friend was not better; and, her preparations for the journey being completed, she set off with Mary a little before dark on her way to Exeter.

But, if Mr. Austin did not look at the newspapers, others did, and amongst the latter was Major M'Shane, who, having returned from his tour, was sitting with O'Donahue and the two ladies in the library of his own house when the post came in. The major had hardly looked at the newspaper, when the name of Rushbrook

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caught his eye; he turned to it, read a portion, and gave a loud whistle of surprise.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. M'Shane.

"What's the matter, my jewel," returned the major; "but don't interrupt me just now, for I'm breathless with confusion."

M'Shane read the whole account of the trial, and the verdict, and then, without saying a word, put it into the hands of O'Donahue. As soon as O'Donahue had finished it, M'Shane beckoned him out of the room.

"I didn't like to let Mrs. M'Shane know it, as she would take it sorely to heart," said M'Shane; "but what's to be done now, O'Donahue? You see the boy has not peached upon his father, and is convicted himself. It would be poor comfort to Mrs. M'Shane, who loves the memory of that boy better than she would a dozen little M'Shanes, if it pleased heaven to grant them to her, to know that the boy is found, when he is only found to be sent away over the water; so it is better that nothing should be said about it just now; but what is to be done?"

"Well, it appears to me that we had better be off to Exeter directly," replied O'Donahue.

"Yes, and see him," rejoined the major.

"Before I saw him, M'Shane, I would call upon the lawyer who defended him, and tell him what you know about the father, and what our suspicions, I may say convictions, are. He would then tell us how to proceed, so as to procure his pardon, perhaps."

"That's good advice; and now what excuse are we to make for running away?"

"As for my wife," replied O'Donahue, "I may as well tell her the truth; she will keep it a secret; and as for your's, she will believe anything you please to tell her."

"And so she will, the good creature, and that's why I never can bear to deceive her about anything; but, in this instance, it is all for her own sake; and, therefore, suppose your wife says you must go to town immediately, and that I had better accompany you, as it is upon a serious affair."

"Be it so," replied O'Donahue, "do you order the horses to be put to while I settle the affair with the females."

This was soon done, and in half an hour, the two gentlemen were on their way to Exeter; and as soon as they arrived, which was late in the evening, they established themselves at the principal hotel.

In the mean time Mrs. Austin and Mary had also arrived, and had taken up their quarters at another hotel, where Mrs. Austin would be less exposed. It was, however, too late to visit our hero when they arrived, and the next morning they proceeded to the jail, much about the same hour that M'Shane and O'Donahue paid their visit to Mr. Trevor.

Perhaps it will be better to leave to the imagination of our readers the scene which occurred between our hero and his mother, as we have had too many painful ones already in this latter portion of our narrative. The joy and grief of both at meeting again, only to part forever—the strong conflict between duty and love—the lacerated feelings of the doting mother, the true and affectionate son, and the devoted servant and friend—may be better imagined than expressed; but their grief was raised to its climax when our hero, pressed in his mother's arms as he narrated his adventures, confessed that another pang was added to his sufferings in parting with the object of his earliest affections.

"My poor, poor boy, this is indeed a bitter cup to drink!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin; "may God, in his mercy, look down upon you, and console you!"

"He will, mother; and when far away, not before—not until you can safely do so—promise me to go to Emma, and tell her that I was not guilty; I can bear anything but that she should despise me."

"I will, my child, I will; and I will love her dearly for your sake. Now go on with your history, my dear boy."

We must leave our hero and his mother in conversation, and return to M'Shane and O'Donahue, who as soon as they had breakfasted, repaired to the lodgings of Mr. Trevor.

M'Shane, who was spokesman, soon entered upon the business which brought them there.

Mr. Trevor stated to him the pertinacity of our hero, and the impossibility of saving him from condemnation, remarking at the same time, that there was a mystery which he could not fathom.

M'Shane took upon himself to explain that mystery, having as we have before observed, already been sufficiently clear sighted to fathom it; and referred to O'Donahue to corroborate his opinion of the elder Rushbrook's character.

"And this father of his is totally lost sight of, you say?" observed Mr. Trevor.

"Altogether; I have never been able to trace him," replied M'Shane.

"I was observing to his sister——," said Mr. Trevor.

"He has no sister," interrupted M'Shane.

"Still there is a young woman—and a very sweet young woman, too—who came to me in London, to engage me for his defence, who represented herself as his sister."

"This is strange," rejoined M'Shane, musing.

"But, however," continued Mr. Trevor, "as I was about to say, I was observing to this young woman, how strange it was, that the first time I was legally employed for the name of Rushbrook, it should be a case which, in the opinion of the world, should produce the highest gratification, and that in the second in one which has ended in misery."

"How do you mean?" inquired M'Shane.

"I put a person of the name of Rushbrook in possession of a large fortune. I asked our young friend's sister whether he could be any relation, but she said no."

"Young Rushbrook had no sister, I am sure," interrupted M'Shane.

"I now recollect," continued Mr. Trevor, "that this person who came into the fortune stated that he had formerly held a commission in the army."

"Then depend on it it's Rushbrook himself who has given himself brevet rank," replied M'Shane. "Where is he now?"

"Down in Dorsetshire," said Mr. Trevor; "he succeeded to the Austin estate, and has taken the name."

"'Tis he! 'tis he! I'll swear to it," cried M'Shane; "phillaloo! murder and Irish! the murder's out now. No wonder this gentleman would'nt return my visit, and keeps himself entirely at home. I beg your pardon, Mr. Trevor, but what sort of a looking personage may he be, for, as I have said, I have never seen this Mr. Austin?"

"A fine, tall, soldierly man; I should say rough, but still not vulgar, dark hair and eyes, aquiline nose: if I recollect right——"

"'Tis the man!" exclaimed O'Donahue.

"And his wife—did you see her?" asked M'Shane.

"No, I did not," replied Mr. Trevor.

"Well, I have seen her very often," rejoined M'Shane; "and a very nice creature she appears to be. I have never been in their house in my life, I called and left my card, that's all; but, I have met her several times; however, as you have not seen her, that proves nothing; and now, Mr. Trevor, what do you think we should do?"

"I really am not prepared to advise; it is a case of great difficulty; I think, however, it would be advisable for you to call upon young Rushbrook, and see what you can obtain from him; after that, if you come here to-morrow morning, I will be better prepared to give you an answer."

"I will do as you wish, sir, I will call upon my friend first, and my name's not M'Shane, if I don't call upon his father afterwards."

"Do nothing rashly, I beg," replied Mr. Trevor; "recollect you have come to me for advice, and I think you are bound at least to hear what I have to propose before you act."

"That's the truth, Mr. Trevor, so now, with many thanks, we will take our leave, and call upon you to-morrow."

M'Shane and O'Donahue then proceeded to the jail and demanded permission to see our hero.

"There are two ladies with him, just now," said the jailer; "they have been there these three hours, so I suppose they will not be much longer."

"We will wait then," replied O'Donahue.

In about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Austin and Mary made their appearance; the former was closely veiled when she entered the jailer's parlour in which O'Donahue and M'Shane were waiting. It had not been the intention of Mrs. Austin to have gone into the parlour, but her agitation and distress had so overcome her that she could scarcely walk, and Mary had persuaded her as she came down to go in and take a glass of water. The gentlemen rose when she came in; she immediately recognised M'Shane, and the sudden rush into her memory of what might be the issue of the meeting, was so overwhelming, that she dropped into a chair and fainted.

Mary ran for some water, and while she did so, M'Shane and O'Donahue went to the assistance of Mrs. Austin. The veil was removed, and, of course, she was immediately recognised by M'Shane, who was now fully convinced that Austin and Rushbrook were one and the same person.

Upon the first signs of returning animation, M'Shane had the delicacy to withdraw; and, making a sign to the jailer, he and O'Donahue repaired to the cell of our hero. The greeting was warm on both sides. M'Shane was eager to enter upon the subject; he pointed out to Joey that he knew who committed the murder; indeed, plainly told him that it was the deed of his father. But, Joey, as before, would admit nothing; he was satisfied with their belief in his innocence, but, having made up his mind to suffer, could not be persuaded to reveal the truth, and M'Shane and O'Donahue quitted the cell, perceiving that unless most decided steps were taken, without the knowledge of our hero, there was no chance of his being extricated from his

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melancholy fate. Struck with admiration at his courage and self-devotion towards an unworthy parent, they bade him farewell, simply promising to use all their endeavours in his behalf.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The interview.

According to their arrangement, on the following morning M'Shane and O'Donahue called upon Mr. Trevor, and after half an hour's consultation, it was at last decided that they should make an attempt to see Austin, and bide the issue of the interview, when they would again communicate with the lawyer, who was to return to town on the following day. They then set off as fast as four horses could convey them, and drove direct to the hall, where they arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

It had so happened that Austin had the evening before inquired for his wife. The servants reported to him what Mary had told them, and Austin, who was in a fidgetty humour, had sent for the coachman who had driven the carriage, to inquire whether Mrs. Austin's friend was very ill. The coachman stated that he had not driven over to the place in question, but to the nearest post-town, where Mrs. Austin had taken a post-chaise. This mystery and concealment on the part of his wife was not very agreeable to a man of Mr. Austin's temper; he was by turns indignant and alarmed; and after having passed a sleepless night, had been all day anxiously awaiting Mrs. Austin's return, when the sound of wheels was heard, and the carriage of M'Shane drove up to the door. On inquiry if Mr. Austin was at home, the servants replied that they would ascertain; and Austin, who imagined that this unusual visit might be connected with his wife's mysterious absence, desired the butler to show in the visiters. Austin started at the announcement of the names, but, recovering himself, he remained standing near the table, drawn up to his full height.

"Mr. Austin," said O'Donahue, "we have ventured to call upon you upon an affair of some importance; as Mr. Austin we have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but we were formerly, if I mistake not, serving his majesty in the same regiment?"

"I do not pretend to deny, gentlemen, that you once knew me under different circumstances," replied Austin, haughtily; "will you please to be seated, and then probably you will favour me with the cause of this visit."

"May I inquire of you, Mr. Austin," said M'Shane, "if you may have happened to look over the newspapers within these few days?"

"No! and now I recollect—which is unusual—the papers have not been brought to me regularly."

"They were probably withheld from you in consequence of the intelligence they would have conveyed to you," returned M'Shane.

"May I ask what that intelligence may be?" inquired Austin, surprised.

"The trial, conviction, and sentence to transportation for life of one Joseph Rushbrook, for the murder of a man of the name of Byres," replied M'Shane; "Mr. Austin, you are of course aware that he is your son."

"You have, of course, seen the party, and he has made that statement to you," rejoined Mr. Austin.

"We have seen the party, but he has not made that statement," replied O'Donahue; "but do you pretend to deny it?"

"I am not aware upon what grounds you have thought proper to come here to interrogate me," replied Austin. "Supposing that I had a son, and that son has, as you say, been guilty of the deed, it certainly is no concern of yours."

"First, with your leave," resumed M'Shane, "let me prove that he is your son. You were living at Gransford, where the murder was committed; your son ran away in consequence, and fell into the hands of Captain (now General) O'Donahue; from him your son was made over to me, and I adopted him; but having been recognised, when at school, by Furness, the schoolmaster of the village, he absconded to avoid being apprehended; and I have never seen him from that time till yesterday morning, when I called upon him, and had an interview, as soon as his mother, Mrs. Austin, had quitted the cell in Exeter jail, where he is at present confined."

Austin started—here was the cause of Mrs. Austin's absence explained; neither could he any longer refuse to admit that Joey was his son. After a silence of a minute, he replied—

"I have to thank you much for your kindness to my poor boy, Major M'Shesnus; and truly sorry am I that he is in such a dilemma. Now that I am acquainted with it, I shall do all in my power. There are other Rushbrooks, gentlemen, and you cannot be surprised at my not immediately admitting that such a disgrace has occurred to my own family. Of Mrs. Austin having been with him I assure you I had not any idea; her having gone there puts it beyond a doubt, although it has been carefully concealed from me till this moment."

It must not be supposed that because Austin replied so calmly to Major M'Shane, that he was calm within. On the contrary, from the very first of the interview he had been in a state of extreme excitement, and the struggle to command his feelings was terrible; indeed, it was now so painfully expressed in his countenance, that O'Donahue said,—

"Perhaps, Mr. Austin, you will allow me to ring for a little water?"

"No, sir, thank you," replied Austin, gasping for breath.

"Since you have admitted that Joseph Rushbrook is your son, Mr. Austin," continued M'Shane, "your own flesh and blood, may I inquire of you what you intend to do in his behalf? Do you intend to allow the law to take its course, and your son to be banished for life?"

"What can I do, gentlemen? He has been tried and condemned; of course, if any exertion on my part can avail—but I fear that there is no chance of that."

"Mr. Austin, if he were guilty I should not have interfered; but, in my opinion he is innocent; do you not think so?"

"I do not believe, sir, that he ever would have done such a deed; but that avails nothing—he is condemned."

"I grant it, unless the real murderer of the pedler could be brought forward."

"Ye-s-s," replied Austin, trembling.

"Shall I denounce his son, Mr. Austin?"

"Do you know him?" replied Austin, starting on his feet.

"Yes, Rushbrook, I do know him,—'tis yourself!"

Austin could bear up no longer, he fell down on the floor as if he had been shot. O'Donahue and M'Shane went to his assistance, they raised him up, but he was insensible; they then rang the bell for assistance, the servant came in, medical advice was sent for, and M'Shane and O'Donahue, perceiving there was no chance of prosecuting their intentions in Mr. Austin's present state, quitted the hall just as the chaise with Mrs. Austin and Mary drove up to the door.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In which it is hoped that the story winds up to the satisfaction of the reader.

It was not for some time after the arrival of the medical men that Mr. Austin could be recovered from his state of insensibility, and when he was at last restored to life, it was not to reason. He raved wildly, and it was pronounced that his attack was a brain fever. As, in his incoherent exclamations, the name of Byres was frequently repeated, as soon as the medical assistance had withdrawn, Mrs. Austin desired all the servants, with the exception of Mary, to quit the room; they did so with reluctance, for their curiosity was excited, and there was shrugging of the shoulders, and whispering, and surmising, and repeating of the words which had escaped from their unconscious master's lips, and hints that all was not right passed from one to the other in the servants' hall. In the mean time, Mrs. Austin and Mary remained with him; and well it was that the servants had been sent away, if they were not to know what had taken place so long ago, for now Austin played the whole scene over again, denounced himself as a murderer, spoke of his son, and of his remorse, and then he would imagine himself in conflict with Byres—he charged his foes—and he laughed and chuckled—and then would change again to bitter lamentations for the deed which he had done.

"Oh, Mary, how is this to end?" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, after one of the paroxysms had subsided.

"As guilt always must end, madam," replied Mary, bursting into tears, and clasping her hands, "in misery."

"My dear Mary, do not distress yourself in that manner; you are no longer guilty."

"Nor is my master, madam; I am sure that he has repented."

"Yes, indeed, he has repented most sincerely; one hasty deed has embittered his whole life—he never has been happy since, and never will be until he is in heaven."

"Oh, what a happy relief it would be to him!" replied Mary, musing. "I wish that I was—if such wish is not sinful."

"Mary, you must not add to my distress by talking in that manner—I want your support and consolation now."

"You have a right to demand everything of me, madam," replied Mary, "and I will do my best, I will indeed. I have often felt this before, and I thank God for it—it will make me more humble."

The fever continued for many days, during which time Mr. Austin was attended solely by his wife and Mary; the latter had written to our hero, stating the cause of her absence from him in so trying a period, and had received an answer, stating that he had received from very good authority the information that he was not likely to leave the country for some weeks—and requesting that Mary would remain with his mother until his father's dangerous illness was decided one

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way or the other; he stated that he should be perfectly satisfied if he only saw her once before his departure, to arrange with her relative to her affairs, and to give her legal authority to act for him, previous to his removal from the country. He told her that he had perceived an advertisement in the London papers, evidently put in by his friends at Portsmouth, offering a handsome reward to any one who could give any account of him—and that he was fearful that some of those who were at the trial would read it, and make known his position; he begged Mary to write to him every day if possible, if it were only a few lines, and sent his devoted love to his mother. Mary complied with all our hero's requests, and every day a few lines were despatched; and it was now ascertained by the other domestics, and by them made generally known, that a daily correspondence was kept up with a prisoner in Exeter jail, which added still more mystery and interest in the state of Mr. Austin. Many were the calls and cards left at the Hall, and if we were to inquire whether curiosity or condolence was the motive of those who went there, we are afraid that the cause would not, in most cases, have proved to have been the latter. Among others O'Donahue and M'Shane did not fail to send every day, waiting for the time when they could persuade Austin to do justice to his own child.

The crisis, as predicted by the medical attendants, at last arrived, and Mr. Austin recovered his reason, but, at the same time, all hopes of his again rising from his bed were given over. This intelligence was communicated to his wife, who wept and wished, but dared not utter what she wished; Mary, however, took an opportunity when Mrs. Austin had quitted the room, to tell Mr. Austin, who was in such a feeble state that he could hardly speak, that the time would soon come when he would be summoned before a higher tribunal, and conjured him, by the hopes he had of forgiveness, now that the world was fading away before his eyes, to put away all pride, and to do that justice to his son which our hero's noble conduct towards him demanded—to make a confession, either in writing or in presence of witnesses, before he died, which would prove the innocence of his only child, the heir to the property and the name.

There was a struggle, and a long one, in the proud heart of Mr. Austin, before he could consent to this act of justice. Mary had pointed out the propriety of it early in the morning, and it was not until late in the evening, after having remained in silence, and with his eyes closed for the whole day, that Austin made a sign to his wife to bend down to him, and desired her in a half whisper to send for a magistrate. His request was immediately attended to; and in an hour the summons was answered by one with whom Austin had been on good terms. Austin made his deposition in few words, and was supported by Mary while he signed the paper. It was done; and when she would have removed the pen from his fingers, she found that it was still held fast and that his head had fallen back; the conflict between his pride and this act of duty had been too overpowering for him in his weak condition, and Mr. Austin was dead before the ink had time to dry.

The gentleman who had been summoned in his capacity of magistrate, thought it advisable to remove from the scene of distress without attempting to communicate with Mrs. Austin in her present distress. He had been in conversation with O'Donahue and M'Shane at the time that he was summoned, and Mr. Austin's illness, and the various reports abroad had been there canvassed. O'Donahue and M'Shane had preserved the secret; but when their friend was sent for, anticipating that some such result would take place, they requested him to return to them from the Hall; he did so, and acquainted them with what had passed.

"There is no time to lose, then," said M'Shane; "I will, if you please, take a copy of this deposition."

O'Donahue entered into a brief narrative of the circumstances and the behaviour of our hero; and, as soon as the copy of the deposition had been attested by the magistrate, he and M'Shane ordered horses, and set off for London. They knocked up Mr. Trevor at his private house in the middle of the night, and put the document into his hands.

"Well, Major M'Shane," said Mr. Trevor, after he had perused the deposition, "I would gladly have risen from a sick bed to have had this paper put into my hands; we must call upon the Secretary of State to-morrow, and I have no doubt but that the poor lad will be speedily released, take possession of his property, and be an honour to the county."

"An honour to old England," replied M'Shane; "but I shall now wish you good night."

M'Shane, before he went to bed, immediately wrote a letter to Mrs. Austin, acquainting her with what he had done, and the intentions of Mr. Trevor, sending it by express; he simply stated the facts, without any comments.

But we must now return to Portsmouth. The advertisement of Mr. Small did not escape the keen eye of the police constable who had arrested our hero. As the reader must recollect, the arrest was made so quietly that no one was aware of the circumstances; and as the reward of £100 would be a very handsome addition to the £200 which he had already received, the man immediately set off for Portsmouth on the outside of the coach, and went to Mr. Small, whom he found in the counting-house with Mr. Sleek. He soon introduced himself and his business with them; and such was Mr. Small's impatience, that he immediately signed a cheque for the amount, and handed it to the police officer, who then bluntly told him that our hero had been tried and sentenced to transportation for murder, his real name being Rushbrook, and not O'Donahue.

This was a heavy blow to Mr. Small: having obtained all the particulars from the police-constable, he dismissed him, and was for some time in consultation with Mr. Sleek; and as it would be impossible long to withhold the facts, it was thought advisable that Mrs. Phillips and Emma should become acquainted with them immediately, the more so as Emma had acknowledged that there was a mystery about our hero, a portion of which she was acquainted with.

Mrs. Phillips was the first party to whom the intelligence was communicated, and she was greatly distressed. It was sometime before she could decide upon whether Emma, in her weak state, should be made acquainted with the melancholy tidings, but as she suffered so much from suspense, it was considered advisable that the communication should be made. It was done as cautiously as possible; Emma was not so shocked as they supposed she would have been at the intelligence.

"I have been prepared for this, or something like this," replied she, weeping in her mother's arms; "but I cannot believe he did the deed; he told me that he did not when he was a child; he asserted it since. Mother, I must—I will go and see him."

"See him, my child! he is confined in jail."

"Do not refuse me, mother, you know not what I feel—you know not—I never knew myself till now, how much I loved him. See him I must and will. Dearest mother, if you value my life—if you would not drive reason from its seat, do not refuse me!"

Mrs. Philips found that it was in vain to argue, and consulted with Mr. Small, who at length (after having in vain remonstrated with Emma,) decided that her request should be granted, and that very day he accompanied his niece, traveling all night, until they arrived at Exeter.

In the mean time Mrs. Austin had remained in a state of great distress; her husband lay dead, she believed he had confessed his guilt, but to what extent she did not know, for neither she nor Mary had heard what had passed between him and the magistrate. She had no one but Mary to confide in or to console her; no one to advise with or consult. She thought of sending for the magistrate, but it would appear indecorous, and she was all anxiety and doubt. The letter from M'Shane, which arrived the next afternoon, relieved her at once; she felt that her boy was safe.

"Mary, dear, read this, he is safe!" exclaimed she; "God of heaven accept a mother's grateful tears!"

"Cannot you spare me, madam?" replied Mary, returning the letter.

"Spare you. Oh yes! quick Mary, lose not a moment, go to him, and take this letter with you. My dear, dear child!"

Mary did not wait a second command; she sent for post horses, and in half an hour was on her way to Exeter; traveling with as much speed as Emma and her uncle, she arrived there but a few hours after them.

Our hero had been anxiously awaiting Mary's daily communication, the post time had passed, and no letter had arrived. Pale and haggard from long confinement and distress of mind, he was pacing up and down, when the bolts were turned, and Emma, supported by her uncle, entered the cell. At the sight of her our hero uttered a cry, and staggered against the wall; he appeared to have lost his usual self-control.

"Oh!" said he, "this might have been spared me; I have not deserved this punishment. Emma, hear me. As I hope for future happiness, I am innocent! I am—I am, indeed!" and he fell senseless on the pavement.

Mr. Small raised him up, and put him on the bed; after a time he revived, and remained where he had been laid, sobbing convulsively.

When he became more composed, Emma, who had been sitting by him, the tears coursing each other down her pale cheeks, addressing him in a calm voice,—

"I feel—I am sure—that you are innocent, or I should not have been here."

"Bless you for that, Emma! bless you!" cried our hero, "those few words of yours have given me more consolation than you can imagine. Is it nothing to be treated as a felon, to be disgraced, to be banished to a distant country, and that at the very time I was full of happiness, prosperous and anticipating—but I cannot dwell upon that. Is it not hard to bear, Emma? And what could support me, but the consciousness of my own innocence, and the assurance that she

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whom I love so, and whom I now lose for ever, still believes me so? Yes, it is a balm—a consolation, and I will now submit to the will of Heaven."

Emma burst into tears, leaning her face on our hero's shoulders. After a time she replied, "am I not to be pitied? Is it nothing to love tenderly, devotedly, madly—to have given my heart, my whole thoughts, my existence to one object—(why should I conceal it now?)—to have been dwelling upon visions of futurity so pleasing, so delightful, all passing away as a dream, and leaving a sad reality like this? Make me one promise; you will not refuse Emma—she who knelt by your side when you first met her—she who is kneeling before you now!"

"I dare not, Emma," returned Joey, "for my heart tells me that you would propose a step which must not be; you must leave me now and for ever."

"For ever! for ever!" cried Emma, springing on her feet. "No! no!—uncle, he says I am to leave him for ever!" cried the frantic girl. "Who's that?—Mary! Yes, it is! Mary, he says I must leave him for ever!" (It was Mary, who had just come into the cell.) "Must I, Mary?"

"No—no!" replied Mary, "not so! he is saved, and his innocence is established; he is yours for ever!"

We shall not attempt to describe a scene which we could not do justice to. We must allow the day to pass away; during which Emma and our hero, Mr. Small, and Mary were sitting together; tears of misery wiped away—tears of joy still flowing and glistening with the radiance of intermingling smiles.

The next morning M'Shane and O'Donahue arrived; the secretary of state had given immediate orders for our hero's release, and they had brought the document with them.

The following day they were all *en route*, Emma and her uncle to Portsmouth, where they anxiously awaited the arrival of our hero, as soon as he had performed his duty to his parents.

We must once more allow the reader to suppose the joy of Mrs. Austin in once more holding her child in her embrace, and the smiles and happiness of Mary at his triumphant acquittal; the wondering of the domestics, the scandal and rumour of the neighbourhood. Three days sufficed to make all known, and by that time Joey was looked upon as the hero of a novel. On the fourth day he accompanied the remains of his father as chief mourner. The funeral was quiet without being mean; there was no attendance; no carriages of the neighbouring gentry followed. Our hero was quite alone and unsupported, but when the ceremony was over, the want of respect shown to the memory of his father was more than atoned for by the kindness and consideration shown towards the son, who was warmly yet delicately welcomed as the future proprietor of the hall.

Three months passed away, and there was a great crowd before the house of Mr. Small, navy agent, at Portsmouth. There was a large company assembled, the O'Donahues, the M'Shanes, the Spikemans, and many others. Mrs. Austin was there looking ten years younger, and Mary was attending her at the toilet, both of them half smiles, half tears, for it was the morning of our hero's wedding day. Mr. Small strutted about in white smalls, and Mr. Sleek spluttered over everybody. The procession went to the church, and soon after one couple of the party set off for the hall; where the others went was of no consequence.

We have now wound up the history of little Joey Rushbrook, the poacher. We have only to add, that the character of our hero was not the worse as he grew older and was the father of a family. The hall was celebrated for hospitality, for the amiability of its possessors, and the art which they possessed of making other people happy. Mary remained with them more as a confidante than as a servant; indeed, she had so much money, that she received several offers of marriage, which she invariably refused, observing with the true humbleness of a contrite heart, that she was undeserving of any honest, good man. Everybody else, even those who knew her history, thought otherwise, but Mary continued firm in her resolution. As for all the rest of the personages introduced into these pages, they passed through life with an average portion of happiness, which is all that can be expected.

In conclusion, we have only one remark to make. In this story we have shown how a young lad who began his career with poaching, ultimately became a gentleman of £7000 a year; but we must remind our youthful readers, that it does not follow that every one who thus commences life is to have the same good fortune. We advise them, therefore, not to attempt it, as they may find that, instead of £7000 a year, they may stand a chance of going to where our hero narrowly escaped being sent; that is, to a certain portion of her majesty's dominions beyond the seas, latterly termed Australia, but more generally known by the appellation of Botany Bay.

THE END.

ADDRESS

TO THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, VIRGINIA;

Delivered by JUDGE UPSHUR, July 2d, 1841, at the request of the Lucivyronian Society of that College.

—

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—I am much gratified at the opportunity which your kindness has afforded me, of addressing you on the present occasion. I must be permitted, however, to express my regret,—an unaffected regret,—that the pressure of my official duties has been, ever since I accepted your invitation, so constant and so severe, as to compel me to appear before you with less preparation than I desired. Indulge me, then, in a plain and unpretending style and manner. The language of truth borrows no force from the graces of elocution. A high and solemn interest attaches to the scene now before me. It appeals to all the better sympathies, alike of the patriot and of the man. Many of you have completed your academical studies, and are preparing to enter on the great theatre of the world. New actors will meet you there; new objects will attract, and new motives will inspire you. For you, the great drama of life is yet to be played; for hitherto you have witnessed only its opening scenes. You cannot be permitted to look on as mere spectators, whilst others act out the play. You have your own parts to perform; and whether they shall be distinguished or obscure, whether you shall be encouraged by applause and rewarded by honours, or driven off with scorn and hisses, may depend, in a great degree, on the impressions with which you first enter on the stage. The remarks, therefore, which it is my purpose to address to you, will have an immediate reference to the duties and responsibilities which you are about to assume, as free citizens of Virginia.

Look around you,—not on the physical, but on the moral world,—and tell me what it is that you see. Is there any thing which strikes you as wonderful or surprising; any thing to excite your admiration or awaken your curiosity? You behold every thing moving on regularly and in harmony; the vast multitude of human beings who pass daily before your eyes, do not even jostle one another; industry plies her task in a thousand forms, and no man molests her; the bounty which nature has scattered over the earth, her children have appropriated, in perfect agreement with one another; rights are ascertained, interests are established, and both are protected; the arm of the whole is stretched over every individual, and the wisdom of the whole watches and guides him; knowledge hourly enlarges her limits, uncensured, unrebuked, free to explore the universe, and to shed her unnumbered blessings upon man; valuable acts multiply and flourish; the harmonious action of the whole shows itself and is felt, in our daily comforts and enjoyments. To what is it that we owe this beautiful result; what power has been able to bring all this order and system, out of the chaos of moral elements? What is that agency, daily felt, yet scarcely ever seen, which thus regulates and controls, with irresistible power, the moral universe? The effect is so familiar to us, that we are apt to regard it merely as a thing which belongs to the ordinary course of events, or as a part of the established order of Nature. The phenomena of the natural world strike forcibly upon our attention, and awaken in us a spirit of enquiry and investigation. We are not satisfied to enjoy even the light and heat of the sun, without seeking also to know his nature, and to develope the causes of all the beneficent influences which he exerts upon our world. But the moral systems which surround us—systems little less perfect in themselves, and no less necessary to the comfort of our existence—work out their results, almost unobserved, and scarcely excite our attention, while they cover us with blessings.

The great agent to which I have here alluded, and which so quietly produces these great and beneficent results, is civil government. Whatever be its form; whether strong or weak, slavish or free, it is a wonderful contrivance, the great and distinguishing triumph of the wisdom of man. True, it is the necessary result of the social state; a condition imposed on our race by our very nature; but man has been able so to improve it, as to reconcile the discordant elements of that nature, and thus fit himself for the companionship of his own race. It is a subject worthy of all study. It is the great chain by which society, under all its aspects and in all its conditions, is bound together; and even though it may sometimes oppress or gall us, it is still a blessing, compared with that anarchy which takes the curb from human passions, and invites man to make war upon man. The social condition embraces the whole human family. The slave of the despot, no less than the free citizen, is interested to preserve it, for each of them owes to that alone, all that gives value to life. Hence, government, which is at once the result and the

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bond of society, is the most useful, as it is the most dignified subject of contemplation and study. Whatever be our condition, it greatly concerns us to understand by what agency the beautiful moral order which is everywhere seen, is established and preserved; what it is that blesses the fortunate, and prevents even misery itself from becoming intolerable.

But for you, gentlemen, the subject possesses a peculiar interest. You are yourselves a part of the government under which you live. Your agency is neither secret nor indirect; it is open and undisguised, and is felt and acknowledged in every part of the systems around you. The free citizen of a free government has a great interest at stake, and an important part to act. There is an essential dignity in the function which he is called on to discharge; there is an imposing grandeur in the position which connects his conduct with the interests of thousands. It is not his own fate alone, with which he is charged; the destinies of others are involved with his, and the happiness of others is confided to his intelligence and integrity. How great, then, is his responsibility, and with how solemn a sense of that responsibility, should he contemplate the duties of a free citizen! Into that station, you are about to enter. You carry with you *duties*, as well as *rights*; duties which you are bound to respect, and rights which you are not permitted to exercise in caprice. To you, it is matter, not of mere taste or entertainment,—but of high obligation, to understand the true character of the institutions under which you live, and which will soon be committed to your protection and control. The machine which you are about to handle, is skilfully contrived, sound in all its parts, orderly in its movements, and all important in the results of its action. Even slight derangements impair its usefulness, and endanger its safety; but it has its master spring, which can neither be broken nor displaced without throwing the whole into irreparable disorder and confusion. It becomes us all then, to learn how we venture to touch it with unskilful hands. We should at least, seek to understand its principles, before we undertake to regulate its movements. A single mistake on our part, may cause it to break into fragments, involving ourselves in its ruins, and defying our utmost skill to repair it.

And what is this master spring? It is the one great principle which lies at the foundation of all legitimate government. To the consideration of that principle, I now invite you. It is not my purpose to offer you a disquisition upon our own peculiar forms. Indeed, forms have but little to do with the subject. Whenever we shall understand, and properly appreciate, the true principles of rational and regulated liberty, the necessary forms will be easily devised; indeed, they will naturally accommodate themselves to us. Liberty will always be safe, when entrusted to the protection of those who have just impressions of the true nature of the social state, and of the proper function of civil government.

It is a very common idea that civil government implies the surrender of certain of our natural rights, in order that those which are retained may be the better protected. It is said, that when man *enters into society*, he agrees to abandon a part of those natural rights; and as a corollary from this, governments are supposed to be free, in exact proportion to the number of those rights of which it does not require the surrender. In all this, there is a strange confusion of ideas, and a remarkable misconception of the true nature of the subject. I admit that the conclusions which a fair course of reasoning may deduce from these premises, are often sound and salutary, but the premises themselves cannot be allowed, because they are not only untrue in themselves, but they deprive government of the respect which attaches to it, as the great law of the social state. What are our natural rights? Have we any? Where shall we look for that state of nature, from which those rights are supposed to be derived, and which alone, can limit and define them? Or if we may be allowed to imagine such a state, what is the law to which those rights are referred, and by what sanction is that law enforced? It is not necessary that I should enlarge upon this topic. Whoever will carefully investigate the subject, will not fail to perceive that the only law of nature is brute force, and that if there be any *right* of nature, it is a right which nature herself does not respect. The first account which we have of man, presents him to us in a social state. The Bible is our oldest record. It goes back to the *creation* of man, and gives us his history for many centuries. Everywhere it represents him as a social being. Whether live or Gentile, whether civilised or savage, whether dwelling in fenced cities or wandering over pathless deserts, he is always seen under some form of social connection with his fellow man. In more recent times, travellers have explored the whole earth, and have discovered savage tribes scarcely more elevated in the scale of being than the brute creation. Yet even among these, even in the lowest and rudest condition in which man is ever seen, he is a social animal.

Hence we are not permitted to contemplate him as insulated and solitary. He is *born* in a state of society; his natural condition is that of a member of a social community. It is not correct, therefore, to say that he *enters into a state of society*, at all; nor is it correct to consider him as bringing into that condition any right derived from the freedom of nature. He exerts no will of his own, in becoming a member of society, but is forced to be so, from the very necessity of his nature. Hence, his rights are relative and not absolute. They are such only, as he may enjoy in his connection with other men, and not such as he might exercise, alone or insulated, in the boundless liberty of nature.

Perhaps, gentlemen, you may consider this part of our enquiry more curious than useful. Yet it is precisely here, that we must look for the true foundation of all just reasoning upon the principles of free government. Government is not to be regarded as a compact of social union, by which every individual agrees to throw in, as a propitiatory sacrifice, a part of his natural rights. If it were so, it would imply that under certain circumstances, he might resume those rights, and, consequently, that he might dissolve the whole frame of society. He did not contribute to *make* that society, but *found* it. It is the result of a law of his own nature, and he possesses no right incompatible with its existence. Born in a social state, his rights are such as belong to a social state; that is to say, they are such, and such only, as every other man in the same community may equally enjoy. You see, then, how important it is to distinguish between the unbounded rights of a supposed state of nature, and the limited and restricted rights of a state of society. The rights of the natural man respect only himself; those of the social man respect his fellow; the first, if they can be supposed to exist at all, must be regarded as unlimited, and without law; the second are modified by the social relations, and subject to the law of necessity, which those relations impose. Hence we are to commence our enquiries into the nature of civil government, by regarding it as the necessary law of the social state. We are to contemplate man, not as in a state of nature, but as connected with his fellow man, by social ties. In ascertaining his rights, we are to enquire what it is possible for them to be, consistent with the same right in every other member of the same community. These are his rights, independent of all positive government. He has by the law of his condition, not absolute right and absolute freedom, but every right which allows the same right in every other, and all freedom which does not restrict the same freedom in every other.

What then is the true function of government? Imagine, if you can, a social community, without any government at all. The rights of the several members of that community, would, as I have already remarked, be *ascertained* by the nature of their social relations to one another; but there would be no adequate *protection* for those rights. The weak would be subject to the power of the strong, and in a short time there would be no rights at all, except in those who could maintain them by force. Such a community would, of necessity, soon call for a government, and the government which would suit them best, and which they would adopt most naturally demand, would be a simple provision for the security of all the rights of their social state. This is government in its primitive form, and to this form we are to look for the true principle of the subject. You perceive that the proper function of government is not to give rights, nor to take rights away, nor to authorise the exercise of rights. Its true function is to *protect rights*; and this it does, by restraining power.

This principle is applicable to every condition of the social state. In the first and rudest stage of society, the relations of men to one another are so simple, that few restraints are necessary. In this state of things, a great latitude of individual liberty may be allowed, without danger of collision among hostile and conflicting rights; and government itself is as simple as the social state to which it is applied. But in the progress of society, and particularly in the spread and increase of those rights which grow out of the possession of property, new relations will arise, and new rights will attach to them. But the function of government is still the same; it is only the condition of the social body, which has changed. Interests have multiplied, and rights, unknown in its rude and primitive state, have sprung up, and demand protection. Of course, government must adapt itself to them. Forms which protected all rights in the first stages of society, are found inapplicable to the new rights which have sprung out of new interests and relations. Additional restraints become necessary. The members of the community, in their advanced state, find it necessary to deny themselves the exercise of many powers, and the enjoyment of many of their liberty, which their former condition safely allowed. Some of their former rights are found incompatible with the more important rights of their new relations, and consequently it becomes their interest to sacrifice the one to the other. It depends on themselves to say which they will reserve, and which they will abandon; and when they do determine this, they by that act, fix and ascertain the rights of the

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social community. Government, adapting itself to them, and performing its true function, imposes restraints upon power, precisely in proportion to the number and importance of the rights which it is required to protect.

This principle being established, let us pursue it to some of its legitimate results. The first and most important is, that the *duties* of the social state are in exact proportion to its rights. They are, indeed, correlative terms, for every right which one man possesses, implies a duty in every other man, to respect that right. Hence, the more rights, the more duties; and as every right implies a restraint upon the power which would otherwise invade it, the more rights, the more restraints; for otherwise, it would be the mere liberty of the strong, reducing the weak to slavery.

Government is said to be a necessary evil. And why? Because it is regarded as a necessary restraint upon natural freedom. This is one of those errors into which men are apt to be led, by superficial thought, and imperfect investigation. Natural freedom never existed, and even if it could exist, it would be no blessing to the possessor. It repudiates the restraints which are indispensable to its existence, and falls a necessary sacrifice to an inherent principle of self-destruction. It rejects and disowns that duty in others, which its own nature implies, and thus exposes itself to invasion and overthrow, by destroying the only protection under which it can exist. Government does not presuppose any such right, nor does it take upon itself the vain task, of adapting the wild liberty of a supposed state of nature to the wholesome restraints of society. As it finds man in a social state, and all his rights defined by his social relations, its beneficent office is, to protect those rights, by enforcing the duties which they imply. Hence we should accustom ourselves to consider those duties as part of our rights. We are too apt, in our criticisms upon governments, to estimate their degree of freedom by what the citizen *may* do for himself, without considering what he *must* do for others; forgetting that the very freedom which he claims, requires that he should acknowledge the same freedom in others, and the consequent duty of respecting and defending it. As the rights of free citizens are common, so also are their duties; every duty which the citizen owes to others, others owe to him; so that every right which he is supposed to sacrifice, is repaid and compensated by a corresponding right. Our duties, therefore, are strictly *rights*, and so far from restricting our freedom, they enlarge and secure it. Hence, we should be as eager to perform our duties, as to protect our rights. The one cannot exist without the other, and he who refuses to perform the duty which he owes to the rights of others, breaks down the only security which surrounds his own.

I have already adverted to the common error which supposes that governments are free or otherwise, according to the number of *natural rights* which they secure to the citizen. You will readily perceive that the great principle which we have established, does not acknowledge any such intention. As it is the proper function of government to protect the rights of the social state, government is *perfect* in proportion to the promptness and certainty with which it performs that office. But the rights of all social communities are not the same. They grow out of the relations of the several members of those communities to one another, and of course must be modified to suit the peculiar character of those relations. One community may live by hunting, another by fishing, another by agriculture, and another by the pasturing of cattle. It is quite apparent that the relations of the agriculturist may be very different from those of the nomade, and those of the hunter from those of the fisherman. The same form of government, then, would not suit all of them alike. The restraints which might be necessary to protect the rights of the one, might be uncalled for and tyrannous in the other. Hence the freedom of a government cannot be justly estimated by its *forms*. It is free, if it protect the social rights of the community over which it prevails, and the more or less of restraints which it imposes for the accomplishment of that object affords no rule of judgment upon the subject.

What is it, then, that distinguishes a free government from one that is not so? I answer, that government may go *beyond* the point of protecting social rights, and may also *fall short* of it. It may be—although it is not necessarily so—slavish and tyrannous, because it imposes upon the citizen restraints which are not rendered necessary by the nature of his social relations. I say, not *necessarily* so, for if the citizen freely surrendered any of his rights, reserving the power to reclaim them at his own will, he is still essentially free, whatever be the extent of that surrender. Each individual among you is free to waste his time, to decline the exercise of his physical powers, to abuse his faculties, and to degrade his nature. He is not *morally* free to do this, but there is no positive law to restrain him. Is he the less free, because he may not choose to subject himself to such a degradation? If he be free to debase himself, he is equally free *not* to do it. The very idea of a perfect right implies the right to surrender it. It follows, of course, that whatever rights, strictly consistent with their social condition, the members of a social community may voluntarily surrender, reserving the right to reclaim them, far from leaving them any less free, the surrender itself implies the very freedom which it is supposed to abandon. We cannot, then, justly say that any government, freely chosen and faithfully performing its assigned duties, is otherwise than free. It may well happen that our social relations may be such as to render it necessary to our interests, or our happiness, that we should forbear to exercise half the rights of which our social condition admits. Is there any thing in the very nature of freedom, to prevent us from doing this? If so, those rights themselves are imperfect. We should not be free, if we were not free to say how much of our freedom it is for our happiness to exert. He alone is perfectly free, who is free to surrender his freedom. Hence, whatever be the form of the government, if it be freely chosen, and if the power be reserved to the people to change, modify or abrogate it, at their own pleasure, it cannot be justly considered otherwise than free. The very essence of its freedom may be found in the restraints thus voluntarily imposed. But a government which is not thus freely chosen, and which does not recognise in the people a right to control or change it, is not free, although it may have all the technical forms and all the pretended guards of constitutional liberty. The forms of her legislation were carefully observed in the Roman senate, while Augustus was the undisputed master of the empire.

But a government may also *fall short* of protecting the rights of the social state. No such government can be free. It is, indeed, the worst form of tyranny; for under the name of liberty, it removes the restraints without which liberty cannot exist. In seeking to confer rights on the individual, it forgets the rights of the social community. Its aim is to give rights, and at the same time to release from the performance of the corresponding duties. The thing is impracticable in itself, and the attempt to accomplish it is full of danger to civil liberty. This is the common error of free states. In their eagerness to grasp at the greatest possible degree of individual liberty, they forget that its only security is found in depriving others of the power to invade it. They act as if they supposed that the liberty of one man could be enlarged, by giving to another man the right to take that liberty away. Thus liberty is left to war against itself, and, consequently, it soon perishes, a suicide. No tyranny can be worse than this, for it surrenders every right which government is designed to protect; a prey to violence, or a victim to fraud. It thus happens, that governments, the freest in their forms, are often the most slavish in their action; slavish in exact proportion as their forms are free. A government which acknowledges all rights, acknowleges no restraints; and thus in effect, all rights are reduced to the arbitrament of force, and power alone becomes right. It follows from this, that the great danger to free institutions, is not in the imposition of restraints, but in the too great extension of the democratic principle. It is thus, that most free governments have fallen. One wholesome restraint after another has been shaken off, until the rights which they were designed to protect have ceased to be valued because they have ceased to be safe, and the strong arm of absolute power has been appealed to for protection, against the despotism of licentious freedom.

Few free governments have ever yet existed, of which it can be truly said, that they allowed too little liberty to the citizen. The reverse is true of a great majority of them. The tendency ever has been, to enlarge a false and dangerous liberty by making war upon wholesome and necessary restraints. Rights have been solicited, while duties have been forgotten. Liberty has been loved, not as the guardian of rights, but as the apologist of licentiousness. The great poet of nature has said of glory, that it is

> "Like a circle in the water,
> Which still continues to enlarge itself,
> 'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

The same is true of liberty. It has its limits, within which it might dwell in safety for ever. But pushed beyond them, it either falls to pieces, from its own tenuity, or bursts asunder from repletion.

We may derive from the great principle which we are now considering, the corrective of a very prevailing and very dangerous error. It has come to be regarded as a sort of political axiom, that the proper business of government is to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. To doubt this, is little less than heresy, in the eyes of those who teach politics from the stump, and study the principles of government in the inspired columns of newspapers. Such reasoners seem to forget that the business of government is with *rights;* the *good* that may flow from it, is a secondary consequence. It is indeed, the greatest good, not of the greatest number only, but of all, that the rights of all should be

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protected, but the proposition is not usually accepted in this sense. In its ordinary acceptation, it makes government a mere contrivance for speculation and profit; a device by which a certain number may secure every thing to themselves, without regard to others. A moment's reflection will expose the fallacy of this idea. In that social state in which man is supposed always to be found, and independent of all positive government, the rights of every one are precisely equal and the same. In this condition, no man has a right to interfere with any right in another, and, consequently, no number of men have any right so to interfere with the rights of any other number of men. As they derive no such right from their mere condition as members of the social body, they cannot be supposed to derive it from any other source than government. And how is government itself established? When we are enquiring into its original principles, we are bound to suppose that it is the result of a free agreement among all those over whom it is to prevail, and designed for the benefit of all. If it be not so, it is tyranny; the offspring either of force or of fraud. The proposition, then, that it is the proper function of government to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, necessarily supposes that a certain portion of every community seek protection for their social rights, by surrendering them to the arbitrary discretion of another portion of the same community who are interested to take them away. Reasoning of this sort proceeds upon the idea that free government can never exist; that equal rights can never prevail. It contemplates government as a partial, and not as a general good; as the property of only a part of the people, in which the other part can claim no interest whatever. How can a government be free which presupposes that a part of those who formed it have conferred on another part the right to make them slaves? How can it be said to secure equal rights, when its fundamental principle is, that the greatest number, and none others, have any rights at all? Reasoning which conducts us to such absurdities, cannot be admitted by any correct think r. It proceeds upon a total misconception of the subject. It overlooks the great, fundamental truth, that government is contrived to protect the rights of the social state; and as these rights are common to all, and equal in all, its proper function must be, not merely to produce the greatest good to the greatest number, but *to secure all the rights of all the people.*

Near of kin to this idea, equally absurd in the eye of reason, and no less dangerous in its tendencies, is the popular notion of a *jus divinum* in a numerical majority. It is a familiar expression, that the will of the majority ought always to prevail; and he who doubts the infallibility of the majority judgment, is considered a political heretic, and no good republican. Will the advocates of this doctrine, tell me from what source they derive it. Do they claim it as one of those "natural rights" which men do *not* abandon, when they "enter" society? I apprehend that it will be very difficult to find any such doctrine in the code of Nature, with whatever care they may search it. I will not detain you with a detail of all the experiments which this topic presents. A few simple questions will conduct us to the right conclusion. Has Nature, indeed, determined that the equal rights which she has conferred on all her children shall be held at the will of a bare majority of them? And if she has so determined, what provision has she made to ascertain the will of that majority? Where is her senate house? By whose authority shall the unnumbered races of men be convoked? What rule of proceedings has Nature prescribed for conducting their deliberations? What interpreter has she provided, that shall remedy the confusion of Babel, and reduce the multitude of tongues to a single intelligible language? Who shall count the suffrages, and who announce them? And even if we suppose that all these things are done, and that the decree has gone forth, who shall execute it? who interprets it? by what sanction shall it be enforced? All these are offices of established and organised society, so that it is necessary to suppose that a state of nature has been created before, before this *right* of nature can be rendered available! And who shall constitute this majority? Shall the ends of the earth assemble together; the north and the south, the east and the west, meet and embrace? Are we to imagine a great parliament of Nature, consisting of the Hottentot and the Seythian, the Patagonian and the Esquimaux, the inhabitant of the Eastern Seas, and the hunter of the Rocky Mountains? Contemplating the great family of mankind as a whole, it is only by such a process that a numerical majority can be set apart from the rest, and their will be ascertained. And there is something so absurdly ridiculous in the picture thus presented, that it is impossible to contemplate it, without a smile of derision. And yet it is from this state of things, which presupposes a degree of connection and intercourse between the several parts of the earth, found only in the most advanced states of social civilisation and improvement, that a natural right is supposed to be derived. And if we do not contemplate mankind as a whole, but as separate and distinct nations, each acting within its own limits, the whole experiment is abandoned; for this is not the state of nature, but that of well-ordered and organised government, opposed to, and absolutely inconsistent with the rights of nature.

This then, is not a natural right; it is not a right which belongs, in the very nature of things, to the greater number. It is equally clear, that it does not spring from any law nor from any relation, of the social state, for the first principle of that state is a perfect equality of rights in all men. If the right exist at all, it is clear that it must be found only in the positive provisions of government; and even then, it is a mere evasion on the part of the minority. I do not deny that such a state of things *may* exist. There is nothing to prevent a social community from agreeing that all these rights shall be ascertained and measured, and all their powers wielded by a bare majority of their number. This is an example of that perfect democracy in which all the powers of government are exercised directly by the people, and in which the simple provision that the majority shall rule, is all their constitution and all their law. But this plan of government does not belong to the present age, nor to nations as we now see them. The rude and poor inhabitants of a solitary mountain,* cut off from the rest of the world, and possessing nothing to tempt either the avarice or the ambition of others, have tried it with some success; but it cannot prevail except in the smallest communities, and with the simple manners which belong to poverty and labour. *We* must contemplate government as a system of chartered rights and constitutional limitations, in which popular caprice is controlled, and kept within certain definite limits. Look upon such systems,—not only upon those which are now before you, but upon all which have prevailed in times past, and you will not find one of them which does not profess to look with an equal eye, upon all orders and conditions of men. It is the very object and purpose of a constitution of government, to secure the rights of all; so to surround them with guards and protections, that every class and every individual may be safe from the encroachments of others. This then, is the *principle* of free government. When the equal rights of all men are thus brought within the protection of the constitutional charter, the next step is to provide the requisite *power* for ensuring that protection. And here it is that the true claim of the majority is found. It is by their will that the *powers* of government are to be wielded; but *rights* are in the frame of government itself, and so long as that frame is permitted to stand, those rights are secured in every individual, against, not a majority only,—but against *all* the other members of the community. We should be careful, then, to distinguish between the rights and the powers of government. The first are as perfect and as sacred in the individual as in the aggregate whole; the second, only, are yielded to the majority. But they are not yielded to the arbitrary direction of that majority, for this would be, in effect, to concede the right along with the power. The majority are merely the depositaries of the power of the whole, to execute the will of the whole, as that will is expressed in the frame of the government. To this extent, the will of the majority ought to prevail; and whatever it does beyond this, is of the nature of usurpation and tyranny.

I know, gentlemen, that these views will not satisfy the ultra-democracy of the present day. Liberty, I fear, is beginning to put off her modest garments, and to walk forth with the brazen front and impudent step of the courtesan. I fear she is just entering upon her unholy revels, and preparing to act all the extravagances of intoxication. A little longer, and her reeling step may trample every social right in the dust. Like the snake, she carries within herself a poison which renders her blind, and causes her to strike in the dark, alike at friend and foe. This claim of absolute and unlimited power in the majority, is the first step in the downward progress of liberty. It is a claim, which the unreflecting are very apt to allow, because it is preferred in the very name of liberty. There is something generous and self-sacrificing, in yielding to the will of the greater number. We do so from impulse, without pausing to reflect on the grasping character of power, and the fatal tendencies of a principle which subsists the rights of social man to the caprices of the multitude. From this source has sprung agrarianism, that seeks to give to idleness and vice the hard earnings of industry and virtue; the levelling principle, which seeks to bring down all that is good and wise, to the grade of ignorance and profligacy; the natural rights doctrine, that overlooks all social obligations, denies the inheritable quality of property, unfrocks the priest, and laughs at the marriage tie. As soon as you have conceded the *powers* of government, the *rights* are claimed also. The majority are admitted to possess the power of moulding the government at their will; those who imposed restraints may take them away. True, there is a form, in which alone, this can be legitimately done; a process that requires time, and which may thus cool the ardour of

* San Marino.

innovation, and give wisdom a chance to arrest the career of folly. But forms, also, are claimed to be within the absolute power of the majority. They soon come to be regarded as obstacles to the fair course of the popular will, and are swept away as the mere embarrassments of freedom. The people are taught to think, that as all power is with them, they have a right to do directly, what they have a right to do indirectly; and that, as the forms of government are but the channels through which their will is expressed, it is enough that their will is known; and forms are therefore unnecessary. The facility thus afforded, invites into action all the vices which the restraints of government held in check; and the first objects of their attack, are the virtues which put them to shame. The numerical majority assert the kingly prerogative, and by virtue of their royal and absolute power, strike down the rights of property, legalise rapine, overturn all government, and drink health to confusion! The Jack Cade with many heads, reeling in the intoxication of power, and striding over every prostrate right, issues his royal edict, that "there shall be no law when he is king!!!"

It is impossible, gentlemen, to contemplate this subject, without being duly impressed with the necessity of cherishing every conservative principle of free government. It is impossible not to see, that rights cannot be preserved without enforcing the duties which they imply, and that the restraints of government are the only safeguards of liberty. It is said by Montesquieu, and is now become a political axiom, that the virtue of the people is the basis of republican government. No maxim can be more true, yet none is so little regarded. Religion respects our relation to God; morals, our relation to one another. Hence, whatever we do, which invades the just rights of another, is immoral; and as the safety and sacredness of these rights is indispensable to liberty, liberty cannot exist without the morality which respects and guards them. The virtue of the people is the basis of free government, only because that virtue teaches them forbearance and moderation; a proper respect for their own duties, and for the rights of others. The liberty which secures all the rights of the social state, is liberty enough; the licence which seeks for more, is but the spirit of despotism in the form of freedom. The worst enemy of rational liberty is the demagogue. He is, and ever has been, the bane of free states. He begins by flattering the people, and ends by betraying them. It is from him that they learn to despise all the restraints which they themselves have imposed. He persuades them to think that their voice is the voice of God, and that their power can secure the blessings of a sober and chastened liberty, amid the riot of a licentious freedom. If they do not die in this delusion, they wake from it in slavery and chains. —The voice of the people is the voice of God, only when it echoes back the precept which stays the arm of violence, and covers with the shield of divine justice, the rights of social man.

I trust that your voices, at least, will be raised to rebuke the spirit of a mad and frantic freedom, to rescue the institutions of your country from the dangers of anarchy; to vindicate the principles of republican government, from the reproach of anti-social tendencies, and to inculcate upon the public mind, every where, and at all times, the important truth, that "where there is no law, there is no liberty."

Life and Literary Remains

OF

L. E. L.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"It is a weary and a bitter hour,
When first the real disturbs the poet's world,
And he distrusts the future. Not for that
Should cold despondency weigh down the soul,
It is a glorious gift, bright Poetry,
And should be thankfully and nobly used
Let it look up to Heaven!"—L. E. L.

INTRODUCTION.

The following sketch of the literary and personal life of L. E. L. has been executed in fulfilment of a pledge given to her long before she meditated leaving England, and renewed immediately previous to her departure. I should not otherwise have presumed to attempt any thing of the kind. A few years ago, when England had just lost one of her ablest writers, she thus expressed herself in a letter replying to my suggestion that she should review his works—"I almost fear to praise such a man; but comfort myself with thinking that though few can raise the carved marble over a great author's remains, all may throw a flower on his grave."

When supplying me with some materials for a slight sketch of her life, published in the "New Monthly Magazine," she wrote thus: "These, I believe, are all the facts I can give you at present. Feelings are but poor substitutes in a memoir—else what a life would mine be! . . . But these are for a later biography, which I shall also entrust to you."

The suddenness of her death prevented her from making the necessary preparations for that later biography. Her design, however, has been accomplished, as far as possible. Much of what was essential to its accomplishment, has been supplied by the anxious care of her family, and the grateful zeal of some of her personal friends. To them the writer's thanks are here given for enabling him, at least partially, to fulfil his obligations to the object of their common regard.

What is now submitted to the public, could not well have been written earlier. The interval between her death, and the publication of these volumes, has not been idly spent by those whose duty it was to investigate the circumstances under which she died. The hope of entirely elucidating all that was mysterious in her fate, forbade an earlier effort to relieve that public anxiety, which was evidence equally of pity for her misfortunes, and appreciation of her worth.

Of the writings of L. E. L. that appear in these volumes, none have been published before but the "Subjects for Pictures, &c." and the mottos to some of the chapters of "Ethell Churchill," which had been previously uncollected. Two or three of the essays on the "Female Characters of Scott" had been printed in an incomplete state. The rest are entirely new. In addition to the letters and poems that are interwoven with the memoir, the tragedy of "Castruccio Castrucani" is published for the first time.

All the information relative to the family of L. E. L. that may be requisite as introductory to a record of her life, may be gathered without recurring to a remoter period than the commencement of the eighteenth century. The Landons appear to have been at that time settled at Crednall, in Herefordshire, where they enjoyed some landed property, in the possession of which they flourished until about the period of the South Sea mania, when one of them, Sir William Landon, Knt., concluded a series of enterprises, by which the circumstances of the family had been materially advanced, with some less prosperous speculations, whose issue involved the total loss of the patrimonial estates. Of the next generation, thus left to "sink or swim," as fortune willed it, some kept afloat, and the church seems to have been their ark of safety. One of Sir William's descendants, the great-grandfather of L. E. L., abundantly repaid the succour thus afforded to him, by a zealous and devout championship of the church against "all dissenters" in that day: as is apparent from a tablet on the north wall of the chancel in the church of Tedstone Delamere, near Bromyard, Herefordshire. The inscription runs thus:—"The Rev. John Landon, rector of Nursted and Ilsted, in Kent, died June 3d, 1777, aged 77. His religious principles and literary abilities were evident from what he did and wrote in vindication of the religion he professed, to the utter confutation of all dissenters."

Of the writings of this faithful servant of the church we know nothing whatever; but as the first of the Landons whose "literary abilities" were signalised, or at all events, of whose exercise of them any record remains, his name must be here held worthy of honouring remembrance. The tablet was probably erected by his son, the Rev. John Landon, who had been presented, upwards of thirty years before (in 1749), to the rectory of Tedstone Delamere, and who held that living, to his own honour and the advantage of his parishioners, until 1782. And it may be mentioned that a green and flourishing token of the age and respectability of this family, is still visible in the church above referred to; for there, we believe to this day, is to be seen, round the tomb of one of the Landons, a fresh and luxuriant growth of hazels, thriving within the walls of the old edifice.

Severe injuries, occasioned by a fall from his horse, rendered the latter years of the rector of Tedstone painful to himself, and perhaps less profitable to his family than they might otherwise have been; for about the period of his death (the living being his own), the advowson, together with Tedstone-court and estate, was sold, and a family consisting of eight children were left with very little but their own exertions and a respectable name, to depend upon for their advancement in the world.

The eldest of the sons was John Landon, the father of L. E. L. For him, perhaps, the quiet and unvarying life of a country clergymen would have possessed few charms, even had the fortune of his father and grandfather, the gift of a living, awaited him at the outset of life. At an early age his active and enterprising disposition seemed to point to the sea as the profession best suited to his tastes, and, while yet very young, to sea he went. Of two voyages that he made, the first was to the south coast of Africa—to that country on whose western shores, in after years, a being, who employed to the most virtuous ends, and with generous devotion, the life she drew from him, was destined to find a grave. Thence the young voyager returned in safety; and, with the same promises of success in his career, he sailed

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subsequently to Jamaica. But the death of his friend and patron, Admiral Bowyer, cast (it may be supposed) a cloud over his sea-prospects, and blighted the hopes that had sprung out of his adoption of a naval profession.

In the mean time his brother, Whittington (the second of the sons of the Rev. John Landon), had made rapid advancement at Oxford. Acquiring the favour and patronage of the Duke of Portland, his career at Worcester college, of which he was Provost for more than thirty years, was accompanied by distinguished fortune in the church, and his course of prosperity was crowned in due season by his appointment to the valuable deanery of Exeter, which he held until his recent decease, in January, 1839. Through the influential connections of the younger brother, better prospects at home were opened to the elder; and at length, through the means of a mutual friend, Mr. Churchill, an introduction was obtained to the respectable and prosperous house of Adair,* the army-agent, in Pall Mall. John Landon was speedily established in the lucrative business of an army-agency, becoming a partner in the house, and at no distant date the possessor of considerable property.

Thus settled in life, Mr. Landon married, and with his wife (Catharine Jane Bishop, a lady of Welsh extraction), took up his residence in Hans-place, Chelsea. There, in the house which is now No. 25, their daughter, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, was born, on the 14th of August, 1802. She was the eldest of three children: one, a girl, died in her thirteenth year; the other still survives, the attached brother, and long the inseparable companion of L. E. L.—the Rev. Whittington Henry Landon, M. A.

1802 to 1815.

It is remarkable that the greater portion of L. E. L.'s existence was passed on the spot where she was born. From Hans-place and its neighbourhood she was seldom absent, and then not for any great length of time: until within a year or two of her death she had there found her home; not, indeed, in the house of her birth, but generally close by. Taken occasionally, during the earlier years of childhood, into the country, it was to Hans-place she returned; here some of her schooltime was passed; when her parents removed, she yet clung to the old spot, and as her own mistress, chose the same scene for her residence. When one series of inmates quitted it, she still resided there with their successors, returning continually, after every wandering, "like a blackbird to his bush."

L. E. L. was a reader almost in her cradle, and a writer, if the term may be employed when the mechanical aids to authorship were wanting, before she had been many years out of it. Her first efforts in learning were indicative of acute intellect; and the uses to which she invariably turned the rewards of her quickness and diligence already implied the presence of those admirable qualities, which afterwards characterised her private life. Need we here say to any that ever knew her, that we mean the ardour of her affections, and the unreserved generosity of her nature. It is not less because it is believed that the public would desire to know all that can be related about the earliest years of one who has interested and delighted them so long, than because it is certain that some of the most trivial and childish circumstances will serve to exhibit those qualities of the intellect and the heart—that to these pages are transferred such anecdotes of her infancy as the fond recollections of her first friends have treasured up and supplied.

She was taught to read by an invalid friend and neighbour, who amused herself by scattering the letters of the alphabet over the carpet, and making her little pupil pick them up as they were named. The principle of rewards was adopted solely, and these rewards, as they were won, were as regularly brought to *her brother*. That living relative who was her only playmate and companion, relates, in a letter from which we write—"If she came home without a reward, she went up stairs with her nurse, of whom she was particularly fond, to be comforted; but when she brought her reward with her, she never failed to display it in the drawing-room, and then share it with me. She must," he adds, "have been very quick at that early age, for she seldom came empty-handed, and I soon began to look for the hour of her return, for which I had such very good reasons."

When in her sixth year she was sent to a school kept by Miss Rowden,* at No. 22, Hans-place—the house in which she afterwards resided for several years as a boarder. It seems to have been appropriated to such purposes from the time it was built; nor was L. E. L. the first who drank at the "well of English" within its walls. Miss Mitford, we believe, was educated there, and Lady Caroline Lamb was an inmate for a time. Here the little pupil's powers were so highly appreciated, that Miss Rowden presented her with a frock of her own working; it was long regarded as a robe of grace. One only complaint of misconduct in "the clever little child" was ever made, but this was a frequent one, and the fault was strikingly characteristic. Nothing could make L. E. L. walk quietly in the ranks with other children. The family residing near, she was sure to espy one of them, or a servant, or her nurse, and dart away she would. "On one of these occasions," says her brother, "and it is the second trait that I vividly call to remembrance, her nurse had purposely thrown herself in the way of the school and brought home her charge. My sister, on her arrival, wanted me to descend from a magnificent rocking-horse on which I chanced to be mounted, and on my refusal to surrender, she threw a tamboureen at me; it struck me on the face and brought me to the ground. The hurt was worse than she imagined it to be at the moment, but it brought out her natural disposition—for she petted me more than ever, and I had every thing my own way a long time after. Indeed it was the luckiest hit for me ever made in the nursery."

At this school L. E. L. remained only a few months. Hitherto she had not been absent from London but on short visits to a place called Coventry-farm, on the borders of Hertfordshire, in which her father had speculated deeply, confiding the superintendance of the project to the care of a brother. This was, in fact, the source of his subsequent embarrassments. Now, when the young student was scarcely seven years old, the family removed to Trevor-park, East Barnet, where the care of her instruction was undertaken by her cousin, Miss Landon, whose zeal and guidance were repaid with the most constant acknowledgment of her worth. Some passages of a letter from this lady, in which she recalls the hours long past that were beneficially devoted to the interests of her charge, will happily exhibit the spirit of the modest and admiring teacher, while they strikingly exemplify the progress and character of the pupil. "In very many instances," says the writer, "in endeavouring to teach, I have myself been taught, the extraordinary memory and genius of the learner soon leaving the humble abilities of the teacher far behind. Any experienced person used to instruction would have smiled at hearing us. When I asked Letitia any question relating either to history, geography, grammar—to Plutarch's Lives, or to any book we had been reading, I was pretty certain her answers would be perfectly correct; still, not exactly recollecting, and unwilling she should find out just then that I was less learned than herself, I used thus to question her:—'Are you quite certain?' 'Oh yes, quite!' 'You feel sure you are correct?' 'Yes, very sure.' 'Well then, to be perfectly right, bring the book and let us look over it again.' I never knew her to be wrong. * * * At so early an age as this, she would occupy an hour or two of the evening amusing her father and mother with accounts of the wonderful castles she had built in her imagination; and when, rambling in the garden in fair weather, she had taken with her, as a companion, a long stick, which she called her measuring stick; she was asked, 'What that was for?' her answer would be, 'Oh, don't speak to me, I have such a delightful thought in my head.' And on she would go talking to herself. There was a little world of happiness within her; and even then, the genius afterwards developed was constantly struggling to break forth."

The works read at this period were precisely those that happened to be at hand, or were most readily procurable. The list opens, of course, with grammars and catechisms, glances at geography, Rollin's Ancient History, Hume and Smollett; then come Plutarch's Lives, the Fables of Gay and Æsop, Life of Josephus, Montesquieu's Spirit of the Laws, Dobson's Life of Petrarch, and many others, more or less adapted to the young reader. "I always," remarks the thoughtful cousin, "made it my particular care never to allow of her reading any novels, knowing it would only weaken her mind, and give it a distaste for more serious reading." Nevertheless, this restriction was somewhat less effective than it was intended to be; for he who shared in L. E. L's. sports and pastimes, permitted or surreptitious, has a clear impression, that during the days of childhood, not less than from a hundred to a hundred and fifty volumes of the *Poets and Novelists* (Cooke's edition!) were all read through, forbidden though they were.

Books, and books only, whatever could be procured, were her delight from the first moment that she could read. Her capacity for acquiring knowledge was remarkable. The two masters from whom she received French lessons found the task of instructing her a new kind of pleasure; not only were her exercises always ready and correct, but she seemed to meet her teachers half way, and if told one word, knew another as though by intuition. Yet, it must be admitted, that to the rule "whatever she attempted, she thoroughly mastered," there were two exceptions; the future poetess excelled neither in music, of which she, nevertheless, understood the very soul, nor in an art which, throughout her life, she incessantly practised—penmanship. Her cousin states that, "although Letitia's kind and

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* The lady was herself a poetess, and otherwise highly accomplished. She afterwards became Countess St. Quentin, and died in the neighbourhood of Paris.

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accomplished friend, Miss Bissett, spared no pains during several years, to impart the same brilliant touch and execution she herself possessed, the attempt to make her proficient in music was vain. Yet" (she adds) "music seemed to charm and inspire her; for hours she would sit writing upon her slate while any one played or sang." As for her proficiency in penmanship, her brother graphically pictures the fruitless effort. "Learning to write," he says, "was a source of extreme trouble to her, and of frequent imprisonment to me. (This we shall explain presently.) A kind old gentleman who witnessed this distress, and who never believed that any fault whatever rested with her, undertook to teach her himself. And the copy-book was ruled, and his spectacles were rubbed, and his knife prepared to make the best pen possible; but it would not do; a broad nib and a fine nib, a hard pen and a soft pen, all failed, for in each case it was still *a pen*. At last he gave the task up in despair; he shook his head mournfully and said, 'No your dear little fingers are too straight;' gave her a forgiving kiss, told her she was 'a dab at pothooks,' took up his hat, walked out, and never renewed his attempt.

To explain the foregoing allusion to the "imprisonment" of the young brother and playmate on his sister's account, it is necessary to introduce an anecdote, and to quote a remark of his, which, in its application to her, was as strictly true in her maturer years as in her childhood. "It was," he observes, "no easy thing to subdue her will, except through her affections." Hence, possibly, the adoption of a discipline that formed part of the educational system at Trevor-park, of punishing the one when the other deserved it! When either was "in disgrace"—that was the term used—the unoffending party was locked up in a dark closet, and, says Mr. Landon, "this effectually secured obedience and attention." He adds, with his usual recollection of the kindness of his sister—"On these occasions, the nurse, who had no notion of any such discipline, or, indeed, of any at all with either of us, always pushed under the door apples, sweetmeats, or roasted chestnuts; these she invariably saved, when locked up on my account, and gave me when she came out."

Difficult as it may be for grateful remembrance to avoid exaggeration, there is no partiality in the assertion, that even at the age we are speaking of, she would endure anything, and give up anything. She was encouraged, and grew, year by year, in these habits of fortitude and self-denial. We have another anecdote illustrative of the same feeling, and recorded in a similar spirit. Her devotedness to reading was only equaled by the readiness with which she acquired whatever she chose to commit to memory, and the accuracy with which she retained whatever she had once learned. Mr. Landon remembers one instance of this quickness. "I had petitioned my father for three shillings, when he offered me, by way of compromise, a new eighteen penny-piece if I would learn and repeat to him the ballad—

> 'Gentle river, gentle river,
> Lo! thy streams are stained with gore,' &c.

But as this same ballad was some thirty verses long, and the payment inadequate, I struck for the three shillings, and would learn no ballad for less. I was in disgrace accordingly. Without saying a word, my sister went out, came back in a very short time, and repeated the ballad for me—asked for the three shillings—got them, and a kiss or two besides. She then persuaded me to learn it, teaching it me verse by verse. I forget whether I ever said it; but I do *not* forget that she gave me the three shillings."

The spirit thus manifested found food in the subjects her reading embraced; and even the favourite pastimes of the brother and sister assumed a similar colour, and had their origin in the same associations. We do not allude to those amusements, which were continued, as opportunity offered, long after the brother had made his first appearance at school; amusements calculated to shock the rapt and romantic, if, being believers in fiction, they were not often incredulous as to fact—the amusements, in short, of donkey-riding and racing, resorted to daily—of trap-ball, hoop, and bow-and-arrow, practised continually—even to the acquisition of an extraordinary degree of expertness, especially in the latter art. No; what we would particularise as the favourite pastime of the children, what may be characterised as their first ambition, was "to be Spartans." Mr. Landon says, "There could be no greater reproach between us than to call each other 'Sybarite,' and this long before I knew why; as far (he adds) as Plutarch's Lives enabled her to comprehend Spartan maxims, she aimed at carrying them out—thieving alone excepted—and that, as her father told her, only because we were not in an enemy's country." And it is related by her cousin, that she would often give any dainty she was about to eat to some poor child who came to the gate, observing, as she turned away, "I would rather be a Spartan than a Sybarite."

One of the exploits of the young Spartans deserves, by way of specimen, to be recorded. For some wanton or heedless trespass, they had both one day been turned out of the garden. Their rage was so great that they hardly knew at first how to compass their revenge upon the gardener. "But, my sister," proceeds our authority on this grave matter, "proposed a rather curious method of taking vengeance. 'I tell you what—we'll make him a *public character!*' but as I did not know what that was, I thought it better to get our war-arrows (headed with nails instead of lead,) and attack him on the spot. She was too much of a Spartan not at once to assent to the plan, and in another minute or two poor Joseph was stuck all over with arrows, for my sister, especially, was very expert. I shall never forget the man running at us, with his spade before his face; a charge which, as our weapons were not very 'Spartan,' ended the engagement at once. He took us both prisoners, and the punishment he inflicted was not without some tincture of retributive justice; for he tossed us upon the top of a quickset hedge, and there left us. After some furious crying, we found we were not much hurt. I remember, amidst my trouble, inquiring if she had read of any Spartans who had been served as we were?—an idea that instantly converted her tears to laughter, as she said, 'Very like Spartans, indeed!' In about half an hour the gardener came, accepted our promises, and lifted us down."

This gardener is the hero of another story, which must be related, as it introduces the little L. E. L. in the character of a preceptor. "He was almost thirty years old," says Mr. Landon, "had not the slightest acquaintance with the alphabet, but was anxious to learn. My sister, assisted by me, taught him first his letters, then to spell, to read, and at last, to write. It was at the spelling-stage that we were most amused. We used to pick out the 'hard words' for his lessons, and it was our delight to laugh at his extraordinary mistakes, some of which were, no doubt, intentional ones, designed to make fun for us. When I went to school, at eight years of age, he became Letitia's pupil solely. He carried a small dictionary, her gift, in his hat, and would con over a word while at work, and then appeal to one of us for the meaning; the explanation generally increasing his difficulty, because it brought more words with it. The dictionary was, with him, the one book needful; he was convinced that if he could master *that*, all others would be perfectly easy. Such were the difficulties under which he persevered in the paths of useful knowledge! His name was Joseph Chambers; he lived with us many years, and only left when there was no longer any service for him. He subsequently obtained a 'milk-walk,' at Brompton, where, being enabled to rely on his own book-keeping, he made some little money, and is now landlord of a quiet hostelry at Barnet. He ever retained a very grateful regard for the memory of his little governess." The reader, who might happen to stop at Mr. Chambers's inn at Barnet, would, no doubt, obtain a verification of this narrative of the original joyousness of the young improvisatrice.

But we must not pass by the childish days of L. E. L., over the records of which we have not, it is hoped, lingered too long, without a glance at certain habits that were more peculiar to herself, and lay at the root of those literary aspirations which, long before the years of womanhood, indicated the workings of more than a woman's mind, and gave to poetry and romance a store of premature and unexpected treasures. Her genius seems to have sprung up

> "Just as the grass grows that sows itself."

We have already seen her, in her cousin's description, pushing what she called her "measuring stick" before her, as she took her daily walk in the garden, and deprecating interruption because she had a "beautiful thought" in her head. And this picture may be filled up by the recollections of her brother, who has known her to be pacing up and down the lime-walk for hours in this way—sometimes talking aloud, sometimes repeating verses, oftener in silent thought—the result of all which exercises would be, at night, a long story, or an account of her intended *travels*, to which he, more especially, had to listen. And listen he did, patiently for some time; but at last, perhaps he got tired, or annoyed at losing his only playfellow in so unaccountable a way; for a bargain was struck between the children, to the effect that on one day he was to listen while she talked, and on the next she was to adopt his amusements. "On her days," runs the reminiscence, "I had to undergo either the account of 'her island,' that is, of what she would do as another Robinson Crusoe, or some fairy tale or verse of her own composition; or perhaps the battle scene from the 'Lady of the Lake,' for the whole of that poem I think she knew by heart." The listener's patience, after a time, appears to have failed again, for a fresh stipulation was made that the something, whatever it might be, which was to fall from the lips of the eloquent young child, was not to be repeated "more than twice or three times at the most."

L. E. L. has alluded, in some verses on the

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death of Sir Walter Scott, to the time and scene thus recalled by Mr. Landon.

"How well I can recall the time
When first I turn'd thy page;
The green boughs closed above my head,
A natural hermitage.
* * * * * *
I peopled all the walks and shades
With images of shine;
The lime-tree was a lady's bower,
The yew-tree was a shrine:
Almost I deem'd each sunbeam shone
O'er banner, spear, and merion."

Her kind instructress also speaks of the ease and rapidity with which, at this time, she used to perform the task of writing themes upon given subjects. As soon as she *could* write, or rather make those pothooks which were afterwards to become the uncouth interpreters of such graceful meanings, "you would always," says the lady just alluded to, "see her with her slate; when not reading or talking it was her constant companion, morning, noon, and night; she invariably took it with her into her room when she retired to rest, though rest she could not always—for if any thought struck her in the night, it was written down, and I believe she as often wrote without a light as with one."

The date of the "first effort of her literary genius," is not known, but it is certain she was "very young," and the subject was the adventures of her cousin, Captain Landon, who had then just returned from America. As she wrote she exhibited passages for approval. Much time was devoted to this: but the results have not been preserved. One of her very earliest pieces was a sketch (published years afterwards) of the character of Sir John Doyle, written after perusing an account of the Peninsular War. Her mind was wonderfully moved by the recital of any great or good action; her countenance, always strikingly expressive, would lighten up even in childhood as she read; and so early was her character formed that she not only seemed then, but really was, capable of any exertion or any self-sacrifice. Not less singular was her capacity of judging the characters of persons; while yet a mere child her penetration in this respect was frequently remarked; and though at the time they would often say "Letitia, you are wrong," the truth of the opinions she had expressed was as often confirmed by experience.

To account for the associations of traveling, and especially of travels in *Africa*, that were early predominant in her mind, we need but revert first to the voyage made while yet a youth by her father, and next to a book which he gave her, bearing the title of "Silvester Tramper." This was the pet among her "pleasure books," rivaling for a time even Robinson Crusoe, and decidedly eclipsing her fairy tales. She tried, in after life, to procure a copy of this work, but never could. Like Pistol, "it spoke of Africa and golden joys." It professed to be a narrative of travels in a region to her so fatal, and was full of wonders connected with bushmen, and lions literal and metaphorical—recounting narratives of much enterprise and adventure, illustrating, or rather exaggerating, the power which the arms and resources of a civilised few gave them over the savage many. At last her father presented her with the "Arabian Nights," and this acquisition soon settled the claims of Silvester and Robinson, by supplanting both. "Many a weary day," observes her brother, "those same Nights occasioned me—I had to hear all!"

L. E. L. reminded her brother, in a poem addressed to him in after years, of another volume, whose hero for a time eclipsed every other hero. Truth seemed indeed stranger than fiction as they read Cook's voyages:—

"It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his Voyages who found the fair South Seas; . . . . . .
For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at Sea,
And the pond amid the willows our ocean seemed to be;
The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,
We called the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.
Within that lovely garden what happy hours went by,
While we fanned that around us spread foreign sea and sky."

The mention of the paternal gift (the "Arabian Nights"), suggests a reference, before we proceed further, to a little sketch in which the circumstance is mentioned by L. E. L. herself. It is called "The History of a Child," and formed one of about seven sketches published in 1836, under the title of "Traits and Trials of Early Life." Some of the incidents of her own childhood are related in it: but the whole bear the same relation to reality that phantasies bear to facts. The joy in the gift, the "delicious odour of the Russian leather," and the charm of the "pictures that glanced through the half-opened leaves," as she received the precious volumes—the excitement of "reading those enchanted pages," which was ranked as the "most delicious of her life"—may all be unexaggerated; but for the other events, the scenes, the feelings associated with them, they are just as unlike her own history, as Robinson Crusoe's island is unlike England. Taking this sketch in an autobiographical sense, we see in the heroine a shy, melancholy, lonely, unloved child—whose pride is stung by whispered affronts from parents about her "plainness"—whose affections are jokes or mysteries to all about her—whose heart breaks when her nurse calls her "a tiresome little thing"—and who, left to ruminate in solitude, found no pleasure but in a sense of neglect and presentiments of misery. Now the real L. E. L. was anything on earth but this. True, she seldom mixed with other children, for one reason, that there were none of her own age in the neighbourhood; true, that although very affectionate, she never cared to "pet" any animal, dog, cat, or bird—nor took pleasure in girlish toys; for her "pleasure-books" were her sole pets. But it is just as certain that so far from being a gloomy child, all who knew her laugh at such a notion. Now and then, as her cousin remembers, a certain violence of temper would get the better of the young student, and on such occasions her unfortunate books were condemned to take up their abode in different directions; but calmly to replace them, at a word, or even a look of admonition, was enough—"her tears flowed abundantly—she would kneel down and beg God to forgive her." Her temper, says this respected relative, was cheerful and kind; "and she lived only with those who loved her for herself, and wished solely for her good."

"I have told the history of my childhood," wrote L. E. L., concluding the little imaginative sketch of which mention has been made; "childhood which images forth our after life. Even such has been mine—it has but repeated what it learnt from the first, sorrow, beauty, love, and death." In contrast with the romance of this picture, and to clear up all mistakes as to the original melancholy of her nature, we must set before the reader a picture painted in far pleasanter colours, not even admitting that the truth is less poetical than the fiction. He who knew her childish feelings and habits so well, sharing her sports and seeing into her very dreams, gives us this assurance that "up to the age of thirteen, when the family quitted Trevor-park, she was a strong healthy child, a joyous and high-spirited romp. Nor," he proceeds, "was this disposition ever wholly lost. When, indeed, thought began to deepen, and the imagination to unfold, it then only changed to the milder and less childish form of playful wit and social cheerfulness." Such were the early days of the happy L. E. L.; and such, we venture to assert, were the feelings with which, when those days were passed, she commenced her career in the world.

1815 to 1824.

After a year's residence at Lewis-place, Fulham, Mr. Landon removed with his family to Old Brompton. Here a considerable period of L. E. L.'s youth was passed. Under the guiding care of her mother, the good and generous qualities of her nature continued to have fair play and to flourish; while those powers of intellect and imagination, which had been early signalised, acquired ripeness and strength so gradually as to insure, in the minds of her friends, the fulfilment of every gratifying promise. The days of tasks and lessons over, her studies took their own turn, and the tastes she displayed were those of the poetry and the romance that coloured all her visions, waking or asleep. Pen and ink had succeeded to the slate, writing to scribbling, distinct images to phantasies that had as little form as substance; and it followed that ideas of publication and a thirst for fame should succeed to the first natural charm of parental kisses and family pats on the head—the delicious encouragement of an occasional "not so bad!" or even a "very clever, indeed!" from some more enthusiastic patron. The desire was soon gratified. Mr. Jerdan, under whose management the "Literary Gazette," then recently established, was rapidly acquiring a large circulation and exercising great literary influence, happened to be a neighbour of the Landons, and to him, as an arbiter of the destinies of young authors, and a man of the kindliest disposition, admitted even in quarters where the utmost difference of literary opinion prevailed, an introduction was, without much difficulty, obtained. Fragments of romance, snatches of song, "fancies and good nights," pieces composed with about as much art as a young bird might exhibit in its first chirpings—were submitted with mingled hope and fear for the critic's judgment, and this was speedily given in a form of frank and strong encouragement. In some of the earliest verses that were shown to him, Mr. Jerdan had the taste and feeling to perceive the faint colourings of a dawn that was to resemble

"The uncertain glory of an April day."

If he could not pronounce every set of verses to be a poem, he could well discern that nobody but a poet had written them. If there were not evidences of the power and mastery of the divine art, there were proofs of a love of it too intense to

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fail in working out some of the sweetest of its objects. As he felt he spoke; the encouragement had an instant effect; and the "Child of Song" had the delight, not long after, of seeing some of her verses included among the original poetry of the influential and fame-dispensing "Literary Gazette."

The effect of this editorial compliment, and the praise that accompanied it, remained long upon her mind, comforting her under some trials to which her family were about that time subjected, by feeding her enthusiastic hopes of being able, in after years, to attach honour to their name, and to aid their fortunes. When she was about eighteen years old, she commenced a letter to her cousin, with a reference to some opinions just then pronounced by the same critical authority, and then ran on in a strain which shows that all her childlike simplicity of feeling, and thoughtful light-heartedness, had been unchangeably preserved.

"Dear Cousin,—Are you pleased with me? Am I not happy? An elegance of mind peculiarly graceful in a female;—is not this the praise you would have wished me to obtain? Has all your trouble been thrown away? It has always been my most earnest wish to do something that might prove your time had not been altogether lost. To excel is to show my grateful affection to you. The poem is now entirely finished. I hope you will like 'Adelaide.' I wished to portray a gentle soft character, and to paint in her the most delicate love. I fear her dying of it is a little romantic; yet, what was I to do, as her death must terminate it? Pray do you think, as you are the model of my, I hope, charming heroine, you could have contrived to descend to the grave

'Pale martyr to love's wasting flame?'

"Not only is the second canto concluded, but I have written all the minor pieces I intend inserting. And now, dear cousin, I do so long to be with you, if it were only to show you how amiable I intend being. I will not be passionate and, as to Elizabeth, I will be so good-natured—I will be to her what you have been to me. . . . . I never knew how delightful it was to be at home until I was away. It is all very pleasant to go out for a day or two. I do not mean to say I do not like it, but when it comes to be week upon week and month upon month (for it is now four months since I saw any of you) I am heartily tired. . . . . I hate to be continually obliged to think of what I must say, for fear of offending some one or other—however, I never had the slightest disagreement with one of them. On the whole, I compare my visit to Clifton to a sunny day in December. . . . . I have such a delightful room to sit in, where I usually spend mornings and evenings—I have borrowed Miss Elizabeth Smith's 'Fragments,' I like them so much. I am quite in Miss C.'s good graces—it is impossible to help laughing at her, but it never offends her—on the contrary she exclaims, 'Well now, dear heart alive, I am so glad to find you have such good spirits!' I believe my aunt thinks me not a little rhodomontade, but it is very excusable at present. I am happy for three things; first, I am so enchanted with Mr. Jerdan's note; secondly, so pleased at having left Clifton; and last, though not least, I am so delighted to think it will not be long before I shall see you all again."

This letter, which, like every one of the hundreds we have seen from the same hand, is without a date, was written from Gloucestershire, where, in 1820, she was staying on a visit to some of her relatives, having previously visited Clifton (as referred to in the letter) accompanied by her grandmother. This was the first time she had ever quitted home. We see how her heart returns to it. Separated from what she had most associated with, she can but compare her days to glimpses of December sunshine—warm and bright only by comparison.

The poem thus alluded to as being entirely finished, formed the principal feature of a little volume, published in the summer of the following year, by Mr. Warren, of Bond street. Its title was "The Fate of Adelaide," a Swiss romantic tale, and it was dedicated to Mrs. Siddons. The story is of love, war, and misery. Adelaide loves and is loved, but her Orlando is inconstant; war calls him to the east, and there he marries; both ladies die for him—

——— "They laid
Zoraide (for so she wish'd it) by the side
Of her sweet rival;"—

and the hero hangs over the grave, a melancholy man, to point the moral of the lay. The poem and the minor verses that follow it, were of value only as promises—as indications of poetical genius; and these promises were soon redeemed by an assiduous cultivation of that beautiful faculty of song which, like mercy, is twice blessed, being ever in its best and highest exercise a joy inestimable.

Immediately after the publication of this volume she commenced, in the "Literary Gazette," a series of "Poetical Sketches," to which were affixed her initials only—"L. E. L." The three letters very speedily became a signature of magical interest and curiosity. Struck by the evident youth of the writer, by the force as well as the grace of her careless and hurried notes, by the impassioned tenderness of the many songs and sketches that, week after week, without intermission, appeared under the same signature, the public unhesitatingly recognised these contributions as the fresh and unstudied outpourings of genius; and they, by whom the loftier beauties and the more cultivated graces of the living masters of the lyre were best appreciated, at once, "with open arms received one poet more." Not only was the whole tribe of initialists throughout the land eclipsed, but the initials became *a name*.

From the summer of 1821, to that of 1824, these contributions were uninterruptedly continued. It is impossible not to be struck with the profusion in which they were poured forth. Five or six snatches of song in a week, few of them without some charm of tenderness or fancy, or a brief tale of struggling passion, delineating some chivalrous character, and abounding in the picturesque—these were read in many quarters with the admiration which glances over defects and dwells on the result—the general image of beauty presented to the mind. It was thus that the young initialist "woke, and found herself famous." Perhaps the L. E. L. itself, the compromise between the anonymous and the full announcement, the partial revelation, the nameleness of the name, had the effect of stimulating curiosity. That the poet was a "young lady yet in her teens," as the editor answering inquiries at length announced, was a circumstance that did not, we may be sure, detract from the charm. Old poets read, and younger ones wrote verses to her. One of them, Bernard Barton, thus closes an admiring apostrophe, published in February, 1822, months before the object of it had attained her twentieth year:—

"I know not who, or what, thou art,
Nor do I seek to know thee,
Whilst thou, performing thus thy part,
Such banquets can bestow me.
Thus be, as long as thou shalt list,
My viewless, nameless melodist."

And this she was to thousands beside the minstrel. With the young she at once became a favourite. She breathed in rapturous verse their own fervent and wild aspirations—she unfolded to them the visions of their morning; nor did she the less retain this hold upon them because they shrunk with a sudden chillness from her blank and dreary pictures of destiny, and her sombre predictions wrung from them tears of needless pity.

A writer of the first literary rank, in one of the volumes of the "New Monthly," for the year 1831, has referred to the "sensation" created by our subject on her first appearance in the pages of the "Literary Gazette." "We were," he says, "at that time, more capable than we now are of poetic enthusiasm; and certainly that enthusiasm we not only felt ourselves, but we shared with every second person we then met. We were young, and at college, lavishing our golden years, not so much on the Greek verse and mystic character to which we ought, perhaps, to have been rigidly devoted, as

'Our heart in passion, and our head in rhyme.'

At that time poetry was not yet out of fashion, at least with us of the eloister; and there was always in the reading-room of the Union a rush every Saturday afternoon for the 'Literary Gazette;' and an impatient anxiety to hasten at once to that corner of the sheet which contained the three magical letters 'L. E. L.' And all of us praised the verse, and all of us guessed at the author. We soon learned it was a female, and our admiration was doubled, and our conjectures tripled. Was she young? Was she pretty? And—for there were some embryo fortune hunters among us—was she rich? We ourselves who, now staid critics and sober gentlemen, are about coldly to measure so a prose work [that is here quoted is introductory to a review of Romance and Reality,] the due quantum of laud and censure, then only thought of homage, and in verse only, we condescended to yield it. But the other day, in looking over some of our boyish effusions, we found a paper supersCribed to L. E. L., and beginning with 'Fair spirit!'"

In this place, perhaps, it may be fitting to glance at one important characteristic of her writings, previous to the consideration of those maturer poems, the earliest of which, now on the eve of appearance, procured for her such deserved distinction. In the poetry of L. E. L., even at this early and happy period of her career, assuming that it has now in reality commenced, we detect, not unfrequently, examples of that which afterwards cast a gloom over so much that she wrote, and was so justly complained of by those who took the deepest interest in the progress of her talents and reputation. The verses even of her gay and eager youth abound in distrusting views of life, in melancholy forebodings, and images of weariness and despondency. Whatever the subject of the song, baffled hopes and blighted affections would evermore thrust themselves between the singer and the light; and if they were not always seized upon as the theme,

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they were unfailingly associated with it, and introduced in the way of illustration or analogy. And here it may be desirable at once to impress upon the reader's mind the fact, that there was not the remotest connection or affinity, not indeed a colour of resemblance, between her every day life on habitual feelings, and the shapes they were made to assume in her poetry. No two persons could be less like each other in all that related to the contemplation of the actual world, than "L. E. L." and Letitia Elizabeth Landon. People would do in this, as in so many other cases, forgetting one of the licenses of poetry, identify the poet's history in the poet's subject and sentiments, and they accordingly insisted that, because the strain was tender and mournful, the heart of the minstrel was breaking. Certain it is, that L. E. L.'s naturally sweet and cheerful disposition was not, at this time, soured or obscured by any meditations upon life and the things most worth living for, which a lavish and rapturous indulgence of the poetic mood could lead her into; and however she may have merited admiration, she had no original claim to sympathy as a victim to constitutional morbidness. While every chord of her lute seemed to awaken a thousand plaintive and painful memories, she was storing up just as many lively recollections; and as the melancholy of her song moved numberless hearts towards her, her own was only moved by the same process still farther than ever out of melancholy's reach. Her imagination would conjure up a scene in which, as was said of the *Urn Burial*, the gayest thing you should see would be a gilt coffin nail; and this scene she would fancifully confound for the time being with human life, past, present, or to come; but the pen once out of her hand, there was no more sturdy questioner, not to say repudiator, of her own doctrines, than her own practice. The spectres she had conjured up vanished as the wand dropped from her hand. Fire minutes after the composition of some poem full of passionate sorrow, or bitter disappointment and reproach, she would be seen again in the very mood out of which she had been carried by the poetic frenzy that had seized her—a state of mind the most frank, affectionate and enjoying—self-relying, but equally willing to share in the simple amusements that might be presented, or to employ its own resources for the entertainment of others.

A letter which must have been written towards the close of 1820, while L. E. L. was yet in Gloucestershire, will serve to show how early she was accustomed to give her thoughts the gloomiest and most unreal colouring when finding expression in verse. It is addressed to her mother.

"At present," she says, "all I have to say is, that I do so long to see you all, that I like my aunt more and more, that nothing can be pleasanter than my visit to Castle-end, and that I only wish you were in as agreeable a place. I have but one cause of complaint—I so seldom hear from any of you. As for my cousin, if I did not know her too well, I should take it for granted she had forgotten me. You cannot think how delightful a letter is—it makes me quite happy for three days. The following lines I wrote last night—I send them, as they are addressed to you.

'I will not say, I fear your absent one
Will be forgotten, but you cannot feel
The sickening thoughts that o'er the spirit steal
When I remember I am quite alone.
That all I love most fondly, all are gone.
To you that deepest sorrow is unknown;
Some very dear ones are beside you now;
But cold is me each smile that meets my own;
It does not beam upon some long-loved brow.
'Tis vain to tell me we again shall meet,
That thought but makes the weary hours depart
More slowly; hope is tedious to the heart
When we so oft its accents must repeat.
Absence is to affection, as the hour
Of winter's chilling blight upon the spring's young flower.'

"I have now," proceeds the letter, "entirely lost my former passion for traveling. If I am so tired of what can scarcely be called a long journey, what should I do in my *intended travels through Africa!* I have not written to you since you enclosed Mr. Jerdan's note. How happy I am! it so far surpasses my expectations, convinced as I am that a kind of curse hangs over us all; it seemed too delightful to happen to one of the Cabets. . . . . To say the truth, I had thought so much about the poem, that I had got quite tired of it, and at last sent it in a fit of despair. Your kind opinion has again revived the spirit of exertion. I had, indeed, compounded a miserable essence for expectation—it might have been styled intrusion, presumption, or, to sum up in a word, it might have been good for nothing. The poem I took with me to Chilton, intending to finish it, I carried back with and burnt. This one has been entirely written since I was there, and is now completely terminated.—'My task is ended now.' . . . . I have made your purse scarlet. I think, though, they say green is the colour of hope; it has been an unlucky colour to us, for how few of us all were of it! . . . . My aunt is really a delightful person—so good-natured, lets me do just as I please: I don't wonder they all like her so much. When do you *think* of moving? Once together again, and I care not for anything else. I think, you will smile when I tell you I often spend an evening engaged in a sober rubber at whist."

The contrast between the tone of this letter, and that of the lines enclosed in it, is apparent. It forms the distinction between reality and romance. In prose, the writer only wishes her mother "were in as agreeable a place;" in poetry, she is "consumed by sickening thoughts" that steal over her as she remembers she is "quite alone." As a matter of fact she states, that her aunt, whom she likes more and more, is "delightful and good-natured, allowing her to do just as she pleases;" but as a matter of fiction she declares, that "all she loved most fondly, all are gone"—that she is quite solitary and ever sorrowful. The reality asserts "that nothing can be pleasanter than her visit to Castle-end," and the romance insists that "cold is every smile" which meets hers. How far poetry may require these convenient sacrifices of fact, is a question it would be idle to discuss; nor is it here maintained that the habit was at all peculiar to L. E. L. What is required to be conceded, is simply, that the habit was here; that she less frequently aimed at expressing in her poetry her own actual feelings and opinions, than at assuming a character for the sake of a certain kind of effect, and throwing her thickly-thronging ideas together with the most passionate force, and in the most picturesque forms. Sorrow and suspicion, pining regrets for the past, anguish for the present, and morbid predictions for the future, were in L. E. L., not moral characteristics, but merely literary resources. The wounded spirit and the worm that never dies were often but terms of art, or means to an end. This admitted, there is little of contradiction to be accounted for, and few mysteries of character to clear up.

1824 to 1830.

In the month of July, 1824, after several unsuccessful negotiations with other publishers, "The Improvisatrice and other poems, by L. E. L.," was published by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson. The principal poem was scarcely more than fifteen hundred lines in length, but the volume extended to upwards of three hundred and twenty pages. It was a book of beauty in every sense, and enjoyed a fate not always accorded to volumes of poetry that are ardently admired—it was as eagerly bought. Its success, as far as sale was concerned, was unequivocal on the first day of publication.

The stamp of originality was on this work. Almost as thickly sown with blemishes as with beauties—faulty to an extent that must have made the cold natured and cynical critic felicitate himself as at the spreading of a feast—the fruit of wild and unpausing feelings that "would not be commanded"—there was still the stamp of originality upon the work. There was a power in the pages that no carelessness could mar, no obscurity hide—and the power was the writer's own. Not only had her lyre borrowed no string from the elder poets, not only were its effects unweakened by imitative notes caught from the popular poetical writings of the day, but it was just as impossible to trace in the character of her imagination and peculiarities of her style, any resemblance to those qualities which had gained distinction for other gifted women—one of whom, Mrs. Hemans, had just preceded her in the acquisition of an honoured name.

The youth and sex of the writer constituted another claim of powerful effect. There was much, moreover, in the poem itself, connected with these, to interest and fascinate. The heroine of it was an improvisatrice, youthful, impassioned, and gifted with glorious powers of song; and, although introduced as a daughter of Florence—

"of that land
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine"—

she might be even L. E. L. herself; for what were the multitude of songs she had been pouring out for three years past, but "improvisings!" and, as some forlorn hope or blighted affection was generally their theme, so was it here—the story of love and suffering, hope and despair, was but amplified and elevated: the "moral" was the same—

"It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."

And thus, though it was but Sappho who sang, Sappho and L. E. L. were voted to be one, and the minstrel was identified as a martyr to ill-starred passion and blighted hope.

The assertion that many of L. E. L's. songs were simply "improvisings," may almost be taken in a literal sense. An example is supplied in one of the minor pieces that fill up this volume—the sketch of "St. George's Hospital." It was long ago pointed out to us as an instance of the ease with which her fancy applied itself to any subject, and of the rapidity with which

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she embodied her ideas in verse. Passing the spot with a party of friends, she invited one of them to give her a subject for a sketch, and he carelessly suggested the hospital. Arrived at Brompton, the pen was put in action; and, in a space of time that seemed scarcely sufficient for transcribing the lines legibly, that beautiful set of pictures was produced. Her thoughts always flowed faster than she could put them upon paper; and of many of her fragments and sketches, as of the above, it may be said, that it would take her just as long to copy, as to compose them.

Nobody will deny that this proved, in numberless instances, a fatal facility. Hare and there a stanza may have been improvised with advantage; many lines together, nay, whole pieces may be shown, which, written off as fast as the fingers could move, no study could have very materially improved. But these were the exceptions. The injury that resulted from the rule of rapidity—breathless and reckless rapidity—is shown throughout the various poems that compose the over-wrought richness, the beautiful excess, the melodious confusion of the "Improvisatrice." If the superfluities, amounting in at least one third of the poem, had been cut away, all that is obscure would have been clear—all that is languid, strong—all that is incongruous, harmonised. But let this, at the same time, be borne in mind, that L. E. L. is not, even in her earlier poems, chargeable with having used two words where one would do; she only sinned in employing two ideas, or three, where one was enough. It is true, she often marred a fine thought by a careless and inexact expression; but more frequently she destroyed the effect of a fine thought by profusely heaping others upon it, until she buried her nightingale in roses.

It would be an endless task to recount the instances of personal tribute and congratulation from those whose "breath is renown," which this production won for its delighted author. Enough, that the public was her patron; that several editions were rapidly sold; and that the tide of fortune began to flow in with that of fame. But not a day did she allow herself to pause in the enjoyment of these new delights, and the advantages they were bringing to those of whom she always thought more than of herself. Her imagination would know no rest. Her weekly contributions of sketch and song were continued with unabated freshness and vigour; amidst feelings, kindled by the success of her work, which she afterwards touchingly described—

> "If ever happiness
> In its most passionate excess
> Offered its wine to human lip,
> It has been mine that cup to sip.
> I may not say with what deep dread
> The words of my first song were said;
> I may not say what deep delight
> Has been upon my minstrel flight.
> Thanks to the gentleness that lent
> My young lute such encouragement."

It incited her to another trial of it, for another poem was commenced before the close of the year.

The progress of this new work was, however, interrupted by an event not wholly unlooked for, but for which a heart so filially attached as hers could never be thoroughly prepared. Hitherto, L. E. L. had resided under her father's roof, excepting only during an interval of a year or two passed with her grandmother in Sloane-street, or spent in visits to other members of the family. Now, however, in the midst of her success, and in the freshness of her yet brighter hope, it was her misfortune to be deprived of her beloved parent; of him, whom to please was the first desire of her heart. Mr. Laudon lived only long enough to witness the dawn of his daughter's literary fortune, and to hail in it, as he must have done, some consoling prospects of that advantage and succour to the objects bereft of his protection, which his own unprosperous enterprises in later years had rendered so necessary.

The poem was, after a while, proceeded with; and its loveliest passages are evidences that she had sought and found, among the shadows of melancholy beauty, and the images of gentleness and peace which many of the subjects selected for illustration suggested to her, that balm for hurt minds which her own so much required: the poem closes with a tribute to the revered dead, which is one gush of exquisite and unexampled affection.

> ——— "My heart said, no name but thine
> Should be on this last page of mine.
> My father! though no more thine ear
> Censure or praise of mine can hear,
> It soothes me to embalm thy name
> With all my hope, my pride, my fame.
> * * * * * * *
> Alas! the tears that still will fall,
> Are selfish in their fond recall.
> If ever tears could win from Heaven
> A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
> Mine surely might! * * *
> My own dead father, time may bring
> Change, change, upon his rainbow-wing;
> But never will thy name depart—
> The household god of thy child's heart,
> Until thy orphan girl may share
> The grave where her best feelings are.
> Never, dear father, love can be
> Like the dear love I had for thee."

These are among the closing lines of "The Troubadour," to which were added, "Poetical Sketches of Modern Pictures, and Historical Sketches," forming a volume, published by Hurst and Co., in July, 1825. This poem is of considerable length, and is divided into four cantos. The festival of the Golden Violet, which, at Toulouse, in the 14th century, was appointed for the bestowal of the prize due to the Troubadour victor, suggested the subject; and the hero of it, Raymond, figures bravely and brilliantly in all the honours that a mastery in love, and war, and minstrelsy, may confer upon him, until he wins from the hand of his fair mistress, who is queen of the floral games, the prize of the Golden Violet. In this subject we have some spirited descriptions of scenes where—

> "With the lightning's speed, the thunder's peal,
> Flashes the lance and strikes the steel;"

in contrast with the most lovely, or the most gorgeous pictures of fair gardens and gay pavilions; then, again, bursts of wildest passion and bitterest grief, succeeded by such touches of sweet and natural feeling, that the heart is lulled, and the ear scarcely heeds the faltering measure and the jagged verse—

> "Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

It is noticeable that, in her picture of the Troubadour, L. E. L. describes, what she could not yet have experienced, the insufficiency of a fair fame fairly won to stone for the evils of sacrificed repose, of unambitious dreams dispelled, of privacy invaded, of the cold sneer, the envious tongue, the heart-searing slander. The wreath of song, she says,—

> "Though seemingly all bloom and light,
> Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight. * *
> Mocking will greet, neglect will chill
> His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill;
> And, worst of all, that heartless praise
> Echoed from what another says."

The poet, she assures us,

> "But dreams a dream of life and light,
> And grasps the rainbow, that appears
> Afar all beautiful and bright
> And finds it only form'd of tears."

The end of the adventure being invariably and inevitably,

> "To sigh for all the toil, the care,
> The wrong which he has had to bear."

This was written shortly after the death of Lord Byron, and expresses nothing more than that sympathy which a spirit so imaginative, and a temper so generous as hers, must necessarily have felt, with the wrongs and sufferings, real and unreal, of that extraordinary person. But L. E. L. was soon admitted to a full and most keen experience of some of the wrongs she so touchingly associates with the attainment of poetic honours. Of this presently. In the mean time, with the remark that the success of the "Troubadour," with respect both to fame and fortune, equaled her highest hopes, let us turn to another subject.

The Christmas of this year, 1825, L. E. L. spent at the house of her uncle, the Rev. James Laudon, at Aberford, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire. One of the friends with whom she was always most delighted to correspond was, just at that period, making a first appearance in the "atmosphere of authorship;" and the occasion called forth a letter, which, though written in a vein of the liveliest and most playful humour, expresses some sentiments which she very seriously entertained. To read this is to have a pretty correct idea of her conversation taken down in short hand.

"Ten thousand congratulations to myself, the reproach is taken away from Israel. My dearest Mrs. Thomson, your appearance in the atmosphere of authorship is a consummation devoutly to be wished by all who have the good name of their profession at heart. I shall think of my calling, 'my shame in crowds,' with somewhat of complacency, when I can call up your image, instead of visions of longitude in blue, and latitude in yellow. Already I see you a regular lioness. 'Have you got Mrs. Thomson's autograph? I am sure you will be at my party when I tell you Mrs. Thomson is to be there—she is the great historianess, a most charming, delightful woman.' 'Good gracious! can that be an authoress?' 'Why, dear me, ma'am, she has such a fine family!' How cordially, sincerely, affectionately do I wish and expect for your work the most brilliant success. May the Grand Turk read it as a matrimonial lesson,* the Mogul take the thousandth edition for himself, and the emperor of all the Russias implore the honours of its dedication.

"Many thanks for your letter. I take the opposite of your position, and say the country is the place for reading letters; I know your's

* The work was the "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII."

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by heart. I, too, have been dining out; *au premier*, I did 'Miss,' very prettily, and a good-natured old lady—who put me in mind of a tun, or a lady and gentleman 'rolled into one,' having the height of one sex, the breadth of the other—gave me a book of pictures, a stool, and a little table. *Au second*, it was properly disseminated that I was 'the London Authoress.' The consequence was, that seated by the only young man I had beheld, I acted upon him like an air-pump, suspending his very breath and motion; and my asking him for a mince-pie, a dish of which I had been for some time surveying with longing eyes, acted like an electric shock—and his start not a little discomposed a no-age-at-all, silk-vested epinster, whose plate was thereby deposited in her lap—and last not least, in the hurry, he forgot to help me!

"My dear madam, I can forgiva (I can do no more) your liking the country in preference to London. Both yourself and Mr. Thomson passed your childhood there; and I believe, like the absolute necessity of wigs for the bishops and judges, there is an absolute belief in the enjoyments of childhood; though, in my particularly private opinion, these reminiscences are but of triangular caps, certain donations on the right or left ear, as was most convenient, verbs, *graphies*, and, climax of intellectual misery, the multiplication table! Be this as it may, it is my firm belief that the softened remembrance of these said scenes has thrown a poetical halo round the country, that it is only because you are not there which makes it so desirable to you. Nothing, I grant, can be more luxurious than the gush of fresh air, the sweep of green fields, the fine old trees and the twilight of summer; but it is coming from streets, it is the very knowledge that your pleasure is passing as you enjoy it, that makes a month or two in the country so delightful. But *toujours perdrix!* the very poetry of Surrey's beautiful landscapes would become prose in time. As for social intercourse there is none. I grant you a round of magnificent dinners—I allow the excellence of the champagne, the ices, the pine apples—I can stare at the gold and silver plate till I pine to pawn it—but for real enjoyment give me one day such as I have spent at your house. I grant that in the country nothing seems easier than to become the golden calf of a circle, but I never envied Miss Seward.

"No; 'London, my country, city of the soul,' I am content to dwell for aye with thee. I, however, cordially agree in one of your favourite opinions, the happiness of being one of a large family. There is certainly something very delightful in being the object of affectionate solicitude to many, bound in every tie of habit and relationship. . . . I should like you to know my aunt, I think you would be so much pleased with her. . . . You must summon philosophy and the haberdasher to your aid, for gloves of mine, here at least, you will never get. *En passant*, I have heard most ludicrous accounts of my achievements in that way. One young lady heard at Scarborough last summer, that I had had two hundred offers; and a gentleman at Leeds brought an account of three hundred and fifty straight from London. It is really very unfortunate that my conquests should so much resemble the passage to the North Pole and Wordsworth's Cuckoo, 'talked of but never seen.' . . . Since the first page of this was written, I have seen York Cathedral—it is a glorious place. The feeling on entering it is worth a whole month of common existence. I only longed to assassinate the guide who kept talking of feet and inches."

The next letter which L. E. L. addressed to Mrs. Thomson is in painful contrast with that which has just been transcribed. The subject of it is here adverted to with a reluctance which will at least ensure brevity. At the very moment when the hopes of a friend's success in a first literary enterprise were thus inspiring her even to gaiety, jealousy and calumny were busy with her own name. Nobody can make many friends without making some enemies. L. E. L's. foes comprised perhaps various persons who, dispraised in the journal to which she was so valued and constant a contributor, associated the critic's opinions with hers; while others might erroneously assign to her influence the rejection of their communications. To these must be added a third class, not a numerous, but a very active one, who never forgive success. Hence the first motive for detraction, which broke out in bitter ridicule of her writings, and then proceeded to the vilest misrepresentation of her conduct. What malignity begins, ignorant, idle, sometimes even well-meaning, gossip, finishes. Those who professed to know nothing about her, aided by their silly curiosity the insidous objects of those who might falsely pretend to know. Unfortunately, the very unguardedness of her innocence served to arm even the feeblest malice with powerful stings; the openness of her nature, and the frankness of her manners, furnished the silly or the ill-natured with abundant materials for gossip. She was always as careless as a child of set forms and rules for conduct. She had no thought, no concern about the interpretation that was likely to be put upon her words, by at least one out of a score of listeners—it was enough for her that she meant no harm, and that the friends she most valued knew this—perhaps she found a wilful and most dangerous pleasure, sometimes, in making the starers stare yet more widely. She defied suspicion. But to induce her to condescend to be on her guard, to put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, simply because self-interest demanded it to save her conduct from misrepresentation, was a task which, so far from any one being able to accomplish, few would, without deliberation, venture to attempt; so quick were her feelings, so lofty her woman's pride, and so keen and all-sufficing her consciousness of right.

By no one could this grave and delicate duty have been more properly discharged than by the friend to whom the preceding letter was addressed. Mrs. Thomson had known L. E. L. and her family for years. Dr. Antony Todd Thomson had been her medical attendant from her girlish days—both had been in the most friendly and cordial intimacy with her—so that it might almost be said she had been rarely out of their sight. Mrs. Thomson's high sense of moral rectitude—and not that only, but her clear perception of the nicer proprieties demanded by conventional prejudice—her intellectual qualifications, and the position she occupied—pointed her out as the friend from whom might best come some necessary hints at the existence of the scandal that had been diffused, and such advice as one woman may give to another without addressing to her an arrogant lecture on self-government. Of the just application of the solicitude and affection that were thus shown, the following letter, written in June, 1826, is at once the proof and the recompense.

"I have not written so soon as I intended, my dear Mrs. Thomson; first, because I wished to be able to tell you I had taken some steps towards change; and I also wished, if possible, to subdue the bitterness and indignation of feelings not to be expressed to one so kind as yourself. I must own I have succeeded better in the first than the last. I think of the treatment I have received until my very soul writhes under the powerlessness of its anger. It is only because I am poor, unprotected, and dependent on popularity, that I am a mark for all the gratuitous insolence and malice of idleness and ill nature. And I cannot but feel deeply that had I been possessed of rank and opulence, either these remarks had never been made, or if they had how trivial would their consequence have been to me. I must begin with the only subject—the only thing in the world I really feel an interest in—my writings. It is not vanity when I say, their success is their fault. When my 'Improvvisatrice' came out, nobody discovered what is now alleged against it. I did not take up a review, a magazine, a newspaper, but if it named my book it was to praise 'the delicacy,' 'the grace,' 'the purity of feminine feeling' it displayed. . . . . . . But success is an offence not to be forgiven. To every petty author, whose works have scarce made his name valuable as an autograph, or whose unsold editions load his bookseller's shelves—I am a subject of envy—and what is envy but a name for hatred! With regard to the immoral and improper tendency of my productions, I can only say it is not my fault if there are minds which, like negroes, cast a dark shadow on a mirror, however clear and pure in itself. You must forgive this; I do not often speak of my own works, and I may say this is the first time it was ever done boastingly; but I must be allowed to place the opinions of the many in opposition to the envious and illiberal cavilings of a few.

"As to the *report* you name, I know not which is greatest—the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to the gentleman [whose name was coupled with hers], for much of kindness. I have not had a friend in the world but himself to manage anything of business, whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my situation. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the alternate hot and cold water thrown on your exertions; bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give; and, after all, canvassed, examined, nay quarreled over accounts the most intricate in the world! And again, after success had procured money, what was I to do with it? Though ignorant of business, I must know I could not lock it up in a box. Then, for literary assistance, my proof sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake this—I can only call it drudgery—but some one to whom my literary exertions could in return be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town, and unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time for looking over letters, manuscripts, &c., five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles, that if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Miss

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B——'s, I cannot recall our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter parties. The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty, and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two new dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with—but this is what I have no right to trouble you with."

These were her real feelings expressed to a real friend. Her acquaintances knew nothing of them; the world saw no change in her; for in no one respect could she be persuaded to put a curb upon her high spirit, to substitute reflection for impulse, or to set a guard over the free expression of her thoughts and opinions. She could not, however, at this time, surmise the whole baseness of the scandal. The knowledge of it was reserved for after years, when, her life and manners continuing what they had ever been, but the evil report never utterly silenced, it was discovered that a silent disdain of calumny is not always the best wisdom in the slandered; nor a reliance upon time and innocence for justice, the truest delicacy in an adviser. It was L. E. L.'s fate to suffer deeply during many after years of her life, from her own high-minded indifference to false reports, and her resolution to wear no false manner at any time. How pitiful and base if a shadow were to be cast on the name she has left, or her character were still exposed to the slightest misconception, by any false delicacy to the living, or any flinching from the truth, however painful, on the part of one whom she had in solemn terms charged with the task of recording the successes and sorrows of her life. It is therefore, that the writer feels it to be a duty thus to advert to the slander, and thus to record the reply.

How deep was the shock her feelings sustained, her own words show. It would be in vain, perhaps, to speculate upon the duration of that bitterness and gloom which pervade the above transcript of her feelings; but the evil effect was certainly not of brief continuance, and, perhaps, from this time her real sentiments towards society, and her philosophical speculations on life, whether expressed in her correspondence or conversation, partook far more of the morbid, despairing, and desolate tone of her poetry than before. In her next letter to the same friend (dated a month afterwards from Aberford, whither she had again gone on a visit to her uncle James), the usual playful humour is dashed with excessive bitterness; and this mixture of the gentle and violent, the amiable and the scornful—a mingling of so much that was good with so dreary a disbelief in goodness—so that it often seemed to be wilful, and adopted for the mere sake of paradox—continued to be characteristic of her in her late life.

"I had intended, my dear Mrs. Thomson, taking my chance of spending Monday evening with you, but my cousin's return home with me, and the beneficial effect of leaving everything to the last, prevented my going out. So I must begin my letter by bidding you most affectionately 'good-bye,' with far more sincerity than those words generally convey. For my own part, in making my round of calls, I thought 'my friends' had entered into a conspiracy to wish me health and happiness in the set terms of the polite letter-writer. After all, though I know you will not allow it, there is something very independent in this indifference.

> 'There were no tears at parting shed;
> There were no eyes to shed them.'

I kept lamenting that I had not gone by sea. Who is it that says a happy quotation is a sudden treasure? I might have applied Lord Byron's lines so well—'With thee, my barque,' &c.—I had a most uncommonly pleasant journey down. Of my three companions, one was a middle-aged and middle-sized man, who alternately slept and steamed; the second may be emphatically described as a nobody, a young gentleman with red whiskers, very hot for this weather; but the third was an exceedingly gentlemanly and intelligent man, with, however, one fault, or rather misfortune, he was married—or I should have tried for a conquest. It was to me something very amusing, and very new, (one grand half of amusement), to converse with a well-informed person, possessing a very proper appreciation, as Miss —— would say, of my being a very superior sort of person, and yet not having the slightest idea of my original sin, no thought of my taint of blue, no battery of looks erected against me. O for oblivion, and five hundred a year!—Not being now writing in the way of business, I shall spare you the flowers I have gathered, the trees I have seen, leaving you to *beau-idealise* them for yourself in Fate's garden. . . . This is not a gay time in the country, but prospects of future pleasure are dancing before me. I have invitations for Harrowgate and Scarborough, nay, a distant peep at Scotland. I am just in the humour in which tours are made, leaving no place with regret, and looking forward to none with greater pleasure than curiosity and change. Were I rich, 'I'd make a tour, and then I'd write it.' I think I could write a most delightful 'journey of a genius.' I would confine myself to portrait painting. Altered as I am in tastes, feelings (if I have any), I must say I retain my old admiration for my aunt. She is a most delightful woman. Her powers of conversation are very great. I keep thinking, 'oh dear! what would she not be in London!' I yesterday had a drive with my uncle to (to my taste) the prettiest place about; we drank tea, and afterwards, walking through the grounds, I was shown a tree that had been, two days before, struck by the lightning. It was turned to the most beautiful pink inside and out, for when cut down, all the sap was pink. I wish I could learn if this is at all a known circumstance. What a simile! If any misfortunes happen, I beg I may hear of them; as to any good fortune, as I am perfectly sure it will not concern me, you may keep it a fountain sealed, for I am grown very envious. I am very comfortable here, I cannot, though I wish, be insensible to so much affectionate kindness; . . . . but after all, what is affection, but another of those cheats which make present life distasteful to us by comparison with the future?"

The next letter to Mrs. Thomson, dated three weeks afterwards (ever reckoning by post-marks), contradicts this fearful sentiment; or, at least, its writer shows that if affection be a cheat, in her it only exercised its dishonesty to cheat those she loved out of their troubles; for the letter is written expressly to amuse a sick friend, and is well adapted for the purpose, being lively throughout, with but one mocking allusion to her own want of sensibility.

. . . "I am not going to write an epistle of condolence. It is one half of a Job's comforter to put people in mind of their misfortunes. If I can entertain you for five minutes I do more good than all the pity in the world, and you need not read unless disposed. I have been both bodily and intellectually industrious. I have written poetry 'by the pound;' I have eaten fruit enough to stock a stall in Covent garden. I have walked through green lanes, picturesque fields, &c. till I have worn out two pair of shoes, and began to wish I were an Arabian beauty, a load for a camel, and not expected to move without the assistance of two slaves. I have learned to tat, worked—yes, actually finished a lace collar; and most commendably too, began a flounce from which I have no few dreams of future glory. I was at Leeds yesterday, 'a town o'er which a curse is laid.' Cockney as I am, I had no idea of such a sky. My remark was, what a tremendous storm is gathering!

> 'So darkly gloom'd the thunder cloud
> Upon the distant hill.'

I do not know whether there is actually *any* sky above the town or not, but you see nothing but clouds of smoke forming the atmosphere. The interior improves. The principal street is really a noble one, and some of the shops made me most sentimentally recall the glories of Bond street. But there is one shop, 'the most alluring one by far,' in which London stands unrivaled. The taste, the intellect displayed in her pastry cook shops, place her country competitors at an immeasurable distance. I have entered on my journal—Leeds pastry cooks one thousand and one years behind in civilisation. Albeit, you see ribbons, gauzes, silks, satins, like moving rainbows in the streets, the people have a very plebeian appearance. I was particularly struck with this at their exhibition, which is very superior to what you would expect a provincial one to be. There are some fine old pictures sent by the neighbouring gentlemen; some good modern ones from London, and some exhibited by young artists in this part of the country, very promising indeed. The portraits are what portraits usually are, 'tiresome takings of a foolish face.' Painters might exclaim with the author of '*Rouge et Noir*,' on seeing his fair, alias pale, alias yellow, or *tout-ensemble* sea sick countrywomen land at Calais—

> 'Now, by St. George on horseback! one would think
> The ugliest come on purpose to disgrace us.'

There is a fine collection of pictures at ———, which is also a most beautiful place, formerly a preceptory of the Templars, with some curious antiquarian remains, but invisible to common eyes, the Marchioness of H—— being at present there lamenting her hard fate, and the utter inability to live on six-and-thirty thousand a year. To our left is a place belonging to Mr. ——, noticeable as a woman-hater. Not so much as a foolish fat scullion will he suffer in his house. Even the white window curtains were taken down as bearing too much resemblance to female drapery. For every why there is a wherefore; *et voici le fait*; he formed an early attachment to a very beautiful girl, much his inferior in fortune; he was sent abroad, but continued most romanti-

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cally constant. As soon as his father's death made him master of a noble estate, he married her. Two months after their marriage she ran away with his most intimate friend whom she had known a fortnight. A heavy misfortune befel me the other day—one of those misfortunes which really do affect my feelings. I was ruralising, was caught in a violent rain, and my bonnet, my best bonnet, new trimmed, was utterly hopelessly spoilt; and what was worse, my beauty, if I have any; for I caught cold, and had a great gathering in my left eye, which besides being very painful, gave me a most pugilistic appearance. I arranged a black silk handkerchief as well as I could over the poulticed side, but, alas! it did not at all resemble

——— 'the mask which shades
The face of young Arabian maids,
A mask which leaves the one eye free
To do its best in witchery.'"

The following reports her literary progress, on the completion of another poem, the "Golden Violet." The letter was written at the close of October of the same year, from Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, where she was staying for a short period with some retired friends.

"Had I any intention of setting up for epistolary fame, which, however, both Heaven and I know is not in my way, I should rest my gilt paper and red seal immortality on this present letter, for it has the mark of the beast—that is to say, is written from the most selfish motives, expressly for my own amusement. I have traveled some miles since I last wrote, from Aberford to Royston, in the mail, in company with a ponderous and somniferous noun masculine, a smart looking adjective feminine, whether a superintendant of curls or children, letters or lace, I could not determine. . . . You may guess we are very quiescent, and I am very glad of it, for of all lionisation, country lionising is my utter contempt. As soon as my 'Golden Violet' begins for me to realise its name, with what pleasure shall I pay the Jehu, guard, and hackney-coachman, that land me in Hans-place. St. Vitus!—being the most dissipated and dancing saint I can think of to invoke—it will not be my fault if I do not have a gay winter. Well, give me a metropolitan five hundred a year in preference to a rural five thousand. Albeit, I don't do much description in general, I must favour you with a little in honour of the exceeding beauty of the lanes about here. Say what you will of a spring hedge, give me an autumn one; the first has only a few flowers, the latter is covered with fruit. They are now literally loaded, thousands of haws like coral, the bright scarlet heps, the deep purple of the sloes, and the shining black of the blackberries, are so richly relieved by the sycamore and ash, the one just touched with yellow, the other with red;—the gay ribbon repositories of Bond-sreet might take many a useful hint. They say every gastronomic hint is a white line in the record of your life, and I have added to my list of delicacies, a branch of sloes roasted over a wood fire. I have been most edifyingly industrious; you who heard all of the 'Golden Violet' that was written, know how much I was behind hand—it is now completely finished, and I am equally busy with my 'Erinna.' I shall be so anxious for you and Mr. Thomson to like it. Is there not an old proverb which says, 'it is ill judging your own bigging?' Still, if I can write up to the idea I have formed, it must be a striking poem. Other poets have painted a very sufficient quantity of poetical miseries; but my aim is not to draw neglected genius, or 'mourn a laurel planted on the tomb'—but to trace the progress of a mind highly gifted, well rewarded, but finding the fame it won a sting and a sorrow, and finally sinking beneath the shadows of success. *Apropos des bottes*, I have purchased such a pretty straw bonnet for—but you must guess, when you see it."

Few readers of the poem ('Erinna') thus adverted to—a poem that formed one of the most striking features of the volume, published about two months afterwards, will hesitate to admit that L. E. L. did succeed in "writing up to the idea she had formed," and that thus the high aim was accomplished. In it she takes a lofty view of the poet's lot, entering into his feelings, painting his visions that are realities, exhibiting the moods of his waywardness, and the vicissitudes of his course—delineating his purposes and his ambition—glorifying his strength, sympathising with his weakness, and all in

"Language mysteriously musical;"

L. E. L. herself, the while, proving her own to be, indeed, the poet's true vocation, by employing her genius in

——— "giving flowers
A life as sweet, more lasting than their own."

But all these, the healthier and more cheerful parts of the poem, are heavily overshadowed by the spirit of the philosophy in which it is conceived; the thoughts are of a high cast, but chilling as the snows on the peaks of mountains; and the sweet and lovely images that cheer what else must be wholly desolate, breaking through the gloominess of the picture, are as lilies flung into a grave.

There are poems in the volume referred to, that, to a woman's grace, add a masculine energy. The "Golden Violet, with its tales of Chivalry and Romance," published by Messrs. Longman and Co., in December, 1826, comprises some of the best conceived and most finished of L. E. L.'s. earlier compositions. This poem represents a different species of poetical competition for the prize of the Golden Violet; and introduces the minstrels of various countries, with their ballads, tales, and romances, in every species of measure, singing and reciting on "the first-born day of loveliest May" for the beautiful flower of gold. The characters are various, the subjects fitting to them, the measure, in most instances, skilfully adapted to both. L. E. L.'s. taste for the old ballad, and her love of the old romance, animated her here to excellent purpose; and catching, as she was sure to do, the true tone and spirit of the "lay and legend proper," she achieved also an unwonted felicity of construction and appropriateness of expression, in working out her many-storied subject. This volume, which, like the former two, was published at a price rather above than under the average, had an immediate and extensive sale.

Still she went writing on, romancing in verse, and reviewing, as we shall presently have to mention, in prose. Her next published volume was "The Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, the History of the Lyre, and other Poems," issued by the same publishers, in October 1829. The fierce political contentions of the time were unfavourable to poetry such as hers; yet her sweet and sorrowful songs again found a fit audience. Her critics had not prevailed with her to take up other themes and other measures. The burthen of the strain was love, still love. To the complaint of monotony in this respect, she pleasantly alludes in the introduction, and then vindicates herself by renewing the offence. We gather plainly from her remarks that if she herself were in love at the time, it was only with her subject, and that she considers herself exempt from the suspicion of being broken-hearted, by continually singing about those who are. Love, however, love foredoomed, love linked to woe and fated to death—the hopelessness of hope, the reality of pain, the mockery of life—were the prevailing topics.

"How wildly round our ancient battlements
The air-notes murmur! Blent with such a wind
I heard the song which shall be ours to-night.
She had a strange sweet voice the maid who sang,
But early death was pale upon her cheek;
And she had melancholy thoughts that gave
Their sadness to her speech: she sat apart
From all her young companions, in the shade
Of an old tree—a gloomy tree, whose boughs
Hung o'er her as a pall:—'twas omen-like,
For she died young—of gradual decay,
As if the heart consumed itself. None knew
If she had loved; but always did her song
Dwell on love's sorrows."

No one who had ever caught a glimpse of the animated and joyous creature who thus sang, could have committed the error of identifying her with the love-lorn damsel she painted. The "Venetian Bracelet" is a pretty tale charmingly wrought into verse; and the "Lost Pleiad" is a little mythological tragedy told in short, sparkling, and yet mournful numbers—dark as night, "but night with all her stars." The "History of the Lyre," has many passages of force and beauty, and some self-references mixed with their idealities. "Love," the Lyre's historian sings—

"Love, which can resign
It own best happiness for one dear sake,
Can bear with absence—hath no part in hope,
For hope is somewhat selfish, love is not,
And doth prefer another to itself."

Of such is the volume composed. The miscellaneous poems comprise many fine ones, and among them a tender and spirited dramatic scene. "Sometimes," sighs the poet over the song as she pours it forth—

"I look around with vain regret,
And think I will re-string my lute, and nerve
My woman's hand for nobler enterprise:
But the day never comes. Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot. Our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts."

Altogether, her poetry, up to this period, was too like the stream described in this volume—

"A noble stream, which, unconfined,
Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls
And sparkling eddies; or cooped up to make
The useless fountain of a palace-hall."

Writing verses was to her but a labour of love, if labour in any sense it could be called; it was far less irksome to her to compose a poem than to sit idle; and as she rarely looked about for choice subjects, but seized on those that first occurred to her, so she never waited for the "poetic fit," the "happy moment," but sat down to her desk in any mood, careless or solemn. Thus, it is not surprising that she was continually repeating herself in stanzas on memory and hope, and love and disappointment; nor

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is it strange, considering the activity, or rather the restlessness of her imagination, if the volumes which, up to this time, we have seen published in her name, formed but an inconsiderable portion of what she actually wrote. To the "Literary Gazette" she still continued a frequent contributor of poetical fragments; but her writings were far from being confined to those columns in which the initials of the poet were regularly sought. In the lighter departments of criticism, she was, week by week, a devoted labourer; and many are the authors, young and old, poets, novelists, dramatists, travellers, and reminiscence-mongers, who owe the first generous words of encouragement, or the cordial renewal of former welcomes, to her glowing and versatile pen. Written generally to suit the occasion merely, it is not thought worth while to make reference to these criticisms in detail: but it is due to L. E. L. to say, that were her opinions upon books and authors, whether expressed in this or any other publication, impartially extracted, and collected in volumes, there would be seen in them the results of great miscellaneous reading, research in more than one foreign language, acuteness and brilliancy of remark—with, it is true, much hastiness of judgment, many prejudiced and inconclusive views, frequent wildness of assertion—but without one ungenerous or vindictive sentiment, one trace of an unkindly or interested feeling. She has often gone far out of her way to recommend to the public the productions of rivals who abused her; and assuredly, towards those by whom she conceived herself obliged though in the slightest degree, she was ever ready to play the friend where she should have been the critic only, and to repay with a column of praise the favour of a kind word—for the smallest service she always remembered and always overrated. But here her sinnings against "impartial judgment" end. Her failings as a critic leaned to virtue's side; and the young writer, with but a spark of the poetic fire in his lines, was as sure of a gentle sentence of appreciation and sympathy, as the established favourite was of a grateful welcome, and an honouring tribute.

In addition to these continued tasks, should be noticed her contributions to the "Annuals." From their commencement, a few years before, there was scarcely one (although every season produced its new ones) that did not secure the attraction of her initials. From several of these, such as the "Literary Souvenir," the "Forget-me-Not," &c., she derived sums considerable enough to show that it was no immutable decree of fate by which poetry and poverty had been made inseparable companions, and that in the judgment of experienced publishers, her writings retained their charm over the gentle purchaser, in spite of their profusion.

Yet L. E. L. did not, therefore, become rich; though much of her literary labour was productive, she never knew how to hoard; and those she loved and respected always shared in her good fortune—it was in her troubles only that she allowed no one, if she could help it, to be a participator. The death of her father had but served to strengthen those maternal claims which (though even here calumny did not spare her) she ever esteemed sacred; nor could she forget that her brother, younger than herself, was equally destitute of parental aid; and, although he had been sent to Oxford by his uncle, there were still wants, which it was one of the delights of her existence to supply, as it is the affectionate pride of his (he wishes this to be said,) to remember and acknowledge it.

1830 to 1834.

In a letter, which it will be necessary to introduce presently, L. E. L. remarks—"I have lived all my life since childhood with the same people. The Misses Lance were strict, scrupulous, and particular; moreover, from having kept a school so long, with habits of minute observation. The affection they feel for me can hardly be undeserved. I would desire nothing more than to refer to their opinion." Under the roof of these respectable ladies she had been long residing. In her conduct and manners there had never been the slightest change. She pursued her literary tasks with unabated spirit; and though precluded, by her unprotected position, from going into society to the extent of the facilities created for her, she was yet enabled so far to extend the circle of her friends as to secure, by a short visit here and there, and by literary acquaintanceship, a fair share of relief from the monotony of her pursuits.

Nobody who might happen to see her for the first time about this period, enjoying the little quiet dance (of which she was fond,) or the snug corner of the room where the little lively discussion (which she liked still better) was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the sentimentalist which popular error reputed her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured, and often brilliant—scattering quotations as thick as hail—opinions as wild as the winds—defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, and her slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which a year or two afterwards escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being first presented to her whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains—"Hey! but I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie!"—staring at the same time with all a poet's capacity of eye.*

Without attempting an elaborate description of the personal appearance of L. E. L., we cite this expression of surprise as some indication that she was far prettier than report allowed her to be, at the period we are speaking of: and never perhaps did she look better than about this time. Her easy carriage and careless movements would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was "darkly brown," very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, as before remarked, slight, but well formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears, also, were observably little. Her face, though not regular in "every feature," became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not excepting even her *bon-mots* and aphorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it.

To judge of her powers of conversation, it is necessary to consider, not only the qualities already referred to, but her extraordinary memory, and the stores of information and anecdote which an unwearied and diversified course of reading, during many years, had placed at her command. We have seen nothing of the progress of L. E. L.'s acquirements since her childish pursuits came to an end, and the family left Trevor-park, and indeed it would be no easy task to trace her studies in regular order, or to point out the sources of her extensive and varied knowledge. She often exhibited an acquaintance with books which could hardly by accident (it would appear) have been thrown in her way; and how she acquired, so early in life as she did, an insight into those subjects of foreign lore which she afterwards displayed a thorough acquaintance with, was little short of a mystery. At the period to which we have now arrived she was well read in French, and almost equally well in Italian, literature. She had, in truth, been an indefatigable reader; and while triflers in society listened, expecting that her talk would be of moonlight and roses, they were often surprised to hear her—unless mirth happened to be her object, and satire or mystification her choice—discussing the character of a distant age, or the rise of a great nation; the influence of a mighty genius upon his contemporaries; the value of a creed outworn; or some historical event, a judgment of which demanded—what she would not fail to exhibit if she spoke at all—an insight into the actors, the policy, and the manners of the time to which it related. Her studies, in short, put her in possession of great advantages, which her excellent memory enabled her to turn readily to account.

With this picture—most imperfect as it is—before us, a peep into the "boudoir" of L. E. L. may be acceptable. By an amiable female friend of hers, who writes with all the fervour of youth, we have been favoured with some impressions to which we shall recur hereafter; in this place may be introduced her recollections of the scene amidst which the inspiration of poetry had birth; the description is "graphic." "Genius," says our accomplished informant, "hallows every place where it pours forth its inspirations. Yet how strongly contrasted, sometimes, is the outward reality around the poet, with the visions of his inward being. Is it not D'Israeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' referring to this frequent incongruity, who mentions, among other

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* Mrs. Hall's recollections of the scene, which took place at her house, is, that he said, taking L. E. L's. hand, and looking earnestly in her face—"Oh dear! I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae na mair: I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie."

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facts, that Moore composed his 'Lalla Rookh' in a large barn? L. E. L. remarks on this subject, 'A history of the *how* and *where* works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves.' Her own case is, in some degree, an illustration of perfect independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps, to the L. E. L. of whom so many nonsensical things have been said—as 'that she should write with a crystal pen dipped in dew upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing,' a *dilettante* of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-coloured and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fancy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bed-room. I see it now, that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished—with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common worn writing-desk heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught besides the desk; a little high-backed cane chair which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort—a few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia."

While on a visit, about this time, to her uncle James, at Aberford, she addressed the following to Mrs. S. C. Hall. It expresses her old love of Londoe:—

"Delighted am I, my dearest Mrs. Hall, to have an opportunity of writing to you. I think, though postage, in my eyes, is one of the seven deadly sins, I should have committed it, had I anything to say. But if little happens in London, nothing happens in the country. When I have said that I am very well, very comfortable, and that all my friends are as kind to me as possible, my stock of news is exhausted. If it had been summer, I might have treated you with a little description, but the beauty of this part of the country consisting in its woods, what are they without foliage?

'It is folly to dream of a bower of green,
When there is not a leaf on the tree.'

The winter is very severe. Even now the garden is partially covered with snow. However, in the more sunshiny patches, snow-drops, and pink and blue hepaticas are beginning to peep out, and the greenhouse gives handsome promise of hyacinths, roses, &c. Partly from the severity of the weather, partly because it is their custom, we live very much to ourselves; but the family circle is, in itself, large and cheerful, and I do not know a more agreeable woman than my aunt. One of my cousins sings exquisitely—the younger ones were sadly distressed at my want of accomplishments. When I first arrived, Julia and Isabel began to cross-question me—'Can you play?' 'No.' 'Can you sing?' 'No.' 'Can you speak Italian?' 'No.' 'Can you draw?' 'No.' At last they came down to 'Can you write and read?' Here I was able to answer to their great relief, 'Yes, a little.' I believe Julia, in the first warmth of cousinly affection, was going to offer to teach me the alphabet. I have had a very pleasant visit, but I am as constant as ever to London. I would not take five thousand a year to settle down in the country: I miss the new books, the new faces, the new subjects of conversation—and I miss very much the old friends I have left behind."

The following is from the same place, and describes more minutely her country life while visiting, as she occasionally did, the relations she respected. These specimens are from letters somewhat later, addressed to one whose opinions she held in high esteem, and to whose views, in many things, she was anxious to conform.

"I am growing quite rustic—eating my breakfast (that is really an undertaking), walking, and learning to work in worsted. In short, acquiring a taste for innocent pleasures. . . . . I am refreshing my tory principles, and beginning to doubt whether republics, equality, and our old favourites, are not very visionary, and somewhat reprehensible. You know my mirror-like propensities. The roses are still in blossom, and I have made desperate friends with the cousin who is their special disposer.

"Talk of springs in deserts, roses in December, and stars, when only one is shining in the sky, I believe them to be all allegories, typifying a letter from London. Oh, LONDON! Mr. Leigh Hunt says prettily of some Italian name, that he cannot write it without pleasure. I say the same of London! When I have told you that I stay till five o'clock reading or writing, or getting exceedingly tired of myself, I have exhausted my matins. As to vespers, why I dress for dinner, and am company till bedtime. Ours is a musical house. There are pianos, harps, flutes, psaltery, and dulcimer, besides musical voices, and all played upon. I have not been out of the house, excepting to church; not a creature has even drank tea with us. Now I admit that home is an Englishman's boast and delight that the enjoyments to be found in the bosom of your family are to be found nowhere else—excepting in every moral essay. Still—still—must not one confess one should like to pepper and salt domestic felicity with a few strangers now and then?

"Never was I so completely out of my element before; for I own I do not consider the theatre to be a sort of open house kept by Lucifer himself. Sorry am I to tell you that I, who pass in London for a decent sort of person, rather inclined (when out of your company) to respectable toryism, am here held to be somewhat immoral, and rather irreligious. The proof of the first is, I inadvertently quoted a line from one of Mr. Hunt's poems, and said I thought Godwin clever. For the second, I rashly preferred Miss Edgeworth's 'Tales for Children,' to 'Henry Milner,' by Mrs. Sherwood. Yet I am wonderfully popular, and my departure is earnestly deprecated. Indeed, I cannot say too much of the kindness I have received. Still I am too thoroughly London in all my ways to take cordially to the country. I miss the variety, the generality, the freedom of town talk. I miss new books, and I miss new faces (and don't I also miss familiar ones? Say that for me in your prettiest speech.)

"The only modern publication that comes into the house is 'Blackwood's Magazine;' no Gazette; no newspaper; and no book younger than some three years old; at least till it has learnt to go alone. My poetry is certainly very popular, though they wonder I do not emulate Mr. ——'s polish; and my uncle has looked out for me a vast collection of Oxford prize poems. My poor dear novels are treated with great contempt. One cousin told me that 'she never wasted her time reading any such trash;' another said, 'she should read it as it was mine, but she preferred more solid works.' Now, is it not curious to note, when intellect has taken one shape, how it retains it? They are all highly educated, and read French, Italian, German and Spanish. Say something very charming to the pavement of London for me."

Her intimacy with Mrs. S. C. Hall, which commenced in 1828, continued till the close of her life; and among the pleasures which were opened to her by the fame she had established, and the friendships it commanded for her, few were more delightful to her than the social and literary intercourse which for years she enjoyed under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. They resided near her; she was their frequent guest in Sloane street and at Fulham; and her talents could not be better known to the public, than her estimable qualities as a companion and a friend were known to them.

A glance at some of the various notes addressed to this lady suggests one observation—that L. E. L.'s opinions about books or about people that she liked, L. E. L. never could keep a secret; if she did not print them, she penned them down as they arose, and despatched them to the nearest acquaintance who could appreciate them, or to the friend she had last conversed with. Of her mental activity, and the interest she took in authors, actors, and artists, perhaps unknown to her but by their works, we have evidence in innumerable scraps of correspondence with various persons; we cannot make them available for our present purpose, and must be content thus to refer to them; but about nothing that she liked could she be long silent, and if conversation was denied her, she wrote somebody a note describing the novelty that had charmed her, or apostrophising the stranger in whom she had taken an interest.

The following will serve as well as any to give the specimen required. The heartiness of the allusion to Mr. Macready is characteristic, for she never spoke to him in her life, and never saw him but upon the stage.

"So long, my dearest Mrs. Hall, as the north wind continues, I shall consider myself privileged to write you a now and then note, by way of a morning call. I looked eagerly this morning at the 'Gazette' for 'Mothers and Daughters;' I liked the extract excessively—a portrait—oh! so very true—taken from nature—the artist's most difficult task. I see, too, or rather I guess, there is a change in the theatrical politics of the 'Gazette;' I am sure, *tant mieux* in that respect—though I don't dare say as much to Mr. Jerdan—but it gave me downright pleasure to see Macready done justice to. But 'my hour is come,' and it is too disinterested an act of friendship to lose my supper, as I very much doubt your thanking me for so doing."

The supper appears to have been interrupted most agreeably by the arrival of a pretty present from the very lady who was in her thoughts when she sat down to it, and the pen is gaily resumed;—"Don't tell me of Limerick, seeing 'as how,' I feel convinced—

'Never did mortal fingers frame
Tissue of such woven air!'

I never did see anything so delicate as the gloves you have sent me. Many thanks. I shall keep them to wear on my first plan of serious conquest, when I mean it to be a case of downright murder. Do you know"——[and it will be perceived how characteristic of her feelings were such transitions as this which now occurs, from a delightful

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liveliness, to a touching and serious subject which she well knew would be most welcome and most interesting to the friend she was addressing]—"Do you know I feel quite sorry for Miss Jewsbury! She has a thousand fine qualities, and talents of a very high order indeed; but she has all the exaggerating sensitiveness which I have observed in too many literary people, towards the opinions of those whose good word is valueless, and whose evil one is powerless for the same reason—neither are spoken in sincerity. I am sure I would not take upon myself to say that Mrs. —— has not spoken ill of her, but I am quite sure if it were my own case, I should not care about it. . . . . I am afraid you will cry out, 'don't be quite so much your own nominative.' Truly, they ought to have placed *I* instead of *A*, at the beginning of the alphabet. If anybody can forgive me, you will . . . . . . How do you yourself get on? [with the novel Mrs. Hall was writing.] I have been reading the reign of William and Mary, in Smollett, on purpose to recall the period: but oh! Smollett after Hume! 'It is as dull as howling after music.' I believe Hume is not the fashion, but nothing can be more delightful to read than his history."

It was at the house of this friend, in Sloane-street, that L. E. L. first met

"The prince of the bards of his time,"—

Wordsworth. Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Michael Thomas Sadler, and many others then and since distinguished, were present. L. E. L. was delighted with her evening; but with a pretty playfulness of feminine humour, the first thing she thought of the next morning, when noting down her impressions of the brilliant literary party, was Mrs. Hall's velvet dress. In her note she says, "You never looked better; pray be as careful of that black velvet dress as if it were a fairy's gift, and the loss would entail all sorts of misfortune. I never saw anything become you so much." And then for her own particular comfort, she proceeds to express "a little of her liking to Mrs. Jameson, as one of the very few that she quite longs to meet again." Of that accomplished writer she says at another time, "I should think Mrs. Jameson must be a delightful woman. I shall never forget how fascinated I was with her 'Diary of an Ennuyée.'" Of Wordsworth, too, who is alluded to in the subjoined passage, she has elsewhere written in a spirit of lofty appreciation and admiring regard. "There is a story in Plutarch, I think (I never vouch for the correctness of my classics), that the day after the festival complained bitterly, that its predecessor had left nothing for its portion but weariness and lassitude. I have no such complaint to make. I am so well to-day that I really think I must have been a little *la malade imaginaire*. Amusement is mighty good for most complaints—I found it very beneficial for mine. By the by, you never duly stated what a handsome young man Mr. —— is; being a genius, I took it for granted he must be a fright. There is something very impressive in Wordsworth—something rugged and mountainous. He gave me the idea that the statuary suggested to Alexander the Great—Mount Athos cut into a colossal statue of humanity. What a pretty creature Miss Geraldine Jewsbury is! You will have to answer for a revived taste for dissipation. I really gave myself credit for being grown quite recluse and philosophical, but I have found my first party so delightful that I am now longing to go to another. I dare say my next will cure me; one swallow does not make a summer, and a pleasant party is a rarity."

But to return to the subject from which a recollection of that pleasant party, and the letter commemorative of it, have diverted our attention—her constant habit of writing letters of friendly criticism, with all the industry and copiousness of one who had no critical tasks to perform publicly, or no channel for the expression of her opinions. Many writers, those of established reputation equally with the more obscure, can boast of "articles" in acknowledgment of the works they had presented to her—letters, not of mere compliment, but entering at length into the merits of the subject—not merely pointing out what she liked or objected to, but stating why—and stamping a value upon her opinion, by showing how carefully she had read what she had reviewed. By several authors we have been favoured with letters of this description; and their publication here would have been a gratifying duty, had the interest of the various subjects demanded the same remembrance which is due to the motive that prompted the criticism.

It will be enough to show her unweariedness in this respect, and how minutely she would discuss even the smallest contributions to the literature of the time, to refer to her numberless notes upon the publication of any magazine in which she happened to take interest; from these it would appear that no monthly number escaped her critical observation; and that she took as much pains to let the editor (or at least his lady) know what she thought of each contribution in succession, as though she had been called upon to play the critic officially. Many of these notes have reference to the "New Monthly," at the period when it was under the management of Mr. S. C. Hall; and, if it came within the scope of our design to print any of them here, they would prove how unwearied was her application, how interested she was in even the fleeting literature of her day, and how habitual was her anxiety for the welfare of her friends. How many such commentaries would she write, and through how many motley pages would she read, before the materials for her letter were collected! To those who, looking at the quantity of her published prose and poetry, might wonder how she found time for all these private and unproductive exercises of her pen, it may be desirable to explain, not merely that she wrote, but that she read, with remarkable rapidity. Books, indeed, of the highest character, she would dwell upon with "amorous delay;" but those of ordinary interest, or the nine-day wonders of literature, she would run through in a much shorter space of time than would seem consistent with that thorough understanding of their contents at which she always arrived, or with that accurate observation of the less striking features, which she would generally prove to have been bestowed, by reference almost to the very page in which they might be noted. Of some work which she scarcely seemed to have glanced through, she would give an elaborate and succinct account, pointing out the gaps in the plot, or the discrepancies in the characters, and supporting her judgment by all but verbatim quotations.

The impression left by such a work as "Eugene Aram," would long remain on her mind:—

"Since I have been here, I have been reading 'Eugene Aram' through again. Daniel Clarke was a tenant of my aunt's great grandfather, and they have still a silver tankard which he borrowed. I am even more delighted with it than at first. It is wonderful how the interest is sustained. Perfectly aware of the end, you hope an impossibility—against hope. And then the dialogues are of such perfect beauty. Madaline's letter is the most lovely thing of its kind, in fiction or in fact."

The following refers to some of her own writings, and replies to a friendly comment.

"As to our old point at issue, I am not yet converted. Would not you be the last to say that the likeness of life, like any other likeness (of me, for instance!) ought to be flattered to please? 'Betty, give this cheek a little red,' is the common cry of all death-struck Narcissas. In what do I differ from the actual experience of the past—the future has to teach us its lessons yet—when I paint ambition as a vain delusion, love as a still vainer, and genius as making its own misery? Moreover, who shall deny that wherever nature has been most prodigal in her gifts, there fortune has been almost sure to thwart with adverse circumstances? Who are the most contented people you know? The mentally indolent: the money-getting: those whose ideal of happiness is 'being comfortable.' The inherent horror of death is the greatest hold that life has upon us. Let any one look their own past experience steadily in the face, and what a dark and discouraging aspect will it not present? How many enjoyments have passed away for ever! how much warmth and kindness of feeling! how many generous beliefs! As to love—does it dare to treasure its deepest feelings in the presence of what we call the world? As to friendship—how many would weigh your dearest interest for one instant against the very lightest of their own? And as to fame, of what avail is it in the grave?—and during life it will be denied, or dealt forth grudgingly. No, no! To be as indifferent as you can possibly contrive—to aim only at present amusement and passing popularity—is the best system for a steamcoach along the railroad of life. Let who will break the stones, and keep up the fire!"

With the aid of her cousins she once ventured on some German translations, to which she thus alludes:—

"I am hard at work on my 'Count Egmont.' The *denouement* will require entire alteration, and the Germans must have the patience of Job to stand such long speeches. The lover greatly diverts me. He politely informs the audience, that in his despair he threw himself into the water, but grew frightened, and swam back to the land. Next he gets poison, but he does not at all fancy taking it (should you?) so he retires, declaring he is quite sure he shall die of a broken heart."

The Misses Lance were now about to quit the house in Hans-place: with this reference to the event, we pass to other subjects:—

"Was there ever any thing so unlucky as the house in Hans-place letting just when it did? It might have made up its mind before I left, or waited till I returned. How I shall miss the Misses Lance! The more I think over their constant kindness, the more deeply I feel I shall never meet again with such sincere, such disinterested friends. I regret the change, oh! so much! I had adapted myself so completely to their ways. Certainly they will suit no one else—and oh the horror of having to adopt a complete set of new habits! Might one not wish that there were no strangers in the world? Then

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to return to Hans-place itself! How very *contre cœur* that will be! A familiar place with new faces sets the teeth of all one's remembrances on edge."

It was during her earlier intimacy with Mrs. Hall, and perhaps influenced by her judgment and advice, that L. E. L. resolved to devote herself seriously to a long-talked-of project—the production of a novel. If there was much to gain, there was something to risk by the attempt. Airy and animated sketches of character, pointed dialogue, richly-coloured descriptions, imagination thrusting out matter of fact when most wanted; in short, *digressions* of extreme beauty, and without number, were to be looked for by all who knew anything of the qualities of the new novelist; but for the combination of all the principles that enter into a complete character, for the construction of a story, and the skill to conduct it to a triumphant close, her capacity was yet to be tried. She evaded the experiment in "Romance and Reality." This first prose work of L. E. L's. was commenced—probably without any settled plan—in 1830, and, in the following year, it was published.

A note to the first edition of "Romance and Reality," apologising for mistakes, contains a confession of carelessness in composition which might not inaccurately be applied to most of L. E. L's. writings, and to all her earlier works. As an example of it, she admits that, "but for the care of 'the readers' connected with the press through which these pages have passed, both heroine and hero would have undergone that peculiarly English reproach of 'being called out of their names,' (Lord Ethringhame being styled Reginald at first, and afterwards Algernon) in almost every chapter. I do not," she proceeds, "go quite so far as the lively American writer, who, in the amusing tale of the 'Cacoethes Scribendi,' encourages her whole family to write, by the assurance that 'the printers would find them spelling and grammar;' but I do gratefully confess, my obligations have been many to mine. The long sentences made short, the obscure made plain—the favourite words that would, like Monsieur Tonson, come again—the duplicate quotations—for the amendment of all these," &c., the printers were to be thanked. As she remarks, on another occasion, a proof sheet is a terrible reality. With just so much care had she devoted herself to the task of gratifying the public curiosity. Yet, her new work suffered still more, perhaps, from the opposite fault of over-anxiety. Every chapter almost appears to have been written under the influence of an apprehension lest any one sentence should be thought dull, any portraiture tame, any scene prosaic. Each page has its half dozen similes, and the purpose of the story, where story may be traced, is continually checked by the spirit of reflection, or of raillery, to which every turn of it gives rise in the author's mind. What her characters fail to say, she is always ready to say for them. The first half of the work, indeed, is little more than a series of discussions upon books and society, life in romance, and life in reality—fashion, manners, motives—love, hope, youth—marriage and disappointment—art and theatricals—the contradictions and mysteries of human character, and philosophy in its endless diversities—all written with freshness and piquancy, and illustrated with sufficient point and anecdote to season twice the number of pages. Amongst the sketches, real and imaginary, we trace resemblances to many of her literary contemporaries; of whom several had to acknowledge in her commentaries the candid critic, or the partial friend. From these gay and sprightly delineations of life, the work deepens, in the last half of it, into a tale of sorrow and sensibility, exhibiting a quick insight into much that is most hidden, as well as a high appreciation of all that is most lofty, in the character of her own sex—a tale written in its lighter parts with natural grace, and in its more elevated passages with earnestness and power. "Romance and Reality" did not, perhaps, exactly fulfil the expectations that had been formed of it; but it did more than this, by giving, not a promise, but the assurance, of greater and stronger powers to penetrate into the philosophy of actual life, than had previously been suspected to exist in companionship with her rich fancy, and her sympathies with the romantic.

To show that the superabundance of simile and illustration, which is, incontestably, a fault in these volumes, was less the result of an excess of anxiety to fill the page with brilliancies, than of an inveterate habit, it was only necessary to hear her converse for five minutes, or to read an ordinary note of five lines about the merest trifle. Here is one, written while this novel was in the course of composition; and, being about the length specified, contains, nevertheless, three distinct similes. With the exception of "my dear madam," "and yours sincerely,"—this is the entire note:—

"We have a young friend staying in the house, and where there are young ladies, novels are, *like lovers*, very welcome. We have read through every book in my possession, and now, *like beggars*, are going about to our neighbours. Can you be charitable? Any of the recent novels would be most thankfully received. I am writing in great haste, for a messenger in our house is *like a carrier-pigeon*, a rarity, and I must take advantage of the servant's going out."

In the same year, 1831, appeared the first volume of "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book," a handsome quarto, containing upwards of thirty poems illustrative of an equal number of engravings. "It is not an easy thing," L. E. L. remarks, in the introduction to this first essay, "to write illustrations to prints selected rather for their pictorial excellence than their poetic capabilities, and mere description is certainly not the most popular species of composition." The difficulty was gracefully overcome, and immediate popularity was the reward. The Scrap-book became an annual; each year it may be justly said, producing a better series of poems than the preceding. The eighth and last volume by L. E. L. was completed previous to her departure from England in 1838. She had long become accustomed to the task of writing to the subject set before her, whatever it might be, and here the topics presented for poetical illustration were certainly miscellaneous enough. On all of them, or nearly all, she found something pointed, something touching or eloquent to say; investing common-place with beauty—

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations;"

while in the higher class of subjects, she found opportunities of exercising her matured powers seemingly unconscious of restraint. Not merely does this work contain unquestionable evidence of the versatility of her talents, and the ease with which she could adapt them to the most unpromising subjects, but it comprises much of her best writing—poems exhibiting a greatly improved taste, a more studious care for the harmonics of versification, a deeper and clearer vein of thought, and a knowledge of "the greatest art, the art to blot."

In addition to various poetical contributions to the "Annuals," and the "New Monthly Magazine," and the composition of another series of poems for the "Drawing-room Scrap-book," L. E. L., in 1832, produced twelve accompaniments to some engravings, issued by the same publisher, under the title of "The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering." These sacred poems are in every way worthy of the feeling with which they were introduced. "They were written," she says, "in a spirit of the deepest humility, but whose fear is not 'of this world;'" and she states that the illustration of these scriptural subjects had given her the opportunity of embodying many a sad and serious thought which had arisen in hours of solitude and despondency. "I believe I myself am the better for their existence; I wish their effect may be the same on others. In this hurrying and deceitful world, no page will be written utterly in vain, which awakens one earnest or heavenward thought, one hope, or one fear, in the human heart."

Many of the engravings to which L. E. L. was called upon to provide poetical accompaniments, were views of eastern scenery and antiquities; and mellifluously to mention the bare names of the places required something like an effort of genius. To the perplexity this occasioned her, and to a poem on a subject of Indian history, which merits more than a passing note of praise, L. E. L. alludes in one of those rambling and characteristic letters by which she often sought to divert her friends, and in which a friend might always read her thoughts and fancies upon any subject, philosophical or frivolous, just as it occurred to her. The following, addressed to Mrs. S. C. Hall, may serve as a specimen—

"I have been just hurried out of my life with getting my 'Drawing-room Scrap-book' finished. I sent off my last packet of manuscript by yesternoon's post, and to-day I write to you. The volume just completed contains one long poem founded on Indian history; a connected story called the 'Zenana,' and longer than the 'Venetian Bracelet.' How my ingenuity has been taxed to introduce the different places! and, pray, forgive this little tender effusion of vanity, I do pique myself on contriving to get from Dowlutabad to Shusher, and Penawa, and the Triad Figure in the Caves of Elephante, and from thence to Ibrahim Padshah's tomb, &c., &c. But I am too sick of all these hard names to inflict any more upon you. It is four years since I have written a long poem. I cannot describe to you the enjoyment of going back again to 'my first love and my last.' I can only say that writing poetry is like writing one's native language, and writing prose, writing in a strange tongue. So much for myself; as for others, I have scarcely been out of the house. Yesterday I dined at Lady ——'s, and had a very pleasant evening; there I met Sir —— ——, one of the most pleasant and intelligent men I have seen for a long time. He was remarking that the Indians have such extreme flexibility of ears that they can move them as easily as we do our eye-brows—and that in all savage nations the toes are so useful, that they can pick up things just as we do with our fingers. It is curious to observe how many bodily faculties lie dormant in a social state. It is as if mind and body were at perpetual

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variance, and that the perfection of the one must be bought at the expense of the other. Lady —— had on a most picturesque head-dress, an Italian silk net, twisted round the hair, of green ribbon. I am no great admirer of the fanciful in costume generally, but this was very simple and pretty. But, while on the subject of dress, I must tell you of a new style of shawl I saw on Mrs. ——. It is formed of broad stripes of different coloured velvets; first, a rich dahlia, then orange, then such a green! a golden brown, and the loveliest of blues! It is very large, and lined with amber silk. I never saw any thing so magnificent and oriental. Mr. —— has only just given her a diamond necklace of two thousand guineas, and a diamond bandeau ditto. It is quite enough to make any body wish to be married. . . . The Haymarket has been quite unvisited this season; but I have been once to the Victoria, the prettiest little theatre in London. I was so delighted with Miss Jarman as *Jeannie Deans*—so sensible, so natural, and so affecting, and speaking, too, the most Doric Scotch. But the principal event, in my late monotonous existence, has been going to see Apsley House, which is fitted up with even more good taste than splendour. There are many portraits of Napoleon, one by David, the most speaking likeness that ever was seen. Indeed, the whole house is a most interesting chapter in the History of England, and the blinds are the moral! As to domestic adventures we have none—only the chimneys were kind enough to be blown down the other day, which did produce a sensation. I thought the whole house was coming, and began to bid myself an affectionate good-bye. Also a new pump has been built in the square, and never before did I duly prize the blessings of a rainy morning—for, at five o'clock they begin to water the road, and truly this said pump enacts the part of *Macbeth*, and murders sleep. . . . I have just married my heroine—a thing very symptomatic of a closing volume. Only three chapters now remain, and glad enough shall I be when they are done."

The heroine whose marriage, as symptomatic of a close, is thus rejoiced in, was "Francesca Carrara;" a performance that wrung from the severest of her critics, and the most prejudiced of her readers, the amplest admission of her great qualifications as a writer of romantic fiction. They could no longer affect to regard her as the mere singer of idle love-songs, or the weaver of fanciful ballads "without a moral;" but while they acknowledged her powerful conceptions of character—her truth and knowledge, which is the truth and knowledge of woman only, in the delineation of woman—the spirit and brilliancy of her set-scenes—her frequent wit and occasional eloquence, they acknowledged too that she was yet unversed in the essential art of using her powers with any proportionate effect. That her real deficiencies were pointed out, however, in some quarters, with temper and discernment, and that the enlargement of her genius, as denoted in many of the scenes and characters of her new work, was ungrudgingly recognised, it may be here a pleasant task to show. The criticism of which the leading passages are about to be laid before the reader, is especially referred to, because it presents in the clearest language, and with admirable ability, all the strength of the objections that might not unfairly be urged against the false direction of her powers, and the inconsistencies, wilful or unconscious, that often defeated her eager search after truth, and disfigured her disquisitions upon life.

Having defined it to be a book "written on the greatest misery-possible principle," and as surpassing most others in its "prodigious capacity for wretchedness"—the actors and the action belonging more to a dream than to life—yet destined to live in a "vague and impassioned remembrance," the critic glances at the more real portions of the work, and these he finds far away from the main conduct and tendency of the story.

"Francesca has nothing in common with the Court of the youthful Louis the Fourteenth, but Miss Landon has. We are, consequently, taken there; and nothing can be better than the scenes we are suffered to have part in. They are a delicious mixture of the imaginative and real. What a gorgeous tapestry she unrolls to introduce us to a more gorgeous company within; and with what brilliant truth she realises them—what a nice perception of the various shades of character, yet all of the Court—courtly. In the most real things that are said or done, there would seem to be nothing real. Everybody talks with a sort of effort, and yet talks to the point, and with cleverness. Courtiers are not less successful because they strive to be so. Every one of them has something of a heart, though, like the *Medecin malgré lui*, they have every one of them altered its position. They are human beings, and yet they are courtiers—they seem, on all truthful and material points, to wink and shut their apprehensions up, and yet how full of apprehensions they are—even how wise, 'seeing through all things with their half-shut eyes.' We never saw court-scenes drawn so completely to the life as they are drawn in 'Francesca Carrara.'

"The whole book, indeed, why should we hesitate to say, notwithstanding that we feel its dangerous tendency, is a book of remarkable power and genius. There is a fiery abundance of informing spirit in it that might have served to crowd with meaning fifty ordinary novels. The entire result would have proved very different if the author could have consented to write more with her intellect and less with her will—more with a looking abroad 'into universality,' and less with an intense consciousness of her own existence alone.

"We do not use these words in the common acceptation of selfishness. We believe the consciousness we speak of in Miss Landon, from these evidences of her writing, to be of a much more generous, though of a scarcely less mistaken order. She suffers, in fact, from a sensibility too extreme—from an acute and even morbid feeling of all that relates to her own impressions, or to the objects and events of her own life. No single feeling they may have left seems to have been forgotten. No object or event that has caused her an emotion seems to have been effaced. Every such emotion, indeed, has worked itself into a passion—and over passions how vain is forced control. Hence, it is that they crowd up wilfully into the pages without coherency or proper neighbourhood. Hence, in this Francesca Carrara, the particular truth, and the general falsehood—the remarkable keenness of feeling and penetration, and the equally remarkable want of final truth, or of large comprehension of mind. For so true it is, that the same intense apprehension which enables us to discern the first principles of things, and, as in the case of some suffering or experience, seize one particular view of it which shall be individually true, and take up a lasting and passionate abode with us—the same intense feeling is precisely that which prevents our admitting the operation of other causes needful to its wise generalisation and control, but interfering with the favourite view we have taken; and thus we are involved in contradictions, endless and wilful.

"There are few who will not readily acknowledge this, after reading half of the first volume of this novel. We may add, that to read so far is to read the whole, for the interest and fascination of the book are extreme. The very characteristic we have been mentioning, indeed, secures this, though it interferes with the general keeping and the final truth of the writing. The passions are kept constantly at work—the pulse that agitates them never ceases to beat. We feel this whether we follow the patient yet passionate sufferings of Guido, the divine truth, and the holy affections of Francesca, or the high-aimed coquetry, the sublime selfishness of the Mancini. We yield to them as they severally move us, unable to reason out of influence the genius which gives birth to all—so various in its powers, so complicated and full of contrast in its sympathies. How nobly could it have realised a nobler purpose! Miss Landon never so forcibly illustrated the extent of her genius, proving at the same time how ill-regulated and unworthily directed it may be, as by this novel of 'Francesca Carrara.'"

Nor is the unsparing exposition confined to these inconsistencies alone, for there are others that may be as frankly admitted as they are difficult to account for. Such, for example, are those merely personal remarks and opinions, that, throughout her writings, are carelessly flung out in defiance of reason, and often apparently for the sake of turning some noble passage of sentiment or devotion, in the midst of which they are obtruded, into flat insincerity or affectation. The critic illustrates this from the work we have been considering. "While," he says, "we are dwelling on the unequaled picture of love, of entire trust, of friendship sustained through life, and triumphing over the uncertainties of the grave—all illustrated with so serious, so sweet, and so enduring a truth in the lives of Guido, of Evelyn, and Francesca—we are told in smart and solid phrases by the very author of these noble creatures, that 'consistency expresses nothing human,' and that 'confidence is what no human being ever really had in another.' While we are admiring the sense of justice with which she discriminates the great struggle of the English commoners against the bad faith of the English king, she is good enough to indulge us with a second opinion, that if Charles had given up the bishops, uncurled his hair, and spoken through his nose, he might have been an absolute monarch in all but name!"

Such criticism as this undoubtedly had its influence in exciting L. E. L. to the correction of several of her faults; for the sternness and rigidity of the censure were not unaccompanied by that seductiveness of just praise without which it might have awakened, in such a nature as hers, no other feeling than resentment, and an obstinate resolution to cling to errors to the last, as the only things that had been faithful to her. Thus the style of "Francesca Carrara" is admired as extremely elegant, pure, and impassioned, while the book itself is described as that only from which can be drawn the smallest idea of the brilliant truth of its court-dialogue, or of the exalted nature of the fine creations that are bodied forth in it. "Our hearts own them, and they are hereafter consecrated in our imaginations."

Another testimony from a different pen, to the power and the success of this work, will close the notice that it claimed.

"'Francesca Carrara' is of the past—there is both more poetry, and more truth in the work now before us than in the other; we *feel* the characters to be more real—there is more of consistency both in the plot and in its development, and less crowding of smart and clever things—less show and more substance. We were, perhaps, more astonished at the first, because we hardly expected such prose from such a poet; but it promised more for the future, and as 'Francesca' is the future of that period, we in some degree look forward to the beauties we have found. We know not where, or how, the female writers of our time procure their insight into human nature;

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Miss Landon reads hearts and motives, as men read books and pamphlets, and reads them truly; her delineations are perfect—her sketches full of the truth and vigour of nature.

"Her range in prose is more extensive than her range in poetry. Her lyre is generally tuned to the same purposes—the blight of love, the hollowness of the world; there is a mournful cadence in all it sings of—a wail, a sorrow, or a sigh! But in prose she lives with us—now sanctifying—now satirising—now glittering with the French in their most brilliant court, playing with diamonds, and reveling in wit—then reposing on one of the finest creations that human genius ever called into existence—the holy friendship of Guido and Francesca. The whole range of modern fiction offers nothing like the portraiture of these two cousins; it is at once beautiful and sublime, and yet perfectly natural and true; the skill of the woman is admirably developed in this particular creation. A man would have *philosophised* Guido and Francesca into friendship: and those who read would have immediately discovered that, between two so constituted, the thing would have been impossible, notwithstanding the philosophy; but Miss Landon, by a simple and natural arrangement, sets all doubts at rest, by *pre-occupying* both hearts. Here, at once, is the *prevention* of love, and the *motive* for friendship perceived, without any explanation."—*New Monthly, Jan.* 1835.

In the summer of 1834, an opportunity had occurred, through Sir A. Farquhar and his daughter, of accomplishing a visit to Paris. L. E. L. had a friend, Miss Turin, staying in the gay city at that time, and this was felt to be an additional convenience. Moreover, she had then determined upon laying the scene of a new novel amidst the French revolution, and to do this it was desirable to know something of the *locale*. In Paris, then, we find her, in the month of June, seeking and enjoying a sensation of which the following is her hasty, rambling, but characteristic record. It is a letter addressed to the author of the "Sketches of Irish Character."

"I do not know at how many feet from the ground this letter is written—truly, I was never so exalted in my life before; and yet we are less exalted than the generality. Oh, the measureless staircases, longer than life itself!—but you know them. I am delighted with Paris, enchanted with the people, and, horrible as I thought the journey, I must confess I thought the pleasure well worth the pain. Yet I have chosen the worst possible season for my visit. Nobody is in Paris, and nothing is going on. A second visit would be more favourable than a first, as sight-seeing would then form no part of my duty; and, certainly, I am the worst sight-seer in the world. I really do not, in my heart, care for all the articles in marble, stone, or brick, that were ever ushered in with a paragraph in the 'Stranger's Guide'—'This magnificent, &c., well deserves all a stranger's attention.' In my plan of Paradise, people will ride very little, and walk not at all. In revenge, they shall have the most comfortable chairs, and talk from morning to night. Now, if my plan of Paradise does not suit people, they have only to form one according to their own fancy. I cannot tell you what great kindness I have received from everybody, or the charming notes and the too charming speeches. I am sure the French well deserve their character for amiability and politeness, or, I really should rather say, kindness. I shall return with the most pleasant and grateful recollections. I have been reading a great many French works; truly it is well that I wear my hair tightly banded, or it would certainly have risen straight on my head with downright dismay and astonishment. Yet there is extraordinary talent—every page full of new ideas and thoughts—they want nothing but a little religion and a little decency—two trifling wants, to be sure. The whole of French conversation, as far as I can judge, is much more intellectual, with more thought, and less about persons, than in England. . . . . We went to Notre Dame—such a fine old church, and such a view of Paris to look down upon; for we went up to the very top, and, hot as it was, I was glad that we had done so. Indeed, I have taken quite a course of old churches, though I am not turned catholic. The shops are, as the prophet said of Damascus, too delightful; but I cannot say that, excepting two or three slight things, the articles are so cheap as in London. Silks, muslins, prints, ribbons, pelerines, are *awfully* dear. We have charming lodgings, overlooking two pretty gardens, and the front of Mr. Rothschild's hotel, and then an *open* view as far as Montmartre and its windmills. We have our dinners from a restaurant's, the Café de Paris; they are delicious, but I find scarcely a dish that I have not previously eaten in England. I am making an experimental voyage through the *carte*, and have had a different dish every day." . . . .

Her pleasant recollections of Paris, however, were always associated with an adventure of a character more exciting than agreeable, that happened to her on her journey home. Of all the passengers who presented themselves to the notice of the custom-house authorities, L. E. L., to her surprise and consternation, was selected for the compliment of particular search. Her inexperience in such matters, and a natural timidity on seeing herself in so unusual a situation, perhaps increased the suspicion these authorities had suddenly taken upon themselves to entertain, that she had concealed about her person sundry laces, silks, or trinkets, which had not yielded the lawful tribute to the revenue. She was as innocent of a thought of fraud as the king himself; but her protestations, eloquent as they were, went for nothing, or, possibly, stimulated inquiry. A gold chain which she wore, was remorselessly detained, and pronounced to be forfeited; what was worse, it was not her own property, it belonged to a friend, and had, in fact, paid the legal duty; it was restored after a few days. L. E. L. used to laugh at this tribulation, afterwards, and made the investigating matron the heroine of a little comic romance. What she suspected, and what, no doubt, was the cause of the very particular attentions which she was singled out to receive on this occasion, was the best part of the comedy. The authorities of the custom-house had received notice of the coming of "a lady," by whose practices, for a considerable time past, the revenue had been defrauded; they were, consequently, on the alert, and ready to receive any hint that might lead to detection. Now, there was every reason to suppose that a fellow-passenger of L. E. L.'s, who had been endeavouring to render herself rather agreeable to her, without knowing whom it was she was conversing with, was the identical "lady" addicted to the illicit propensities in question; and there is scarcely less reason to suppose—so at least L. E. L. used vehemently to insist—that it was this very "lady" who hinted at the proper season to the vigilant officers, that by directing their attention to L. E. L. herself, they would, no doubt, discover the object of their suspicions!

To another intimate and valued friend she also gave an account of her Parisian experiences. Frivolous as the details are with which she commences, it was one of her characteristics that any one she liked should know what objects surrounded her in any new place she visited. The post-mark is July, 1834.

"What a waste of time it is ever to make a resolution: my most decided intention, on leaving England, was to keep a journal. I might just as well have decided on keeping a troop of horse. The first fortnight might be comprehended in two words, or, rather, four—feeling very ill, and feeling very tired; and, I may add, very unhappy; everything seemed strange, and I so completely alone. Our lodging is pleasant enough (it was in the Rue Taitbout, Chaussée d'Antin, No. 30). Fancy yourself ascending a staircase twice the height of Miss Lance's; you will then arrive at a huge door. You enter through a little ante-chamber, hung with dark brown paper, with an orange border, a piano and some chairs being all the furniture. This leads on one side to my room; on the other to the *salon*, which is hung with blue paper, or rather purple, and has a balcony looking down on a delightful garden. If you furnish this room with a sofa, whose cushions are stuffed with hay, equally hard and sweet, chairs covered with blue velvet, a marble table, a secretaire, two vases filled with flowers, another table covered with books, and myself writing to you, you will have an exact idea of my present position.

"I have seen a good many strangers, and it would take a quire of paper to detail all the little agonies I have suffered from them, all the little 'states' that I have been in. Though all my life I have lived in society, and had to make my own way, I never get accustomed to doing it. I am unconquerably irresolute and shy. The utmost that I can do, and that by force of long habit, is to conceal my embarrassment, and to feel it, for that very concealment, all the more. What hesitation and difficulty does it always cost me to enjoy! . . . . I cannot tell you half the flattering kindness I have met with. M. Odillon Barrot appears to be about thirty; has the most kind, gentle, and encouraging manners; and, perhaps, of all I have seen here, is the one to whom I would apply the term gentlemanlike. He is, you know, a most distinguished person; and, you do not know, has beautiful blue eyes. He went with us, yesterday, to the Pantheon; without an exception, the finest building I ever saw. We ascended some thousands of steps to the top. . . . . Then we went to the Cabinet of Natural History. Such birds, beasts, and fishes! If imitation be the most graceful of flatteries, this building is a delicate attention to Noah's ark. It contains a specimen of everything on earth, in sea, or air. . . . . The person whom I think the most interesting is a Monsieur Fontaney, a young poet of about four-and-twenty, or less. . . . . He answers very well to my idea of a French genius—pale, dark, sombre, and with a sort of enthusiasm of which we have no idea in England. . . . . He joined our party at the theatre, or, rather, came into the next box. His conversation is very intellectual, and very spirited—or let me use the French word, '*spirituel*.' The opera was the *Temptation of Saint Anthony*, which said temptation is the being made love to by a very beautiful woman, created by his Satanic Majesty for that very worthy purpose. *Miranda* (Mdlle. Duvernay) danced like an angel, if angels dance, which, I take it, is rather a debateable point. Going to the theatre made me very melancholy, I kept thinking so much of the Victoria! Talk of French vivacity! I don't know in what it consists. All that I have

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met are peculiarly quiet. Oh, the number of pretty things that there are in the shops! One could spend a fortune in a week. I shall come back with all sorts of new ideas. You, however, must be contented with some old ones."

To the same friend she describes her impressions on the perusal of Victor Hugo's "Lucretia Borgia," which she had been recommended to read.

"What a terrible pleasure I owe you; that 'Lucretia Borgia' has struck me deeply! What a scene that is between her and her husband, where she attempts to make him forget his vengeance by filling his mind with the first fascination of her beauty, which, to be turned upon him for a moment, was such sweet flattery. I like Gennaro's love for his unknown parent. The deepest feelings of the human heart are those given to the unnaturable and the mysterious. Love for the known and the possessed takes the more endurable (is it not so?) but less poetical form of affection. The *denouement* is dreadful. So true! for it is curious to note how constantly vice is punished through some last touch of lingering goodness. Thus

'Soon or late it is its own avenger.'

Some kindly feeling, some dearest sympathy, that would have been happiness to the innocent, becomes torture in its worst shape to the guilty."

From a few of the many notes addressed, almost daily, to various friends about this period, some passages may be taken as exact specimens of the free and careless manner in which L. E. L. invariably wrote to her intimate acquaintances. If, in this respect, their literary interest should appear too slight, let it be observed, that they afford the reader some insight into her daily feelings and associations at an important stage of her career, and lead to the gratifying conviction that the prevalent tone of her spirits, notwithstanding all she had undergone, was far less weary and depressed than those who judged her by her writings were accustomed to suppose. And it may be as well to remark that L. E. L., in her epistolary habits, reversed the maxim by which long letters are excused on the score of a want of time to write short ones; she rarely wrote into a second sheet, and scarcely ever in her life crossed her lines, after the approved fashion among lady letter writers; but, of brief epistles, few people wrote so many. The reason was, that the merest act of courtesy, or an ordinary civility, which others would receive about as a thing of course, or for which their gratitude might well admit of being reserved for a chance meeting, was sure to produce from her a note of acknowledgment, magnifying it into a marvelous kindness; and this would probably be followed by one or two excuses for writing, each repaying the slightest of obligations by such favours as only the kindliest of natures could bestow, or such anxiety to do so, as only such a nature as hers could feel.

These remarks will, perhaps, render it unnecessary to apologize for the introduction of the following fragments from notes to Mrs. Hall:—

"I hope you mean to be a pattern of propriety, keep within doors, and look upon Sloane street as if it were the avenue to the castle of the east wind. As for myself, I have no more breath than an apple, on which a philosopher has been trying experiments, by putting it in his pump and extracting the air. I liked your story in the 'Edinburgh Magazine' much. I must say though, in the present state of the country, a premium ought to be given to those who patriotically remain single."—

"It is quite terrible to think how a person's principles may be undermined. What with your cottage and this cottage, I am in dreadful danger of being taken romantic, and of talking about rural felicity—unsophisticated feeling, and the beauties of nature, and those vain prejudices which I have hitherto so entirely abjured. . . I enjoyed all the delights of the country in the most resolute manner, for I got ankle deep in mud yesterday in the wood adjoining. You cannot think how beautiful all is herebouts—so richly wooded, and not a vestige of London, and a perpetual succession of showers driving over the hills, like a flight of arrows sent by some aerial army. A piece of water runs through the grounds; it abounds with fish, and has a fleet of ducks, and two or three islands of water-lilies—some half dozen falls 'leaping to music,' a bridge, and is in one part overhung with trees. There is also plenty of innocent amusements—bows and arrows, swings, battledores, &c. I cannot say I have recourse to any, holding to mine ancient belief of the superfluity of talking."

"I was at Mr. Holling's collection of sculpture. There is a superb bust of Mrs. Norton—such a head as might have suited Zenobia, ere she yielded up her desert city to the Roman conqueror. There is also the most lovely statue of a child I ever saw; the very ideal of infancy. I have been to two or three little dances, among so many gay captains, that I cannot decide on which I have lost my heart to, or indeed if I have lost it at all. I have also been exceedingly industrious, and am rapidly progressing with my third volume, ('Francesca.') Think heaven, Fisher's book is finished—above thirty poems, and only one in which *love* is even mentioned! There's hard-heartedness for you. Are you not glad to be at home again, to see the pavement! I dare say England has its faults, but it may comfort itself by saying, 'I am a deal better than my neighbours, and comparisons are only odious to those who suffer by them."

The close of the following allusion to the burning of the houses of parliament, amusingly illustrates the insufficiency of the imagination to enable us to hold a fire in the hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus.

"Could you see the reflection of the fire? I spent nearly an hour at our garret window watching it. The blaze was far higher than any of the intervening houses: it gave me the idea—at least it was like the idea I have—of a volcano. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the sky, loaded in one part with dense clouds of a most peculiar crimson, while in another the moon was dispersing the lightest of snowy vapours, and the air was of the clearest blue. I do so regret that I did not see it. I should be sorry to have any one's chimney take fire for my express pleasure; but if such a thing was to happen, my seeing it could have done no harm, and it would have greatly delighted,—no, that is not the word—astonished me! I never even saw a conflagration in my life. *Oh! how cold it is.* I am really writing a little worse than usual—my fingers are so chilled."

Another slight passage will take us by a leap into the next summer.

"A thousand thanks for the loveliest of roses. One is certainly more grateful in summer than at any other time. If there is anything in nature, it warms into life with the sunshine. After the long dreary winter, with nothing but colds, shawls and waterguel, it is quite delicious to feel well and clever again. But I am already beginning to fear the enjoyment of this delightful weather; for I know that Fate will revenge itself, and force Pleasure to take its penalty—pain, in some shape or other."

It is unnecessary to multiply these fragments. To how many would L. E. L. write in this vein! reserving whatever was gloomiest in her views for her own secret meditations, or relieving her mind of its effects by venting it upon the world in verse. As a correspondent she was never discontented; she never "bestowed her tediousness" upon her friends, by taking up her pen in ill-humour. If she had her fits of moroseness, she had them in solitude; for there was no sign of asperity, in speech or writing, in her intercourse with the actual world in which she lived. To how many more persons would she address notes like those already described, expressing strong emotion in acknowledging even trivial service; and thanking them for kindness, as though she were not accustomed to rendering every species of kindness and to making all kinds of sacrifices herself. It was because this was the habit of her life, that she thus felt towards others when she experienced their good will. She always received praise as a tribute that laid her under special obligation to the giver; she could never say or do enough in return for it. She always received justice, not as a right, but as a favour.

1835 to 1837.

It was with the name of a being who was thus bent on seizing every occasion of cheerfulness, and every means of generosity, that slander was still occasionally busy in secret. Into the particular circumstances that led to an inquiry, at this period, and after the lapse of years, relative to the origin and diffusion of the scandal of which she had been the object, it is hardly necessary to enter at any length. Enough if it be here stated, that between herself and a gentleman with whom it had been for some time a pleasure to her to correspond and to converse, a literary intimacy and interchange of intellectual sentiment had ripened (as it was conjectured among their friends) into a closer and tenderer sympathy. Rumour connected their names as names that were never again to be sundered; and a confirmation of the report that "L. E. L." would soon cease to be the designation of the literary favourite of the public, was anticipated by many. Perhaps it was this rumour of her intended marriage that revived in some quarters the recollection of the old slander, and reanimated prejudice against her. It is, at all events certain, that a resolution was, at this time, formed by two or three of her friends, to force the false speakers to speak out—to trace the report, if possible, to its foul beginning—and compel an acknowledgment of its infamy from those who had idly or maliciously contributed to give circulation to it. The correspondence ended, in the satisfaction of all who were parties to it (men of opposite tempers and characters), that the falsehood was as vile as its fabrication was obscure. That even then, after years had elapsed, there was some show of reason for instituting an inquiry respecting the authorship, will, perhaps, be admitted, when the following letter, addressed by L. E. L., some time after the result of this inquiry, to Mrs. Thomson, has furnished incontestable, and surely most affecting evidence, that the sufferer was still

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suffering, and that her character was still exposed to the active assaults of error or of malice. Moreover, it was at her own demand that the correspondence was entered upon; although the shock occasioned by the bare thought of being made an object of inquiry consigned her to a bed of sickness. The subjoined, it will be seen, enters more fully than the last letter on the same painful subject, into the details of her life;—it is without date, but it was written in June, 1837.

"My dear Mrs. Thomson,—You will, perhaps, wonder why I write when I am to see you so soon. I do it, because words are forgotten, and a letter remains; and what I am about to say, is for reference as long as any interest about me remains with my friends;—an interest, I may be permitted to say, fully merited on my part.

"Dr. Thomson tells me of your kindly resenting the invidious remarks of which I was made the object.

"I will not thank you for what was only justice, but I do thank you for the spirit in which it was done. For such calumnies my own feeling is, the most utter disdain and disgust. My only answer is an appeal to every one who knows anything about me. Pardon me if there appear anything like self-ostentation, when I say I believe there are very few left to themselves, pressed by many difficulties on the one hand, and surrounded by every sort of flattery on the other, that would have acted, as I can fearlessly say I have done. What has my life been? one, quiet, very laborious, and inoffensive. I never have had a friend but what I made for myself, and I am not aware that I ever lost one through any thing they ever saw reprehensible in my conduct. Who are my most intimate friends? those who have been such for years, and who have had the most constant opportunities of knowing me. I ask no one to take anything for granted, or only on my own assertion. I have lived all my life since childhood with the same people. The Misses Lance were strict, scrupulous, and particular; moreover, from having kept a school so long, with habits of even minute observation. The affection they feel for me could scarcely be undeserved. I would desire nothing more than to refer to their opinion. Since then I have resided with Mrs. Sheldon, a lady prejudiced against me in the first instance; but what is her feeling now that I have lived with her for two years? That of affection almost as if I were a child of her own. What is also my actual position at this moment? Every day my acquaintance is courted; scarce a post but brings me a letter of admiration and kindness. My very correspondence during the late election* is, perhaps, the most gratifying collection of cordial testimonials of respect to myself that was ever addressed to an individual. That I am the object often of malicious misrepresentation, or rather invention, is true; but it is not the public, it is not the general feeling. I can understand that success must bear the penalty of envy, but it is those who know nothing about me, or my habits, who are bitter against me.

"Take the very gentleman who permitted himself to ask a question the other night; what did he know about me? His sole authority rested on a hearsay, and that it might originate with a friend of my own, who, the moment she is asked, indignantly denies it. Miss R—— could not have said it, without the utmost injustice and falsehood, and I believe her to be incapable of either. Indeed I know that she has often expressed herself in the kindest manner about me. But she is not the first friend whose name has been taken in vain—the moment it reached their ears to meet with complete disavowal.

"To those who, to indulge in a small envy or a miserable love of gossip, talk away my life and happiness, I only say, if you think my conduct worth attacking, it is also worth examining. Such examination would be my best defence. From my friends, I ask brief and indignant denial, based only on their conviction of falsehood. As regards myself, I have no answer beyond contemptuous silence, an appeal to all who know my past life, and a very bitter sense of innocence and of injury.

"I have now, my dear Mrs. Thomson, nothing more to say, beyond an earnest acknowledgment of all your kindness. I would not mix this with what is only a statement above; I have carefully shunned anything like an attempt to interest either your friendship or your feelings, but I may now be allowed to say how keenly they are felt. For years how much I have owed to Dr. Thomson's kindness! my pleasantest hours have been passed at your house, and the best encouragement of my literary labours has been derived from yourselves. God knows my path has been a very hard one! What constant labour, what unceasing anxiety! yet I never felt dejected till lately. But now I feel every day my mind and my spirits giving way; a deeper shade of despondency gathers upon me. I enter upon my usual employments with such distelish; I feel so weary—so depressed; half my time so incapable of composition; my imagination is filled with painful and present images. But why should I say all this? perhaps my recent illness leaves behind it weakness both mentally and bodily; but I cannot help shrinking from either exertion or annoyance—I do not feel in myself power to bear either. I will not apologise for this intrusion upon you: I am sure you will not grudge the trouble of reading it, to

"Your grateful and affectionate

"L. E. LANDON."

The occasion that elicited this letter occurred, as we have said, subsequently to the correspondence just adverted to. It proves that the inquiry was not entered upon altogether on light grounds; it shows, moreover, that the slander survived the correspondence, and appeared incapable of being effectually silenced. Yet the refutation which the evil report met, in the course of that investigation, was as effectual and complete as in the nature of such charges—charges so brought and circulated—it was possible to be. The refutation consisted in the utter disbelief in the charge, and the honourable zeal to detect the source of the calumny, that were every where evinced. It should be particularly marked, that the correspondence on this subject was not intended to be an inquiry into the truth of the accusation; *that*, so far from being deemed necessary by the parties to it, by any of her friends—more especially by that friend to whom she was then matrimonially contracted—would have been deemed by them all degrading to the last degree. There was never for an instant a shadow of suspicion upon their minds. Nothing they did in doubt, but all in honour. The sole object was to trace the false accuser, and drag him forward. This failing, the sense of the falsehood remained as strong as before—stronger it could not be, or it would have been strengthened by the result of the steps that had been taken for the detection of the calumniator.

What should follow, then, but the fulfilment of the marriage contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings; and in the spirit of the communication at this period, between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it is not difficult to perceive, that the same high minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour, and the same stubborn yet delicate pride (neither, perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it.

The severity of the shock she underwent, and the extent of the self-sacrifice she deemed herself called upon by duty to make, may be inferred from the following letter addressed to him, with whom the contemplated union had now, she felt, become impossible. The handwriting gives painful evidence of the agitation of mind and weakness of body amidst which it was composed. Its insertion is permitted here, at the request of her surviving relative, and of the writer to whom she confided the trust of doing justice to her memory. It must be received as the only explanation that can be offered of the feelings by which she was animated, and of the grounds on which she decided.

"I have already written to you two notes which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour, and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thomson say, 'you have an idea of what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life—I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain—but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat, that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement, I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—

* This reference is to the election of her brother, in 1836, to an office which he resigned immediately after her death. It was Sir Robert Peel's observation, on giving his vote, that "he was happy to mark his sense of Miss Landon's character and talents by voting for her brother;" while Mr. Hope, the son of the author of "Anastasius," said on the same occasion, "It is gratifying to have the means occasionally of showing both the reverence we feel for genius, and the gratitude to those who exercise it in our behalf." The election more than justified the proud feeling with which it is above referred to.

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I cannot—allow you—to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind; I might say, look back at every action of my life—ask every friend I have—but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity, or the slander of a vulgar woman's tongue? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connection, is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance—the mortification of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard, coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would bear it.

"I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

"After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose, as if it were possible! Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

"Most grateful and affectionate of
Your friends,
"L. E. LANDON."

The conduct of the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed, was throughout, and in every respect, worthy of the honourable appreciation it obtained, and of her who could thus feel and act towards him.

While forming this resolution upon principle, L. E. L. did not foresee that the impossibility of explaining her conduct to all who might hear of the dissolution of an engagement generally presumed to exist, was likely to expose her to the most mortifying and fatal misconception. The knowledge of the effect could carry with it no possible revelation of the cause. All that could be known beyond the small circle of her confidential friends was, that a correspondence had taken place with a view to the discovery of her traducer, and that it had terminated in the sudden breaking off of a connection of which the permanence seemed assured, and to which the marriage seal was about to be affixed. The inference was much too fair for spite and ill-nature to miss. The highmindedness of her decision, and the dignity of her whole conduct at this most trying and painful crisis of her life, could be judged of but by a few, while her seemingly unvindicated name might be a subject of scorn or of pity in every circle of gossips. That "very bitter sense of innocence and injury" which we have seen her entertaining, could avail her nothing against the presumption of the cold hearted or the malicious, that "there might possibly be something in it after all," as the injury had ended in a broken contract, a doubly embittered spirit, and a situation more lonely than before.

All this was what her experience told her, on reflection, she had too much reason to fear, and her judgment warned her at the same time of her utter helplessness, and the impossibility of guarding herself against such terrible misconceptions. She undoubtedly imagined the evil to be greater than it really was. But it must be owned that her own injudiciousness still exposed her to attacks; and that to persons of an irritable or over credulous temper, she might easily become an object of suspicion and aversion, especially to her own sex. Her warmth of heart, her exuberance of gratitude, even on trivial occasions of service, her buoyant spirits, her recklessness as to consequences, and her stubborn indifference to opinion, were still, as before, her great enemies that created enemies; and when writing to authors, whom she had known and confided in for years, and in whom differences of age and the long-worn honours of the married lot, might have sufficed to guard her from all misapprehension, she was sometimes apt to lay aside the formalities of respect due to middle-aged husbands, and the reverence that belongs to the father of a numerous family.

She soon benefited by the most kind and skilful medical treatment, and the affectionate attention of her friends, so as to enjoy society again, and indulge to some extent in what she designated "the superfelicity of talking."

It was before the feeling alluded to, and before the dread of being misapprehended where her conduct could only be partially known or guessed at, had quite worn away, that she met Mr. George Maclean at the house of a mutual acquaintance at Hampstead. This was about October, 1836. Mr. Maclean was the eldest son of the Rev James Maclean, of Urquhart, Elgin, and nephew to Lieut. Gen. Sir John Maclean. He had early in life performed that exploit which, as we have seen, was the subject of L. E. L.'s childish speculations, a voyage to Africa; and had held, for a considerable time, the responsible appointment of Governor of Cape Coast Castle.

Of this gentleman, the following account has been given by a writer in a public journal, who professes to have known him since he was a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, and who evidently retains a warm respect for him. When about the age mentioned, says the statement, "he was placed at the Elgin Academy, and boarded with the Rev. Mr. Duguid, the Latin teacher at that institution. As we resided at that time within a few houses of the academy, betwixt it and Mr. Duguid's residence, we had excellent opportunities of witnessing the conduct of the boys, who were boarders, in their moments of relaxation as they passed to and from the school. On these occasions we noticed that Master Maclean was a very quiet boy, seldom entering into the sports of his companions with the same vivacity that they did. He was, what is emphatically named in the Scotish language, 'a douce laddie.' Some persons would have been apt to imagine that this arose from a sullen disposition or bad temper; but, on the contrary, it appeared to us to arise from 'deep thinking,' if we may be allowed to use the expression when alluding to a boy; for when the subject of conversation was congenial to his mind, he was in every respect as lively, as spirited, and as pleasant a companion as any person could wish, and possessed of much more intelligence than could have been expected from one of his age.

"When very young, we do not think he was eighteen years of age, he was appointed secretary to the Governor of Sierra Leone, and had not been long there when he was made governor himself. As a proof of his good disposition and kindness of heart, when he returned to his native country after being appointed governor, he selected and fitted out as his secretary, a young man, Mr. Wm. Topp, who had no claim whatever to his patronage; he was merely an assistant or superintendent of Mr. Duguid's boarders when Mr. Maclean was at school.

"Mr. Maclean recently returned to England a second time, and after visiting his friends in the north, resided for a short period in London. We have seen him several times at the Craven Hotel, in the Strand, where he lodged, and he has called two or three times upon us, but in no instance have we found cause to alter the opinion we first formed of him. His elevation to be governor, when, from his personal appearance, he could not be looked upon in any other view than as a boy approaching to manhood, did not in the least alter his disposition." Other friends of Mr. Maclean speak of him in similar terms of respect and attachment; some even with enthusiasm; and all concur in acknowledging his conscientious attention to the duties devolving upon him.

In point of years there was no great disparity between the new acquaintances; and, although in general tastes they were little assimilated, and in manners still less so, as everybody must at once have noticed, there was at least one subject of deep interest to both, one ready topic of delightful conversation—African habits, African horrors, and African wonders—the sea, the coast, the desert, the climate, and the people. Even as a child such themes had attractions for her, and when they were descanted on she was a child still. We can imagine L. E. L. as "seriously inclining" to listen to whatever might be said on such subjects, as the "gentle Lady," afterwards "married to the Moor," might hearken to the travel's history that charmed her, and to tales of antres vast and deserts idle. They met frequently; and as her respect for Mr. Maclean increased with the discovery of the zeal with which he had devoted himself to the interests of the colony he presided over, and the estimation in which he was held by the South African Company, so his admiration of her grew daily under the spell of her artless manners and brilliant conversation. The result was, after an intimacy of no long duration, the offer of his hand—and its acceptance!

Her friends heard with surprise the determination she had come to; indeed her consenting to take such a step seemed inexplicable, when it appeared that Mr. Maclean meditated resuming his official appointment at Cape Coast Castle, and that her marriage would be speedily followed by her departure from the shores of England. On what shores to find a home! To the husband such a change must be a magical one. What transition from gloom to gaiety, from cold and darkness to sunshine, could equal the possession of such a companion in the eyes of one accustomed to a total deprivation of the society of European women. But to the wife—what a contrast!

It must here be observed, however, that, at the moment when, after a brief deliberation, L. E. L. accepted the offer of Mr. Maclean's hand, she had no reason to contemplate the surrender of a home in this country as the condition of her becoming a wife. The necessity of a voyage to Cape Coast, and a stay of some continuance, was mentioned no great while subsequent to her engagement to Mr. Maclean, and after much serious discussion it was courageously assented to. To a resolution once formed, she, for the most part, unwaveringly held—as she did to this.

It may be supposed that her thoughts upon this great change, and the separation from her family and friends, her voluntary exile to what every one called the grave of Europeans, were enough to occasion her many anxious days, and nights of unrefreshing sleep. But these were far from being all she had to endure. The attachment between the affianced parties had one characteristic of true love—its course did not run smooth. Doubts as to the prudence of the

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marriage, in a worldly, or in a pecuniary point of view, arose among some of Mr. Maclean's friends. His family always expressed the highest possible sense of Miss Landon's worth, and took a just pride in her literary reputation. Respect for her virtues might, and no doubt did, suggest dissuasives; for any alliance, with a conditional residence at Cape Coast, must have been deemed, to the last degree, unpropitious. It is certain that during Mr. Maclean's absence, in Scotland, in the summer of 1837, it appeared doubtful whether the marriage would take place, nor did her health promise well, at that season, for her capability to undertake a long voyage, and settle, with the smallest chance of safety, in so horrible a climate.

At this time as well as afterwards—indeed, from the commencement of his acquaintance with her to the hour of her death, Mr. Maclean entertained but one feeling in relation to reports circulated to her prejudice. That feeling was contempt—contempt that never once wavered. However the report might be varied, or wherever it might be whispered, or whatever name might be associated with hers to her injury, he equally despised the tale. Not only had every thing been related to him, but all had been put to him in the worst light; again and again he was reminded, only to feel the more sympathy for the object of the calumny, and the more confidence in that innocence, of which, indeed, society—if that word must be used—felt equally assured by its unquestioning reception of her. From first to last, he desired nothing more than an opportunity of vindicating her; and took every occasion to show how impossible it was to shake his steady faith in her truth and honour. The just confidence could not but be attended with some effects upon her feelings towards him in return. It could not but move her to look favourably upon his proposals, and to feel reconciled to the sacrifices she would be called upon to make.

On Mr. Maclean's return from Scotland in the autumn of 1837, it became apparent that the engagement had not been broken off; and, for some time, nothing occurred to interrupt the feelings with which the parties looked forward to its fulfilment. But now, though Mr. Maclean had never felt a moment's doubt, or a moment's difficulty, about reports prejudicial to L. E. L., a rumour arose respecting himself, that seemed calculated to create some doubt and difficulty on her side. The rumour, as it reached the ears of some of her friends, was nothing less than the confident assertion that Mr. Maclean was already married—and that he had a native wife living at Cape Coast, who was then, or at least had been, the occupant of the Castle. Such was the statement confidently put forth, and to these terms it was made known to L. E. L. The shock and the alarm it occasioned her may be readily imagined; but the feeling with which she heard it partially subsided, on communicating with Mr. Maclean, and receiving the explanation which he immediately and voluntarily gave on this serious point. She then learned (though on this subject her family never heard a word until after marriage) that no such matrimonial connection had ever existed; and no connection at all, that had not been terminated some considerable time before in a manner the most unequivocal and final. This statement was received in the spirit in which it was made; and there seemed to be no foolish and mistaken reserve on either side respecting the affair. Still the fact was supposed to remain—that circumstances occurring during Mr. Maclean's former residence at Cape Coast, although involving nothing whatever of the nature of a matrimonial bond, might, according to the views of that country, be seen in a very different light, and thus become a source of danger to the future mistress of the Castle. Mr. Maclean's explanation reduced the matter to this; but the apprehension of grave consequences could not be at once dismissed. Here was an obstacle which she could not possibly have anticipated when, in the preceding autumn, he had returned from Scotland, and their union was determined on. Now, the rumour of her intended marriage was widely spread. Preparations for it were not only in progress, but were actually far advanced; and, if destined to take place at all, it must take place within a very short time. The matter, notwithstanding, did not long remain with any exciting effect upon her mind. The subject was dismissed as soon as might be from recollection, as one scarcely worthy to be ranked among the many serious considerations which the meditated change so constantly presented.

To all other anxieties and sufferings must be superadded a direful fear the breaking off of this marriage contract on the eve of its ratification, should have the cruel effect which she had anticipated from a similar event previously—that of appearing, in the false judgement of strangers who could not possibly know the real circumstances of the case, to throw some momentary colour of credit upon the tales of slanderers. This old familiar thought occasioned her far more pain than any fear of consequences likely to ensue from the bygone domestic arrangements of her intended husband.

Her health in spite of all improved; and every rumour, new and old, soon gave way to one of a more definite and authorised nature—that L. E. L. was to be married "almost" immediately to the Governor of Cape Coast Castle; and this rumour happened to be "almost" the only one that was not utterly without foundation.

It is now necessary to turn back, to trace the literary progress of L. E. L. during the period to which the events referred to belong. It was not been active and regular than in seasons more free from perturbation and ill health. Gay or sorrowful, she wrote still, and her imagination shaped for itself about the same tasks, and expressed itself in the same tone, in both conditions.

The interest and admiration awakened in the spring of 1835 by the exhibition of Mr. Maclise's picture of the Vow of the Peacock, attracted L. E. L.'s attention to the subject as one on which her pen might be poetically employed. The brilliancy and power of the painting captivated her fancy, and kindled it to the production of an appropriate narrative, embodying something of the history as well as the romance of chivalry. "Vows on the heron," she observes, "on the pheasant, and the peacock, to do some deed of arms, were common in the olden time. My story, founded on this picturesque custom, is entirely fanciful, though its scenes and manners are strictly historical." This story was named after the picture it celebrated, and, "with other poems," formed an elegant volume, which was published in the autumn of 1835, by Messrs. Saunders and Otley. It is worthy of being associated in recollection with the painter's genius. Independent of the tenderness, the passion, and deep interest of the leading subject, the volume was recommended by its shorter pieces, consisting of a few classical sketches, a short series of tales, and some fugitive poems, of which the "Factory," the "Three Brothers," the "First Grave," the "Middle Temple Gardens," &c., are marked with great and various beauty. To this volume was prefixed an engraved portrait (the first ever published, we believe) of L. E. L., from a picture by the distinguished painter of the subject that had given birth to the poem. Though imperfect as a likeness from its minuteness, it conveyed much of the character of her face, her general air and style, the simple and pretty turn of the head, and the easy fashion of her dress, as she might be seen some summer morning walking in the little garden of the house in Hanaplace.

The publication of a lady's portrait must, in gallantry, be regarded as an "event" in her life; and to L. E. L.'s face, thus rendered visible to her readers for the first time, hundreds of curious eyes must have been turned in eagerness for the solution of the mystery that so long lay under the popular initials, now almost as well known as L. S. D. A string of "light fantastic" verses, expressive of this supposed feeling of interest and surprise at finding the literary enigma solved at last in the appearance of an elegant young lady, had the good fortune to please in an especial degree her who was the subject of them; and it is not, of course, because the writer presumes such a trifle to be worth reprinting, but solely because she used to quote a verse or two as the "most fanciful of all the compliments" paid to her, that he indulges himself with copying them here:—

ON FIRST SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF L. E. L.

"Is this the face that fired a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen?"—MARLOWE.

"Ah, no! not Helen, Hel—e—n
Of old—but L. E. L.,
Those letters which the spell-bound pen
Have vainly sought to spell.

"Not Helen, who so long ago
Set Paris in a blaze;
But one who laid proud London low,
And lit up later days.

"Is *this* your meaning, mystic Three!
Hand-writing on Fame's wall!
Ye thrice fair letters, can ye be
A lady, after all!

"How have I wonder'd what ye meant,
Ye alphabetic Graces!
And no one really represent
One of dear Nature's faces!

"How, how I've guessed! your meaning rare,
No guessing seemed to touch;
Ye riddles! the weird sisters ne'er
Bewitch'd me half so much.

"One knows the power of D. C. L.,
The grandeur of K. G.;
And F. R. S. will science spell,
And valour G. C. B.

"The sage, the schoolboy, both can tell
The worth of L. S. D.;
But, then, the worth of L. E. L.!
All *letters* told in three!

"In vain I've sought to illustrate
Each letter with a word;
'Twas only trying to translate
The language of a bird.

"I've read ye, L. E. L., quite bare;
Thus—Logic, Ethics, Lays:
Lives, Episodes, and Lyrics fair—
I've guess'd away my days.

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"One wild young fancy was the sire
Of fifty following after;
Like these—Love, Eden, and the Lyre,
Light, Elegance, and Laughter.

"I've drawn from all the stars that shine
Intepretations silly;
From flowers—the Lily, Eglantine,
And, then, another Lily.

"Now fancy's dead; no thought can strike,
No guess, solution, stricture;
And L. E. L. is—simply like
This dainty little picture.

"Life to her lays! However Fame
'Mongst brightest names may set hers,
These three initials—nameless name—
Shall never be *dead letters!*"

L. E. L. had, previous to the publication of these poems, illustrated poetically a volume of the "Flowers of Loveliness" for Mr. Ackermann, and had, moreover, edited and enriched a "Book of Beauty" for Mr. Charles Heath. Besides her share in the origin of these annuals, she continued to contribute largely to others. The "Literary Gazette" still derived occasional advantage from her pen, and in the "Court Journal" she wrote uninterruptedly verse or prose, for about three years. The "New Monthly Magazine," however, of all periodicals, obtained by far the most finished of her poetical efforts; the subjects being her own, and not her publisher's. To these compositions reference will be made hereafter. Nor would it be right to omit the various graceful tributes to great names with which, from the year 1836, she annually added to the beauty of Mr. Schloss's "Fairy Almanac;" or her "Birth-day Tribute to the Princess Victoria," which appeared in May, 1837. Princesses have rarely been hailed in such hearty and passionate strains.

The spirit of her poetry during these later years, while retaining some of the early weaknesses that miscoloured and misdirected it, exhibited a progressive alteration that fully justified the impression stamped on the mind of one of her critics, some time before; relative to her capacity (of which she was then giving some evidence) to escape from false shackles, and to discover, at last, the real exercise of her highest powers. This she may be said to have described in one of the many fine and lofty poems to be found in the "Drawing-room Scrap-book."

"'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine,
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.
'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do."

"Miss Landon," says her critic, "seems to have discovered, at last, that genius can have some nobler aim than to plant along the road of life an avenue of yews and cypresses. It may be that she has exhausted her varieties of melancholy phrase, and, in sheer necessity, begins to to think, that there are other things to be adorned besides the sepulchre. There are, indeed. The purposes of life remain while life remains to us—the memory of what has been already done by man, and the thought of 'all that yet remains for man to do,' towards the realisation of the happiness of the world. It is surely better to inspire us with the hope and the gladness of these things, than to teach us how to realise a 'vale of tears,' by shedding them."

The reviewer proceeds, with great truth and justice, to say, "In the verses of Miss Landon, moreover, there is always something, cover it as she may with her sombre veil, more nearly akin to cheerfulness than to sorrow. She would seem to have taken to mourning, as the only relief from too great a capacity for enjoyment, and the melancholy that is born of this, perhaps contains 'a joy beyond joy.' It is quite certain, at all events, that the grief which pours itself forth, like the melodious melancholy of this young lady, in one rapt and perpetual mite, has *more in it of the imaginative than the real, of the luxuriating than the suffering*. And after all, this is only teaching us how best to grieve, when we want to know what most to enjoy. We are grateful to her, therefore, for reconsidering that matter, and we would promise her a much loftier place in poetry than she occupies now, if we thought her courage equal to her genius; a far better name in the aftertime, if we thought she could teach herself to care less about the present. Fear, and doubt, and dependence, and carelessness, and (we must add) too great a passion for *effect*, still hang about her."

Even these latter failings diminished, however, as she proceeded; she became every year less doubting, more independent, far more careful and studious; the "passion for effect" was not the least weakened, but it slowly gave way.

And here, while stating our impressions of the development of her own poetical powers, a few brief notes, glancing at the qualities of some of her great contemporaries, may not be inappropriately introduced. Worthy, from their expressiveness, of preservation in themselves, they serve to illustrate her own intellectual qualities by showing what, at this time, when she was, perhaps, most capable of forming a calm and sound judgment, her feeling really was, respecting the poets she has thus characterised in writing to a friend.

SOUTHEY. There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me the idea of the Alhambra—there is the great proportion, and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque. It is fretted gold; the oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as Thalaba—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems; they give the idea of innocent, yet intelligent children—yet almost startling you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey.

WORDSWORTH is a poet that even Plato might have admitted into his republic. He is the most passionless of writers. Like the noblest creations of Grecian sculpture, the divinity is shown by divine repose. But if his sympathy with humanity be still, it is also deep; the "heaven that lies about us in our infancy," he would fain extend even to the tomb. He brings "faith, the solemn comforter," and the belief that even in things evil exists the soul of good.

Of all poets SHELLEY is the most poetical:

"Love was born with him, in him, so intense,
It was his very being, not a sense."—

The defect of his imagination was a want of being sufficiently balanced with the real; everything appeared to him through an exaggerated medium. He reasoned with his feelings; now feelings are the worst possible reasoners—they excite, and they mislead. He saw evil and sorrow, and believed too easily in redress: he was too young to make allowance—that first step in true philosophy—and fancied that to defy a system was to destroy it. It was a boy's error, who believes he is judging when he is only learning. Shelley's versification has a melody peculiarly its own. It can only be described by similitudes. It suggests the notes of some old favourite song—the sound of falling waters, or the murmurs of the wind among the branches. There is a nameless fascination in some sweet human voices, and there is the same in many of the shorter poems of Shelley.

SCOTT is the epic poet of chivalry. His verses, read aloud, have the same effect as that splendid composition in the *Puritani*, "*Sona la Tromba*." They awaken all that is active and martial in your nature. His narrative never flags; it is like a horse at full gallop—you have all the excitement of exercise. Take the combat between Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames—you do not read it, you see it—you watch the warriors, and hold your breath—you are yourself inclined

"To falter thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeem'd unhoped from desperate strife."

Under the title of "Traits and Trials of Early Life," Mr. Colburn published, in 1836, a small volume of prose stories for children. To those who direct the new class of readers she here sought to gratify and inform, rather than the youthful readers themselves, she stated her object to be, "to interest, rather than to amuse, to excite the imagination through the softening medium of the feelings." Sympathy, she remarks, is the surest destroyer of selfishness. There is a wide field indeed opened for the exercise of this virtue in the first and longest of her narratives, the history of two little wingless angels, called "The Twin Sisters;" but though a tale of singular beauty, and abounding in exquisite traits of character and examples of purest virtue, it is saddening even to pain. The author justifies this by saying, "I endeavour to soften the heart by a kindly regret for unmerited sorrow. The very youngest ought to know how much there is to endure in existence; it will teach them thankfulness in their own more fortunate lot, and meekness in bearing their own lighter burthens." The other tales are not less charmingly written, and they have the advantage of being more cheerful, showing, for the most part, how exertion, under difficulties, is rewarded by success. The maxim which was remembered when they were composed seems to have been, that early lessons of cheerful endurance cannot be better taught than by example; and that patience, fortitude, and affection, are ever strong in obtaining a mastery over the troubles that beset us, at whatever age or in whatever condition.

From the reminiscences of her own childhood, and the interesting romance she had built upon them, as contained in the fanciful history which closes the volume just mentioned, we turn to some reminiscences far more real and true, though recorded in verse; to a little poem, written in the spring of this year, and expressive of the fond and gentle feelings with which she ever turned to the scene whose loveliness it pictures in such simple colours. If it merited publication for no other reason, it might claim it for the sweetness of the reflections suggested to her by revisiting a spot endeared to her by friendships retained to the last hour of her life, and comforting her always from the first moment of their commencement. The poem refers to a visit to some valued friends, under whose roof the last

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months of her stay in England were passed. They were now residing chiefly in a beautiful spot at a short distance from the metropolis. To them, even at this time, L. E. L. was indebted for many of "those happy hours" which she in these verses alludes to; to the kind and sympathising mistress of that house, she was even then under obligations for advice and for affection, to her of inestimable value; and from the family by whom that lady was surrounded, she received attentions and kindnesses that sprang not simply from admiration, but from real regard—not from delight in her talents merely, but from a confidence in her worth. The advantages she, at this, and at an earlier season, derived from her intimacy with this family increased month by month, and they were repaid with a true and steady attachment. This will be presently found recorded in a "farewell," a poem written upon resigning their generous protection, and quitting a country which she loved better for their sakes.

HAPPY HOURS.

Where are they—those happy hours,
Link'd with everything I see,
With the colour of the flowers,
With the shadow of the tree!
Still the golden light is falling,
As when first I saw the place;
I can hear the sweet birds calling
To their young and callow race.

Still the graceful trees are bending,
Heavy with the weight of bloom,
Lilac and laburnum blending
With the still more golden broom;
Still the rosy May hath bowers
With her paler sister made;
Where, where are the happy hours
I have pass'd beneath their shade?

Ah! those hours are turn'd to treasures
Hidden deep the heart within;
That heart has no dearer pleasures
Than the thought of what has been.
Every pleasure in remembrance,
Is like coined gold, whose claim
Rises from the stamp'd resemblance
Which bestows a worth and name.

Still doth memory inherit
All that once was sweet and fair,
Like a soft and viewless spirit
Bearing perfume through the air;
Not a green leaf, doom'd to wither,
But has link'd some chain of thought—
Not a flower by spring brought hither,
But has some emotion brought.

Let the lovely ones then perish,
They have left enough behind,
In the feelings that we cherish,
Thoughts that link'd them with the mind.
Summer hands of summer weather,
Almost it is sweet to part;
For ye leave the friends together,
To whom first ye link'd my heart.

May 31, 1836.

L. E. L.'s next prose publication was "Ethel Churchill," the work, unquestionably, in which her power, as a novelist, are seen to the greatest advantage. This appeared in the same year. The principal portion of it was written in wretched health, but it needs no apology. "To show the necessity of a strong and guiding principle; to put in the strongest light, that no vanity, no pleasure, can ever supply the place of affection—to soften and to elevate,"—this was the object of her story. In detailing it, she acknowledges her inability to work out her own ideal, but feels that it is the beautiful and the true. Thus explaining it, L. E. L. makes a short confession, which is interesting, as indicative of her literary anxiety, and a deepened sense of moral responsibility. "I cannot," she says, "understand a writer growing indifferent from custom or success. Every new work must be the record of much change in the mind which produces it, and there is always the anxiety to know how such change will be received. *It is impossible, also, that the feeling of your own moral responsibility should not increase.* At first you write eagerly; composition is rather a passion than a power; but, as you go on, you cannot but find that, to write a book, is far more serious charge than it at first appeared. Faults have been pointed out, and you are desirous of avoiding their recurrence; praise has been bestowed, and you cannot but wish to show that it has not been given in vain. Encouragement is the deepest and dearest debt that a writer can incur. Moreover, you have learnt that opinions are not to be lightly put forth, when there is even a chance of such opinions being *material*, wherewith others will form their own. I never saw any one reading a volume of mine without almost a sensation of fear. I write for every day more earnestly and more seriously."

It would be absurd to say that there are not interwoven with the beauties that compose this story of the "Two Brides," some of those mistaken views of life to which allusion has already been made; some of those perversities that so frequently marred the effect she aimed at producing. We discover the random-shafts and the two-edged swords of argument that so often administer a heedless wound just as the willing soul has been "lapped in Elysium." There are a few sarcasms and sentiments delivered by the author in person that would have fallen better from one or two of the characters of her story. They would have told admirably in dialogue, but they have "no business there," as forming a portion of the author's feelings and reflections. By this error a beauty here and there is converted into a blemish. It must also be owned that though there is no perceptible effort or straining at effect, either in the conversational or the narrative parts of the story, there is observable in both, occasionally, a fondness for saying fine things and for epigrammatic point of expression—to the sacrifice of propriety and truth. But even in these minor respects the work is most advantageously contrasted with all else she has written in prose. The whole course and character of it shows that she had written it with matured powers, and an increased "feeling of moral responsibility."

The story is a love story—a phrase that means much or little; in the present instance is included in it much that belongs to its sweetest and loftiest significations. We think of it, after we have read, and seem to have grown older, more observant, and more experienced, in a few hours. This is the natural effect of the truth with which the author has treated some of the greatest of human passions—exposed the most fearful of our responsibilities, the most sacred of our duties, the most humiliating of our infirmities. And beyond a doubt this truth was the natural result of mature experience on the writer's side, a more perfect mastery of the will, and additional power of taming the "wild heart" of her imagination to the "loving hand" of sympathy. The era of Pope, of Lady Mary, of Kneller, Wharton, Walpole, Peterborough—the era of the Curlls and Lintots—is here revived and restored. The most varied powers are requisite to the pointing of such portraitures, to the keeping of such a picture, to the flinging so many opposing minds into dramatic and characteristic action, giving them thought, passion, language, motion. How excellent is the Twickenham scene! Lady Mary lives again, and we feel that we have loitered with Pope in his own garden. Walpole's character had been scanned with a close and critical eye, that was not merely the manners and action, but much of the policy and philosophy of the time: there is scarcely one portrait that does not exhibit marks of studious painting and insight into humanity. On the character and career of Maynard, she lavished her pains freely, and the result rewarded her. Old Sir Jasper is a creature made up of life's light and shadow. Marchmont, Norbourne, Courtenay—the several groups of authors, actors, booksellers and loungers, are full of life, spirit, and ease. Still more deep and beautiful is the work in the delineation of female character. We feel this whether we glance at the mingled colours that compose the "web of life" in which the dazzling Henrietta moves, or at the lovely gentleness and affecting devotion of Constance; at the blended calmness and fervour, the subdued heart and sustained pride of the injured Ethel, or at the wit and selfishness of Lady Mary; at the hidden consciousness of Mrs. Courtenaye, or not least, the true affection, elevating and giving winningness to a coarse nature, that renders Lavinia Fenton one of the reader's chief favourites. All these characters, heads or full lengths, are portrayed with a hand bold to execute what the eye sees in life or in life's visions, and what the heart feels to belong to the mysteries of our nature.

The approach to the end is too painful; the fearful poisoning scene, the madness worse than death, the poetical aim and the moral hope struck down in the midst of a blighting and squalid poverty—these have the stunning effect of a blow. But the general effect is not painful—the personages of the story are not "sad as night only for wantonness"—our most sacred feelings are not sported with—tears are not set flowing out of an ostentatious sense of the pathetic, nor is humanity fastened on the rack merely to show us what it can endure, and how high the torture can be screwed up. The book will keep its readers "heart-whole" with the world, while it unsparingly exhibits its follies and its vices.

"Ethel Churchill," moreover, contains a little volume of verses, beautifully scattered through the work as motios to the chapters: a liberality denoting, perhaps, that L. E. L.'s activity of thought and keenness of feeling could create, where other minds reposed on a quotation; and could produce a sweet song, while another novelist was turning over her own poetical pages for an appropriate extract. It has been deemed right to collect some of these motios in the present work, and the series will not be lightly regarded by the reader who takes the subjoined as a specimen. Allowing, perhaps, for a superfluous dash of bitterness, Coleridge might have written it, smiling complacently on his work:—

"Not with the world to teach us, may we learn
The spirit's noblest lessons. Hope and Faith
Are stars that shine amid the far-off heaven,
Dimm'd and obscured by vapours from below.
Impatient selfishness, and shrewd distrust,
Are taught us in the common ways of life.
Dust is beneath our feet, and at our side
The coarse and mean, the false and the unjust:
And constant contact makes us grow too like

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The things we daily struggle with, and scorn.
Only by looking up can we see heaven!"

Upon the completion of "Ethel Churchill" L. E. L. devoted herself to another work in prose, one which she had long meditated, and for which she had great requisites; that series of descriptive and critical essays on the female characters of Scott, which appears in these volumes. Two or three of them were printed separately, as they were written, in the "New Monthly Magazine" (they have since been revised), and an arrangement was then made with Mr. Charles Heath to publish these sketches in a volume, to be illustrated according to the fashion of the times. This design, in which she took so deep an interest, pursuing it steadily to the last, she did not live to complete; but what the work would have been may be judged of from the analyses of passion, truth, and beauty, now submitted to the public.

But there was one object which had, from a still earlier period, engaged her serious thoughts occasionally, and made her sigh for a fair opportunity of accomplishing it; an object to which, it must be confessed, the bent of her genius, and the habits of her life, did not appear eminently favourable, and which her ambition, perhaps, perceived but a weak hope of achieving with the highest degree of success. Yet, in the order of writing to which her aspirations now pointed, she knew that not the second ground merely, but the third or fourth, was yet a high one; and that, with such a sense of greatness as then possessed her, her failure could not be inglorious. She wished most passionately, in short, to write a tragedy. The circumstances of the time concurred to favour her desire. She required some bold change in the character of her literary tasks to excite her at that period to their adequate fulfilment; and the agents and action of a tragedy seemed best of all calculated to arouse her from a state of painful self-consciousness, and transport her from the fretfulness and the fitfulness of actual life into the "calm pleasures and majestic pains," the interest and vastness, of the past. Above all, Mr. Macready had then, in the autumn of 1837, just commenced the working of his great practical experiment for the reformation of the stage. His devotion to a fine cause, while all could not appreciate it, demanded from those who could, proofs of sympathy and co-operation. With feelings such as these she resolved to commence; doubtful of her own powers, but sure of her advantages—conscious that she appealed, not to the great actor merely, but to the accomplished critic, and to the generous and accessible manager.

She chose a subject, new doubtless to the stage, but not strikingly fitted for it in such hands as her own—the fortunes of "Castruccio Castracani." It was commenced and carried through, as almost all her writings were, too inconsiderately; though the few days, perhaps, which she devoted to deliberation and forethought, seemed to her an eternity, because they *were* days instead of hours. Impatient to begin, she was at least as impatient to end; and she proceeded, apart from mistakes of a higher though hardly more important kind, with far too little regard to the necessities that govern scenic representation. She committed the error of supposing that her audience, with one accord, would jump as intuitively to conclusions as she did, and that the truth, which was palpable to her own eyes, would be equally visible to the eyes of an unseeing pit. Before it was quite finished, she discovered the unfitness of its plan for the stage of such a theatre as Covent-garden, not to say for such an audience as would assemble anywhere; and she instantly and earnestly set about the toilsome work of re-construction and improvement, making many essential additions, and then altering again. She thus alludes to the subject in a letter addressed to us at the close of the year: "I have not sent you my tragedy so soon as I said, because I would not hurry a single line, or neglect the least of your hints. I have lengthened it, given the heroine more speeches, remodeled the character of *Arizzi*, and brought out that of *Leoni*, together with the addition of two or three scenes. I am ashamed to tell you how nervous and how anxious I am." But further revisions were necessary, and by this time the arrangements for the season were complete, even had the chance of the play's success upon the stage been strong enough to justify its production. Its publication now, enables the dramatic critic to pass sentence upon the attempt; and to that judgment it is committed, in the confident hope that where high aims are visible, and fine powers energetically, though unavailingly, exercised for their accomplishment, there can be no hasty or indiscriminate condemnation.

The completion of her "Drawing-room Scrap-book," and the fulfilment of other minor engagements, occupied all her literary time until the period of her marriage, and her consequent departure for the African shores.

1837 and 1838.

Mrs. Sheldon, the lady with whom L. E. L. had resided in Hans-place, after the retirement of the Misses Lance, removed, in 1837, to Upper Berkeley-street, Connaught-square, West. Just previous to her leaving Hans-place, L. E. L. experienced a world of domestic trouble; but it was of no very heart-rending kind; at least the account which she gave of it is not at all in her pathetic style. The reader may judge for himself—and of her good spirits when on the eve of quitting the old house which had been her home so long.

"Do you, my dear Mr. Blanchard, know any person in want of a 'young woman, sober, honest, and good tempered,' would not object to waiting on a single gentleman? If you do, for mercy's sake recommend me. For the last fortnight I have been qualifying for the situation. Everybody has been ill and in bed but myself; one servant gone home, the other turned out at a moment's notice for too great devotion to 'ardent spirits,' and we were left alone! desolate as Babylon, or the ruins of Palmyra. I have run about with a saucepan of gruel in one hand, and a basin of broth in the other. I have not yet lost the key, and have only broken one candlestick. I hope my patients are recovering, and then I shall leave the kitchen for the attic, when you shall have the first fruits of my return. We move some time next week—I believe, to 28, Upper Berkeley-street, West."

The next day she wrote—"We move in a week. I have some thoughts (two words, the last, though joined) of writing a farewell ode to Hans-place."

Her unusual exertions in comforting the sick, and waiting on the servantless, ended in lassitude—or, to use her own words, downright stupidity; for before the week was over, arrived a note excusing the non-fulfilment of some literary engagement, for the fruits of which we were anxiously waiting. As it is a novelty and brief, we copy it—

"This has been a very Viola week—

What is its history?
A blank, my lord.

I literally have been too stupid to write, but I have refused to dine out to-day, on purpose to do something for you to-night; at least I shall try, and, if I succeed, send it early to-morrow. As there are no books, I have made several extracts from the magazines. Yours, very truly, stupid

"L. E. L."

"I have some thoughts of advertising for myself—at least for my better part, my ideas."

Before we accompany L. E. L. to her new residence, let us indulge the hope of entertaining the reader with another specimen or two of her correspondence, which belong to an earlier date, but did not reach us in time to be inserted in due order. The subject here appears to be a wedding.

"Twice, my dearest ——, when I have been about writing, finding I had been forestalled by ——'s prolific pen, and knowing nothing is so tedious as a tale twice told, I have delayed my infliction till our news had either been told long enough to be forgotten, or something actually new had occurred. Expect from me only such a letter as might be published in the fashions for the month. I have lived in an atmosphere of silk, where the earth was satin, and the sky was blonde. Skirts in full plaits all round are no longer connected in my mind with a Dutchwoman. I despise any dress whose circumference is not like that of Grosvenor square; by the by, I made the other day a suggestion, for which I have some thoughts of taking out a patent—we have all heard of beds inflated with air, (would it not be very poetical sleeping in them, like reclining on a cloud?) could not the invention be advantageously employed in dress?—indeed, I have no doubt that a petticoat trimmed with fixed air will be indispensable. Nothing has saved me from having a bilious fever, i. e. a nervous one, *i. e.* an envious one, but that one pretty thing has put another out of my head. In the multitude of dresses, as of councillors, there has been safety—who ever heard of dying for love of a dozen? and I really cannot make up my mind which dress to prefer. I have, however, come to this conclusion, that it would be a very fine thing to be married if it were not for the husband! . . . . I had a most delightful visit to Tunbridge Wells, where I passed two days, both in going and returning, at ——'s, whose name you will, no doubt, recollect as one of our sweetest poets; his wife is such a lovely creature. Do you remember a poem of mine, about three weeks ago, in the 'Gazette,' called 'Elise?' I can assure you it is but a faint description of her. I met at their house the author of 'May you Like it,' and 'The Human Heart,' three volumes of the most exquisite tales in the English language; if you have not read them, you have a treat to come; pray notice my two especial favourites, 'The Childhood of Charles Spenser,' and 'The Ladye Amoret, a romance.' "

"I am sure, my dearest ——, I must say with the song, 'There is no place like home;' for, on my return, I found the most charming of parcels awaiting me. It was too much at once

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—as to the dress, I think that I never saw anything more beautiful. I am going to a very gay breakfast in Park lane this week, and was turning in my mind that most important subject, costume; and now I have the very prettiest I could ever have imagined—all the hearts it captivates I shall put in my bag, and I am sure they must be satisfied. I am so much obliged to ——'s, and your fingers for it. . . . .

"I am sure, for the last three days, I might have been exhibited to idle apprentices, instead of George Barnwell; I mean as an example of industry—not having had, nor having, the slightest intention of murdering any of my uncles. But I do want 'a small piece of pleasure;' so will you drink an early tea with me to-day? then you may go away in time for tea at home—it will be a great charity."

"What can I say in the way of gratitude to you? I never saw anything prettier than the cap—and I put this in a little modest parenthesis (I never had anything so becoming). I have not gone to the desperate extent of having my head shaved—my courage failed when it came to that last and desperate remedy; but I have done what is nearly as bad, I have had my hair cut short to curl. Truly after having been so little accustomed to any trouble, with only bands that were smoothed in a moment, I had not calculated on the martyrdom of curls. I used to be indifferent to damp days—defied wind and rain. Now, I look to change of weather like a farmer or a sailor, and have the exclamation 'dear, what a bad day it is for the hair!' perpetually on my lips. So your caps are not only beautiful, but useful." . .

"Did I live within walking distance, had I a carriage of my own, or a fairy for a god-mother, who would kindly turn a pumpkin and lizards into coach and horses, or had I Peter Bunsen's carpet, I should, before this, have paid you a visit—however, there being no truth in old proverbs, especially the one which says, 'where there's a will there's a way,' I must content myself with a few lines. After finishing my work, I have always a little mental interregnum, and feel as if I had not an idea left in the world—it takes me some time to make up my mind what I shall do next. Amid so many projects as I always have floating in the future, it is no easy task to fix on what shall be next; however, pray tell ——— I am not yet come in my treatise on moral philosophy. I beg to state that we had an apple-pie for dinner to-day, my last and only unsophisticated taste. You had beautiful weather for your Oxford excursion; pray, was not ——— greatly delighted with all the old halls and towers? I should think that the autumn foliage would have a beautiful effect in the Christchurch meadows, which, by the by, were overflowed when I was there." " " "

In Upper Berkeley street, L. E. L. had her home for a few months, when at the tender desire of friends to whom she was much attached, she consented to take up her abode under their hospitable roof in Hyde park street. Here she remained in the enjoyment of every possible kindness. The year, 1838, commenced happily for her. Yet a joyous note which she wrote to us at this season opens with the announcement that she was "still on strict regimen, and under Dr. Thomson's care." But that was nothing. "I am gaining strength," she says, "and being really better every day. Perhaps one great reason why I am so recovered is, that I am much happier. God knows, that even at this very moment I am sufficiently involved in all sorts of business perplexities and anxieties; but for these I have always found a remedy in my own exertions. All the misery I have suffered during the last few months is past like a dream—one which, I trust in God, I shall never know again. Now, my own inward feelings are what they used to be. You would not now have to complain of my despondency." And then she rapturously expatiates on the good opinions that "Ethel" was winning for her in some quarters, and on the praises of her friends, exclaiming—

"I on honey-dews have fed,
And breathed the air of Paradise."

The coming event, however, joyous as its character should be, cast a gloomy shadow before; for, as often as it was thought of, came the dark outline of the wild and far off coast to which the summer months must see her voyaging. But at length the time was approaching when it would be necessary for Mr. Maclean to set sail for the scene of his official duties; and, with the arrival of that season came the marriage morning—the 7th of June, 1838. The affair, however, was a secret; Mr. Maclean's wishes being strongly expressed for a private wedding. Few, indeed, of her nearest and dearest either side knew anything of the event, until a fortnight after it had occurred. L. E. L. was married to Mr. Maclean at St. Mary's, Bryanstone square; the marriage ceremony being performed by her brother, the Rev. W. H. Bunion. The bride was given away by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, whose genius she admired, whose friendly sympathy she had long enjoyed, and whose good opinion she ever highly prized. After a few days spent out of town, the marriage was publicly announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Maclean returned to the house of their hospitable friends, where they remained until it became necessary to repair to Portsmouth.

The vessel was expected to sail by the end of the month, and various arrangements for the happiness of others (over this on which her own depended) remained to be concluded. Her thoughts were especially directed to provisions necessary to her mother's comfort, and her efforts were not unsuccessfully employed. An engagement with Mr. Colburn for another novel, and contribution to his magazine—that with Mr. Heath, relative to the Female Characters of Scott—and the hope of some success for her tragedy—partially removed her anxiety on the score of those to whom her exertions had hitherto been necessary. Of the "Drawing-room Scrap-book" it was not so easy to retain the editorship; about this she was to the last exceedingly anxious; and this anxiety is referred to here, that the reader may perceive how she had calculated on continuing her literary exertions during the time she should be away, and how she allowed herself to rest while she had a duty to others to discharge. Each of these engagements, in her new position in life, would help her to accomplish one of the first wishes of her heart. "How much shall I write in three years?" was her exclamation to us—for it should be stated, that her stay in Africa was expressly limited to three years, unless her own choice, at the end of that term, decided otherwise. It must also be observed, that her husband left all her literary arrangements, and the income arising from them, entirely in her own hands. She was unshackled by any stipulation whatever.

This feeling of independence, and the hope founded on it of ensuring independence to another, gave no slight colouring of happiness to her future prospects. There still remained some nervous fears about the climate (discovered to be, in her case, groundless on her arrival), but these were checked, as much as possible, by the reflection that she should be free to return in three years. About to part, she felt at peace with all, and enjoyed the confidence that her character would outlive all calumnies. To this must be added, the comfort derived from the reflection, that not one word had been uttered to her prejudice up to this hour that was not distinctly known to her husband. With every calumny, every report "however cruel and untrue" (to use her own expression), Mr. Maclean had been made acquainted; there was no concealment of anything on her side; and on his, just as little concealment of the honourable spirit in which he disregarded scandal.

The warmth of her affection for the lady with whom she was staying, is shown in the following note, addressed to her during a temporary absence in May. It is here inserted, as indicating the feelings with which she must have contemplated the coming separation.

"My dearest Mrs. ———, I could not dine with us M. P. yesterday and not get a frank for you.—I am writing in your room—how desolate it seems; I look round and keep fancying you must be there, till at last I have turned the table, that I may not see your sofa. The drive to ——— was beautiful, so was the garden which looked upon the river—spring has just now its few loveliest days; leaves half out of that soft yellow green, while the fruit trees are just opening their blossoms. Our party was joined by a very celebrated German, Mr. Champollion, the first Sanscrit scholar in the world, —I cared more for Mr. Bruce, the same who helped Lavalette to escape. Lord ——— only came to make his excuse—one of his servants had the scarlet fever; and you yourself could not have been hurrying off with more anxiety than he was on account of his dear children.—Mrs. ———'s little girls looked like so many pictures on the lawn.—My poor dear tragedy is now gone to Mr. Bulwer, we shall hear what he says. Pray come back—we cannot do without you. I knew how you would be missed, but even I did not know how much."

Every arrangement for departure having been finally concluded, a few of her friends assembled, on the evening of the 27th of June, to take their leave of her; and, on the 5th of July, the ship "Maclean," having the governor and his lady on board, sailed from Portsmouth for Cape Coast.

Her last affectionate adieus to her brother, though tender and mournful indeed, for it was the parting of two persons fondly attached to each other, were not without the animation that springs out of courage, hope, and a high and solemn sense of duty. She derived a feeling of fortitude from the knowledge that she carried with her from the land she loved, if not the "whole world's good wishes," yet the good wishes of numbers whom the world justly delighted to honour. Nor was this an illusion.

"Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue,"

than mere intellectual superiority obtains, were hers; the blessings and prayers that comfort the innocent heart, and reward the self-sacrificing spirit.

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In the simple statement contained in the following letter, all the particulars of her last hours in England, and of the mournful parting, are placed before the reader, with an affection which he will appreciate, and with an interest which he will share.

October 27, 1840.

"My Dear Blanchard,—In desiring me to relate to you, uninportant though they may be, such incidents as I remember of the few last hours that my sister passed in England; you have set me a mournful but not a very difficult task—nothing she then said or did was likely to be forgotten by me.

"In order that we might have her among us a day or two longer, it had been arranged that she was to go on board the vessel which was to carry her to Africa at Portsmouth, but when the letter came to tell of its arrival there, further delay was impossible. Mr. Hugh Maclean and I were to accompany her. We were to travel by railway as far as might be, and then post on. But parting with her friends was no easy matter, and we arrived at the station a little too late. By way of disposing of the three hours' interval which we had to wait for the next train, I recommended that we should go to the quarters which she had procured for me, at the Literary Fund Chambers, and take some coffee. 'Very well,' she said, 'for if I return to Hyde-park-street, I won't answer for not keeping you too long a second time.' The rapidity with which, for the first time, she was whirled along a railway, suited exactly with the excitement of her feelings; she laughed, and asked Mr. Maclean, 'why don't you have them in Africa?' She grew weary during the posting part of the journey, and was sleeping, I remember, with her head leaning on my shoulder, when one of the fore-wheels threatened to go to pieces, and obliged us to get out and wait till another was borrowed. On arriving at Portsmouth we found Mr. Hugh Maclean, who had not been too late for the first train, on the lookout for us. She was cheerful enough at dinner, but her spirits had been tried too much during the day, not to be entirely exhausted at night, and I believe every one of us was anxious to be alone, and to get rest, if we could.

"On returning from a stroll on the ramparts early the next morning, I found her already up and sitting on a bassock, on the floor, with the window-seat for a desk, busy writing a number of little farewell notes. Mr. Maclean did not rise till very late, but his brother soon joined us. At breakfast, though her spirits were renewed, yet she had not all her usual liveliness, and when she spoke of the friends she was leaving, it was with a deeper tone of affection; and the fantastic spirit of adventure with which she always parried every fact connected with going to Africa, did not show itself. She was full of the future—of her own, and ours. She liked Mr. Hugh Maclean, and gave him much playful advice, and myself a hundred cautions. She dwelt frequently on the great solace which the execution of her literary plans would be to her, and felt pride and pleasure at the prospects of her continued connection with this country; she said, 'how deeply shall I value praise when I am away!' Her literature was to be her refuge in solitude. 'What will you do without friends to talk to?' 'Oh!' she said, 'I shall talk to them through my books.' The present, as it concerned herself, seemed to have but little place in her mind—she was all future.

"Her note writing was resumed immediately after breakfast, and this, with a little talk between perhaps every note, occupied the whole of her last morning in England. Let me here say a word of explanation on this point, which I would gladly have meet the eye of her friends. These notes were confided to me, and most of them were to be accompanied by some little memorial, a book, a portrait, one of Schloss's almanacks, or some other trifling token from her, a list of which she intended to furnish me with, but which, in the hurry of departure, she had not time to complete. I found but a very few names on the unfinished list, and was at a sad loss what to send with the notes; and I am grateful to those who did her the honour to inquire after what she named in any of them.

"The morning passed in anxious uncertainty at what hour the vessel was to sail, and it was not till the afternoon that the summons came. We were to dine on board the brig. I remember, while seated on the deck of the cutter which took us out to Spithead, she gave me her purse, said she should not want it where she was going, and added, laughing, 'Mind you take as much care of it as I ever have!' I gave my promise for the purse only, but I took her meaning literally, and both purse and contents have been sacred. As soon as Mr. Maclean stepped on board, the crew fired a salute, a compliment to which her ears were little accustomed. On going down into the cabin she was surprised at the change which the vessel had undergone since she saw it in London; and, indeed, nothing was left wanting to her convenience and ensure her comfort during the voyage had been spared. Every one was full of hopes, and though, perhaps, they sounded more like doubts, there was no want of cheerfulness at dinner, especially on her part. But the brig was all this time getting away from Spithead, and the captain of the cutter which followed to take Mr. Hugh Maclean and myself back, came below and said we could not stay any longer. All our spirits, real or not, dropped at once. The others went out, and I remained some time with my sister. At last they came down and took her upon deck. I there perceived that Mrs. Bailey, who had not been before observed by us, was in the adjoining cabin, and I took the opportunity of speaking to her, as the only European female who would be near my sister, and the impression which, at the time, she made on my mind was, that of a woman both kind-hearted and trustworthy. We parted again on leaving the vessel, but nothing more was said. My sister continued standing on the deck and looking towards us, as long as I could trace her figure against the sky.

"This was the last I saw of a sister, endeared to me by every tie of grateful affection; of affection never, that I know of, broken for an hour. Many will be ready to give assurance of the private worth, the frank and confiding generosity of her disposition, but to this no one can be a surer witness, or with deeper reason, than myself. In the purposes to which she devoted the fruits of her laborious life, self was ever forgotten, and her industry, I believe, to have been unparalleled. Others are far better able than I am to speak of her as L. E. L., but my anxious testimony to the genuine goodness of her heart will not, I trust, be thought out of place; for, indeed, it springs not from any fond partiality, but is based upon the experience of my life. In childhood, and in after years, in every vicissitude of fortune, both when under severe family trials she was gaining the rewards of literature, or when amid her success she had to pay the penalties which a woman hazards when she passes beyond the pale of private life, she was still the same—unselfish, high-minded, affectionate.

"W. H. Landon."

There is yet one farewell to be added. Though not the last, in point of time, it is reserved until now, because it expresses all of hope that she who uttered it was capable of feeling, and all of memory which she most cared to cherish. No farewell ever came more fondly from the heart, and poetry was never more entirely the organ of truth than here. It may be said also, that gratitude and fondness could not have been more amply earned than by the generous lady whose maternal kindness gave a happy home to L. E. L. during the trying months of her later life—the lady to whom, in May 1838, she addressed the following poem:—

TO MRS. ——.

My own kind friend, long years may pass
Ere thee and I shall meet,
Long years may pass ere I again
Shall sit beside thy feet.

My favourite place!—I could look up,
And meet in weal or wo
The kindest looks I ever knew—
That I shall ever know.

How many hours have pass'd away
In that accustom'd place,
Thy answer lighting, ere it came,
That kind and thoughtful face.

How many sorrows, many cares,
Have sought thee like a shrine!
Thoughts that have shunn'd all other thoughts,
Were trusted safe to thine.

How patient, and how kind thou wert!
How gentle in thy words!
Never a harsh one came to mar
The spirit's tender chords.

In hours of bitter suffering,
Thy low, sweet voice was near;
And every day it grew more kind,
And every day more dear.

The bitter feelings were assuaged,
The angry were subdued,
Ever thy gentle influence
Call'd back my better mood.

Am I too happy now?—I feel
Sometimes as if I were;
The future that before me lies,
Has many an unknown care.

I cannot choose but marvel too,
That this new love can be
More powerful within my heart,
Than what I feel for thee.

Didst thou, thyself, once feel such love
So strong within the mind,
That for its sake thou wert content
To leave all else behind?

And yet I do not love thee less—
I even love thee more;
I ask thy blessing, ere I go
Far from my native shore!

How often shall I think of thee,
In many a future scene!
How can affection ever be
To me, what thine has been.

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How many words, scarce noticed now,
Will rise upon my heart,
Touched with a deeper tenderness,
When we are far apart!

I do not say, forget me not,
For thou will not forget;
Nor do I say, regret me not,
I know thou will regret.

And bitterly shall I regret
The friend I leave behind.
I shall not find another friend
So careful and so kind.

I met thee when my childish thoughts
Were fresh from childhood's hours,
That pleasant April time of life,
Half fancies and half flowers.

Since then how many a change and shade
In life's web have been wrought!
Change has in every feeling been,
And change in every thought.

But there has been no change in thee,
Since to thy feet I came,
In joy or sorrow's confidence,
And still thou wert the same.

Farewell, my own beloved friend!
A few years soon pass by;
And the heart makes its own sweet home
Beneath a stranger sky.

A home of old remembrances
Where old affections dwell;
While Hope, that looks to other days,
Soothes even this farewell.

Strong is the omen at my heart,
That we again shall meet;
God bless thee, till I take, once more,
My own place at thy feet!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

We have now approached a period when all speculation becomes more or less vain, and when our course must be confined as much as possible to the relation of facts and circumstances, deeply mournful in themselves, and rendered doubly so, first, by the mystery in which they have been shrouded, and next by the surmises that have been formed in connection with them. Fiction can never have a tragedy so horrible as that which the imagination often builds on unconnected and disputable facts, or on the partial knowledge of a melancholy truth. In that truth, as far as it is clearly ascertainable, there is, without resorting to needless surmise, more than enough to shock sensibility, and to raise to the dead a lasting monument of the sweetest pity, unprofaned by those images of horror which hasty apprehensions would conjure up around it.

A close adherence to a statement of facts, arranged with no art or effect that is not essential to a simple elucidation (if it be possible) of the truth, is the most just and delicate course that can be adopted in relation to the feelings and interests of the living. This course, and this alone, consist with what is not less sacred in our regard, justice and delicacy to the dead. She who died under the circumstances now to be narrated, reminded us, at parting, of an old promise to take such charge of her writings as events might require, and to see justice rendered to her name, adding, as well verbally as by letter, "I have in you the most affectionate confidence." It is with the keenest remembrance of this, that the attempt is here made to trace her thoughts and actions fairly, from the evil hour when, sailing from native England, she was seen by her old beloved friends no more.

The voyage presented no remarkable feature to report; the ship had fair weather, and accomplished the passage in about the usual time. The delicate and inexperienced voyager shared the usual fate attendant upon sea-traveling, but her health was re-established, and this sort of sickness she could well bear. In short, she encountered bravely all the privations and pains incidental to the passage.

We subjoin a few extracts from the journal which she kept during her voyage.

"Never is there one moment's quiet—the deck is about a yard from your head, and it is never still; steps, falling of ropes, chains, and the rolling of parts of machinery, never stop: if you sleep, you are waked with a start, your heart beating—by some sudden roll. There is one peculiarity about sea-sickness, it is accompanied by constant craving—you first wish for one thing then for another, not that anything does you any good, but I could think of nothing but what I had nice when I was with you; I do think I should have cried with joy, if I could have had a glass of jelly—then the thirst is burning—at first I found ginger-beer the greatest comfort, but I am grown so tired of it. After all, acids are the only things, and I have been getting better ever since Mr. Maclean landed at Madeira; we there got plenty of arrow-root and lemons, and I think they saved my life. Mrs. Bailey, my servant, has been too ill to do the least thing. . .

"One day will give you a picture of all—fancy Mr. Maclean up by eight! ! ! taking the sun. That poor sun—he never seems to have a moment's rest! Then he and the captain breakfast, but generally he comes for a moment to see how I am. Now I get up, but dressing is a work of time, for every two minutes you have to catch hold of something to keep your feet; I then go to the sofa in the cabin, and he is there very busy keeping the ship's reckoning. Even L— would have enough of latitude and longitude. Till to-day I have attempted to do nothing, and even this scrawl is a labour of Hercules; the table rocks to which the sofa is tied, and the sofa rocks too. . . .

"The sky is filled with stars, and there is a new moon—just Coleridge's description:—

'The moon is going up the sky
With a single star beside.'

"All seem to be racing—I can use no other word—up and down the heaven, with the movement of the vessel. It is tremendous to look up, and see the height to which the sails ascend—so dark, so shadowy; while the ship seems such a little thing, you cannot understand how she is not lifted out of the water. The only light is that in the binnacle, where the compass is placed, by which the course is steered; it is such a speck of light for the safety of the whole to depend upon. The colour of the sea is lovely. . . . We had a slight tornado last night, the lightning was splendid, the thunder appeared to me much louder than I had ever heard; it was at night, and I was luckily on deck; it was very striking—the sudden stir on the deck that had been so still—the men who start up, you cannot tell from whence, and the rapid furling of the sails! . . .

"Friday, August 10. We can now see the land. All I can say is, that Cape Coast must be infinitely worse than my worst imaginings, if it does not seem paradise after the ship. . . . The sea appears to me the most monotonous view in the world—the first impression is grand; and the waves, with the sun upon them, the loveliest purple imaginable;—the moonlight too—on one side a tremulous track of silver, the other dark, but lighted with pale gleams of some phosphoric fire; but it is always the same. . . . I shall indeed be glad to land. I trust, from the very first, I shall be able to lay down a regular plan of employment. . . . Cape Coast Castle! Thank goodness, I am on land again. Last night we arrived; the lighthouse became visible, and from that time, gun after gun was fired to attract attention, to say nothing of most ingenious fire-works invented on the spur of the moment. A fishing boat put off, and in that, about two o'clock at night, Mr. Maclean left the ship, taking them all by surprise, no one supposing he would go through the surf such a foggy and dark night. I cannot tell you my anxiety, but he returned safe, though wet to the skin. We found the secretary dead, poor young man! so that everything was in utter confusion."

Whither her thoughts tended, what her heart felt, the images which filled her soul, as the ship flew on its course, all this is recorded by her own hand, in verses equally characterised by impassioned tenderness, and idealised beauty. To show how she thought and felt during those six weeks of her voyage, is to bring to view the very depths and springs of her enthusiastic nature. Of the two poems, the first is called the "Polar Star," the second, the "Night at Sea," which she transmitted to her publisher, Mr. Colburn, for insertion in his "New Monthly Magazine."

THE POLAR STAR.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night!

I miss its bright familiar face;
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye
And many a gentle hand.

It seem'd to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage, it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
Whom I may see no more!

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—we meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we thus remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star! mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none look'd up with me.

But thou hast sunk below the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

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Farewell!—ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light,
Whet words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy, vain as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

L. E. L.

NIGHT AT SEA.

The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A royal colour, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Thro' the slight vapour trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed:
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my rex'd life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining:
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do you sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—
May some kind dream at least my image keep!
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Yesterday has a charm, to-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts
How it turns back with tenderest endeavour
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all old familiar things:
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

The world, with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wish'd for you—beautiful as new.
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world;
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion—
Too soon in death the scorched-up wing is furl'd.
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures, huge, and terrible and strong;
The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters,
Wer universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvass spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she messters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.
Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendour,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;
The very glory that she wears is tender,
The very eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount up full and endeavour, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life an energy like spring's;
But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hush'd, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the vessel incessant breaking,
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro.
The topmast sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
Creating a shadowy tower amid the air;
While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's shimmer
In luminous vibrations sweep the sea,
But where the shadow falls, a strange pale glimmer
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.
All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary form such an hour;
But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start—remembrance has a keener power.
My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight I discover,
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;
To that dark line our eager ship is steering,
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

August, 15. L. E. L.

These poems were sent to England for insertion in the "New Monthly," by the first vessel that sailed after her arrival at Cape Coast. It will be observed that the signature she affixed to each piece was, as usual, "L. E. L." It is natural to call her so even now, and thus, then, let her still be designated.

"To-morrow we shell land!" This was written on the 15th of August. The next day the desired landing was effected; and the best possible accommodation that could be obtained for the governor's lady (whose arrival was unexpected) was instantly provided. All necessary exertions were made at the castle to prepare it for the reception of its mistress; and everything being arranged, Mr. Maclean conducted his wife to that stately and sea-washed home.

A vessel sailed from Cape Coast soon after their arrival, and dire brought to England a letter for Mr. Landon, from his sister, stating, in the strongest terms, her favourable impressions of the country, her satisfaction with her new abode, her enjoyment of health, and her cheerful hopes and prospects. Subsequent letters, addressed to several of her friends, repeat these statements without variation. To these it is now necessary to refer, because they afford a description of the castle as a residence; some account of the people about her; e picture of her domestic trials, in the severe illness of her husband, and the want of certain accomplishments in housewifery, on which she had never bestowed a thought; with a little insight into her new habits of life, the state of her feelings, and the progress of her literary occupations. All these ere glanced et in the following:

"My dear Mr. Blanchard,—Though so many thousand miles of land end sea are between us, I do not feel at all afraid that you have forgotten me; I recall you too kindly myself. You must, will, and shall be glad to hear from me. I am very well and very heppy; my only regret—the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life, to propitiate fate—is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured. I was wretchedly ill during the whole of the voyage. I shall never read Cooper's novels with any pleasure again. I protest against the 'Corsair.' I own that I am

'a luxurious slave,
Whose soul will sicken o'er the heaving wave.'

I em cured of all wish for a lover a pirate. I could not say—

'Aye, let the wild winds whistle o'er the deck,
So thet those arms cling closer round my neck;
The only mormur of this lip should be,
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee.'

My only prayer would be, do let me lend.

"The castle is e fine building, shaped like an H, of which we occupy the middle. A huge flight of steps leads to the hall, on either side of which are a suite of rooms. The one in which I am writing would be pretty in England. It is of a pale blue, end hung with some beautiful prints, for which Mr. Maclean has a passion. On three sides the batteries are washed by the sea, the fourth is a striking land view. The hills are covered with what is called bush, but we should think wood. It is like living in the 'Arabian Nights,' looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees. I have seen very little, for Mr. Maclean has been exceedingly ill, though now fast recovering. My talk must be of 'familiar matters to-day'—all my housekeeping troubles, for which, heaven knows, I have neither talent nor experience. However, I am beginning to get on. I know how much yam is to be given out, and how many plantains are to be eaten; and I know how to make four cakes such e sized loef. The bread here is delicious, though they use palm wine by way of yeast. In short, if any one would steal the plate, which must be cleaned, and the mahogany tables, which must be polished, I should be very comfortable. The solitude is absolute. I get up at seven o'clock, and, till I see Mr. Maclean et our seven o'clock dinner, I rarely see a living creature, except the servents. You may suppose what a resource writing is. This ship brings home the first volume of a novel, and e series of papers, the 'Essays on the Female Characters in Walter Scott,' which Heath

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will publish from next January, a number every fortnight. I have especially begged that they may be sent to you, as it is a work about which I shall be anxious for your opinion. If my literary success does but continue, in two or three years I shall have an independence from embarrassment it is long since I have known. It will enable me comfortably to provide for my mother. * * * Mr. Maclean, besides what he did in England, leaves my literary pursuits quite in my own hands, and this will enable me to do all for my family that I could wish. I treat you, you see, with all my old confidence. I hope you will write to me; you can form no idea of the value of anything English here. Do send me any paper that you do not care about; here it will be invaluable. Tell me any chance of my tragedy, since you and Sir Edward Bulwer are its godfathers; but, most of all, tell me that you remember

"Yours, most cordially,
"L. E. MACLEAN."

Alluding, in another letter to the perpetual dash on the rocks, she says:—

"One wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope; 'a moment white, then gone for ever.'"

But this must be construed as the vein poetical; for, instead of hopes disappointed, she was experiencing a pleasant surprise that the pestilential climate was so harmless, and indulging in the prospect of successful literary exertion, and the realisation of all her filial desires. This description occurs in a letter to Mrs. R. C. Hall:—

"The native huts I first took for ricks of hay, but those of the better sort are pretty white houses, with green blinds. The English gentlemen resident here have very large houses, quite mansions, with galleries running round. Generally speaking, the vegetation is so thick, that the growth of the shrubs rather resembles a wall. The solitude here is very Robinson Crusoe-ish. The hills are covered to the top with what we should call calf-weed, but here is called bush; on two of these hills are small forts, built by Mr. Maclean. The natives seem obliging and intelligent, and look very picturesque, with their fine dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung round them; they seem to have an excellent ear for music."

And to Lady Stepney she writes,—"I do think the band plays from morning to night; the people seem to have a musical genius, they catch a melody at once." And of the native servants—"I find the servants civil, and wanting not in intelligence, but industry. Each has servants to wait on him, whom they call some boys; *i. e.* they wait on them to be taught. Scouring is done by the prisoners. Fancy three men employed to clean a room, which, in England, an old woman would do in an hour, while a soldier stands over them with a drawn bayonet."

To other acquaintances in a similar strain. To Mrs. Thomson, she enters more into personal particulars, which she knew would be expected, and which she felt a relief to communicate to such a friend:—

"Dearest Mrs. Thomson,—Though hurried out of my wits—for the Maclean sails to-morrow, I must write to you. I should have had my letters preparing, from the moment I heard of her departure, but Mr. Maclean's severe illness has prevented my doing anything. For four nights I never attempted to do more than for half an hour, when he was still with opiates, to lie down on the floor in my shawl. He suffered extreme pain, but, as Mr. Dinde assured me, was in no danger: it was violent cold and stoppage. He is quite recovered now. I cannot tell you how much better the place is than we supposed; if I had been allowed to bring a good English servant with me, to which there is not one single objection, I could be as comfortable as possible. The person who, at the eleventh hour, was permitted to accompany me, was never in such a capacity before; she is, therefore, no workwoman, no cook, no washer, all three most invaluable accomplishments here, but a most civil, obliging person, and superior in respectability. Her stay, however, depends on the passage home." . . . .

"I have lists of everything, and see them counted out every Monday. I see to the cleaning, and I am sure you would have laughed at my toil and trouble, when the Governor of Guiana came to dinner here. I now ought to tell you how highly I hear Mr. Maclean spoken of in his public capacity, on all sides, and I cannot but see his enthusiastic devotion to his duties. We have in England little idea of the importance or the resources of this country. They send hundreds of miles along the coast, to refer causes to Mr. Maclean's decision; this will show the idea they have of his justice. When he came here it was one scene of anarchy and confusion; now the country is so quiet, a child might carry gold dust from one town to another. I was much amused at a cause tried here the other day: two of Captain Stanley's workmen ran away some time ago; when brought back, the reason they gave was, 'Master stand by of a morning, and we could not talk.' The people here are the greatest talkers in the world. I believe the continent of Africa was formed of the remains of the town of Babel. We have just had a visit from the commander of the Pylades, Captain Castle, a most kind and gentlemanlike person. * * * Do you remember our delightful day at Boxhill? you sat down and sketched—I wish I could do the same, I should so like to give you an idea of my wheelbouts. Ah, my dear kind friend, I thought I loved you very dearly in England, I love you much more here. I do not the least feel the want of society. I should regret to form new friendships, my heart is quite full. I should have written to Dr. Thomson, but have only time to send my kindest, my most grateful regards; my medicine chest has been invaluable. As to myself, I have not been so well for years; my old complaint is painful, but merely local; one small abscess forms after another in my ear, and is there any remedy for excruciating faceache?

"I must again repeat how infinitely better the place is than we thought. I have not suffered at all from heat, and there are very few insects.

"Remember me most kindly to Kate and Anthony, and believe me ever

"Your affectionate and indebted,
"L. E. MACLEAN."

Thus we find her writing on the 10th of October, to a confidential friend. It appears also, from her letter to the writer of these pages, that, notwithstanding her own sickness during the voyage, and her unremitting attention to her husband during his illness, she had written since she had quitted this country, part of the first volume of a novel commenced in England, and twelve of the essays on Scott's Female Characters, in addition to the poems composed at sea. We find her contemplating a long course of exertion for the best of objects, imposed upon her by a rigid sense of duty; as active minded to serve, and with as much fortitude to bear, as ever; divested, moreover, of the anxiety with which she quitted England, because convinced that she now knew the worst she had to suffer from the climate, and that most of the evils she had anticipated were visionary. Her troubles and distresses, in short appear to be traceable principally to inexperience in those "house affairs" which she would "in haste dispatch," but which required a system of forethought and patience, together with considerable practice, to regulate efficiently.

To her brother, above all, she says—

"*August* 28.

"My Dearest Whittington,—Now I hope and trust that this letter will find you well in every way. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to know something about you, and how you are getting on. I was sea sick till within the few last days, and as to describing the suffering I cannot; it is a wretchedness no one could pity who had not felt; excepting a scrawl to Mrs. ——, I never even attempted to write; my headach was perpetual, and I am still *stone deaf* on one side. The castle is a fine building, a sort of double square, so ⊞: the middle is ours. You enter by a flight of steps into an immense hall: the dining room at one end, a bedroom beyond, the drawing-room at the other, and two or three more rooms; a veranda runs along the back, which commands the sea and the adjacent country. I am very well, and see every prospect of being exceedingly comfortable. Mr. Maclean has been very ill, though now recovering. I can scarcely give an opinion of the place, for we arrived under every disadvantage; just like going to a large unfurnished house in the country, which had been shut up for months. The first two or three days 'food, fire, and candles,' were not easily procured, but the mischances of the first week were only temporary, and I see every prospect of comfort: the place is far better than we ever imagined—capital rooms, plenty of servants, all of whom seem very willing, I must say. I find that I have two or three hours more than I expected, so can tell you more.

"I have scarcely ten minutes, but I mind it the less as I have sent Mrs. —— a complete journal; which is for general information. I may be very comfortable, but there are a great many difficulties, and most of a nature that we never thought of. I find myself in great want of things that never crossed my mind; I you should see a pretty small show-desk, for I am obliged to write many notes in our sitting room, and the one of real use cannot be put there; now be very discreet in the way of expense, and put into it blue pencils, a quire or so of small coloured note-paper, and a pasteboard pattern of the little envelopes. I wish, too, that you would speak to a bookseller, and see what sort of a bargain you could make to send a monthly packet of books—you must only inquire and let me know. I must get, at trade price, 'Thiers's History of the Revolution,' in French, and all George Sand's works, 'Valentine,' 'Indiana,' &c. &c. I think that they are to be had at the

* Some expressions are omitted here which are considered to have been written confidentially.

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upper shop in the Burlington Arcade—send me also Lamb's works, you have them; also three yards of white waist-ribbon for belts, and the Forget-Me-Not. I write the order for it below —put it under cover to Ackerman, Strand. I forget as where Miss ——— had her lodgings—Park street; two volumes of memoirs, translated from the French—if still there, they would be invaluable. Good God! how anxious I am to know how this letter may find you. Five pounds is due from the Forget-Me-Not. Do not get the desk and books unless cheap. God bless you; this is most abrupt and hurried, but you will have letters enough next time, and Mrs. ———'s letters tell all. Your affectionate,

"L. E. MACLEAN.

"Do not send the desk unless cheap—tell me all about yourself—from me you shall have a complete journal—ask to see Mrs. ———'s; how I hope you are doing well—it makes me so low to think of you."

"September 27.

"My dearest Whittington,—I am now getting every day more and more anxious to hear something about you—though I know very well it is too soon even to think of expecting it—I wonder so often what you are doing, how you are getting on, and if any good luck has happened to you. . . . I can scarcely make even you understand how perfectly ludicrous the idea of jealousy of a native woman really is. Sentiment, affection, are never thought of—it is a temporary bargain—I must add that it seems to me quite monstrous. * * *

"Now he gave me not one real idea of what I was coming to—half the time bestowed in fancying unreal horrors, would have made me mistress of all I needed to know. I do not know what Scotish girls may do, but I am quite sure any English girl would be puzzled. * * You would be surprised at the pains I have taken; I give out every thing—I have made lists of every thing, and I stand over the cleaning of every thing—but I will give you the history of one day:—I rise at seven, breakfast at eight—give my orders—give out every thing—flour, sugar, &c., from the store—see to which room I will have cleaned, and then sit down to write—lunch at one on roasted yam, then write—much interrupted by having to see to different things—till six—dress—walk in the veranda till dinner at seven. * * * Mrs. Bailey, the person you saw at Portsmouth, is a most obligiog, respectable person, but nothing as a servant; no worker, and little of a cook, but I know not what I should have done without her and her husband; he is invaluable, and I wish to heaven he had been going to stay, or that I had brought Martha—a good English servant would be a blessing. So much for the worst side; but there is also a better one to the picture—I may get on better than I expect. Let me know if you are in London, and can make a bargain for books, but not at more than half price. My darling Whittington, while the messenger waits for Mr. Maclean, I will take the chance of a few more lines—how I hope you are all right—I had no idea I should have been so anxious. I was so worried before I left England, that I did not say half I now think—I feel selfish in leaving you, and fancy a thousand things in which, had I been near, I might have helped you. Remember me kindly to Mr. Blanchard. God bless you, my dearest brother, your affectionate

"L. E. MACLEAN."

Finally, she thus writes to her mother in the month of September.

"My dear Mother,—Though this is but a hurried opportunity of writing, I will not let the African sail without a few lines. I suffered most dreadfully, during the voyage, from sea-sickness—during the whole six weeks I scarcely held up my head; but, since I landed, I have been perfectly well—indeed, in some respects, better than I have been for many months. You cannot imagine how different every thing here is to England. I hope, however, in time, to get on pretty well. There is, nevertheless, a great deal to do. I have never been accustomed to housekeeping, and here every thing must be seen to yourself; it matters not what it is, it must be kept under lock and key. I get up at seven, breakfast at eight, and give out flour, butter, sugar, ale, from the store. I have found the bag you gave me so useful to hold the keys, of which I have a little army. We live almost entirely upon chicken and duck, for if a sheep be killed, it must be all eaten that day. The bread is very good; they use palm-wine for yeast. Yams are a capital substitute for potatoes; pies and puddings are never thought of, unless there is a party. The washing has been a terrible trouble, but I am getting on better. I have found a woman to wash some of the things, but the men do all the starching and ironing. Never did people require so much looking after. . . . At seven Mr. Maclean comes in from court—till then I never see a living creature, but the servants. . . . Mr. Maclean has been very ill—he caught cold from getting wet through when he landed in the dead of the night. I hope to hear good accounts from England; it makes me often very anxious to think what a distance I am, and what may have happened. I have just had a beautiful gardeu given me, on a bigger plan a little, but it will be very difficult to keep alive. The weather is now very warm—the nights are so hot that you can only bear the lightest sheet over you. As to the beds; the mattrasses she so hard, they are like iron—the damp is very destructive—the dew is like rain, and there are no fire places; you would not believe it, but a grate would be the first of luxuries. Keys, scissors, every thing rusts. I have been in the greatest trouble with Mr. Maclean's sudden and violent illness; for four nights I never laid down but on the floor by his bedside; he suffered very much, though there was no danger; he has never been quite well since he arrived. I think I was never so fatigued in my life as by the Dutch governor's visit—himself, his two aides-de-camp, and the dinner, really drove me to despair. The utter want of the commonest necessaries—no such thing as saucepan, jug, or pail; there was certainly plate, glass, and china, but a dinner requires something more. . . . Remember me to my cousin; I am glad you have seen Mrs. Thomson. Write to your affectionate

"L. E. MACLEAN."

Such was her own account to relatives, friends, and acquaintances, of her health, her feelings, her situation, her prospects, up to the evening of Sunday, the 14th October—the night before the expected sailing of the vessel which was to bring these gratifying and welcome tidings to her native country. From herself there is no further intelligence. The Maclean arrived at the close of the year, bringing, with these seeming evidences of life and hope, intelligence of the dreadful reality—death, sudden death. The public papers of the 1st of January, 1839, contained the following announcement:—

"Died, on Monday, the 15th of October last, at Cape Coast Castle, Africa, suddenly, Letitia Elizabeth, wife of George Maclean, Esq., Governor of Cape Coast."

The intelligence created but one sentiment of grief and pity in all to whom it came; but to the few who received, at the same moment, an apparent testimonial, under her own hand, of health and spirits, cheerful view and honourable endeavours, the shock was profound, the anguish bitter. There was a pang beyond even that; and it followed quick upon the announcement that, according to the verdict of a coroner's jury, summoned to inquire into the cause of death, the lamented lady had died by poison, incautiously administered by her own hand, as a remedy for a spasmodic attack with which she had been seized on the morning of the fifteenth.

The depositions taken at this inquest were immediately obtained, by the brother of the deceased, from the secretary to the Western African Company. They are as follow:—

"At an inquisition held at Cape Coast Castle, the fifteenth day of October, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, before me, James Swanzey, Esq., one of her majesty's justices of the peace, and others, the jurors of our Lady Queen Victoria, upon view of the body of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean—*Emily Bailey*, being duly sworn upon the Holy Evangelists, and examined, deposeth and saith: That between the hours of eight and nine of the morning of the 15th instant, the deponent having received a note addressed to Mrs. Maclean, from Mr. Swanzey, went to her room for the purpose of delivering the same to her, found some difficulty in opening the door, in consequence of Mrs. Maclean having fallen against it; that deponent on entering the room, discovered Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor, with *an empty bottle in her hand*, (which bottle being produced was labeled 'Acid Hydrocianicum Dilutum, Pharm. Lond. 1836. Medium Dose Five Minims, being about one third the strength of that in former use, prepared by Scheele's proof'), and quite senseless; that on seeing this deponent went for her husband to call Mr. Maclean; she believed that Mrs. Maclean must have been attempting to open the door to call for assistance when she fell; that her mistress was subject to be attacked by spasms, and was in the habit of taking, occasionally, a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle in water; but had not herself seen her do so more than two or three times; she (Mrs. Maclean) had the spasms rather badly the previous evening, and wished to take a little of the medicine contained in the bottle to give her relief; she did not complain much this morning. Deponent was not present when her mistress was taken ill; but had seen her about half an hour before, when she appeared well, and made her a present; as she deponent was about leaving the Coast for England; that Mrs. Maclean then told deponent to retire, and she would send for her when she wished to dress. Deponent had not seen her writing this morning; but she was so employed the previous evening, when she delivered to deponent two letters for friends in England, and was affected at the thought of deponent leaving her; that when deponent saw her last, she was in her usual spirits; the bottle found in Mrs. Maclean's hand was uncorked, and she (deponent) afterwards corked it,

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and put it aside; she could state nothing more which could throw any light on the subject.

"The *husband* of the above witness then deposes to his being called by his wife, that he placed the head of the deceased on a pillow, and went for medical attendance, at Mr. Maclean's request.

"*George Maclean* then deposeth and saith—That deponent saw nothing particular about Mrs. Maclean this morning, except that she complained of weariness, and after having, as usual, given him some tea and arrow-root, at six o'clock, went to bed again for about one hour and a half. Deponent attributed her weariness to attendance upon himself while sick, and want of rest for three previous nights; that she was very subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and had been in the custom of using the medicine contained in the small bottle produced, as a remedy or prevention, which she had told him had been prescribed for her by her medical attendant in London (Dr. Thomson;) that on seeing her use it deponent had threatened to throw it away, and had at one time told her that he had actually done so, when she appeared so much alarmed, and said it was so necessary for the preservation of her life, that deponent was prevented from afterwards taking it away; that he had been called by Bailey that morning, when he found Mrs. Maclean on the floor near the door, quite senseless; that he immediately sent for the doctor, and assisted to carry her to the bed; but the efforts of the doctor to restore life were in vain, and that deponent cannot assign any cause for her death; that the letter in the following words now produced to this deponent are stated to have been found in Mrs. Maclean's desk this morning, is in her own hand writing, and *that an unkind word had never passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent.*

(LETTER.)

"My dearest Maria,—I cannot but write you a brief account, how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superior to all I ever even dreamed of. The castle is a fine building—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat; insects there are few, or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute; from seven in the morning till seven, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over—for it is very awkward to be the only lady—still the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, made me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the *Pylades*. His story is very melancholy. He married six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hills, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governor, a most gentleman-like man. But fancy how awkward the next morning—I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise, and I have to make breakfast, and do the honours of adieu to him and his officers—white plumes, mustachios, and all. I think I never felt more embarrassed. I have not yet felt the want of society in the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks—one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white, and gone for ever.' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the 'Arabian Nights.' Of a night the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first died a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagan, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me, "Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle, care of Messrs. Forster and Smith, 5, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street." Write about yourself—nothing else half so much interests your affectionate

"L. E. MACLEAN."

Cape Coast Castle, Oct. 15.

"*William Cobbold*, surgeon, is the next witness; he states that he 'was called upon to attend Mrs. Maclean, and that, on his arrival he found her perfectly insensible, with the pupils of both eyes much dilated, and fancied he could detect a slight pulsation at the heart, but very feeble, and which ceased a very short time after his arrival; knew that violent action was going on, and immediately administered a dose of ammonia, which happened to be in the room, and directed frictions of the same kind to be applied.' The deponent then goes on to describe that he was preparing other remedies, 'before which could be effected life was extinct. Was strengthened in his opinion that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, *the bottle of which was found in her hand*, from learning that Mrs. Maclean was in the habit of taking it occasionally for spasmodic affection, to which she was subject. *The body after death was perfectly natural;* imagined that Mrs. Maclean, not having experienced the usual benefit from the prescribed quantity, may have been induced to exceed it, or that the spasms may have come on when she was in the act of taking the medicine, and thus involuntarily a greater quantity may have been swallowed; had no hesitation in ascribing her death to this cause; ten drops would be sufficient to cause death in ten or fifteen minutes, to a person not in the habit of using it; was so fully convinced that the medicine was the cause of her death, that *he did not think it necessary to open the body.*'

"A deposition from Mr. Brodie Cruikshank closes the evidence. He swears to have seen Mrs. Maclean the night before, 'in her usual spirits,' and to having promised to take some letters to England for her.

"The inquest is then given. It recites that it was taken 'before me, James Swanzey, Member of the Council of the Government, and one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the British settlements on the Gold Coast of Africa, acting as Coroner, upon the view of the body of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean, then and there lying dead,—upon the oaths of William Topp, John Jackson, Robert Jackson, William Edward Stanley, Joseph Clouston, James Henry Akhurst, Henry Smith, William Spinks, and Thomas Hutton, good and lawful men of Cape Coast Castle aforesaid; as well as upon the oaths of James Morley, master of the brig *Governor Maclean*, Francis Swanzey, of Dixcove, John Gardiner Jackson, master of the brig *Osborne*, and Brodie Cruikshank, of Annamaboe, who being sworn and charged to inquire on the part of our said Lady the Queen, when, where, how, and after what manner the said Letitia Elizabeth came to her death, do, upon their oaths, say that on the day and year aforesaid, and at the place aforesaid, the death of the said Letitia was caused by her having incautiously taken an over-dose of prussic acid, which, from evidence, it appeared she had been in the habit of using as a remedy for spasmodic affections to which she was subject."

The publication of these depositions and the verdict founded on them, created a deep and general interest, and was instantly followed by a variety of rumours and surmises of the most painful description. The circumstance that written evidence only was received, the surgeon's omission to open the body, the irregularity of the entire proceedings, compared with the mode in which inquests are conducted here, and the marked insufficiency of the inquiry, were freely commented on in the public journals. The verdict itself was received with great suspicion, and soon failed in most quarters to obtain concurrence.

The inference then was, and the dreadful idea became but too prevalent, that the deadly acid had been taken by the deceased, but not accidentally; that, racked by many nameless griefs, beset with distracting fears of peril and accumulating trouble, the object of our admiration and sympathy, over-wrought, over-excited by the very effort to suppress her sorrows, and to write gay accounts of her health and spirits to her friends in England, had swallowed the fatal draught by design. It was said so publicly, and thence believed—perhaps generally.

To this succeeded a report, of even a more revolting nature, a suspicion so dark, that without the strongest colour of reason, it would be criminal as well as torturing to entertain it. It was connected with a circumstance already adverted to as having been communicated to L. E. L. before her marriage; the existence at Cape Coast, though at many miles distance from the Castle, of one who, with her child, had formerly been its inhabitant; and hence to those whose minds reverted to the hot blood and the fierce habits of the natives of Western Africa, the dreadful suggestion was presented, that the English intruder at the governor's residence, the European lady of the colony, had been sacrificed to a horrible spirit of female vengeance. This was the darkest picture the mind could dwell upon, and it was therefore, at least as attractive, and as generally favoured, as the other gloomy hypothesis.

A request was then publicly made on the part of the head of Mr. Maclean's family in England, and the nearest relative of the deceased, that all who respected and lamented her, would abstain from adding to the many idle and distressing speculations relative to her fate. They represented, that, far from the morbid or melancholy temperament which had been, most erroneously, ascribed to her, all who were more familiarly acquainted with her, could bear witness to the cheerfulness and gaiety of her natural disposition, which even care and trouble could only temporarily obscure. The feeling with which she regarded her new duties and prospects on quitting England, was borne testimony to, and her general correspondence was dwelt upon as ample and

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touching evidence of the affectionate remembrance with which her friends were regarded. With respect to the more intimate relation of life, the duties of which she fulfilled with exemplary devotion—having attended her husband in his illness for nights and days together, up to the hour of her decease—the "Courier" had the joint authority of the head of her husband's family in England, and of her own nearest relative, to state, that Mr. Maclean, in his letter accompanying the intelligence of his loss, declared that his affection for her, his confidence in the qualities that ennobled her nature and endeared her to all, remained unimpaired to the latest moment; every expression he used tending to show how much she deserved to be happy, and how irreparable was his bereavement.

This appeal checked the propensity to publish, though the mystery remained to be everywhere discussed, and found fruitful of surmises in private. Measures were next adopted for clearing up, if possible, all that was obscure in the depositions, and obtaining every necessary particular of the mournful accident.

In the mean time came a calmer opportunity of considering, and examining minutely, the evidence already furnished. And hence arose a new hypothesis, which, although it rejects the verdict as inconclusive, the favourers of phrenzied ones had not been struck with. Let us, with the view of examining it, recur to the depositions.

In the first place, the reader will not fail to observe, that no one circumstance or expression occurs in the whole account to weaken the testimony as to the general health and good spirits of L. E. L., which her own letters had given. The poetical image of "hopes breaking like the swelling waves," has been already alluded to, as a mere literary embellishment that indicates no feeling at all; the statement of Emily Bailey, that her mistress was, the night before, "affected at the thought of parting with her," is of more importance. Yet this parting could occasion no sudden shock; it was foreknown, and, as well as might be, prepared for; it was mentioned in the letter to Mrs. Thomson, which also says, that the person, "though most civil and obliging, and of superior respectability," had "never been in such a capacity before, and was therefore no workwoman, no cook, no washer." Now it has all along been seen that the mistress of the castle stood in no particular need of civil and obliging persons, but that she was much troubled by the want of an efficient servant—one possessing the "invaluable accomplishments" which Emily Bailey had not.

It is hardly, therefore to be inferred, that this separation, though naturally affecting, could have had any remote connection with the cause of death, unless, indeed, by tending, with other things, to hasten on a nervous or spasmodic attack; it could not have suddenly originated the impulse of self-destruction; it could not have been sufficient to awaken and set in action the idea, even though it had held previously a slumberous existence in the mind. Add to this the important assurance, that no differences with her husband on this or any other subject, had suddenly affected her; Mr. Maclean having stated upon oath, that "an unkind word had never passed between them." In his letter announcing his loss, he declares that his affection for her, his confidence in all the qualities that had endeared her to him, remained unimpaired to the latest moment. His account of the circumstances preceding the calamity, and of the feelings it had produced in him, is a picture of generous attachment, intrepid exertion, and constant fortitude on her part—of constant occupation and illness, and a heavy sense of loss, on his.

In the next place, according to the evidence of Mrs. Bailey, her mistress had "*wished to take a little of the medicine out of the bottle, for relief from spasms, the evening before;*" she had not "complained *much*" in the morning, but had made the servant a present, and "was in her usual spirits." Further there is Mr. Maclean's evidence that she had been in close attendance upon him while sick, and had suffered from want of rest for three nights; that she was very subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and was in the habit of using the "medicine contained in the bottle" (whatever it may have been), as a remedy and prevention.

From a consideration of these two points, then, it appears, first, that there is no ground whatever on which to found a presumption of any motive for a sudden resolve of self-destruction; and, secondly that there is some ground for presuming an intention to resort to the "medicine contained in the bottle," for precisely the same reason and purpose (though she had not complained "much" when Mrs. Bailey last saw her) that prompted the desire to use it the evening before.

And now arises this serious question: What particle of evidence is there yet in existence that she ever took Prussic acid at all? Let justice be at once rendered to Dr. Thomson, in reference to the statement that he had supplied the medicine. On the 7th of January, the following letter was published in the "Courier" "the paper in which the only authorised announcements were made to the public."

"Sir,—In the interesting and affecting account of the death of Mrs. George Maclean, which appeared in the 'Courier,' and which has been copied into various papers, there is a statement that I furnished Mrs. Maclean's medicine chest, and introduced into it a bottle of hydrocyanic (Prussic) acid. Assuming this to be true, you very properly state that the bottle was labeled with great care; and consequently, that every precaution had been taken to prevent any accident from an over-dose. Now, sir, it is true that I ordered the medicines in Mrs. Maclean's medicine chest, but none of these were hydrocyanic acid; nor was any of that acid contained in any of the medicines in the chest.

"For my own satisfaction, I called upon Mr. Squire, the chemist and druggist to the queen, at the corner of Duke-street, Oxford-street. That excellent chemist supplied the drugs for Mrs. Maclean's use; and he showed me not only the list of those which he put into the chest, inserted in his books, but my original order, which he had filed, and a copy of which I enclose. I also found, on referring to the numerous prescriptions which I wrote for Mrs. Maclean, and which were made up by Mr. Squire, that not one of them contains hydrocyanic acid. These facts can be verified by any one who may take the trouble to examine Mr. Squire's books.

"I have only to add that no person knew better than myself, the estimable qualities, generous feelings and exalted virtues of Mrs. Maclean; none can more deeply lament the irreparable loss which not only her friends, but society, has sustained by her death.

"I have the honour to remain
"Your humble servant,
"ANTHONY TODD THOMSON."

Subjoined is a correct list of the contents of the medicine chest which in her letter to Mrs. Thompson, written five days before the fatal morning, L. E. L. pronounced to be "invaluable."

Tinct. of Opium	℥ss.	
" Henbane	℥ss.	
" Squills	℥ss.	
Acetl Cantharide	℥ss. strongest.	
Tinct. of Jalap	℥iv.	
Spir. Ammonia Aromatica	℥iv.	
Tinct. of Myr. of Iron	℥iv.	
Bi-carbonate of Potassa	℥iv.	
Sulphate of Quina	℥ss.	
Calomel	℥j.	Phials in Drawer.
Tartar Emetic	℥j.	
Rhubarb	℥ij.	

It is certain, then, that Prussic acid was not in her medicine chest, and that she never procured any through Dr. Thomson. If ever it was in her possession, her means of obtaining it remain a mystery. How in London could she have procured such a medicine, unassisted and undiscovered? or how, having by some extraordinary means become possessed of it, could she have kept that possession a secret from the persons by whom she was always surrounded?—from Mrs. Sheldon, who knew every medicine she took—or from her friends in Hyde-park street, from whom she hid nothing. It was equally improbable that she could have secretly procured it from the laboratory at the Castle.

But granting that, in some unaccountable way, she had become possessed of Prussic acid, the evidence taken at the inquest not only leaves the proof of her having swallowed it, inconclusive, but furnishes the strong presumption, that her death could not have been caused by such means. The surgeon found her "perfectly insensible, with the pupils of both eyes much dilated;" an empty bottle, labeled "Hydrocyanic acid" in her hand; was convinced that the medicine was the cause of her death, and did not open the body. This is the whole of the testimony in support of the hypothesis that she died by poison.

Now, assuming Prussic acid to have been in her possession, as a bottle so labeled undoubtedly was (though not concealed, but shown to her husband, and seen by her servant,) are the circumstances in which she is found dying, favourable to the supposition that she had swallowed any? Mrs. Bailey distinctly swears, that her mistress was "lying on the floor, with the bottle in her hand." The effect of Prussic acid, however, is hardly reconcilable with this fact; for that effect is, the instant relaxation of the whole system; and a person who had taken it in the quantity implied by drinking it from a bottle would, beyond doubt, be incapable of retaining in the hand the empty vessel. Instant prostration ensues, and the grasp of a bottle, after falling upon the floor, is an inconceivable occurrence. Besides, had such a dose of Prussic acid been

* The writer of these pages, having been, at the period referred to, the editor of the "Courier," takes this occasion to state, for the information of Mr. Maclean's friends, that the earlier announcements in that journal were made by him on his own responsibility, and without the concurrence or knowledge of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Landon. An allusion was made to letters, from which it might be inferred, that her spirit was not always so tranquil; of this allusion Mr. Landon knew nothing till he read it in print. It was a reference chiefly to her regrets at losing her only European servant.

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taken, life would have been extinct much sooner. A considerable time must have elapsed, between the supposed poisoning and the moment of death. Every body knows how rapidly, how all but instantaneously, that medicine acts; yet, in this case, the patient lived for ten minutes and upwards *after* attendance arrived. What interval had previously elapsed, it is impossible to say; but Mrs. Bailey came unsummonad, and not in consequence of any alarm being given; so that twice ten minutes might have elapsed between the act of falling against the door and the entrance of the attendant.

The inference then would be, perhaps, that the dose was less powerful than is implied by other circumstances above alluded to; but even then there are facts remaining which it is impossible, or at least exceedingly difficult, to reconcile. She is found motionless, insensible, a bottle in her hands, and, as Mrs. Bailey has since stated to us, her handkerchief also. But, judging from the effects of Prussic acid upon animals, and reasoning as it is fair and just to reason, a moderate dose of that poison would infallibly produce in the human subject a spasmodic action, inconsistent with the retention of the bottle and handkerchief,—a violence quite opposed to the senseless and quiet appearances described.

The other witnesses, Emily Bailey and Mr. Maclean, merely depose that they found her "on the floor, quite senseless." Mr. Maclean, in his written account of the occurrence, addressed to her brother, further says, in refereoce to that remedy for the spasms, which she was in the habit of taking,—"The surgeon thought it possible that she swallowed too much of this medicine, which is very powerful; but nothing indicated this, nor was anything got off the stomach." No appearances are described by either of the three witnesses, corresponding with those of which we read in accounts of death by the poisoo referred to, and which medical authorities declare to be the invariable consequences of taking it. Not a word is said of the effluvia which is instantly created in the apartment where the acid has been taken—effluvia much too powerful for any ooe approaching the scene to be unaffected by, or unconscious of it.

These are some of the inferences against the hypothesis of self-destruction, which are fairly to be drawn from the statements made at the inquest; inferences, however, equally unfavourable to the verdict that she died by an incautious use of the poison, to which she is supposed to have resorted for relief, oo a return of the spasmodic affection of the night before, when she had wished to take it.

In support of these inferences, may be adduced the result of inquiries made on the returo of Emily Bailey to this country, at the close of last year, a twelvemonth after the time appointed for her arrival. She found her mistress on the floor, she assisted to lift her on the bed, she supported her head on the pillow, she bent over her before death for several minutes,—inhaling, in fact, her dying breath—and yet declares, though repeatedly questioned, that she was unaffected by any effluvia, unconscious of any whatever. Not only is it stated by her to have been undiscoverable in the room, but there is no one word of her statement, whether on oath or otherwise, relative to the medicine or its presumed effects, that can in the slightest degree affect the value of the remarkable circumstance thus ascertained, that the breath of the dying gave no symptom of the presence of that powerful and strongly scented poison in the stomach.

The empty bottle (which was dry when examined,) though it bore on its label the words "Hydrocyanic acid," ceases to be a proof of her having taken any, when it is found thus held in her hand; and when other circumstances, ascertained beyond question, and of still greater significance—that especially, of the absence of all effluvia concur to negative the assumption. The label, although undoubtedly in ordinary cases,

> ——————"the title-page
> That speaks the nature of a tragic volume,"—

something that too fearfully denotes a foregone conclusion,—tells no conclusive story under circumstances such as these, and would be rejected as evidence by any coroner's jury in this country.

How many thousands of persons have at times kept medicines in bottles, from which the labels of their previous contents had never been removed? Not bottles that had contained Prussic acid, it may be objected! But is it certain that L. E. L. was aware that Hydrocyanic acid meant Prussic acid! We can only say that Mr. Maclean was not. Explaining an apparent discrepancy in his statements—that he never knew his wife to take Prussic acid for spasms, and yet that he had seen her use the medicine in this bottle, and had threatened to throw it away—he reconciles the two facts by the simple declaration, that he did not know Hydrocyanic and Prussic acid to be the same. (The writer can add for himself, that at the time referred to, he was equally ignorant on this poiot.) So may it have been with numbers; and so with her, who, using some remedy for spasms, may have little suspected that the bottle containing it had once held a poisoo which, under its common name, she knew to be of the very deadliest character. In a majority of instances taken from ordinary life, the word "Hydrocyanic," would probably produce very little of that instinctive caution and alarm which the familiar term "Prussic acid," would be certain to excite.

Instances of sudden death from natural causes occur too frequently, and are always too shocking to the feelings of survivors, to warrant us in attaching to incidents seemingly connected with the cause of death, yet mysterious in themselves, more consequence than fairly belongs to them. Whatever may have been the nature of the sudden illness, the deadly fit with which she is presumed to have been seized (respecting which there can now be no evidence), it may have been instantaneous and terrible enough to have prevented her from giving an alarm, from calling for water to mix with the medicine, from using it if it were at hand. Yet the natural impulse of hastening to seek assistance, seems evidently to have operated in carrying her across the room to the door; there the medicine may have escaped from the bottle as she fell—fell, too, as was deooted by some bruises on her cheek and hands, with a greater degree of violence perhaps than consists with the instant relaxation which is the declared and unquestioned consequence of a powerful dose of Prussic acid.

We must be permitted to adduce one or two other circumstances, tending to strengthen the probability we have dwelt upon, that the death, though lamentable and sudden, occurred under natural circumstances. At seasons of strong mental excitement, or of much bodily exhaustion, L. E. L. had been not merely subject to spasmodic affections, but had been known to sink down in fainting fits, so deep and instantaneous, as to create, for some minutes possibly, the most natural apprehensions, that death had taken place, or that life, if not quite extinct, was beyond hope. But a very few months before she left Eogland, being then weak in body, a sudden emotion overpowered her in this way; and the lady who saw her fall, and flew to aid her, with all a mother's alarm and interest, has stated to us her well-founded impressions, that the thread of life was then almost snapped, and that had the shock been in the least degree more violent, or the frame been but a little more reduced and weakened, the catastrophe over which so many have wept, would have been mourned months earlier. Such fits as these may have occurred but once or twice previous to her departure; but there is small reason to doubt that they were all but fatal, and it is certain that the insensibility wore, in an unusual degree, the aspect of death. We must remember that, with much mental excitement, there was extreme bodily exhaustion, at the time of her decease.

And now, let us turn to those letters, addressed to her brother and Mrs. Thomson, in which she makes mention of some new symptoms of bodily illness; though, accustomed as she was to frequent pain, and strong in the endurance of it, she passes them by slightly enough. To the former she complains of deafness—total deafness in one ear—experienced during the voyage; to her female friend, she writes a few words in explanation of the cause. One thing, she says, troubles her; "one small abscess forms and breaks after another in her ear," and "is there any remedy for excruciating faceache!" This statement was made no longer than five days before her death. The deafness had been succeeded by these continual abscesses; the decrease of her physical strength, and the want of necessary rest (the total want for some days and nights) going on all that time. Is it improbable that this disease, though merely local, and apparently not daogerous, had more to do with premature dissolution, than poison incautiously swallowed, when not a single trace of any such medicine having been taken is discoverable?

Are there not—if we are rightly informed there are—instances of abscesses in the ear breaking, not outwardly, but inwardly? Where one after another formed and broke, this may not irrationally be presumed to have happened. In that case, the result would have been a suffusion on the brain, attended possibly with all those appearances that have been described. Those appearances, at all events, are not exclusively the symptoms of death by poison; they present themselves under other "forms, modes, shows" of death; and are no better or more final evidences in themselves, than is a mere label on a bottle, when the presence of a medicine it refers to cannot be detected.

Such consideration only as fairly belongs to them, is claimed for these reflections. The spirit in which they are here put forward, must not be misunderstood. There is no intention and no wish to strain such suppositions too far; or to offer them as an effectual solution of the mystery, in which the awful calamity to which they have reference will ever perhaps be wrapped. The writer's motive simply is, to suggest a view of the case, which seems to have almost escaped notice, amidst a multitude of ingenious or extravagant speculations.

A distinguished physician, whose opinion on some of the matters glanced at in the foregoing observations we had solicited, has favoured us with a comment, which is here subjoined:

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"MEMORANDUM.

"We dare not hust ourselves to comment upon this extraordinary inquest.* We should also animadvert upon the extraordinary conduct of the jury, in finding the verdict upon the evidence before them. In England, could such an inquest have been tolerated, the verdict would have been simply 'Found dying.'

"The only rational hypothesis which can be framed respecting the cause of death, is the possibility that, possessing a bottle of *hydrocyanic* acid (how procured it is impossible to say), and having found that a few drops of it relieved spasms, she might imagine that the topical application of it to her jaw, in which she endured great torture, might relieve her sufferings; and, having rubbed the face with some of the acid poured into the palm of the hand, there can be no doubt that it would prove fatal. The death of a distinguished German chemist, Schader, was attributed to some of the strong acid having been applied to the sound skin of the arm. A bottle of the acid was broken in the laboratories of Dr. Ittner, in Germany, and of Professor Silliman, in America; both of these gentlemen experienced oppression at the chest and painful respiraion, giddiness or vertigo, and burning heat. Dr. Hiller (London Med. and Physical Journal, vol. liii. p. 63) details the case of a chemist in Paris, who applied a bottle of Schule's acid to his nose. He was seized with extreme tightness across the chest and rigidity of the whole body; his legs, in particular, were moveless. The vapour of ether and ammonia were applied to his nostrils; but the circulation remained extremely slow, the pulse not rising above forty in the minute. He did not wholly recover until the following day.

"From the consideration of the powerful influence of this acid, even when topically applied in these and other instances, it is possible that the application of it to her face, and its consequent inhalation, would more powerfully affect her in the weak state of her frame, from her previous attendance on Mr. Maclean, than would otherwise have been the case; and finding its effects, she had rushed to the door to call for assistance, when she fell and became insensible. Such, at least, are circumstances which are within the limits of possibility as explanatory of the death of this ill-fated lady. Still we are forced to acknowledge that over this melancholy event hung a veil of mystery which may, perhaps, never be removed."

* An observation relative to the proceedings of the surgeon we are compelled to omit.

With such facts as these only before them, the friends of L. E. L. in England felt most deeply a sense of the necessity of further investigation; and with assiduity equal to their interest in her fame, and their pity for her fate, they devoted themselves in every practicable way to that object. Application was made through colonial authorities; no point was left unexamined, no means of eliciting the requisite information untried. The two letters, which, according to Emily Bailey's statement, her mistress, the night before she died, delivered to her for friends in England, might possibly have aided the endeavour to elucidate the mystery. Of those letters, one, it is ascertained, was addressed to her brother, and the other to that friend in whom, next to him, she fully reposed confidence. But neither of these letters ever reached the parties to whom they were addressed. The person (Emily Bailey) to whose care they were entrusted, who had taken leave of her mistress with the view of immediately sailing from Cape Coast, did not arrive in England until more than a twelvemonth afterwards. These two facts are adverted to in the following communication from Mr. Landon. It relates circumstantially the steps that have been taken to make clear all that was mysterious, and to render justice alike to the memory of the dead and the feelings of the living.

"The subjoined statement (says Mr. Landon,) may be perhaps acceptable; at least I trust it will show that there has been no slackness on my part in seeking investigation into the cause of my sister's death, and no injustice towards Mr. Maclean.

"Let it be remembered that the *first* announcement of Mrs. Maclean's death was published in the 'Watchman,' Dec. 31st, 1838, contained in a letter from Mr. Freeman, the missionary at Cape Coast Castle, and pronounced, by Mr Maclean's agent, 'to be a disgraceful production, misstating, as far as it dared, that the verdict of the jury was *not a conscientious one.*' This letter of the missionary was quoted in the papers on the following day, when it was also stated, 'that the wife had been poisoned out of vindictive feelings to the husband.' The suppression of the depositions taken at the inquest could only confirm such insinuations, and the authentic documents were published in the 'Courier,' by my desire, accompanied solely by the request that Dr. Thomson, my sister's valued friend, might be exonerated from all blame.

"For several days the press teemed with reports and conjectures more or less distressing, and we were alternately distracted by insinuations that she was poisoned or had destroyed herself. Several of her private letters appeared in the papers, but in no single instance, with the consent or knowledge of her family; on the contrary, the following paragraph was put forth in the 'Courier,' earnestly deprecating the publication of her letters, and all further comment. And we were grateful when to this request the whole press paid a generous attention:

"'THE LATE MRS. MACLEAN.—Those who stood in the nearest and tenderest relationship to this lamented lady have authorised us to make a representation to her friends and acquaintances, that they would forbear at present from making public any communications from her, or any surmises of their own, that can only tend to excite mortifie but at the same time most painful speculations as to the circumstances of her death. In the absence of more positive intelligence, this is surely not too much to ask from those who really are, as they assume to be, more anxious for the sacredness of her memory than for the gratification of their own desires to pay homage to it. Such only were worthy of her friendship; and all who were so worthy will shrink from the awful responsibility of strengthening or extending surmises, that result from excited feelings more than cool judgment or acquaintance with facts.'

"The paragraph went on to represent her cheerful disposition, her affectionate remembrances of her friends, her devoted attentions to her husband, and his sense of her admirable qualities, and of his own irreparable loss; concluding by saying, is it too much, under such circumstances as these, to ask her friends to forbear from publishing their premature speculations regarding her fate, as they could only give pain and excite prejudice, without in any way facilitating the objects of inquiry.

"Every rumour was then sifted, letters and depositions were compared; every inquiry was instituted among those long familiar with the coast; and all that threw light on the circumstances, and appeared to have fact for its foundation, was submitted judicially to the Colonial Office, and investigation solicited and accorded.

"In July, 1839, Captain Castle, of the 'Pylades,' who had been for some time off the coast, and who had seen my sister the day before her death in health and spirits, called upon us and gave all the information in his power, and whatever he said was most satisfactory to us as far as it went.

"On the 20 of August 1839, I received, through Mr. Maclean's brother, a communication of thirty-one folio pages. It appears, from information which I received in November last, that a previous communication, of considerable length, had been addressed to me from Cape Coast, by Mr. Maclean, as early as February, 1839. This, however, never reached my hands, but I have received an explanation from Mr. Maclean's agent, that the non-delivery of it was attributable to a mistake.

"The document which I did receive was said to be 'written exclusively for my information, and to be considered private, at least for the present.' I made an offer to Mr. Maclean's family to append it to this memoir, but the offer was not accepted. It cannot therefore speak for itself. In reply to the letter by which it was accompanied, I declined pronouncing any opinion upon the statements, but I observed, 'I do not hesitate to say, that I think, George Maclean's own narrative is marked by the desire, and goes to remove any impression of suicide from my sister's memory, and is just so far acceptable as it is calculated to attain the end which alone I had at heart in soliciting investigation by government.'

"More than a year had elapsed from the date of my sister's death, when Mrs. Bailey and her husband returned to England. I questioned her myself, and could elicit little more than was already known; except the statement that my sister had given her two letters the evening before her death; and that she had also given her a lock of her hair for me, enjoining her to deliver it, together with the letter, before she had been twenty-four hours in England. Mrs. Bailey gave me the hair, but the two letters her husband had taken to Mr. Maclean. I did not trust to any examination of my own; a friend accompanied me and re-questioned Mrs. Bailey; and all who know him would be fully satisfied that nothing was left unsifted.

"I then addressed to the Colonial Secretary, Lord John Russell, the following letter:—

"December, 1839

"'My Lord,—Early in the present year it became my duty, as a brother of the late Mrs. Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, to solicit investigation into her fate. As the proper authority to which I could appeal, I sought and had an interview with Sir George Grey, at the Colonial Office. The public press teemed with accounts that my sister had either committed suicide, or fallen a victim to poison. This latter supposition was corroborated by my own inquiries among those long familiar with Cape Coast—by

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the medical comment of Dr. Thomson, my sister's physician, while in England—by the unsatisfactory nature of the inquest—and by the apparent detention of the principal witness. On these and on other grounds, which I submitted in writing, together with Dr. Thomson's medical comment on the inquest, investigation was promised. Subsequently Mr. Labouchere assured me that Lord Normanby had kindly signified that every requisite and expedient enquiry should be instituted. I have received no communication from the Colonial Office, and I now entreat your lordship to authorise my being informed of the result to which the promised investigation has led; and, if at hand, that my papers be returned.

"'It were unbecoming to burden your lordship with any detail, how, on the one hand, I have been charged as injust towards Mr Maclean; and, on the other, as slack in the investigation of my sister's memory. I have done only what I felt to be my duty; but it is necessary for me to state, that Mrs. Bailey, the principal witness, has recently returned, and adds little to her deposition, except admitting the fact, that two letters were entrusted to her by my sister the evening before her death; that one of those letters was for me, and so addressed; and that they were given to Mr. Maclean. Those letters have not been received. It is a mournful satisfaction for me now to say, that the statement which at first I submitted (whatever the issue) was substantially correct in every particular.

"'Anxious as my family and friends are to close a source of so much aggravated sorrow, and despairing now of any positive proof of her true fate, your lordship's kindness will, I am sure, comply with my request, and enable me as far as possible, to lay at rest the memory of my poor sister.

"'I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) "'W. H. LANDON.'

"To the above letter I received the subjoined reply:—

"'*Downing-street, 28th Dec.* 1839.

"'Sir, I am directed by Lord John Russell to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, requesting to be informed of the result of the inquiries which you were led to expect his predecessor in office would institute into the causes which led to the melancholy demise of your sister at Cape Coast Castle, and I am to acquaint you in reply, that Lord Normanby had found so many difficulties in the way of a proper investigation, that might with any hope lead to a satisfactory conclusion, that he was forced to abandon his original intention; and Lord John Russell is now, with great regret, for the same reasons, compelled to decide to the same effect. The papers to which you allude, having, from their confidential nature, been diverted from passing through the ordinary official channels, are at present mislaid, but will be returned to you as soon as they may be found.

"'I am, Sir, &c.

"'R. VERNON SMITH.'

"I have only to add to this the expression of my belief, that could any further information have been elicited it would not have been wanting.

W. H. L."

It is now our duty to offer the explanations with which we have been favoured, with regard to those two points whereon the conduct of Emily Bailey appears calculated to create suspicion; viz. her absence from England for a whole twelvemonth after her return seemed decided upon, and the non-delivery of the two letters which had been entrusted to her care by her mistress; both facts—of her intended return and of the letter being given into her hands—being stated in her own deposition at the inquest. Having spoken with her ourselves, we subjoin her explanation upon these subjects, as reduced to writing at the time.

"With respect to the two letters, one for Mr. Landon and the other for Mrs. ——, they were merely letters of introduction for myself, which Mrs. Maclean had mentioned she would give me about a fortnight before her death. When she gave them to me, she said the one to her brother was to let him know who I was. She at the same time gave me a lock of hair for him. The one for Mrs. —— she said was also a letter of introduction, and it would give me an opportunity of informing Mrs. —— what things would be useful and necessary for the country, that she might know what to send her out. As I did not then leave, for the reasons hereafter mentioned, I gave them to my husband, who informed me he gave them to Mr. Maclean. If they were not sent home I cannot account for it, unless it was because I was not coming myself. Indeed, I said to my husband when I gave them to him, that as I was not going it was useless to send them.

"When I left London with Mrs. Maclean it was not agreed that I should stay in Africa, and about three weeks or a month before her death it was settled that I should return home, and I was about to leave the morning after her death. This unexpected and sudden death delayed the sailing of the vessel some days. My husband having been engaged in England, as steward on board the vessel, through Mr. Maclean's recommendation, without Captain Morley, who was the master of the vessel being consulted, he took a dislike to him, from that and other things, and they had words on the passage out. When my husband and I were about to embark, Captain Morley said my husband should go before the mast, and not as steward, as on the outward passage (Mr. Maclean no longer having any power, he said, on board the vessel,) and that I should go in the steerage. This my husband objected to, and I believe Mr. Maclean also disapproved of it when consulted by my husband, as there were no accommodations in the steerage for a female. We were obliged, therefore, to wait for another opportunity; and, subsequently, my husband received an appointment as overlooker of the labourers, which delayed our return for nearly a twelvemonth. These are the only reasons why I did not return as was originally intended."

In further explanation of the protracted stay of the Baileys, a circumstance which certainly occasioned much anxiety and suspicion in this country, we are enabled to append the statement of Mr. Maclean himself. It forms part of a letter, addressed by that gentleman to Mr. Landon, and dated the 28th of February, 1839. Mr. Landon never knew of its existence until apprised of its contents by the writer of these pages—to whose hands a copy of it was committed, so lately as November, 1840.

"It seems, also, that I *detained* the two servants here to prevent their giving evidence against me in England! This must necessarily have been but a surmise—a surmise, too, with as little foundation for it as any of the others. Both Mr. Cruikshank, and the commander of the Governor Maclean,' could have proved how very anxious I was for the return of these servants to England *after* my dear wife's death. Mr. Cruikshank, I think, saw me pay their wages, and make every arrangement for their going; and I was most reluctantly prevailed upon to keep them on the earnest representation of the man-servant (steward,) that both he and his wife would be made miserable if forced to go on board the vessel—both having given offence to the commander. I had even talked of their going home before poor Letitia's death, though I had not then really intended it; on her account, as she disliked the idea of being without an English female attendant; but the husband being a servant of the vessel, not of mine, I had no right to keep him, and warned him to prepare to go accordingly. Aware, however, that the commander was as anxious to leave them as they were to remain, I knew I should thus secure the woman's services for her mistress, without the appearance of improperly using my authority to deprive a vessel of one of her crew, and without coming under an obligation to either party. But *after* my poor wife's death, I was unaffectedly anxious for their going, having no possible motive for detaining both of them, though, on account of my illness, I could certainly ill spare the services of the husband. . . . Had I even been wicked enough to wish to stifle their evidence, *I had it not in my power*, not having seen or spoken to either of them *alone*, before they were placed upon their oaths, and subjected to a close and strict examination."

The letter from which we have, in justice to Mr. Maclean, extracted the foregoing statement, contains some passages which appear to be necessary to a better understanding, first of the circumstances under which L. E. L. wrote her complaints of the "wants, hardships, and housekeeping troubles" to which she was exposed; and next of the conduct which she experienced from her husband, amidst the many distressing influences of illness and occupation that beset him from the moment of his arrival.

Certain allusions in Mr. Maclean's letter to the vague and unsupported rumour, that his wife owed her death to the jealousy of a native female, we pass by, the subject being one on which it is now useless and painful to enter. Mr. Maclean, we presume, was never suspected of having anything either to conceal or to disclose in relation to such a rumour. It is the reference to his own "conduct," and to her "complaints," with which, as a matter of vital interest, we have here to do; and it is exactly the same feeling, the same sense of justice and honour, animating from the beginning the endeavour to do justice to the character of the dead, that has prompted an application to Mr. Maclean's friends in England, for permission to print the passages referred to, in his vindication and in hers—in explanation of much that might otherwise have remained conflicting and mysterious.*

First, in reference to rumours which had reached him that various expressions in his wife's letters afforded the presumption that he had "treated her with cruelty," that "her life had

* It should be remarked that Mr. Maclean's letter was not intended for publication. It was written amidst "distracting thoughts," and with an indignant sense of the injuries inflicted upon him by the rumours then in a course of circulation. But all his friends will feel that there is no indelicacy in making public the passages above quoted.

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become insupportable," and that she had "resolved to end it."*

"It is impossible that such could have been the tenor of her letters. . . . It is most true God knows—and I am not aware that I ever wished or attempted to conceal it—that after our arrival on the coast, it was out of my power to be the same attentive husband that I had endeavoured to be previously. Not only was my health entirely broken, but I frequently suffered acute bodily pain—and if a temporary remission of pain took place, I was harassed almost beyond endurance by an accumulation of business arising from various causes. Thus worn out in body and mind, at a time when I knew the public service demanded my best energies—how *could* I be the attentive husband I was at other times? But was *she* one seriously to care for the want of attentions, the absence of those accommodations, or of those trifling articles of luxury, or even of convenience, to which she had been accustomed? Was *she* one seriously to care for such temporary privations, or even for peevishness of temper, when evidently induced by acute bodily suffering! . . . I shall never forget the words she used. I had told her that, at one period of my illness, I had felt sure of dying, and that, then, my only thoughts had been about what would become of her. She looked up into my face, and said, 'And do you really think that I could survive you? Never believe it, nor take any thought about my fate, for I'm sure I should not live a day after you.' And yet this is she who *had* written but a few days before, that her existence was insupportable on account of my 'cruelty and indifference!'"

Secondly, in relation to letters, complaining of hardships and of her husband, in terms which he himself knew of, saw and sanctioned.

"I believe I saw all her letters to Mrs. —— and others. At least, when I was able to read or listen, she used to bring them to me for the purpose; and I recollect her saying to me (laughingly) 'I promised to tell Mrs. —— all my grievances, and depend upon it I'll keep my word.' I answered in the same tone, 'Do so, by all means, for then I shall be sure to hear of them.' . . . The letters which *I* recollect having seen, contained such expressions as these. 'His habits are the most out-of-the-way you can imagine.' 'He is the most unliveable-with person I ever saw.' 'I am terribly at a loss in household matters, and he is so particular.' 'We have splendid plate, and beautiful crystal, but not a thing to clean either with.' 'He is always worrying me to attend to household matters, and not to mind writing nonsense-verses, as he calls them;' with fifty more expressions of the same kind. In fact, *I myself made up and sealed the very letters* containing these complaints and details of hardships. But little did I or the writer dream that they were destined to be understood literally—and even in an infinitely worse sense than the words themselves warrant—little did either dream that they were to be made a handle for taxing me with the blackest ingratitude, and cruelty, and indifference, towards her, for whom, God knows, I would gladly have sacrificed my life. . . .

"I must have seen it, had she been so unhappy. She could not, would not, have so concealed it. I have racked my memory, in order to recollect whether I could have spoken peevishly or unkindly to her during the few days immediately preceding her death—I had just then been relieved from the dreadful pain I had suffered—but I cannot remember having done so, even by accident. . . .

"You will understand that I have here spoken of poor Letitia's situation in its very worst light, at a period when I was ill and suffering cruelly, without alluding to the many hours of happiness, pure unalloyed happiness, and of still happier anticipations of the future, which we have passed together; nor have I said a word of her almost invariable cheerfulness, and (apparent) happiness and contentment, which would alone give the lie to the vile insinuations, so industriously circulated and so eagerly believed."

Mr. Maclean also adverts to the fact, of his having transmitted the letters alluded to, subsequently to his wife's death, which, except upon the principle, *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*, he would scarcely have ventured to do, had he felt that there was anything to suppress. "I knew," he says, "the contents of the whole, having made them up, and sealed, and, I think, addressed, a portion of them. I had them in my exclusive possession—in my own sole power; and surely had I been indeed the monster I have been represented, I should, at least, have had the common discretion to destroy or suppress such formidable proofs of my villany." . . .

He then states that on the evening of Sunday, the 14th of October, his wife, seeing him scarcely able to attempt even one or two indispensable letters, had kindly offered to write a few lines to his father. "This letter," he says, "was written and given to me to be sealed, late upon the Sunday, about twelve hours before her death;" and he concludes it to be the last she ever wrote, with the exception of that which was found open in her desk. (It was on this evening, however, that she wrote the two missing letters entrusted to Mrs. Bailey.) There is certainly, in this letter to the Rev. Mr. Maclean, no indication of ill-health, ill-spirits, or pining discontent. It is merely an echo of many of the preceding. It describes the illness over which she had watched, and the "intolerable torture" of her husband. "I am most thankful to say that he is recovered now, and I hope he will take a lesson from it of prudence for the future. He desires me to express his regret that his brother did not deliver his letter to Mr. Mathew Forster. I am, however, afraid to repeat his scolding, for it is just what he himself would have done." . . . "I am quite surprised to find Cape Coast so much better than I had supposed." The account already given of the habits of the natives, of their idleness and love of music, follows this, and the letter terminates with expressions of respect and affection.

In a letter written subsequently to a friend, Mr. Maclean says—"Her letters contain nothing beyond an exaggerated account of the 'awful difficulties' my poor wife experienced 'in her attempt at housekeeping;' and she mentions 'my *particularity* about having things right,' and a great deal more to the same purpose; merely to show what an excellent wife and house-manager she had become, and how much she had had to go through on account of my illness. I understood the spirit in which they were written."

To this friend, Mr. Maclean says, that he has stated his case *at its worst*, on the principle that a man is a fool if he do not tell his solicitor or physician the real state of affairs, "the whole truth."*

In both letters he professes his desire for the institution of a most rigid inquiry, and his readiness to bear the whole expense of it; adding to this, the expression of his deep anxiety to return to England, to meet every charge, and to enforce investigation. But finding this to be impracticable, he has subsequently authorised an offer to be made in his name—to pay the entire expenses, including, of course, the passage out and home, of any one whom the friends of his late wife might appoint to visit Cape Coast, and make inquiries on the spot into all matters connected with her residence and death on the coast of Africa.

One other example of that honourable liberality in all pecuniary matters, which had characterised Mr. Maclean's conduct from the beginning, it would be here an injustice to omit. Soon after the death of his wife, he addressed a letter to Mrs. Landon, intimating his desire to continue to her the income which it was the affectionate hope of her daughter to settle permanently upon her. The offer was declined by the family; but the generous feeling which regarded the proposal but as a mere duty, and the fulfilment of an implied engagement, is here mentioned with respect.

We now close our extracts from Mr. Maclean's narrative: unconscious of the omission of a single passage calculated to throw light on the events to which it refers, to explain his own conduct, or to vindicate the dead.

Mr. Maclean caused, as we are informed, "the highest honours to be paid to her remains." The arrangements for interment were necessarily made in haste, but the ceremony, we may suppose, was not less solemn from the awful and sudden fate that had overtaken one, who was the object of respect as well as admiration wherever she was known. The inquest having taken place within a few hours after death, the remains

* We know of no such expressions, or of anything at all resembling them in any of her letters.

* Lest my testimony, in addition to the declarations of Mr. Maclean, should be deemed desirable—lest in a narrative designed to exhibit to the world a faithful picture of the conduct and character of the wife, we should be supposed to be indifferent about the question of justice or injustice to the husband, we close this statement, by citing in Mr. Maclean's behalf, the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. This gentleman, whose letter relative to the death he lamented, and the verdict of the jury, was supposed to have supplied the first grounds of prejudice against Mr. Maclean, in this country, when appealed to by that gentleman to state "Whether you have ever observed anything in my conversation, manners, or conduct, which could induce you to think me capable of behaving cruelly or unkindly to any one," . . . . hastened to explain the object of the letter referred to, and to declare, "I have never seen anything in your conversation, manners, or conduct, either in public or private, which would induce me to consider you capable of harsh or unkind treatment to any one under any circumstances whatever, nor have I ever seen anything which would lead me to suppose or suspect you of being careless of the feelings of others, or capable of any ungentlemanly conduct. I saw nothing whatever in your behaviour which could create in my mind the slightest suspicion of your being unkind to Mrs. Maclean during her life. I have seen you as a gentleman at the head of your table, and I have witnessed your conduct, both as a husband and as a widower; it is upon this intimate knowledge of your deportment that I have made the preceding statements."

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of L. E. L. were, on the following day, consigned to a grave dug near the Castle, and within the wall enclosing it. It was the immediate wish of Mr. Maclean to place above this grave a suitable memorial, and his desire was expressed in the earliest letter which he sent to England; but we believe that some delay took place in the execution of the order he issued, from the necessity of referring back to the Coast for information as to the intended site of the monument, in order that it might be prepared accordingly. "A handsome marble tablet" is now, it appears, on its way to Cape Coast, to be erected in the castle, bearing the following inscription:—

"Hic jacet sepultum
Omne quod mortale fuit
Letitiæ Elizabethæ Maclean,
Quam egregia ornatam indole
Musis unice amatam,
Omnimque amores secum trahentem,
In ipso ætatis flore
Mors immatura rapuit.
Die Octobris XV. A.D., MDCCC.XXXVIII.
Ætat. XXVII.
Quod spectas, viator, marmor,
Vanum heu doloris monumentum
Conjux mœrens erexit.

"Here lies interred
All that was mortal
Of Lætitia Elizabeth Maclean.
Adorned with a pure mind,
Singularly favoured of the Muses,
And dearly beloved by all,
She was prematurely snatched away
by death in the flower of her age,
On the 13th of October 1838,
Aged 36 years.
The marble which you behold, O traveller,
a sorrowing husband has erected,
vain emblem of his grief."

A writer, equally characterized by acute intellect and a zeal for truth, justly urged, at the time, that the duty of investigation was rendered the more imperative by the scene of the transaction. "A small colonial settlement," he observed, "in a barbarous region, like that of Cape Coast Castle, is, of all places in the world, that which most needs jealous supervision. Savage life and despotic power are rude elements, whether in agreement or in collision. Such localities are the fitting haunts of oppressions, sufferings, and crimes, that could not exist in the sunshine of civilisation. When, on what proved to be the last evening of her life, the departure of her only European attendant was announced to L. E. L., how completely were her own lines verified,

"I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone."

To her admirers in this country it is now as if her unconscious corpse were in banishment. The feeling is not to be repressed that sympathy and justice require us to look shiftlessly, and not to leave all that has passed to be quietly covered with oblivion."

"Should there," he asked, pursuing this subject, "be nothing more than an ejaculation of passive regret, when life has been made undurable to one whom it seemed preparing to crown with fame and happiness? As yet in the very bloom of life, with growing powers and reputation, a new world of nature around her, and her former world anxiously beginning to calculate the length of her sojourn; endowed with qualities of heart that, by those who knew her, are spoken of still more enthusiastically than her clear intellect and brilliant fancy, and but recently entered on that stage which, if sanctified by the attention that constitutes its essence, is the most blissful on earth; what *could* produce the tremendous revulsion implied in the fatal act? Any imputation, either on conduct or temper, as a disposing cause, is effectually precluded by the evidence of her husband. So entire was his satisfaction, so full his approval, that even slight and unavoidable irritability had met with no provocation, and he deposes that not an unkind word had ever passed between them. There must be some deep fault, some great personal or social wrong, somewhere; or whence the mournful catastrophe?"

Here, after many months have elapsed, and all possible inquiry has been anxiously and unweariedly made, we must leave what additional evidence has been dragged to light, to weigh against the melancholy impressions that her life had become "unendurable," and that the catastrophe was more "mournful" than accident or mere suddenness could render it. Against all such impressions we must religiously set, not merely the testimonies here collected, but the natural cheerfulness of her disposition, the buoyant feelings and resolute habits of a life—the crown of "fame and happiness" prepared for her—the growing powers and reputation, the new world of nature around her, and the recent entrance on that novel stage of enjoyment and interest adverted to above. Her amiable relative, the cousin who was her preceptor and friend in early youth, speaks of her thus:—"She endured pain with surprising fortitude whenever exertion was required; I have never met with any one who was so capable of it in any difficulty. Her ideas were always clear and at her command; she seemed to see what others never thought of." Faith in this fortitude and self-sustaining power, may well guard us against gloomy and needless fears, when we remember how faithful was her discharge of duty in the more sacred relations of life, how lofty and serene was her sense of what yet remained for her to do in this respect, how cheerfully she looked forward to the task, and what advantages she possessed for accomplishing it honourably and happily.

A touching and graceful compliment was once paid to L. E. L. It was a tribute from America, sent from the far-off banks of the Ohio—a curious species of the Michigan rose, accompanied by a prayer that she would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans. To no hand could it have been more appropriately transmitted, than to the hand which wrote so reverently and so rapturously of the genius of that gifted woman. Not only did L. E. L. (who missed the happiness of knowing Mrs. Hemans personally) pour out her love and praise in melodious verse, but in an essay on the character of her sweet, admirably analysed and asserted their claim to permanent remembrance. One solemn passage from this paper, will find here an appropriate place.

"Did we not know this world to be but a place of trial—our bitter probation for another and for a better—how strange it is merely would seem the lot of genius in a woman. The keen feeling—the generous enthusiasm—the lofty aspiration—and the delicate perception—are given but to make the possessor unfitted for her actual position. It is well; such gifts, in their very contrast to the selfishness and the evil with which they are surrounded, inform us of another world—they breathe of their home, which is Heaven! *the spiritual and the inspired in this life but fit us to believe in that which is to come.* With what a sublime faith is this divine reliance expressed in all Mrs. Hemans's later writings. As the clouds towards nightfall melt away on a fine summer evening into the clear amber of the west, leaving a soft and unbroken azure whereon the stars may shine through; so the troubles of life, its vain regrets and vainer desires, vanished before the calm close of existence—*the hopes of Heaven rose steadfast at last—the light shone from the windows of her home as she approached unto it.*"

We have said nothing of the religious principles of L. E. L., nor need we after this, which so eloquently expresses much in a few words; unless it be to remark, that even in regard to her religious feelings and belief, she was not always free from misrepresentation. She was a constant attendant at Divine worship. Faith and hope she had at all times in the beauty and heavenliness of Christianity; and, if her charity exceeded even these in its truth and steadfastness, it was only because that has been pronounced to be the greatest of the Three.

To the foregoing may be added, as another instance of her superiority to literary jealousy, and of ungradging admiration of genius and virtue in her own sex, her recollection of one "who was equally amiable and accomplished"—of her who married and went to India, "full of hope and belief, and thinking she might do much good; but the tomb suddenly closed upon her warm and kindly heart." The allusion is to the author of "The Three Histories," the excellent Miss Jewsbury, afterwards the wife of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher.

"I never met with any woman who possessed her powers of conversation. If her language had a fault, it was its extreme perfection. It was like reading an eloquent book—full of thought and poetry. She died too soon; and what noble aspirings, what generous enthusiasm, what kindly emotions went down to the grave with her unfulfilled destiny. There is no word that will so thoroughly describe her as 'highminded;' she was such in every sense of the word. There was no envy, no bitterness about her; and it must be a lofty nature that delights in admiration. Greatly impressed as I was with her powers, it surprised me to note how much she responded over them.

"Day by day,
Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,
My silent youth flows from me."

"Alas! it was the shadow of the early grave that rested upon her."

No one who conversed as L. E. L. did could be insensible to the enjoyment of such companionship as Miss Jewsbury's. There was in it a moral, as well as an intellectual fascination; and L. E. L.'s gayer, and much less guarded and disciplined spirits were not proof against its influence. She had been tamed from high raillery, or almost childish glee, to a seriousness not less natural in her, though less seldom indulged in society, by the mastery of that eloquence, which she compares to a book full of thought and poetry. This charm was mutual. In thought, habit, manner, few persons bore less resemblance to each other; but there were some strong affinities of feeling between them, that brought them near and made them friends; some fine sympathies, which they had in common, and which

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fitted them to enjoy the converse both were so able to maintain. Perhaps the very contrasts between them favoured in some respects this appreciation of each other's powers. What L. E. L. thought of her grave and high-minded friend, she, on various occasions, expressed with characteristic warmth; how that friend thought and felt towards the brilliant L. E. L. we see expressed in a correspondence that followed their first meeting in London. At parting, Miss Jewsbury, playfully expressing her dislike "to be associated either on the 'red-leaved table' of a drawing-room, or of a heart, with an olive-coloured book," withdraws the dim volume her friend had detained as a memorial, and substitutes one more appropriate. "The English of all which," she continues, "is, that you will never see Pascal again, but must take the accompanying memorial, instead of a very warm friend. And now, farewell! The feeling with which I bid you farewell would amount to real pain did I not hope to renew our intimacy next season, and exchange occasional letters between now and then. John Gilpin 'little dreamed when he set out' of losing his wig, nor I of losing any portion of anything like heart. Farewell! Never write with a ruby pen to me, or else a crow quill. Abuse me as little as your witty mischief will permit, and shield me from the wit of others when convenient—

'And I'll avenge the feud myself
When I come o'er the sea!'

Furthermore take care of your health. Remember the sage citizeness's words—

'What avail these loads of wealth
Without that choicest blessing, health!'

Protect your chest like a miser. Finally, believe me, with truth and simplicity, very affectionately, and in many things very admiringly, your friend."

It was the fate of this deeply regretted lady, as it was the fate, at no distant day, of her whom she thus addressed, to marry and quit her native country, to die prematurely amidst the new hopes and prospects that grow out of a new tie, but far from the old and cherished friends by whom she craved to be remembered.

"She pass'd from sight;—
So in the East comes sudden night!"

Death in a distant land, apparently amidst pleasant anticipations and favourable health, was also the melancholy fortune of a third lady, the acquaintance of both, and the frequent companion of one—Miss Emma Roberts; who had no sooner introduced to the public a sketch of the writings and character of L. E. L., by applying to her fate her own mournful lines—

"Alas! hope is not prophecy—we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come;
We leave our land, and we return no more!"

then the passage became applicable to her who had quoted it in sympathy and regard.

Few ladies, perhaps, certainly few authoresses, have found more friends and acquaintances among their own sex than L. E. L. Some of them, possibly, she may have owed to that feeling which, associating her with her poetry and thus familiarising itself, forbade the idea of strangership and the cold language of ceremony, even when addressing her for the first time. We assume, from the tone of several letters, that this was the case. Her introduction to Miss Mitford seems to have had its origin partly in this feeling: since, designating her "My dear Miss Landon," she says, "I do not address you as a stranger because I cannot think of you as one." But however acquaintanceship may have in any case commenced, it is certain that her intimacies, amongst her own sex, were neither few nor slight. In several instances, honourable in every sense as conveying proofs of her virtuous feeling and amiable temper, these intimacies ripened into the closest and most trusting friendships. Nor was it her fortune merely to make friends, but to retain them to the last. Now and then, indeed, she might share the common lot, and find even her own sex "a little lower than the angels!" occasionally might have and there cause, from some infirmity of temper, or some literary mistake; but of this she experienced as little as most people, while it was her happiness to feel that the ties of grateful attachment which bound her to some of the best and purest among women, grew stronger as they grew older.

We are not speaking here merely of literary intimacies, or, we should rather say, of intimacies with ladies to whom our literature is indebted. Of the friendship she thus enjoyed, some pleasant examples have been cited in the course of our narrative; and to the names of Miss Thomson, Mrs. Hall, Miss Roberts, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, &c., may be added those of Lady Stepney, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Miss Jane Porter, Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, and Miss Strickland. But the list of acquaintances by whom she was held in estimation, and to whom her visits had often given pleasure, admits of many additions, in the names of Miss Turin, with whom she stayed in Paris, Mrs. General Fagan, to whom her latest letter was addressed, Lady Gore Ouseley, Mrs. Dawson Damer, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Kemmis, Mrs. and Miss Sheldon, &c., from some of whom her marriage and departure from England brought letters expressive of the highest personal esteem, and the friendliest regret at the loss of her society. We need hardly here mention the Misses Lance—those amiable persons with whom it was L. E. L.'s good fortune to reside so long, who knew all her acts, all her habits, all her conduct so well, and who esteemed because they knew her.

While thus alluding to some of L. E. L.'s female friends, we are agreeably reminded of one who has that equal right to be included amongst them, which a long preserved and intimate attachment confers. We allude to Miss Thomson, now Mrs. John Moren, a young friend with whom L. E. L. frequently corresponded, and who, while these sheets were passing through the press, has favoured us with some pleasant proofs of her advantages in that respect. These are to be found in the letters we now subjoin.

The tone of them is too lively, pointed, and characteristic, not to be welcomed by every reader who may take an interest in the familiar writings of L. E. L. Though thus inserted out of place, the period at which they were written will be inferred from some of the subjects incidentally adverted to.

"Good, bad, or indifferent, my dearest Anna, I intend giving you a full and particular account of all my news, adventures, &c., I hope you are not particular as to quality, for truly nothing extraordinary has befallen me. I have been a little sullen and a little sick; the first was want of money, and the last, as they say in riddles, arose from my first. I am happy to tell you, that two pale pink cheques, inscribed with a name st once 'so dreaded and so dear,' (what lover's name will ever make my breast beat as does that of Messrs. Longman!) these, with one prescription of your father's have completely restored that happy equilibrium which constitutes health; and I am under no present apprehensions that the professors of the 'London' will be enabled to demonstrate from my skull the origin of sense and sensibility. I beg you to observe the technicalities of my language; I have not read *the* 'Magazine' for nothing; I am grown so learned on the transmigration of plants, that I made a sweet youth start and draw his chair three paces from mine at dinner in consequence. No smile could restore my lost ground, and we preserved a reverential distance during the dessert.

"So ——— is married! Saturday last shone on white gloves and whiter satin. I had a note from her, literally overflowing with happiness. I feel inclined to ask Solomon's question —'What is sweeter than honey?' for, truly, honeymoon scenes soothing to express their felicity. Well, I do wish her all sorts of good wishes, and think she is as likely to be what you may call contented as anybody I know.

"Mrs. ——— has just interrupted me, to ask if I am 'writing to you on such inmated paper.' My dear Anna, you are to consider it as a personal compliment: you must expect that one who intends to be a constant correspondent cannot afford to ruin herself in satin paper, &c. That lady sends the kindest of loves. She is happy in the recent purchase of a superb chantilly veil, down to her knees, and a *vapeur* silk bonnet, lined with black velvet, trimmed with a leopard ribbon *vapeur* with large black floss-silk spots. She has no new flirtation on hand, and is living on the memory of your brother, and the hope of Pannizi.

"I dined last Sunday in Hinde-street. Coming home, I did not dare walk for my cold, so I rode; the coach broke down, and I had to be pulled out of the window; a mere trifle, I am assure you, when you are used to it. My brother has been up in town for a week; I am happy to tell you I observed no symptoms of moonlight or melancholy about him. I have such a horror of living in the country; hawthorn hedges and unhappy attachments always go together in my mind; but when I found he listened with all the attentions of interested conviction, when I said a lady's face should be looked for in the three per cents, and her figure in her landed property, I felt safe in the belief that he would deeply enter into the merits of an heiress. As for my own situation, I do think it very dangerous; for dull, desolate, and autumnal Hans-place is almost as bad as the country. Besides, idleness is the root of all mischief, and now my book is out, I have nothing to do; and the streets are perambulated by such picturesque-looking gentlemen in dark blue, that one forgets they are policemen, and fancies them into heroes.

"Miss Fanny Kemble has produced such a sensation. I have not seen her. I want to see her in some other character than *Juliet*. I am afraid you will think it high treason; but it is not a favourite play of mine: it is anything but my *beau-ideal* of love. *Juliet* falls in love too suddenly, and avows it too openly; and *Romeo* changes too suddenly from one lady to another; to my thought their love wants sentiment. *Viola* in my pet: so devoted—so subdued; begun in girlhood—cherished as the lonely but deep feeling of after years; I think Shakspeare never drew a more exquisite picture of feminine love!"

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At another time she writes:

"I take it for granted you intend attacking my most ungrateful self, and write to petition against meeting with my deserts. My only excuse for not writing is in the spirit of the French philosopher—the best thing you can do for your friends is to let them forget you. I do think I never passed so unfortunate or so miserable a year as since we last met. * * Once in difficulties, there you may remain; debts are like cross-roads, one leads into another; and it really is a very extravagant thing to be poor. * * If I could have seen you how glad I should have been to have talked to you; and the real cause why I have not written is, that to write a letter one must be by oneself; I then get thinking my own thoughts, till I am too much out of spirits to write. As for news, it is barely possible to have less to tell than I have; we are a little duller, if possible; the very policemen complain of their station, and petition to be removed from Hans-place.

"Mr. ——— is married, and has most unpatriotically married out of the parish. The lady is not pretty, and a saint. I was at some very gay balls at Miss ———; she had a new, and very good set of Americans. I liked the present minister's family so much. I have been to one or two pleasant dinners, and some very delightful parties. I find ——— the most exquisite addition to London; there is only one fault, that going to their house quite disgusts you with any other place. Comparatively, I went out very little last season. I am sick of parties, and go only for the credit of saying I have been there. Miss ——— has had a legacy left her, on the strength of which, she set out on a tour to Scotland; and did go as far as Barnet. She says she cannot sit down under her laurels, and intends leaving literary pursuits to needy people."

And now, we close our specimens of the letters of L. E. L. with a brief passage, wherein is displayed the mingled gravity and gaiety—the gay humour greatly preponderating—that generally constituted the feeling with which she alluded to any heavier or accumulated literary labour. Her good spirits, and her joy in the tasks she imposed upon herself, might usually be seen, as here, through the vehemence and ardour of her complaints of fatigue. She liked to tire herself.

"'Death or apology!' I offer neither; as to death, I don't—(discontented as I am with the world)—I do not precisely wish to die; and as to apology, no mere apology would, even if it satisfied you, satisfy myself; and yet come to Hendon I cannot; printers are 'stronger than love,' and the press 'more cruel than the grave.' I am in the agonies of my last volume, unable to sleep for thinking of my preface, and unable to eat for meditating my dedication; also, I know not which way to turn for a motto. Moreover, this is my very busiest time, writing for the annuals. Therefore, instead of apologising, I leave you to judge of the impossibility. 'The fascinations of Hans-place!' vivid must be the imagination that could discover them.

'Never hermit in his cell,
Where repose and silence dwell,
Human shape and human word,
Never seen and never heard'—

had a life of duller calm than the indwellers of our square. * * There is one conclusion at which I have arrived, that a horse in a mill has an easier life than an author. I am fairly fagged out of my life."

Such parties as some of those which are alluded to in the preceding letters, as being to L. E. L. sources of amusement at one time, and weariness at another, might be more specifically mentioned, were it necessary to show by what persons of worth and honour her society was courted. L. E. L. was never won by aristocratic influences alone—never captivated by title, or mere condescending profession. Miss Emma Roberts, who in many respects knew her so well, has remarked—"though exceedingly indifferent to the vanities of worldly intercourse, and not caring to number lords and ladies among her acquaintance, for the sake of their titles only, L. E. L. was by no means insensible to the more flattering testimonies of the esteem in which she was held by those whose good opinion conferred honour." And among the aristocracy were several persons, dignified alike by virtue and talent, who delighted to call her friend, and in whose esteem she was equally happy.

The reception her talents won for her in various distinguished circles, she insured to herself, to the very last, by her winningness of disposition and rectitude of conduct, and at no period of her life were such marks of kindness and appreciation conferred upon her as during the last two years of it. The election of her brother, which called forth many of these, has already been noticed, with the flattering expressions of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Hope upon that occasion. The list might be extended to considerable length; in it would be found many illustrious names. And it should be mentioned that for no little of the interest and favour thus conferred on L. E. L., she was indebted to the generous sympathy of a lady whom she never even saw—to that kindly regard, admiration, and assistance, which talent is sure to experience from the Countess of Blessington. From a multitude of letters, by persons who could only be influenced by a high and disinterested sense of her deserts, passages of encomium might here be adduced, and woven, were it necessary, into an eulogy of which the most distinguished might be proud—that eulogy which renders the truest homage to genius, by estimating at a still higher value the moral excellence that dignifies and refines it.

It is much, to be admired and esteemed by many; it is more, to have been truly beloved by a few; and both these fortunes met in the destiny of L. E. L. It was her desert, and no more.

The qualities which claim our admiration, so far from being those with which the public were most familiar, were perhaps those which she least publicly exhibited. She did better justice to her moral than to her intellectual gifts. To her genius, exercised either in poetry or prose, she was only just learning to do justice when she died; but in both the progress was perceptible and sure. We have but to compare the light and spangled drapery of her earlier muse, with the chastened colours and the simpler forms in which Poetry came arrayed in her later productions, to see what she was yearly becoming, and to predict what she would have been if she had lived. High and solemn thought had found the place where wild fancy or extravagant sentiment alone had reveled before; knowledge had succeeded to mere impulse or reckless speculation; the feelings had become more deeply seated, as the heart beat less feverishly; the sportive child had sprung into the woman.

Look to the glowing and impassioned pages of the "Improvvisatrice;" admire all that is naturally musical in the verse, beautiful in the romance of affection, rich and graceful in the imagery; and then measure her success by the calmer and deeper tenor, the bolder combinations of thought, the loftier pictures, and the nobler purposes of her best poems in the "New Monthly," and the "Drawing-room Scrap-book." The ideal became purer as her knowledge of the actual advanced; and her dreams deepened in loveliness from her intercourse with the world. The severities of criticism, and more especially, perhaps, the sting of ridicule, aided in the production of this change. As she sprang almost from the arms of the teacher into those of fame, she had won the wreath of poetry before she knew it was anything more lasting than a pretty ornament to be worn in a ball-room, and before she had found out its full value, it had apparently ceased to charm. To her active and unwearied mind, the contest for the prize was better than the possession of it. Quick and vivid sensation was a necessity in her nature; visions, rhapsodies, reveries, were the natural offspring of her excitable and imaginative temperament: these would make themselves heard, taking the expression of the moment, and she "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" she wrote on, because she could not help it.

But to what end? Was she to go on writing Troubadours and Golden Violets all her days—apostrophising loves, memories, hopes, and fears, for ever, in scattered songs and uncompleted stanzas, and running the chance of weakening the effect of her past music by the monotony of the note! That she was in danger of doing this was indicated by the tide of criticism that set in against her. It stimulated her to a gradual change of the poetic note that had acquired for her more popularity than she could permanently retain. Her thoughts found a deeper channel, and flowed still more freely; her observation took a wider range, and scanned the features of life as they presented themselves to her earnest gaze—not as she had imaged them in the pages of chivalry and romance, or shaped them for herself amidst the grotesque fancies of a dream. She discovered that her powers acquired elasticity, as the subjects on which they were exercised became more various; and that the world widened as she went on. Reality, in short, grew as familiar to her as Romance. She led Prose captive, as she had led Poetry. She became the author of "Francesca Carrara," and of "Ethel Churchill." Compare these works (the latest of them written in 1837) as evidences of advance with the Romance and Reality of 1830.

It was still provoking, occasionally, to observe a lingering attachment to some of her worst faults—to see her, with the consciousness that she had scattered the seeds of many pleasures in the world, with a full sense of what ought by all to be enjoyed, and of the human capacity to enjoy, perversely contrasting the actual with the ideal, not seemingly with a view to kindle emulation in her readers, but to put them out of heart with themselves; to find her deprecating what is, for the mere sake of glorifying what is not and cannot be. It would have been delightful to own that she had entirely ceased to cultivate her want of faith in the world's virtue, since nobody had more practical charity for the world's vice. But the pleasure next to this remains for us, in the proof that she was in a fair way to do it; that her advance to a right understanding of her own powers was regular and certain; and that her use of those fine gifts was becoming as admirable as the gifts themselves.

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To her affections, throughout this period of intellectual progress—to her womanly sympathies—to her kind and generous disposition, she did ample justice. "Whatever errors may have been hers," observes a living writer, in a letter full of sad regrets for her loss, "what excuses she had! and what noble qualities! what independence of spirit—what generosity and loftiness of feeling! The head of a man, and the heart of a woman."

Much as she was misrepresented, we never knew L. E. L. to be even suspected of a *meanness*. Of anything little, or paltry, or shabbily selfish, she was utterly incapable. She seemed in her very soul to scorn whatever was sordid. On the other hand, we know that she was capable of the most unselfish, the most imprudently generous actions. In pecuniary matters, this may almost be said to have been her ordinary rule of conduct. To the last, she was in the habit of giving away her labour, which to her was money—as she would give away the money with which her principal labours were rewarded. We know her to have offered, upon one occasion, in a manner the most exquisitely delicate, fifty pounds which she could very ill spare, to a friend who had no claim upon her on earth, but for the good wishes which were mutual. In some years, her income was not small, though, for the reason stated, her literary profits were seldom so large as they seemed to be; and in one of those years, 1832, she derived an extra sum of between three and four hundred pounds, under the will of her grandmother, who appointed her sole executrix and legatee. Yet this, like all her literary receipts, she expended freely and liberally; so little of her money being "laid out upon herself," that those who only knew that she received such sums and did not hoard them, wondered what she did with them. Her own occasional inconveniences, from a scarcity of funds, only served to render her more keenly alive to the necessities of any one, whom her affection, her esteem, or her gratitude, in its romantic excess, had invested with a claim upon her assistance.

In our cursory remarks upon her writings, we have freely commented upon her passion for effect. The reflection here occurs—how different a person was the L. E. L. who delighted in saying brilliant things, to the L. E. L. who delighted in doing disinterested and generous actions. Here there never was the remotest view to effect—never the most distant consciousness that any advantage was to be gained by the good done, but the pleasure of doing it. The author ceased to exist when the pen was laid down. She reversed in her practice the quality attributed to Garrick—she never acted when off the stage; it was then that she became most herself, and most merited the praise of being "natural, simple, affecting." She was most beautiful when farthest removed from those artificial lights in which she was too fond of exhibiting herself. In her, the constant flush of the affections was, after all, lovelier than the sparkling fancy or the glowing intellect.

What her real feelings towards her friends were, may be partly seen by her letters to some of the dearest of them; this is to a certain extent true also of her opinions and tastes; but here she was not so serious, and the rule is the less unerring. We find an example in a fact to which Dr. Thomson has directed our attention, that notwithstanding her devoted affection for the metropolis, expressed in several of the letters now published, she had in reality a fine taste for the beauties of the country. "In a visit," says that constant friend of L. E. L., "with which she favoured us at Brokham, near Dorking, we were in the habit of walking out daily; and whilst Mrs. Thomson would sit down to sketch from nature,* L. E. L. would take my arm and range over the fields for hours together, stopping every now and then to expatiate on the beauty of some new opening scene, or to listen while I explained the botanical character of a wild flower, or some fact in vegetable physiology. On these occasions, she would make observations and hazard opinions, which obviously demonstrated that the grasp of her intellect would have been productive of equally great results in whatever direction it had been turned, whether by accident or by circumstances. She long recurred with pleasure to that visit; and it was, on that occasion, that I first was enabled to estimate justly the depth of her affection, as well as the capaciousness of her intellect; the one warm, generous, unalterable—the other capable of any effort, imaginative or substantial. Her powers of conversation, when her mind was not bent on being playful, were great, and her remarks original. Whatever might have been the irritability of L. E. L. in early life, she, at that visit, displayed the sweetest and most amiable temper—mild, gentle, and conciliating; and on no future occasion had I ever cause to alter this opinion of her disposition."

L. E. L. deserved the praise which in one emphatic word she bestowed upon her friend, Miss Jewsbury—she was high-minded. This she was, whatever errors and weaknesses might intervene, in every important relationship of life; this she was alike in the liberality of her conditions with publishers—in the reliance she placed on all good intentions—and in intercourse under any circumstances with friends; this she was under every trial of her affections, amidst all injustice to which she was exposed, and throughout her conduct to her family. What she was during the brief interval between her marriage and her death, her husband has told us—she was animated by the purest sense of duty—a being the most devoted and self-denying—all that is most enduring, courageous, and uncensureable.

We have now a pleasant duty, to connect with these records the recollections of two or three of L. E. L.'s personal friends, and the tributes of a few other writers who have expressed themselves most worthily in relation alike to her genius and her misfortunes.

And with respect to her genius, the course she should have more diligently pursued for its cultivation, was pointed out in a friendly note, written by the late William Gifford, to a mutual acquaintance, just before his relinquishment of the editorship of the "Quarterly Review;" in respect to which he says, "there is little or no chance of my holding my station for another number." Had L. E. L. strictly followed his plain advice, she would earlier have attained the elevation to which her later writings were rapidly advancing her.

"Meanwhile," he says, "the young lady must plume her wings for a steadier flight. She has fancy, a good ear, a command of poetical language, and a quick succession of imagery; but all these will not make a good, much less a great poet, without a correct taste and feeling and knowledge. Your amiable friend, she may be assured, cannot retain her present elevation in the public mind, but by something of a more decisive description, of a more uniform and direct tendency than her last poem. If I might advise her, she should no longer dance from measure to measure in the same story, but end with that she began—either lyric or heroic:—and let her plan her subject at first, and not trust to accident for its course and end."

The passages that follow are selected from recollections which we owe to a female pen—the same that supplied a note descriptive of L. E. L.'s study, in the earlier part of our narrative. Since this lady's personal acquaintance with L. E. L. commenced, in 1835, the circumstances of occasional intercourse have been peculiarly favourable for knowing and estimating her rightly. Little, indeed, as she remarks, can we judge of real character from the superficial views only which general society presents; least of all, of such beings as L. E. L.

"It was my privilege to associate with her in a circle comprising some among the few of her heart's chosen and trusted friends—those to whom she opened her inmost soul—those as she emphatically said, 'who loved her for her own sake, not admiring or flattering her because she was L. E. L.' The idea of being sought merely for her literary popularity ever roused her disdain; and she would speak in no measured terms of person who considered themselves as patronising literary characters, by inviting them as sources of amusement or objects of curiosity. 'What!' she would indignantly exclaim, quoting her own expressive lines—

> 'Be made the wonder of a night,
> *As if the soul could be a sight!*'

"By the friends referred to she was understood and appreciated in all her varying moods, literary or social. Their homes were the green and sunny spots where her spirit looked for rest when worn and wearied in the crowded highways of the world. Their generous kindness, and protecting care, were around her during the last few months she dwelt in her native land, securing her comfort, and shielding her from anxiety.

"How vividly does memory recall my first visit with L. E. L., that lonely morning room with its sweet garden prospect, its birds and flowers, its books and works of art, all arranged with exquisite taste. The place itself was one of the few spots out of town for which L. E. L. seemed to possess an affection. There she often read to us, sometimes her own poems. Her style of reading was peculiar, a kind of recitative, more poetical than musical, derived rather from the soul than from the ear—but giving the fullest effect to every variation of thought, feeling, and character. She became for the time a literal improvvisatrice; and you listened entranced to the earnest but varying intonations of her voice, as if it were pouring from her soul in all their first freshness, the beautiful creations of which she was the previous originator.

"With evening usually came a change over L. E. L. In the more general circle which the dinner hour assembled, she might often be found like her own Eulalie—

> "The centre of a groop whose courage light
> Made a fit element, in which her wit
> Flash'd like the lightning."

It was often interesting to compare the L. E. L. of the morning with the Miss Landon of the evening. Alike, yet how different. Genius

* This incident is alluded to in one of the last letters L. E. L. ever wrote. How fondly were such scenes remembered in Africa.

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now folded its wings, and walked forth in the garb of social life. Yet still might that genius be recognised in the courteous and nicely fitting compliment, the piquant remark, the brilliant repartee, and sometimes in the full flow of eloquence. Abundantly amusing was it to watch how she almost intuitively read the characters of those before her, and with what tact she adapted her conversation to each and all. In their varying tastes, however opposed to her own, she would be sure to express a grateful interest. She never appeared conscious of her own superiority—one often heard her spoken of as a pleasant, unassuming girl. There seemed, also, constantly in exercise, a good-natured toleration of what, by many, would be deemed impertinent. One evening, a 'butterfly of fashion' hearing Miss Landon's name mentioned, begged for an introduction; and, in a few minutes afterwards, seated with L. E. L. on a step of the conservatory, was heard to express her satisfaction in having met with such a kindred heart, as she was sure Miss Landon's must prove!

"It was an especial pleasure to hear her converse on Shakspeare. It was more difficult to please her taste on this than on any other literary subject. Very few criticisms came up to her standard. These characters, she would say, require not only the feeling of a poet to appreciate, but the analytic skill of a philosopher to examine them as they deserve. To her favourable opinions of the works of her contemporaries, L. E. L. ever gave free and generous expression. Writing to a young author, she observes, "Criticism never yet benefited a really original mind; such a mind macadamizes its own road.' Jealousy seemed utterly opposed to her nature. In the petty rivalries which sometimes disturb the outer-court worshippers of the Muses, she even disdained to take part, except in vindication of a friend. Her disposition was peculiarly disinterested; she never paused to think of herself when others required any assistance which she could bestow.

"Many people have been at a loss to reconcile her love of poetry with her apparent indifference to music and painting. That she did not care for scientific music, nor for elaborate pictures, merely as music or as painting, was certainly true; yet, in the midst of an interesting conversation, a few notes of melody floating to her ear from an adjoining room would cause her to start up, utter an exclamation of deep emotion, and then diverge from the previous topic into some discussion most musical and sweet. As for painting, it was impossible that its combinations should not be duly appreciated by one whose own taste was exquisitely picturesque, using that term in its artistic, rather than in its sometimes more romantic application. Miss Landon's refined taste would instantly detect the slightest incongruity in the arrangements of a room, in the appointment of a table, in the adaptation of colours in dress, and in the attitudes and manners of persons. Equally quick was she in admiring to the least minutiæ any circumstances accordant with the principles of good taste. L. E. L.'s appreciation of painting, like that of music, was intellectual rather than mechanical, belonging to the combinations rather than to the details; she loved the poetical effects and suggestive influences of the arts, although caring little for their mere technicalities.

"Everything seemed accomplished by her without effort. Her thoughts seemed to spring up spontaneously on any proposed subject; so that her literary tasks were completed with a quickness that to slower minds wore almost the aspect of intuition. In truth she could say—

'I but call
My trusty spirits, and they come.'

In her conversation, too, there was the like use, the like rapidity of transition, together with a corresponden quickness of utterance, as if her beautiful thoughts were glad to escape into expression. With what rapidity would she utter such sentiments as the following:—'It ever seems so strange to me that people should mistake the semblance of excessive cheerfulness, when it is assumed only as a mask to conceal the real features of the wearer. When mirth takes a sarcastic form, it always gives me an idea of the speaker's own internal wretchedness or deep sense of injury; for when does the foam mantle highest on the wave and sparkle brightest in the sunshine? Is it not when that wave is passing over the jagged rock, and the rough stone lurking beneath?'

"The last period, of any length, I spent under the same roof with L. E. L., was for a month immediately before her departure from England. Her mind and her time were necessarily so occupied, that we had only occasional glimpses of her own real self. Sometimes, however, she would throw off all that pressed upon her, and be entirely the L. E. L. of former days."

It has been remarked that it was only when with the frivolous that she assumed frivolity. The writer of the above recollections, therefore, must have seen her in her happier and more serious mooda.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, commenting upon the portraits of her lamented friend, remarks,

"It is singular that so few portraits of this accomplished woman should have been painted. For nearly twenty years she occupied a large portion of public attention; and, during the whole of her career, was almost idolized by the young and warm-hearted. Although certainly not beautiful—perhaps she can scarcely be described as handsome—her countenance possessed that which an artist prizes above beauty, at least above the beauty that is without it—EXPRESSION; her features were not regular, but they were pleasing and attractive at all times; and when animated, had a character approximating to loveliness. Her form, too, though *petite*, was graceful. She had a large acquaintance among artists, to whose society she was always especially partial. Is it not strange, then, that so few have employed the pencil in perpetuating the remembrance of one so dear to fame, and whose works must for ever form a conspicuous part of the literary history of the age?"

That she merited every compliment at their hands, by her own high conceptions of painting, and her qualification for judging of whatever was most elevated in the works of artists, is undoubtedly true; and evidence of her sympathy with them is given with matchless force and beauty, in the "Subjects for Pictures," which appear in these volumes.

The same writer observes—

"Though quite unskilled in the language of the schools, she had a fine feeling for

'The art that can immortalise.'

I remember her once speaking of artists in her usual animated and pictorial manner, and concluding by saying, 'that they deserved all honour, they idealise humanity.' What a string of pearls I might have gathered, had I noted down the thoughts that fell in sayings from her lips."

In 1822 or 3, she sat to Mr. Pickersgill for a portrait. It has not been engraved; though like, in many respects, it was not a pleasing resemblance. An engraving that accompanied a sketch of her life, in the "New Monthly," some years ago, was still less successful; and we remember the gravity with which she complained that the painter or the engraver, had magnified her ears, of the prettiness of which she could not but be conscious, in a most libellous manner. To Machine she sat three or four times, with better success on each occasion. With the last portrait from his hand it would be unreasonable to be in any way dissatisfied. It is a delightful record of the serene, yet lively, thoughtfulness that was so often seen to lighten up her expressive countenance. Later than this, and but a few months before her marriage, a medallion portrait of her, in plaster, was executed by Mr. Weekes. Although the profile was not the happiest view of her face, the likeness is singularly faithful to be very agreeable; and were the throat less long, and the bust less broad and full, the resemblance would be perfect. It is cleverly executed, but has not yet been published. Nor should we here forget to mention the miniature likeness with which the graceful taste and anxiety of Mr. Schloss adorned his "Bijou Almanack."

As a pen and ink drawing, we know nothing so minutely and carefully filled up as the following portrait, for which we are indebted to the loving remembrance of a youthful friend of L. E. L., with whom we are unacquainted. With one or two exceptions which we are disposed to make, for there will be differences of opinion even about such matters of fact as lofty foreheads and black lashes, the picture is no exaggeration, and may be received as an atonement for the feeblenesa of the sketch which our own recollection has supplied:—

"It was strange to watch," says her admiring friend, "the many shades of varied feeling which passed across her countenance even in an hour. I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well developed head; her forehead lofty, and full and open, although the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, as they might be—gray, well-formed, and beautifully set—the lashes long and black, the under ones turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing; her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retroussé*); the mouth well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to; it would be difficult to describe her mouth; it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper; her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small and even, and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical; her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who understand the beauty of the human head, know that the ear is either pleasing to look upon, or much the contrary; her's were very small, and of a delicate hue, and her hands and feet even smaller than her sylph-like figure

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would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry were it not that her shoulders were rather high; her movements, when not excited by animating conversation, were graceful and lady-like; but, when excited, they became sudden and almost abrupt."

Of the warm and eloquent praise lavished upon her by "Blackwood's Magazine" 1830, she proved herself more and more deserving year after year. Such recognition of her powers might well encourage her to mature them by deeper study and worldlier care for their direction.

"TICKLER.—I love L. E. L.

"NORTH.—So do I, and being old gentlemen, we may blamelessly make the public our *confidante*. There is a *passionate purity* in all her feelings that endears to me both her human and her poetical character. She is a true enthusiast. Her affections overflow the imagery her fancy lavishes on all the subjects of her song, and colour it all with a rich and tender light which makes even confusion beautiful, gives a glowing charm even to indistinct conception, when the thoughts themselves are full formed and substantiated, which they often are, brings them promiscuously out upon the eye of the soul in flashes that startle us into sudden admiration. The originality of her genius, methinks, is conspicuous in the choice of its subjects—they are unborrowed; and in her least successful poems—as wholes, there is no dearth of poetry. Her execution has not the consummate elegance and grace of Felicia Hemans; but she is very young, and becomes every year she lives more mistress of her art, and has chiefly to learn how to use her treasures, which, profuse as she has been, are in abundant store; and, in good truth, the fair and happy being has a fertile imagination—the soul of her soul, if allowed to lie fallow for one sunny summer, would, I predict, yield a still richer and more glorious harvest. I love Miss Landon—for in her genius does the work of duty, the union of the two is "beautiful exceedingly," and virtue in its own reward; far beyond the highest meed of praise ever bestowed by critic—though round her fair forehead is already wreathed the immortal laurel.

"TICKLER.—Her novel is brilliant.

"NORTH.—Throughout.

"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

There was a critical observation in the "Athenæum" on the appearance of "Ethel Churchill," which should be added here:—

"We find in the prose writings of Miss Landon the same warmth of feeling as in her verse. The language only is changed; the genius that prompts it is the same. But the qualities that have established her fame as a poetess occasionally interfere with the full development of her powers as a writer of novels. In all, we admit there are fine and noble thoughts beautifully expressed; her personages think wisely, tenderly, or romantically, as suits her purpose; they speak eloquently and wittily, but they seldom *act*. Her novels, in fact, are more records of feelings than narratives of events. Instead of giving her full attention to working out a character, or unravelling an artfully involved plot, she pours forth from the fulness of her own heart a profusion of deep and eloquent reflections, which, though excellent in themselves, do not assist in the progress of the story. But readers must be more critical than we are disposed to be if they find much fault with a habit from which they derive so much pleasure. These episodes are indeed the characteristics of Miss Landon's style; and we confess we would not change them for an improvement in the mere machinery of a novel."

The author of an article on the Female Novelists in the "Edinburgh Review," discussed L. E. L.'s pretensions to a distinguished place amongst them, in a spirit of liberal appreciation. Conscientiousness of judgment, accompanied by brilliancy of expression, gave value to this critic's praise; his objections were not prejudice, nor his acknowledgments flattery. There could be no risk in grounding upon the opinion of such writers, the assertion, that L. E. L.'s place in modern literature would have been no unelevated one had she never written a single poem.

In "Fraser's Magazine" for January, 1840, appeared the following comments on her genius, her character, and her fate:—

"She had herself predicted, though speaking in the character of another,—

'Where my father's bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie;
* * * * * * *
Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave,
Where the shout and shriek are blending,
Where the tempest meets the waves;
Or perhaps a fate more lonely,
In some drear and distant ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse and sullen guard.'
* * * * * * *

"In her poems there are unquestioned indications of genius, and sometimes the indication is fulfilled by her execution. She had a deep and sweet feeling of affection, and a fine eye for the more ornamental and picturesque beauties of the external world, which she frequently expressed in harmonious verse, suggested by copious reading of various literature, and regulated by a musical and practised ear. With the young she was always a favourite; other ladies—for by ladies it must be done if at all—may, but hardly soon, supplant her in that favour. May their career be less burthened by wearisome exertion, their close less sorrowful than here! At the period of her death she was rapidly rising in all that could gratify a lady and an authoress—in general estimation, in public honour, in increasing respect—as well as in the more matured development of her genius, made evident in her prose compositions. 'Ethel Churchill' in, indeed, a work of beauty and talent, for which it would be hard to find a parallel in the history of female authorship. And then, when the prospect of her taking a place in her land's language was within her sight—*then* she died. The promise of her life was unfulfilled:—

'Life is made up of miserable hours;
And all of which we crave a brief possessing,
For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing,
We might have been.

'The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs entrusted to its keeping.
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
We might have been.'

"Who wrote those lines? Miss Landon! What *she* might have been, is now idle to conjecture; but, apart from her literary abilities and her literary industry, she was, in every domestic relation of life, honourable, generous, dutiful, self-denying; zealous, disinterested, and uniting in her friendships; and, as an ornament of society, what Miss Jewsbury called her—'a gay and gifted thing.'"

The able writer, whose speculations on her death have been already adverted to and quoted, eloquently bore witness to the noble generosity of her nature as indicated in her works:—

"The loss of a writer, and that writer a woman whose career had commenced so brilliantly and promised so much, had her life been spared and her circumstances propitious, of fame for herself and enjoyment to others, is properly regarded as a public loss. Her works indicated a noble and generous nature, an organisation of passionate sensibility, and a correctness and keenness of observation rarely combined with those qualities in early life. And if that lustre was not wholly unobscured by occasional conventionalism, by a luxuriant verbiage, and by a facetious melancholy, still there was reason to hope that the poetical genius which was in her would, as its strength became matured, have scattered the mists and shone forth in its natural splendour. That hope is suddenly blighted. 'A star has left the kindling sky,' (to borrow from the beautiful song that was one of her latest compositions, and is so full of seeming presentiments or analogies of her own fate;) and

'The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore.'

She sleeps in the barren sands of Africa, and the mournful music of the billows to which she listened in her solitary sea-girt dwelling, is now the dirge that resounds over her distant grave."

What remains of our task is of a less doubtful and less melancholy character. It is simply to introduce to public notice her latest writings; the dramatic work (her only one) which she completed just previous to her departure from England, and the essays on the female characters of Scott, which were the interesting and appropriate subjects of her last literary speculations when in Africa.

The reader, as he peruses those glowing records of a woman's thoughts and feelings in relation to some of the most beautiful pictures of passion, sentiment, and character in her sex that genius has bequeathed to us, will not find his emotions less pleasurable from this reflection—how many anxious and troubled hours may these, her last compositions, have lightened? How much pain, whether of sickness, or of watching over sickness, may they have helped to dissipate! How much of solitude may they have peopled with familiar and delightful images! What associations of old friends and of the old home may they have awakened! of youthful hours deliciously spent over the pages she was illustrating—of early desires to see some bright creations of her own also, entwined with her land's language—of hopes already not unfulfilled, and of a future that was to give reality to her fondest dreams!

These are reflections that will occur at least to some readers, and hence, perhaps, a pleasant and grateful conclusion that the mind which could so exert itself—so turn in a new position to its old pursuits—so employ its best and happiest energies with such vivid and successful results, must have been nobly sustained and fortified even to the very last.

It has been the fashion, as we have seen, to judge of the tone of L. E. L.'s ordinary feelings

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by the tone of her more earnest writings—to decide that when her poetry presented but a succession of sombre and desolate images, her heart was world-weary and her life miserable—to argue from her intellectual to her moral tendencies, and to assume that those subjects of uncontrollable fate, early and withering disappointment, premature but welcome death, to which her imagination reverted, were but pictures drawn from her experience of life, and prefigurings of her hopeless and inevitable future. Let this rule be applied at least consistently: we should rather say, let her fur once be judged not unjustly by this principle. If evidence of the healthy, the animated, the cheerful flow of her thoughts and feelings in her last days, may be drawn from her writings—in the subjects upon which she was employed, and in her sparkling and picturesque style of treating them—that evidence will be found in her criticisms and reflections on the female characters of the illustrious novelist. The new novel upon which she was herself engaged, the first volume being finished in Africa, affords evidence to the same effect, and equally strong; it is the opening of a story of modern life and manners, comic and satirical in its spirit; but too dependent for its effect upon the consecutiveness of its scenes, and the shadowy contrasts of its family likenesses, to admit of its set of sketches being separated with success.

From the morning of her marriage to the morning of her death, she was too incessantly occupied by necessary duties and habits of literary exercise, in which she never relaxed, to sit down, even for an instant, under the shadow of desponding thoughts. Brief, however, was the interval between: it was the breathless moment betwixt "the flash and thunder." As she stood at the altar in her bridal garments, beloved friends surrounding her, with her brother presiding at those rites whose very solemnity is half joy, even then, to borrow a fine image of her own from "Castruccio,"

"—— her shadow fell upon her grave,
She stood so near to it."

But, short and hurried as the time was, she neglected no duty, shrank from no call upon her intrepidity and watchfulness, forfeited no particle of claim to our admiration and regard: this, above all the rest, is certain and consolatory. A "ministering angel" amidst her husband's sickness; enduring, almost uncomplaining, under her own; self-denying and absorbed in care for others; thus, herself to the last, consistently ended the life of L. E. L.

A monument to her memory will ere long be erected in this country; probably in that church at Brompton which for years she attended, near which she through life resided, and in whose burial place the "first grave" was beautifully commemorated by her pen. For herself, whose ashes should have rested beneath such a tribute to her genius and virtues—"She sleeps in the barren sands of Africa, and the mournful music of the billows, to which she listened in her solitary sea-girt dwelling, is now the dirge that resounds over her distant grave."

THE END.

The Ancient Regime.

A TALE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE GIPSY," "THE HORSE," "THE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

PREFACE.

An apology is due to the public for the employment in the very title of this book of a word taken from a foreign language. Although the term "*regime*" has been commonly used in England in the sense which is here given to it, I certainly should not have retained it had I been able to discover any purely English expression to signify that state of society and government which existed in France immediately before the first revolution. There are doubtless many other faults in these volumes which equally require excuse, and I can only trust that upon all these points the public will extend to me the same lenity which it has hitherto evinced.

In the following tale I have deviated in some degree from the usual plan of my romances, and have undertaken a somewhat difficult task, though that task is one which I had long contemplated before I began the execution, and for which I had arranged the plot and characters with the hope of producing a certain moral effect upon the minds of my fellow men, at the same time that I afforded them amusement for an idle hour.

A subject of no slight interest was to be found in the education of a girl from infancy to womanhood by a man unconnected with her by blood, together with the results to both; but, at the same time, to treat it properly was not an easy undertaking. In attempting it, I have striven to depict the fine shades of character and emotion rather than the broader contrasts, the scenic light and shade, and the somewhat melo-dramatic effects, for which there is a great fondness in the present day. But I believe the public can appreciate and like two styles of composition very different from each other; and that, while tales of strongly-excited passion, of crime and sorrow, may occupy its attention at one moment, it will not fail to turn to quieter paintings of the human heart if the pictures are executed with fidelity and vigour. Whether I have in any degree succeeded in doing so in the following pages, the reader must judge; but I trust, at all events, he will find that the story in which the various characters are brought forward may afford sufficient interest to carry him not unwillingly through the work.

In the character of Annette de St. Morin, I have had the peculiar difficulties to contend with which every man must encounter when he endeavours to depict the many fine gradations of thought and feeling produced in a woman's bosom by the different events of her life; and, certainly, the circumstances in which I have placed her have not made the task more easy. Nevertheless, I trust the picture is a true one, and I believe it to be so. The rule which I have gone by in painting this character is, to have all the observations that I have made through life upon the nature and conduct of woman present to my mind, like colours ready on a palette; and I have never asked myself what would be my own sensations in any particular circumstance alluded to, but what would be the feelings of a woman, of such a woman, and of one so educated. Whether I have divined right, or whether I have made a mistake, women alone can judge.

In the character of the abbé, Count de Castelneau, I had scarcely less matter for reflection; and although I know I might have placed him, as a consequence of his own acts, in much more striking and dramatic situations, I have deliberately refrained from doing so, satisfied that there was a sufficient portion of adventure in the book to make it interesting to the mere lover of story, and seeking to avoid anything the least meretricious and unreal in the portraiture of characters drawn with a higher view.

The rest of the personages I believe to be human beings, without more of evil or more of good than is to be found in a very great number of our fellow creatures. Many of the traits in the Baron de Cajare are not only natural, but recorded matters of fact; and those that are so comprise every point that is at all out of the ordinary run of events.

For various reasons, with which I will not trouble the reader at present, I judged it impracticable to remove the period of the story into any other reign than that of Louis XV., although the insane debaucheries of his latter years rendered that monarch's court the last which one would willingly depict. I trust, however, that in those passages where the scene is laid in Paris or Versailles, nothing will be found which can offend the most delicate mind; and I am certain that not a word can be discovered which has a tendency directly or indirectly to encourage vice, or which has for its object anything but the promotion of that high and holy philosophy which came from God, and leads man to him.

That the work may please you, reader, is my sincere wish; but if it should benefit you also, if there should be one sentence in it, or one passage, which may elevate your views, or purify your purposes, or withdraw you from an error, or lead you to a virtue, I have done all that I could hope, and have more than my reward.

THE AUTHOR.

The Shrubbery, Walmer, June, 1841.

CHAPTER I.

In a low roofed room, on the seventh story of a house in one of the back streets of the city of Paris, and in the year 17—, sat a man habited as an artisan, and bearing in his whole appearance the signs and tokens of a person in the lowest ranks of life. His dress was soiled and dirty, his face and hands not very clean, his sleeves were tucked up nearly to the elbows, and a large leathern apron, which once had been white, hung from his neck and was girded round his middle. In form he was a powerful man, with broad shoulders, a deep chest, and a sinewy arm; and his countenance was fine, though not exactly handsome, with a frank and free, yet thoughtful, expression, a fine open brow, with a look of shrewd good sense and some careless humour. In height he stood well nigh six feet, and in age might have seen about seven or eight-and-twenty years.

In the centre of the room, which was large, though, as we have said, low in the roof, was a table covered with various implements used by the man in pursuit of his trade. There were two lamps, one of which was of a very peculiar form, standing together in the centre of a sort of tray; and beside them lay a multitude of pincers, of all sorts and sizes, several small files, numerous

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little coils of gold and silver wire, one or two small crucibles and ladles, a watch glass half full of fine oil, and a blowpipe. All these signs and circumstances, to the eye of the initiated, would have revealed at once that the man was a filagree worker; a trade then much followed in the French capital, though it was the jewellers and great goldsmiths who swallowed up the principal part of the profits, leaving little but a bare subsistence and all the labour to those who produced the various beautiful little ornaments which decorated the toilet table of every fine lady in those days.

The man, at the moment the reader entered his room, was occupied in the pursuit of his calling. From a soiled sheet of paper before him, covered all over with tracings of the most beautiful arabesques that it was possible to conceive, he was imitating, with the greatest nicety and delicacy, in silver, a small basket, representing the cup of a lotus. Now he plied with the utmost rapidity a small pair of pinceers; now he used the file to remove any little irregularity; now, by the use of the blowpipe, he fixed the numerous threads and filaments together, at places where the juncture could scarcely be perceived. Then, when he had done a certain portion, he paused, looked at it, and seemed to admire his own work.

At length, as the filigree worker was thus proceeding, a slight noise from the other side of the room were rustle, as it were—caught the quick ear of the Parisian artisan, and, starting up from his stool, he laid down the pincers and the little basket, and, moving with a quiet step across the room, peeped into a cradle which stood within a few feet of the fireplace.

There lay as beautiful an infant as ever was seen: a little girl, fine, healthy, rosy, seeming to set at defiance all those sad ills of poverty by which she was evidently surrounded. She had woke up from sleep, and when she saw the well-known face above her, she smiled gladly and moved her little arms. The artisan gazed upon her for a moment thoughtfully, then shook his head with somewhat of a sigh, saying, "I must not take thee up, for I have nothing to give thee. Sleep, sleep, my baby, for I must work for food;" and, rocking the cradle gently with his hand, he endeavoured to lull the child into slumber again by singing to her one of the many little lullabies which were then, and still are, common in France. He had just succeeded, and was still going on for a little, to make the conquest of the drowsy god secure, when the door opened, and a good-looking woman about his own age entered, and approached him quietly. There was some degree of sorrow and some degree of timidity in her look; and, indeed, her face was like that of one who brings tidings that will certainly grieve, and may perhaps offend; and yet the good artisan did not seem of a disposition likely to be offended easily, or to be approached with fear—at least by a woman.

"Well, Margiette," he said, in a low voice, "would he give you the money!"

"Not a sou," replied the woman, in a sad tone: "he said that he had never in his life paid a farthing for any work before it was done, and never would."

The man bit his lip, and his brow grew dark for a moment. "Well, well," he said, with a smile, and a sigh the next moment, "the man's not wrong, after all."

"He said something, too," said the woman, "about your not having finished the last vinaigrette which he bought of you at the time you promised it."

"How could I!" exclaimed the man, sharply. "Did I not burn my hand? and could I do fine work with my hand all swelled!"

"But he saw you at the fair at Charenton," said the woman.

"To be sure," answered her husband, with a laugh. "I didn't talk with my hands, so I could go to Charenton though I could not work. But you watch the child, Margiette! I must sit up and work all night, and all day to-morrow. I can get the basket finished before seven to-morrow. It is only for the child I ease: what can be done for it! Hark ye, Margiette: take that lamp I am not using to the *revendeuse*, and see what she will give you for it; the poor babe must have something to eat, and you, too, my Margiette: I can do very well without."

The woman had still continued to gaze in his face with a timid look, as if she had something to say which she was half afraid of uttering, but she now answered, "I have got something for the child, Pierre, here in my basket."

"How, how!" demanded the man, somewhat sharply. "How did you get it?"

"Nay, do not be angry; it would not have taken it, Pierre, but for the child. There were three gentlemen in Monsieur Fiteau's shop changing some gold and buying some lace; and one of them, an abbe, seeing me well nigh inclined to weep, Fiteau refused me the money, began to ask me questions; and I told him that I should not care about the matter, for that my husband could soon get the work done, but that there was a child, and a child's hunger would not wait. Upon which he offered me some money. I would only take half a livre, for I thought you would be angry; but, as I came along, I bought this little loaf and some milk for the child; and now," she added, "here are five sous more: if you will let me, I will go and buy something for your supper."

"No," said her husband, "no: you did very right, good wife, to take the money for the child, but I cannot eat the bread of charity while I can work. Make something for the little one and for yourself: I can do very well without till to-morrow."

The woman declared that she would not taste anything if he did not; and, as usual, by persevering she gained her point. They divided the bread into three portions, reserved one, together with the milk, against the child's waking, and each took another. The woman ate hers with calm and quiet resignation; but the man swallowed two or three mouthfuls with difficulty, and then, putting down the crust upon the table, burst into tears, exclaiming, "This is the first time I have eaten the bread of charity! Oh, may it be the last!"

Almost as he spoke there was a knock at the chamber door, a hand laid upon the latch thereof, and a stranger entered the room. He was dressed in the habit of an abbe, which was in some degree clerical, and distinguished from the rest of the world those persons who had taken what are called the first vows, which in fact bound them to nothing. Those vows were continually renounced at pleasure; and even while they remained in force they did not restrain the person who had taken them from mingling with the full current of worldly things, enjoying all the pleasures, and but too often sharing in all the vices, of society. Abbes were prevented, indeed, from marrying till they had formally cast off those vows; but this restriction was of course only an occasion for additional licentiousness, so that it became a common saying in regard to any one who had a numerous family, "He has as many children as an abbe."

The person who entered might be five or six-and-thirty, and was a fine, powerful man, though the countenance was somewhat pale and sallow, and the lips were more near together, though fine; while a curl about the lip denoted that there was some bitterness of spirit within, either from disappointment or a turn of mind naturally sarcastic.

There is, perhaps, as much of what we may call expression in a man's carriage, and particularly in his walk, as there is in his countenance; and the step of the abbe was very peculiar. It was slow and noiseless, but firm and fixed. Though his shoulders were not round, his head bent a little forward, and his full dark eyes, when resting on any object, remained half open, without the slightest wandering or movement. Though keen in themselves, no motion betrayed the secrets of the heart: they seemed full of inquiry, but answered nothing.

I mean not by any means to say that his countenance was without expression, for it had much peculiar character of its own; though the expression varied only according to his will, and not according to his emotions. On the present occasion, his lip bore a benign and chastened smile; and though he entered with his broad-brimmed hat on his head, he removed it immediately as he advanced towards the table. The filigree-worker and his wife rose; and the woman dropped a low courtesy, while her husband fixed his eyes with an inquiring and even somewhat stern glance upon the stranger, and then suddenly turned and looked for a moment upwards the dying embers of their small fire, till he had wiped away all traces of the late emotion from his face.

"I have been inquiring into your situation, my good lady, since I saw you," said the abbe, "and, from the account which even that hard-hearted old usurer Fiteau gives of you and your husband, I have become interested in you, and wish to know if I can serve you."

The woman hesitated, and Pierre himself turned and remained silent for a single minute, gazing on the stranger with a curious and somewhat doubtful smile. At length he answered, "We have much to thank you for already, sir, and it is an easy thing to serve people so poor as we are."

"Not always," answered the abbe, without a change of countenance: "each person in this world has his particular views, and I already know that you have yours."

"How so, sir!" said the man, again gazing on him eagerly: "have I ever seen you before?"

"Not that I know of, my good friend," replied the abbe, with a smile; "but your question is easily answered. There are about ten men in Paris under the king, who, if I had offered them half a dozen livres, would have refused to take them. Now, some twenty minutes ago, I offered your wife five livres, when I saw she was in distress, a handful of the change I had just received. She contented herself with half a livre, and when I urged her to take more, said that her husband would be angry if she did. Now have I not reason to say that you have your own peculiar views? But, to put all such things aside, tell me if I can serve you, and how."

"Only, sir, I believe, by ordering some of these trinkets from me," replied the man, in a

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tone considerably softened; and he pointed to the basket he was working.

The abbe took it up and examined it. "It is very beautiful," he said: "come, I will buy this of you, and pay for it now, though I, alas!" he added, "have neither wife nor children to please with such gauds. What is the price of it?"

"Nay, sir, I cannot sell you that," replied the man: "it is promised to Monsieur Fiteau; but I can soon work you another exactly like it."

"You can work him another," replied the abbe, somewhat sharply. "Why should I wait, who am willing to befriend you, and he not, who will do nothing for you?"

"Because I have promised it to him, sir," replied the man, simply, "and I cannot break my word."

"You are right," answered the abbe: "I applaud your honesty, and you shall work me another. What may the price be, my good friend?"

"Nay, sir, I hardly know," replied the filigree-worker. "Monsieur Fiteau pays me five livres for my labour, and finds the silver; but what he charges I cannot tell."

The stranger took up the basket and examined it with a thoughtful air, murmuring as if to himself, "The usurer! What may the silver be worth?"

"Some six or seven livres when spun into wire," replied the man.

"And he gives you five," rejoined the abbe, "taking forty for himself. Out upon it! Here, my friend, here are ten livres to begin with: when you bring me the basket done, I will give you twenty more, and then I shall have the trinket at about one half of the price which this man Fiteau would charge me for it."

The filigree-worker suffered the abbe to put the money down upon the table without taking it up. He looked at it some what wistfully, indeed, and then said, "I should not wish for anything beforehand but for the sake of the child. We have a hard matter to support ourselves, sir, and, to say the truth, the poor babe is sometimes sadly pinched. I feared this night that I should be obliged to sell some of my tools, or let the poor babe want till to-morrow night."

"Ay, so your wife told me," replied the abbe, "and it was about that I came hither. Do you love the child very much?"

The man gazed at him with an inquiring look for a moment ere he replied; but he said at length, "We do love the child much, sir! Can you doubt it?"

"Well, then," rejoined the abbe, "what I have to propose will give you pleasure. I want some object to fix my affections upon in this world. I have many rich benefices, and but few objects of thought or care. You shall give me your child to educate. I will adopt it as my own, and lead it forward into wealth and high station. What say you: will you consent?"

"Will you give us some time to consider of it?" said the man, bluntly.

"How long would you have?" demanded the abbe.

The filigree-worker thought for a moment, and then required four days, to which the stranger consented; and, after speaking with them for some time longer upon their circumstances and situation, the abbe gave them his address and left them.

The filigree-worker continued to labour at the basket during the whole night; but, though he had made considerable progress before the next morning, the trinket was not yet completed when the daylight began to peep in at the high window. As soon as day did appear, however, Pierre rose from his labour, washed his face and hands clean, cast away his working apron and jacket, and put on his holiday coat. He then took five out of the ten livres which the abbe had given him; woke his wife, who had gone to bed, with a kiss; and, telling her that he was about to set out, but would be back certainly at the end of the three days, he descended the long narrow staircase of the house, and issued forth into the street.

The artisan plodded onward with a quick step and a resolute face through the gates of Paris and the suburbs, past St. Denis, Ecouen, and Luzarches, till he reached Chantilly, towards the hour of four in the afternoon. It was a long walk: the road was dusty, and the filigree-worker paused for an hour to get some food and to rest himself; but at the end of that time he recommenced his journey, proceeding by Creil till he came to the pleasant village of Cauffry under Liancourt, where he stopped for the night. Early in the following morning he went on again, through the rich and beautiful country which surrounds Clermont, amid hills and valleys, and brooks and fields, till he reached that pretty town, which he seemed to know well, for he stopped to speak to two or three acquaintances. From more than one he seemed to hear news that grieved him, for his countenance grew sad; and he quickened his pace as he quitted the town, hastening onward by Fitzjames and Argenieu, where he turned from the high road, and, following the course of the Arre, bent his steps towards the small village and chateau of Argencerre. When he was within about half a mile, however, of the village church, he thought he heard some mournful sounds coming up from the valley, and, hurrying on towards the side of the hill, he saw winding away from the chateau towards the church the long line of a funeral. Pierre gazed forward for a moment or two with his hands clasped together; then sitting down upon the bank, he covered his eyes and wept. Whatever was the cause of his emotion, the object of his journey seemed to be accomplished; for, without proceeding any farther, he turned back upon his path, and made the best of his way to Paris.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of the fourth day after that which closed with the visit of the abbe to the high chamber of the filigree-worker; and Pierre Morin, with his good wife Margiette, stood together in the middle of the same chamber, the wife holding in her arms the beautiful child we have mentioned, while the husband was performing what appeared to be a very barbarous operation. With one of the small sharp-pointed knives which he employed in his art, the man was tracing two or three small fine lines on the baby's arm, very high up, so as generally to be covered by the clothes in which she was dressed. The child did not cry or give any sign of pain, but smiled in the man's face, although the next moment the lines which he had drawn, and which were at first colourless, took the form of a Maltese cross, and became distinctly marked by a small portion of blood oozing through each. As soon as the artisan saw this appearance, he took up a box filled with a black powder, and rubbed it upon the spot. The application seemed to make the wound smart, for the little girl now began to cry; but was soon pacified again, the man kissing her affectionately, and saying, "It is for thine own good, *petite*. Come, wife," he continued, "cover that over, and let us take her away. Bless thy sweet eyes, child!" it may be long ere I see them again."

The wife took the child in her arms, the man put on his hat, and away they went together, threading the long and crowded streets till they came into a more airy and pleasant neighbourhood, where, passing along one of the broad quays, they crossed the river by a bridge, and approached the palace of the Luxembourg. In one of the best streets of that quarter, they stopped before a fine tall house, the door of which, however, was open, exposing to view the stone staircase within, which was then, as is but too common in the French capital even now, covered with filth of the most disgusting description. Standing in the doorway was a man who might be a tradesman, or who might be the intendant of some gentleman; and Pierre Morin, with a low bow and humble tone, asked if the Abbe de Castelneau lived there.

The man drew a little on one side, as if to let them pass, replying, "*Au second*," which may be translated, "Up two pair."

He said no more, and with the same taciturnity Pierre Morin and Margiette began to climb the long and dirty staircase which led to the apartment of the Abbe de Castelneau. It at once became evident to the filigree-worker and his wife that the abbe was in what was and is called "*chambres garnies*," or furnished apartments. Now such was a state of life which, in that day, except under particular circumstances, implied a much less degree of respectability than that which was termed being *dans ses meubles*, or in a house of one's own; for it generally happened, with all people of station in the city, that they either had their own hotel, their own apartments and furniture, or apartments lent to them by some of their wealthier relations, who resided in those large mansions which all the principal nobility then maintained in Paris. Another thing, also, was remarkable, which was, that a person of the appearance and seeming wealth of the Abbe de Castelneau should choose that quarter of the city; for, although the houses in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg were far better than in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, fashion said that the latter were to be preferred; and, therefore, two rooms and an ante-chamber in the Rue St. Honoré cost double the sum of a mansion near the Luxembourg.

Nevertheless, Pierre Morin and his wife, although the good artisan was aware of all these particulars, marched steadily up the stairs, and, stopping at a door on the second floor, knocked boldly for admission. A lackey in a gray livery let them in, and with scarcely a word of inquiry conducted them to the presence of his master,

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who was seated, as was the custom in those days, in his bedchamber. When they entered the room, the abbe raised his calm quiet eyes towards them, without the slightest expression either of pleasure or surprise.

"Well, my friend," he said, "I learn your determination from seeing the child; but you should have given me notice. I am not quite prepared."

He advanced as he spoke, and caressed the little girl, who seemed in no degree dismayed by the face of the stranger; but, on the contrary, laughed with infant glee at the sight of his dazzling white teeth, which were displayed somewhat more than usual as he played with the young being before him; and at length, when he took her in his arms, though he held her with no very dexterous hand, she showed no sign of fear, but looked happy and contented. The abbe smiled with a brighter expression of countenance than usual, saying at the same time, "Perhaps it may be so!"

What he meant neither Pierre Morin nor his wife understood; but there was much shrewd common sense in the breast of the artisan; and, after suffering the abbe to amuse himself with the child for a minute, he said, "We have brought her here, sir, at your request, and though we may grieve to part with her, we will leave her to your care upon one condition."

"Ha!" said the abbe, "a condition! What may that be?"

"Only this, sir," answered Pierre Morin, "that you shall promise me in writing to breed her up well and honourably, and to give her a marriage-portion according to the state in which you place her."

The abbe smiled with one of his cold calm looks, and replied, "You are a philosopher, my friend; but what you ask is right and just, and I will content you. Can you write?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied the man: "I, who live in the garret, can write better than some that live lower."

"Well, then," answered the abbe, "go to that table, and put down exactly what you wish me to promise, while I talk to your wife about what is needful for the child herself."

The artisan did as he was bid; and the abbe made many an inquiry of good Margiette, which showed that he had thought much on all the points connected with the new task he was about to undertake. The clothing, the food, the habits of the child were all investigated; and after speaking for some time to the artisan's wife, he called to his servant, and bade him seek a person whom he called Donnine.

By the time he had given this order, the filigree-worker had completed his task, and the abbe read the paper he had drawn up with a smile. "That will scarcely do," he said, "but I will put it in other language;" and he then wrote down, "I, Ferdinand de Castelneau, acknowledge having received from the hands of Pierre Morin his daughter ——, for the purpose of educating her as I would my own child; and I promise him hereby to give her as honourable and good an education, and as ample a dowry when she marries, as if she were in reality and truth my own daughter. What is her name?" demanded the abbe, when he had concluded writing.

"Annette, sir," replied the artisan, "Annette; her name is Annette."

The abbe then filled up the blank which had been left in the paper, and handed it to Pierre Morin, asking if it met his views. The artisan read it carefully, and expressed himself satisfied; but added, "You will let us see her sometimes, sir?"

"I will never refuse you when you apply," replied the abbe; "but, of course your applications will not be too often. Your regard for her will best show itself both in suffering me to think of her as if she were my own child, and in allowing her to think of me as if I were her father."

As he spoke, the servant in gray entered the room again, bringing with him an extremely neat and respectable-looking woman, apparently somewhat past her fiftieth year. The abbe held up his finger to Pierre Morin, and made a similar sign to his wife, saying, "Not a word! This is the child I spoke of, Donnine. Take her from this good woman: you are hereafter her *bonne*. Show her all kindness, and try to make her happy."

"Oh, that I will, right soon," replied the good woman, who was a gay little withered Picard. "I will make her happy enough. Come to me, my darling!"

Thus saying, she took the little girl from the arms of poor Margiette, who kissed the child again and again, and could not refrain from a natural tear or two. The abbe then signed the paper he had written and gave it to the artisan, whom he beckoned into the antechamber with his wife, and then offered them some money. The man put it away, however, with the back of his hand, saying, in a tone of indignation, "I do not sell the child, sir!" He then walked towards the door, paused for a moment, called to his wife to come—for she had lingered to say a word or two more—and then left the abbe with his new charge.

CHAPTER III.

The scene which we have just contemplated took place on Monday, the 20th of March, in the year we have mentioned. As soon as the filigree-worker and his wife had left the apartment, the Abbe de Castelneau returned to the room in which he had left the child with the good woman Donnine. They both gazed into the face of the child for a moment or two in silence, and then the abbe inquired, "What think you, Donnine?"

"I do not know what to think, my son," replied the good nurse; "but I am sure whatever you do is right." However, lest there should arise any doubt in the reader's mind as to who Donnine was, from the fact of her calling the abbe "my son," we shall proceed to explain a little more of her history.

In her very early youth Donnine had been *soubrette* of the Abbe de Castelneau's mother, and was really a good and excellent girl. The lady, not long after her marriage into the family of Castelneau, had promoted a union between her pretty attendant Donnine and the old *sommelier*, or butler, of her husband's elder brother, the Count de Castelneau. The butler unadvisedly left the family of his master, in the hope of making a fortune in the good city of Paris. Those were the days of the regency and of mad speculations. The poor butler, with his little wealth, got entangled with the financiers and gamblers of the capital, ruined himself and his family, and, to avoid misery in one world, flew to meet the judgment of another. Poor Donnine, left pennyless, and with a prospect of soon having another to support as well as herself, sought out her former mistress in the South, and was treated by Madame de Castelneau with very great kindness, that lady being then, like herself, on the very eve of childbirth. The infant to which Donnine gave birth expired within a few hours after its eyes had first opened upon the light of this world, while the son which was born to her mistress proved strong and healthy; and Donnine once more entered the family in which she had been first received as a servant, returning to it in the humbler, though more important, post of a wet-nurse. Thus the Abbe de Castelneau was, in fact, her foster-son; and, whatever might be his faults or errors—and they were, alas! very many—to her he had always shown undeviating kindness, and in good fortune or evil fortune—for very many vicissitudes had befallen him—he had always remained Donnine in his household, and had always attended to her wants and wishes.

She, too, on her part, combined, in her regard for her foster-child, all the affection of a mother, and the admiration of an attached dependent. She was by no means without good sense, quickness, and activity of thought. On all ordinary occasions she could judge of right and wrong as acutely as any one; but the moment the Abbe de Castelneau was interested, a sort of fog seemed to fall over her eyes, which prevented her viewing objects in their natural light, and everything that he did seemed to be excellent, admirable, and just.

The child soon began to find that she was in the hands of strangers, and that those she loved had left her. A few tears were shed, but she was speedily soothed; and being of a gay, sweet disposition, with full health, and with no corporeal irritation, the drops were ere long dried again, and, laid upon the floor, she amused herself for nearly an hour by clutching at a cross and rosary which the abbe placed just beyond her reach. It was a curious sight to see the beautiful child thus engaged, and displaying a thousand infant graces in her efforts to reach the object before her, and the calm, thoughtful man, with his full grave eyes, watching her with a look of interest such as he seldom displayed, and every now and then bursting into unwonted laughter, as he drew the rosary a little farther away, just at the moment she was about to seize it.

During all this time the child and the abbe were left alone together; for, after a brief consultation between him and Donnine, the nurse had gone forth to seek other and better clothing for the child, that which had been brought by the filigree-worker's wife being somewhat scanty in quantity and very anomalous indeed in quality. Some of the articles of her dress were as coarse as it was possible to see; but it is to be remarked that these were chiefly the outward garments, for the inner ones were fine and costly.

We must follow the good woman, however, to the place where such objects as she then wanted were to be found more readily than anywhere else in the French capital. Strange as it may seem, this was at the place of public execution in the city of Paris, called the Place de Greve; but it must be remarked that no legal slaughter was permitted to take place there on Monday; and on that day was held, every week, a general sort of fair, called the Foire du Saint Esprit, where every article of clothing—in general second-hand, but sometimes also new—was to be found spread out for purchase, in the very

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spot where the bloody arm of the law at other times exercised its power. I cannot better describe this curious scene than in the words of an author who lived in those very days, and who, speaking of this place, says, "There the wives of the lesser shopkeepers, and other very economical women, go to buy their caps, gowns, cassocks, and even shoes, ready made. There, too, the informers look out for the pickpockets and the inferior sorts of thieves, who come thither to sell the handkerchiefs, napkins, and other things they have stolen. These men are there apprehended, as well as those who come to that place itself with similar views of plunder; for it would seem that even that spot (the Place de Grève) is not capable of inspiring them with any very prudent reflections. One would imagine that this fair was the feminine stripping of a whole province, or the pillage of a nation of Amazons. Petticoats, bustles, dressing-gowns, are scattered about in piles, from which one may choose at leisure; and here the robe of a president's wife is bought by a procuress, and a *grisette* puts on the cap of a marchioness's waiting-woman. Here they absolutely dress themselves in public, and we shall soon see them changing their under garments in this place. The buyer neither knows nor cares whence come the stays for which she bargains; and the most innocent poor girl, even under her mother's eye, puts on those in which, on the preceding evening, danced the licentious woman of the opera. Everything seems purified by the sale, or by the inventory taken after death! As it is women who buy here and women who sell, the sharpness is pretty equal on both sides, and one hears afar the contention of eager and discordant voices. Viewed near, the scene is more curious still; for when women contemplate female decorations, there is something very peculiar to be seen in the physiognomy. In the evening all this mass of goods and chattels is carried away as if by enchantment, and there remains not a rag. But this inexhaustible magazine will reappear on Monday next without fail."

In the great republic of the *Foire du Saint Esprit* there were various grades and classes, some stalls much superior and more aristocratic than others, some who directed and some who followed their guidance, as was the case of the republic of ancient Rome, and will every other republic that ever was or ever will be; for, black and well-a-day, what is the senator but the peer? what consuls, dictators, presidents, but kings, only that, as poor Ophelia has it, they "wear their rue with a difference?" All things must have their grades; all lands must see some rule and others obey; all people divide themselves into those who follow and those who lead. It is but, in general, a difference of the duration of command; and whether it be that each individual holds his station by the mouth of the year, or the seventy years, or only for a day, as was the case in the Foire du Saint Esprit, matters but little, surely, when life itself is but an hour. It is wonderful what vast changes we make in names, while realities continue the same.

To return, however, from such digression, there were, as I have said, various classes among the booths, and an aristocracy even in the sellers of old clothes. It was to one of the most dignified, then, of the saleswomen, who, with a cap as white as snow, a gown of taffetas unsullied and not ruffled, and beautiful dimity pockets pendant on either side, that the good nurse Donnine addressed herself for the purchase of all the little articles of clothing which were required for the child Annette. There was much chaffering and bargaining; and the woman failed not to declare to her customer that not one of the articles which she sold her had ever been worn by any one. This thing had been made for the wife of a counsellor, whose child had been stillborn; that had been expressly ordered by the capricious Marquise of ——, who, when she saw it, changed her mind, and would not have it; the other had been destined for the child of the great banker, but had been found somewhat too small.

"And that beautiful gown of brocade," said Donnine, pointing to one which the saleswoman kept near her, as if she were afraid of its touching anything else, "what is the price of that?"

"Ah! my good woman," replied the other, shaking her head, "that's for no one but the mistress of a financier, or for one of our great actresses to perform the part of Esther or Judith in, I can warrant you. Why, I paid three louis and a half for that gown this morning. The *femme-de-chambre* told me that it was made for Mademoiselle D'Argencerre when she was going to be married to the young Count of Castlenesu, the old count's son, you know, and it has never been worn."

"Why, how did that fall out?" demanded Donnine.

"Why, the two fathers quarreled," said the other, "upon some old grudge; and the young count was sent away to join the army on the Rhine, and was killed but ten days after he arrived."

"Well, for all that," said Donnine, "I would not have sold my wedding gown if I had been the lady."

"Ay, but she took on and died," replied the sales-woman, "and the clothes then, of course, fell to her maid."

To this last speech Donnine made no reply; but gathering up what she had bought into a small bundle, she paid for the whole, and walked away, but did not proceed immediately to the house from which she had come. On the contrary, indeed, she turned her steps in a direction the most opposite, and, passing the Palais Royal, took her way through a street which has since changed its name more than once. It was then called the Rue de Bouteville; and about half way up was a large house, with a man dressed in somewhat of a military costume, but in clothes which denoted deep mourning, standing under the arch of the *porte cochere*. Over his shoulder he wore an immense broad belt, which was fringed with black, and in it hung a peculiar sort of sword, only worn by that class of people who acted the part of porters at the doors of gentlemen's houses in Paris, and were known by the name of Swiss, let them come from what country they would. In his hand the person we have mentioned—who was a portly man, with large limbs and rounded stomach—bore a tall ebony staff of great thickness, and with a gilded globe at the top, which now, however, was covered with black crape. As he saw Donnine approach, his face relaxed, from its solemnity into a half smile, and he pulled off his cocked hat with great politeness.

"Ah! monsieur," said Donnine, pausing for a moment near the door, "I have heard the sad news! So mademoiselle is dead, poor thing!"

"Alas! yes, madam," replied the Swiss, in a tone of lamentation. "She was a sweet young lady. We buried her yesterday morning, poor thing! and a fine sight it was to see. We came away directly after the funeral, for my lord and my other young lady could not bear the chateau afterward. But here come some of the servants, and I must not be seen speaking to any of your family, you know, however I may personally regret that such disunion should prevail."

With this solemn and courteous sentence, the porter drew himself somewhat back; and Donnine, making him a courtesy, which he returned by a profound bow, proceeded on her way, and took the first turning that led towards the Luxembourg.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return for a short space of time to our filigree-worker; and though we do not trace, step by step, the progress of Pierre Morin through the course of the day which commenced by his visit to the Abbe de Castlenesu, we may say that to him it was a day of bustle and anxiety, that he was absent from his home during the greater part of the morning, and that, consequently, he had scarcely any time to labour on the basket, in constructing which we have seen him interrupted in the first chapter of this work. At night he resumed his labours; but, as may be well supposed, all the fatigue he had undergone during that day and those which preceded it, rendered repose absolutely necessary. He grew dull and heavy; the fine working of the silver required attention and care; and, after making several vain efforts to overcome the sleepiness that had fallen upon him, he abandoned the task and went to bed.

On the following morning early, the filigree-worker proceeded with quick steps to the house of the Abbé de Castelneau. Every thing externally bore the same appearance as the day before. The door at the bottom of the stairs was open; and without stopping to make any inquiries at a small glass-covered apartment shaded by a green curtain, behind which no Parisian eye could doubt the person of a porter was to be found, Pierre Morin ran up the stairs with a quick step, but stood stupified when he beheld a large board hung across the door of the abbe's apartments, and written thereon the significant intimation, "*Chambres garnies à louer. Parlez au portier.*"*

Still Pierre Murin would not suffer himself to be convinced that the abbe was actually gone. He rang the bell that hung beside the door of the apartment, and knocked once or twice violently with his hand. No answer was returned, unless it were the hollow echoes of his own blows, which replied plainly enough, "Here is nothing but emptiness." He then went down and made application at the glass door we have mentioned, demanding where was the Abbe de Castleneau. The porter replied drily that he did not know: how should he?

"Is he gone, then?" demanded the filigree-worker.

"To be sure," answered the porter: "he went yesterday evening about three o'clock. He only had the apartments for a week."

The face of Pierre Morin fell as he heard this intelligence; and though by various questions he endeavoured to obtain further information, all that he could ascertain was, that the abbe had apparently gone into the country, having taken

* Meaning, "furnished apartments to let. Inquire of the porter."

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his departure in a *chaise de poste*, the driver of which seemed to know in what direction he was to turn his horses' heads without being told. With this unsatisfactory intelligence the filigree-worker turned upon his way; but it was an hour or two after this period ere he re-entered his own chamber. He there, however, held a long conference with his wife as to all that had taken place before he proceeded to resume his work; and yet both seemed better satisfied than might have been expected under such circumstances, doubtless trusting that the child would be well taken care of, though it had been removed in a somewhat strange and suspicious manner. The labour on the basket was then recommenced, and during this night Pierre Morin worked at it without intermission.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when he finished it; and just as he was putting the last concluding touch to the work, the rolling sound of rapid wheels rushing into the court yard of the house, whose highest and most miserable story the artisan tenanted, told that some gay votary of pleasure and fashion was returning, probably from scenes of vice as well as dissipation, at the hour when the children of industry and want were rising from their hard couch, to begin the heavy passing of a day of toil. It was common in those times for many of the best and most splendid mansions in Paris to be divided among all the classes of society, though the arrangement of the tenants, indeed, was very different from that which existed in the social world. Lowest of all, we are told, except the rats and bottles that occupied the cellars, generally lived the proprietor of the house. He might be some avaricious or some decayed nobleman, whose health, purse, or inclination rendered him unwilling to climb even a single flight of stairs. Then came the gay, the luxurious, the fashionable, the man of the court and of society, inhabiting the wide and lofty rooms of the first floor. The *entresol* above gave accommodation to the smart young secretary of some public office, some foreign baron, or some of the numerous counts and princes that swarm in German and Italian courts. The second floor received the respectable merchant or banker, who had his offices and business in another part of the city; the widow lady, possessing affluence, but not riches; and all that numerous class, by no means the least happy or the least estimable, who are known by the name of *very respectable persons*. Above that, again, on the third, came the highest grade of men of letters, the academician, the celebrated professor, the philosopher in vogue, the great artist. On the fourth—for there was a fourth, ay, reader, and a fifth, and a sixth also—were people still at ease, and possessing all the necessaries of life; but possessing them, not only with the slight inconvenience of daily climbing up long flights of stairs, but often with the serious anxiety of providing for children for whom fortune had assigned no fund but the labour of a parent. Above these, again, came the poor artist, struggling forward with zeal and industry to make his merit known. The deep-thinking man of science, the result of whose investigations made or saved the fortunes of thousands, without giving him a sou; the moralist, the teacher, the man of letters, who disdained to pander to the bad taste of a licentious public, or to employ the arts of the quack to gain fame, or wealth, or honours. Above these, again, was want, and misery, and destitution, the never ceasing toil of all the various artists and artisans, the productions of whose hands ornamented the palace, the church, and the saloon; such men, in short, as our filigree-worker, who were brought too closely in contact with the dwellings of wealth, luxury, and vice, not to feel an additional pang, amid all the miseries of their own station, and to murmur at that social arrangement which allotted to them the whole of the dark side of life, and gave to beings often less worthy all that was bright and sunshiny.

The vices of the higher class of the Parisian people—their intemperance, their debauchery, their infidelity, their contemptible frivolity—were all indulged, enacted, and displayed under the very same roofs where dwelt misery, penury, and labour; and yet they wondered that there came a revolution!

Oh! would but man remember that he is but a steward of all that he possesses; that his wealth, his honours, his talents, his genius, his influence, are all merely lent to him by the one great Possessor, not alone for his individual benefit, but for the benefit of the whole; would he but remember this, such terrible accounts of the stewardship would not be taken as are often demanded on this earth by agents that seem little likely to be intrusted with such a commission; and the after reckoning, too, might be looked for in peace, knowing that it is to be rendered to a mild and merciful Lord.

The filigree-worker cast himself down upon his bed, saying with a smile, "others have come home to sleep, why should I not rest also?" But, though he did take a few hours' repose, he was up and away long before the fevered gamester, whose wheels he had heard, entertained any thought of stirring from his restless couch.

The part of the world, however, towards which Pierre Morin now bent his steps, was all busy and stirring with a multitude of people, some animated alone by the hope of gaining that honest daily bread which in those days was with very great difficulty acquired by the lower orders of the Parisian people, but many others instigated by the dark spirit of that most degrading of all demons, Mammon, to rob the rich of their wealth and the poor of their labour.

Not far from the great church of Notre Dame, somewhat behind it, but still a little to the right of that building, is a narrow street which has suffered little variation, except inasmuch as the shops with which it was filled at the time I speak of are now very much fewer in number than they then were, and are almost entirely devoted to the sale of such ornaments and utensils as are generally appropriated to the church. Sacramental cups and salvers, crosses of all kinds, even the pastoral crook of the bishop, and the pix itself, are still there displayed; but, at the period of my story, every article worked in gold or silver was there to be found; and multitudes of trinkets of all kinds were ranged in the shop windows, all along a street, every house of which was then the property of a goldsmith or a jeweller. At the corner of this street, in the best and largest shop that it contained, where one might just catch a view of solemn Notre Dame, rising blue and airy over the neighbouring houses, might be seen daily old Gaultier Fiteau, the famous jeweller, goldsmith, and money-changer. He was notorious for wealth, avarice, unscrupulous roguery, and the most delicate and tasteful goldsmith's work in Paris. He was of a harsh and sour disposition, also, to all who came under his rod, pitiless to the poor, but submissive with the rich, and grasping and eager with all men. He was capricious, too, and would sometimes do a good action as if merely for a change; and the only permanent habit which bore the appearance of virtue in him was that of occasionally endeavouring to interest the rich in favour of the poor, and thus, as it were, to give alms by deputy. It was reported, however, that it was dangerous to trust Monsieur Fiteau with any donation for another, there being a certain oblivious power in his brain, which made him forget to give away anything that he had once received, and, even when reminded of it, enabled him not to recollect the exact amount.

It was to his shop, then, that Pierre Morin now hastened, bearing the basket which he had completed during the preceding night. The little shrivelled old man, the ugliness of whose countenance was only increased by an immense bearskin cap, received the poor filigree-worker with an angry and malevolent scowl. Much was the abuse he poured on the head of the artisan for the time which he had occupied in producing the basket. He called him an idle and good-for-nothing follow; declared that he would be brought to beggary by his laziness; and dwelt upon the idea of good Pierre Morin being reduced to utter starvation with the tone and manner of one who would receive from such a sight the utmost glee and satisfaction.

Pierre, who had a large fund of good-humour, bore all that the goldsmith said with the most perfect calmness and tranquility; but when Fiteau asked him, or, rather, commanded him to produce another basket exactly similar to the one he brought in the space of three days, the good artisan, remembering his promise to the Abbe de Castelneau, and that he had received some part of the money in advance, declared that he could not do it, assigning the true reason, that he had such another trinket to finish for a gentleman who had bespoke it.

This reply enraged the goldsmith to the highest possible degree, not so much because he wanted the basket soon, as because he was made indignant and apprehensive by the very thought of a mere artisan getting any larger share of profit than he chose to assign. He stormed, he raved, he grinned, and he declared that, unless Pierre abandoned the work altogether, he would never employ him again, even if he were starving.

Pierre remained firm, however, and thus they parted, the artisan resolving to do nothing else till he had prepared the basket for the abbe, in case it should be required. The abbe did not appear, however, and the basket remained on the filigree-worker's hands. Nevertheless, though it seems strange to say, he contrived to support himself well for nearly a month without having recourse to Monsieur Fiteau; but the secret was this, that the noblemen on whose estates he was born, and who, seeing him a clever and intelligent youth, had paid the expenses of his education, and enabled him to learn the trade at which he now laboured, chanced to be at Paris about this time; and Pierre having presented himself at his patron's house, though he never mentioned or even hinted at his poverty either to the gentleman himself or his only surviving daughter, received from each of them a present, which enabled him and his wife to live for the time we have stated with all the careless gaiety of French peasants, enjoying the sunshine of the present hour to the very full, and not giving even a thought to the clouds of to-morrow. At the end of the month, however, poverty began daily to present herself under her most painful aspect;

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and the filigree-worker, had he been one of those who are inclined frequently to ask for assistance, which, indeed, he was not, could not have obtained it in the same quarter, for the nobleman who had befriended him, and his daughter, had left Paris for a distant part of France ten days before.

He sat, then, one evening in April, fireless, supperless, and penniless; and after first gazing in his wife's face with a melancholy look for some time, and then down upon the uncovered table, he started up, exclaiming in a gay tone, "Diable! I will go to old Fiteau!"

Margiette did not try to dissuade him, though she very much feared that his application would prove vain; and, tossing on his hat, with a light step, the buoyancy of which no poverty could take away, good Pierre Morin proceeded rapidly to the shop of Fiteau, which he feared might be closed before he arrived.

He found the usurious old goldsmith bustling about in his shop, putting away this article and that, and winding up all his affairs for the night. One half of the shop, which looked towards Notre Dame, was closed, and the other partly so, though two or three of the heavy iron-bound shutters were still down, in order that the nice calculator of expenses might not be obliged to light his lamp so long as there was one ray of light left in the sky. A boy of about fourteen years of age, the only assistant of any kind that he kept, and who served for clerk, shopman, porter, and every thing else, was aiding his master to the best of his abilities, while a low irritable growl on the part of Fiteau showed that the lad's most zealous exertions were not successful in satisfying his master.

As soon as Pierre Morin entered the shop, Fiteau began upon him in a sharp tone, exclaiming, "Ah! you idle scapegrace, I thought you would soon make your appearance again, expecting me to employ and assist you, when I have lost more money by your laziness than enough. Here, if you had been working for me, you might have gained half a louis between this time and twelve to-morrow. Here is a gold filigree bracelet to be made for the old Marquise de Pompignan, who goes to Versailles at one o'clock to-morrow, and will not wait a minute."

"Well, give me the wire," said Pierre Morin, "and I will do it before then. It is a mere nothing to work a bracelet: there is not half the labour in it that there is in a basket, such as I wrought last."

"I will not trust you, I will not trust you," replied the goldsmith, "you good-for-nothing fellow. I am just going to send the boy to your companion Launoy, to tell him to come hither and do it. I will not trust you either with the gold or in regard to the time."

The assertion in regard to Launoy, indeed, was altogether false; for that workman had not quitted the shop ten minutes before, loaded with more work than he could possibly accomplish in the time allowed him. All the other workmen usually employed by old Fiteau were also fully occupied; and the thought of losing the order for the bracelet had been lying very heavy at the old miser's heart, when the appearance of Pierre Morin had given him a hope of seeing the work accomplished. Knowing, however, that the good lady for whom it was intended was of a tenacious and irritable disposition, he determined to find some means of guarding against any sort of idleness on the part of the filigree worker, and he consequently took good care not to show his satisfaction at seeing him again, but continued to abuse him as bitterly as ever.

"I do not want to take the work from Launoy," said Pierre Morin, "if he wants it."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted the old goldsmith, fearful of overseeing his part, "he does not want it: he has plenty of work every day in the week; but it is that I cannot and will not trust to you, you idle vagabond. But come, I will tell you what I will do," he continued, after a moment's pause. "Out of pure compassion, and for no other reason in the world, I will give you the work, if you will stay here and do it, and never go out of the little workroom there till it is done."

"And I am to have half a louis when it is done," said the filigree worker. "Is that to be the bargain?"

"Nay, nay, I said eight livres," replied the goldsmith: "half a louis is too much."

"Not a whit for gold work," said the filigree worker, who began to perceive that old Fiteau was somewhat more eager in the business than he pretended to be. "I will have that, or I will go elsewhere. It was what you offered at first, Master Fiteau."

"Well, well, you shall have it," replied the usurer. "Get you in, get you in, and I will lock the door upon you, to guard you against your own bad inclinations; keep you out of temptation. Ha ha, ha!"

"Why, you do not suppose that I would steal all these things of mine, if you left me here all night?" demanded Pierre Morin, pointing to the jewelry scattered round.

"I don't know, I don't know," answered the goldsmith. "Pretty things to look at, Master Morin; very tempting things; very tempting. I do not know that I might not steal them myself, if they were not my own. Safe bind, safe find, Master Morin; safe bind, safe find. I never leave any one in my shop when I am out of it. Here is an ounce of wire, and half a pennyweight of Venice gold, but where is the blowpipe? Oh, here it is in this drawer: the rest of the tools you will find there, and a lamp; there is some charcoal, too, and some crucibles."

Pierre Morin listened with a quiet smile till the old man had done; he then answered, however, "All very good, Master Fiteau; but I must go home and tell my wife before I begin. Why, she would be looking for me in the Morne* to-morrow morning."

"Nonsense, nonsense," replied the goldsmith: "do you pretend to say that you never stay out at night without her knowing where you are?"

"Never, upon my life," replied Pierre Morin; "never since we were married to this hour, and that is six years ago come the Saturday before Martinmas. I promised her I never would, and I always keep my word, Master Fiteau."

"Except when you have work in hand, scapegrace," cried the miser, with a laugh. "But get you in, get you in. I will send the boy to tell your wife where you are. He has some twenty errands to do in the town, and has got to take up a crucifix and two rosaries to a house in the Rue Montmartre, so that he goes by your door."

"Then you must send her a line to get her some supper, Master Fiteau," said the filigree worker: "she will want some comfort if I am not there."

It was with considerable difficulty that Monsieur Fiteau was induced to agree to this part of the bargain; but Pierre Morin saw that he had the advantage of his avaricious employer, and he would not go into his place of labour till he had seen the old goldsmith give the livre into the hands of the boy, and had made the boy promise to deliver it the first thing, assuring him that he would skin him alive if he did not keep his word. He then whistled a few bars of the last song which had been produced upon the Pont Neuf—my French readers will understand what I mean—and walked before the goldsmith, through a little back parlour, where Fiteau took his meals during the day (for he slept in another part of the town, and possessed no portion of this house but the ground floor), into a small confined workshop, where was a little furnace well supplied with crucibles, and a table covered with various lamps and manifold kinds of tools. There was some little dispute between Fiteau and his workman as to the quantity of oil and coal that was necessary; but this being settled, Pierre Morin addressed himself seriously to his work, and Fiteau, creeping out of the room with his usual quiet and stealthy pace, was heard to lock the door behind him, as if he had been the jailer of a prison.

Pierre Morin went on with the bracelet; but presently finding the room too hot, he jumped upon a table and opened a small high window of about a foot square. He then returned to his work; and with the happy art of abstracting his thoughts from all subjects but that which was immediately before him, he gave himself up to the enjoyment which always proceeds from the practice of an art in which we are skilful, and for which we have a taste.

He was thus deep in the admiration of all the lines and figures he was working in the gold wire, when a sound struck his ear which made him pause for a moment. He resumed his work insensibly, for he knew there was no time to spare; but he had scarcely taken another turn when he again listened, started up with a look of surprise and horror, looked to the door, recollected it was fastened, gazed up to the window, saw that it was barred, and then, seizing one of the instruments from the table, darted quickly to the other side of the room and put his hand on the lock.

* The place now called the Morgue was known by this more appropriate name in those days. It may be as well to state, for the benefit of persons not thoroughly acquainted with the topography of Paris, that it is the place where are exposed the corpses of unknown persons found dead, in order that they may be identified by their friends and relations. The writer of these pages has been in it several times, and seldom found it untenanted.

CHAPTER V.

Let the reader call to mind the description which we have given of the premises occupied by the goldsmith. There was the outer shop, with a long counter on either side, and a narrow passage between these two: behind that again was the inner shop or little parlour, and from it, through a small door, one entered the workshop, into which Gaultier Fiteau had locked the filigree worker. All these rooms, except the shop, had windows so strongly barred that no human power could find the way in or out except by the legitimate entrance; and the shop itself, open during the day, was secured at night by shutters covered with plates of iron. It may be remembered, that when Fiteau shut up the filigree worker in the inner room, these shutters were principally

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closed. Two or three, however, were still down at that time; and before the goldsmith suffered his boy to depart upon the numerous errands he had to perform, he made him aid in putting up these cumbrous defences, and fastened them tightly on the inside. The door of the shop did not bear the dignified decoration of plate glass, or any of those appearances by which shopdoors at present are distinguished from other doors, but was made of solid oak, studded and bound with iron, like the doors of a prison; and strong must have been the hand, or cunning the device, which got it open when once it was closed.

As soon as the goldsmith had seen the shutters completely up, he found his way, by the faint light which came in through the still open door, to some small sparks of fire that were glimmering on the hearth in the other room; and, lighting a lamp, gathered together all the various articles which the boy was to carry to their several destinations, put them into a closely covered basket, hung it on the lad's arm, and despatched him on his way, while he himself bustled about his counters and drawers, placing everything in order, and all under lock and key.

When the boy issued forth into the street, knowing well the goldsmith's habits and character, he took care to close with scrupulous exactness the door of the shop behind him, and then, safe from watchful eyes, he paused, looking round him on all sides, and enjoying the first moment of idle relaxation and freedom from the sharp superintendence of a careful and somewhat scolding master.

It was the twilight of an April evening: there was a calm bluish shade in the air which spoke of repose and peace; the busy labours of the Parisian world were all over; and as the boy looked up the street and down the street, calculating which would be the best and most amusing way to go—though in fact there was little difference between them—he beheld not a creature either to the right hand or to the left, and heard not a sound but distant murmurs from other parts of the city, and the clock of Notre Dame striking seven. The momentary pause which he made, however, brought a group of three people into the street on the left hand; and, although there could be very little matter in their appearance to excite the lad's curiosity, yet he turned in that direction as soon as he saw them, and must have passed close by them had they not slowly crossed over the way in earnest conversation as they came near. The shadiness of the street, and the dark hue of the evening hour, prevented the boy from seeing as clearly who or what they were as he could have wished to do, for he was naturally of an inquiring disposition. One thing he did remark, that they seemed to be three gentlemen of good mien and apparel; and, after giving them a steady and inquisitive glance, the boy passed on. He stopped at the nearest corner, however, to look back; but, after a moment's halt, went forward again, and soon reached the more thronged and gayer part of Paris, where, by pausing to gaze at everything that attracted his attention, stopping to talk with this person and with that, and employing with considerable success all those means which boys about his age generally use for getting rid of the great adversary, Time, he contrived to loiter away the moments till half past nine o'clock of the same night.

In the mean time, old Fiteau soon brought the work of arrangement to a conclusion, and only remained in the shop to sum up, with his usual care, the loss and gain of the day, which he generally did upon a slate every evening, copying it into a large vellum-covered book the first thing on the following morning. This night, however, he was suddenly interrupted in the midst of his calculation by a noise, as if some one laid his hand upon the lock of the outer door. The moment he heard it, the old man took a step forward from the other side of the shop with an eager look and trembling limbs, intending either to lock or bolt the door. But, before he could effect that purpose, the entrance of the blue twilight showed him that it was too late. The appearance of a face that he knew the moment after relieved his anxiety and apprehension, although the surprise and alarm which he had at first felt left his heart beating and his hand still shaking.

"Ah! monsieur le chevalier," he exclaimed, addressing the personage who entered, and who was a tall, powerful man, with a pale, worn, and somewhat sinister countenance, "you surprised and startled me. Did you not know I never do any business after my door is shut? Did the boy tell you I had not gone home?"

"No, indeed," replied the chevalier, who had been followed into the shop by another person somewhat less in size, but equally powerful in frame. "We did not, my good boy. If he be out, I suppose you have no one who could carry something home for me were I to buy it?"

"Not I, not I," replied the goldsmith, somewhat impatiently. "Good evening, count," he added, bowing low to the other; and then remaining his reply, he said, "I have no one to send till to-morrow; besides, I never sell by lamplight, and it is time for me to go home."

"If you never sell, do you buy, my dear Fiteau?" said the man whom he had called count, coming forward with a dull, unpleasant smile, which had for more of sneering contempt in it than either courtesy or kindness.

"No, no," replied Fiteau, "I neither buy nor sell at this time of night. Come, gentlemen, I must go home. I will talk to you by the way," and he moved a little towards the door. But the other two remained still in the way, and the one called by Fiteau the count replied with the same cold smile, "No no, my dear Fiteau, you must not go home till you have done what I want. I am hard pressed for a little money to-night, and you must give me a hundred louis for this snuffbox. You know it well, and the diamonds upon it. If the cards are lucky to-night, I will take it back from you to-morrow, and pay you twenty louis to boot."

"I declare," cried Fiteau, at the first impulse, "I have not a hundred louis in the place." But the moment he had said it he repented; for there was a sort of haggard and ominous expression about the countenances of his two companions which gave him some vague alarm in regard to the consequences of offending them; and he likewise knew that the snuffbox was worth much more than the sum required.

"That is a lie, Fiteau," answered the count, the moment the other spoke; "for you know that you made the Abbé de Castelneau pay you five hundred louis not three hours since, whether he would or not, and well-nigh ruined him, poor fellow."

"I have paid money since, I have paid money since," exclaimed Fiteau: "it was to discharge my own debts I made him pay his; why did he change his lodging and hide himself?"

As he spoke, Fiteau remarked the eyes of his two visiters turn towards each other with a look that he did not at all like; and, after a moment's pause, he added, "Well, well, I will see what I have got, I will see what I have got. I may have some ninety louis, if that will do. Let me have the box. The money is in that next room."

The count gave him the box, and the old man turned with a hasty step towards the little parlour, feeling, if the truth must be told, not for the key of the chest in which his money was kept, but for the key of the room in which Pierre Morin was at work. The moment he passed on thither, the two men who had entered his shop spoke a few rapid words to each other; the one saying in a low tone, "Now, chevalier!" and the other replying, "No, no, you! I will do the rest."

"Shut the door, then!" cried the count; and, before the poor old goldsmith could reach the entrance of the workshop where Pierre Morin was locked in, a strong arm was thrown round him, a hand put over his mouth, the outer door of the shop closed, and the second villain was also upon him.

There is strength even in despair: the old man dropped the lamp which he carried, and which was instantly extinguished, got his mouth free for a moment, and gave a loud cry for help. Then, finding that he could not liberate himself from the arm that held him, by a straightforward effort he slipped down in spite of that strong grasp, avoiding a blow that was aimed at his head by one of the assassins, which hit the other on the breast, and made him still further relax his hold. All was now darkness, and, under cover thereof, the wretched old man strove to escape to the street door, but he was instantly caught again. Then came the terrible struggle for life or death, the writhing, the striving, the loud and agonized cry, the dull muttered curse, the groan, the gasp of anguish and destruction. Both the assassins were upon the ground bending over him, so eager in the terrible deed they were performing that they knew nothing, heard nothing but the sounds created by themselves and their victim. Scarcely, however, had the last faint cry passed from the lips of the miserable man, when a sudden light burst into the room, and one of the murderers instinctively started up. Before he was prepared to resist, however, or to act in any way, a tall powerful man was upon him, and he was struck to the ground by the blow of a hammer. The chevalier was upon his feet in a moment, as soon as he saw his companion fall; and, dropping the knife, which was wet with the heart's blood of poor Fiteau, he drew his sword upon Pierre Morin, while the count struggled up again upon his knee. The artisan, unarmed and overmatched, darted past them; but he would not have escaped unhurt, had not the assassin, in lunging at him, stumbled over the prostrate body of the murdered man and fallen, dyeing himself in the gore with which the floor was covered.

Seizing the opportunity, Pierre Morin darted into the outer shop, banged to the door which separated it from the little parlour or counting-house, and, though one of the villains pulled strongly from the inside, he succeeded, by a great effort, in keeping it closed with his left hand till he had turned the key in the lock with his right.

When this was done, the good artisan put his hand to his brow to collect his bewildered thoughts, and then felt his way, with his brain whirling and his breast oppressed, to the door of the shop, which he opened and went out into the air.

The moment that he stood beyond the thresh-

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hold, a man wrapped in a dark cloak appeared beside him, demanding eagerly, "What was that cry? Was the old man there? You have not killed him!" Scarcely were the words uttered, when he seemed suddenly to perceive that he was speaking to a stranger, and darted away at full speed.

Pierre Morin stooped to pick something up from off the ground, and then instantly gave the alarm, shouting loudly for aid, and ringing all the bells of the houses round. A crowd was soon gathered; men and women, porters, lackeys, gentlemen, and merchants, poured forth from their houses, and listened with wondering ears to the tale of the artisan.

The shop of poor Gaultier Fiteau was surrounded by the crowd, and the lieutenant-general of police was sent for; but till he came, Pierre Morin could not prevail upon any one to enter the house, although he represented to the multitude that the old jeweller might not yet be dead: such was the feeling of awe which the population of Paris entertained at that time towards the police. Very speedily, however, the lieutenant-general appeared in person, with manifold officers and flambeaux, and, having heard the story of the artisan, he spoke a word or two to one of the persons who accompanied him, and proceeded with his own hand to open the door of the house. A pause took place while the lieutenant, taking a torch in his hand, looked in, but all was vacant and as quiet as the grave. The chief officer of the police then advanced between the two counters, followed by the rest, without a word being said. He stopped a moment to gaze at a small, dark stream of blood, which found its way out from underneath the door between the shop and the parlour, and muttered to himself, "Here is evidence of the deed."

He then unlocked the door and threw it open. The moment he did so, however, two men burst forth, and made a violent effort to break through. The lieutenant-general of police himself was knocked down, and some of those behind him recoiled. But the moment the count and the chevalier saw the exempts, their courage seemed to abandon them, and they were taken in a moment. On examining the room, it was found that the unfortunate goldsmith was quite dead; and whether it was that the two men, supposing any persons who came to apprehend them would be without lights, fancied they might escape better in the darkness, or whether, as some people imagined, the sight of their own deed was too horrible for them to bear, it is certain that they had put out the lamp which Pierre Morin had left lighted in the workshop, and had thus remained for a considerable length of time, it would appear, in the midst of darkness, with the body of him they had killed lying close beside them.

What had been their sensations, what had been their thoughts during the interval? Nobody has ever known; but it is evident that they had conferred together as soon as they had found that it was impossible to escape from the scene of their crime, and had arranged the story they were to tell, or, rather, the account they were to give of the event which had taken place.

As soon as the lieutenant-general of police had raised himself from the ground, on which he had been cast by the furious rush of the two criminals, he ordered them to be removed and kept separate; and, at the same time, after speaking a few words to one of his exempts, he nodded to Pierre Morin, saying, "I will talk with you farther presently."

The good artisan was somewhat surprised to find the exempt take him by the arm and lead him away from the scene in which he thought that the information he had to give might be most particularly required. He was still more surprised, however, to find that he was to be carried to the house of the lieutenant, and shut up in a room by himself, with very little difference between him and the criminals against whom he was to bear witness.

The room in which he was placed, indeed, contained a bed; and for that luxury poor Pierre Morin would have been even more grateful than he was, if he had been thoroughly acquainted with all the transactions which from time to time took place in Paris under the paternal care of the police of the French metropolis.

CHAPTER VI.

The mind of the good filigree-worker was not one to be impressed easily with feelings of apprehension. He thought it very strange and very disagreeable that he who had given the first alarm, who had aided with such effect to seize the murderers, who was the only living witness, in fact, of the crime, should thus be detained in solitude, with the key of the door turned upon him.

With natural lightness of heart, however, he soon forgot the small evils of his situation; and after revolving for some time all the horrible images which the scenes of that night had presented to his eyes, he exclaimed "*Peste!*" three times, and, having thus satisfied the goddess of wonder, he cast himself down upon the bed and fell sound asleep. He was still quietly and happily slumbering when the morning light began to shine through the high window, and one of the agents of the police, entering without being heard, gazed at the sleeping artisan for a minute or two, as if to read on his countenance the secrets that might be in his bosom.

Now it is at all improbable that such was really his intention, for every thing in that day was a matter of espionage throughout the whole city of Paris. The very thoughts of men were subjects of minute investigation by the government; and it was supposed that all things could be performed by the cunning inquisitors of the police into the actions, ideas, and feelings of the citizens. Not the judge upon the bench, not the minister in his cabinet, not the prisoner in his dungeon, not the profligate in the lowest resorts of vice and iniquity, was without a spy nearer to him than he imagined, marking all and sometimes revealing all. In such circumstances, it may appear that no evil could be committed, no crime take place, unpunished; but yet both occurred every day. The mass of wickedness, vice, and folly, was perhaps greater than at any other period, and, in proportion, very few offences were brought under the eye of the law.

Two causes combined to produce this effect. In the first place, with an active and clever nation, art naturally met art; and in the space of fifty or sixty years, the police had actually drilled and trained the people to out-wit them on very many occasions. It might be perfectly well known to the lieutenant-general that such and such a priest or abbe had been in this or that abode of licentiousness, and yet the lieutenant might have no idea of what criminal or treasonable meeting he had been at half an hour before or afterwards. In the next place, the honourable society of *mouchards*, as the spies were called in France, had its own particular rules and regulations, its own peculiar habits and prejudices, vested rights and privileges, which were very frequently extremely inconvenient and annoying to the officers above them. A certain portion of information they felt themselves bound to afford; but they would afford no more unless they were either very highly paid for it, or some general case was pointed out, in regard to which the police really wished to get accurate and complete information. The general mass of wickedness which they discovered, and, indeed, the particular instances of crime either committed or meditated, were seldom, if ever, revealed unless some great object was to be gained; so that it is clearly ascertained many a man has been allowed to go about Paris for three, four, five, or six years, when his life was in the hands of six or seven infamous spies, whose views and purposes it did not suit to inform the police against him.

It sometimes happened that small or large bribes were given to procure this immunity; but, more frequently still, the reticence of the *mouchards* was not at all mercenary; for they were a philosophical race of men, and saw things in an extended point of view. They were, indeed, so fully and generally convinced of the necessity of crime and wickedness of all kinds for the encouragement of their trade and for the extension of their emoluments, that they would have been very sorry indeed to have given any serious discouragement to vice. They looked upon the world, in short, as a great orchard, where sins were produced for their benefit; and though they might gather the fruit, they would have been very sorry indeed to cut down the trees.

Let it be remembered, all this time, that I am speaking alone of the city of Paris, which, although the citizens looked upon it as "France," and both in their speech and notions had a certain confusion of ideas upon the subject, which made them believe that Paris comprised every thing in the world, and that France was only a small quarter or portion of it—let it be remembered, I say, that I am speaking alone of Paris, which was not, after all, the whole country. For a certain distance in the environs of the capital the influence of the French police and the system of espionage was felt. All the very large towns, too, of course, aped the metropolis in its police and its private vices; but there were wide tracts of country to which the system of espionage did not extend; and respecting which, as was afterward lamentably proved, the French government possessed no information whatsoever, as far, at least, as regarded the wants and wishes, habits and character, of the people.

To return, however, from this long digression to good Pierre Morin and the agent of police. The latter—who had been originally a *mouchard*, and had afterward been elevated to the dignity of an exempt, without losing his taste for the science to which he had originally addicted himself—having gazed, as we have said, for some time upon the countenance of the filigree-worker, and being satisfied by all he saw that the man was sleeping the sleep of innocence, pulled him by the arm and woke him with a sudden start, "Come, come, sir," he said, "get up! the lieutenant of police wants to speak to you directly. You must come and tell what you know of this murder last night."

Now every Parisian who was not a *mouchard* bore a vast share of hatred and enmity to all individuals of that class, and scarcely less to officers of police; and Pierre Morin, consequently, was

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not at all disposed to hold my long conference with his companion. He shook himself in silence, without feeling very much discomposed by having slept in his clothes, and followed to the especial apartments of the lieutenant-general of police, where he was detained some time in an antechamber without seeing that officer.

At length, however, he was summoned to the great man's presence, and found him sitting in his bedroom, robed in an embroidered dressing-gown, and eating various savoury ragouts as a preparation for the labours of the day. It may seem that such a place and such a time were not very fit to receive the deposition of a witness in a case of murder; but things were so done in Paris in those days; and the lieutenant of police thus lost no time in eating his chicken and his sweetbreads, drinking his Burgundy and water, and questioning Pierre Morin with the most admirable perseverance and determination.

Although a lieutenant of police was always a very awful sort of personage in the eyes of the lower order of Parisians, and even of the higher classes also, yet the good artisan was seldom without having all his wits about him; and he answered the questions which were asked of him with veracity, clearness, and precision. He told his tale not only truly, but accurately; for though, at first sight, truth and accuracy may seem to be the same thing, yet in operation they are very different. Many a man who tells a story which is perfectly true is not believed, because he fails to put all things in their proper order, to add all the particulars which elucidate the facts, and give the whole the air of verity. Pierre Morin, however, entered into all the details; informed the lieutenant of his visit on the preceding night to the unhappy man who had been murdered; related their conversation with so much point and truth, that the officer himself smiled at the painting of the character of old Fiteau, which was well known in Paris; and the artisan then proceeded to tell how the goldsmith had locked him up in the room, in order that his work might be done by the time required.

"I know not well," he continued, "how long I had been there, when I heard what I thought a cry, which seemed suddenly stifled. I persuaded myself it was nothing, however, and went on; but I had scarcely given the pincers a turn when there was a terrible sound of struggling in the next room, and I heard the voice of old Fiteau crying 'Help! help! murder! murder!' There were bars upon all the windows, so there was no way to get out but by the door. As I knew that was locked, and it would take time to break the fastenings off, I snatched up one of the chasing chisels, and with it forced back the lock. When the door was open I found the other room all dark, but the lamp I had been working with lighted it up in a minute. The first thing I saw was the poor old man upon the ground, with two men dressed like gentlemen on their knees over him; one squeezing his mouth and head down upon the floor with his hand, while the other seemed stabbing him with a knife. The minute I came in, one started up—"

"Stay, stay," said the lieutenant; "you say stabbing him with a knife: their swords were not drawn then?"

"No, no," replied Pierre Morin, "there were no swords drawn at that time; not, indeed, till I had knocked the man down with my hammer who first started up."

"Where is the hammer?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Here," answered Pierre Morin, taking it out of his pocket and giving it to the officer, who held out his hand for it.

"Go on," said the lieutenant: "what happened next?"

"Why, then," replied Pierre Morin, "the other, who was upon his feet by this time, rushed at me, drawing his sword; but poor old Fiteau helped me at that pinch, though he was as dead as Ste. Geneviève, for the scoundrel stumbled over him before he could run me through with his rapier. Thereupon I scrambled out of the door as fast as I could, and, banging it to, locked it upon them. They struggled hard to get it open, but they could not; though, if they had not been two fools, or else stupified by what they had done, they would have soon picked the lock with all the tools that I left there. In the mean while I ran out of the shop and gave the alarm; and you yourself, monseigneur, know all the rest."

It will be remarked, in this account, that good Pierre Morin did not think fit to say one word—on the present occasion, at least—concerning the person whom he had seen on the outside of the door. It might be forgetfulness, it might be a certain feeling of compassion or good nature, which made him not wish to implicate a man, of whose guilt he had no certain proof, in so terrible an accusation. There was no necessity, it is true, of saying anything more unasked; for, as soon as he had given the mere details of the murder, the lieutenant of police began to question him in a closer manner.

"So," he said, "you intend me to believe all this?"

"Indeed I do, monseigneur," replied Pierre Morin; "and, what's more, you do believe it, I can see very well: you are not the man to mistake between truth and falsehood when they are put before you, I am sure."

"Indeed," said the lieutenant of police, with a sarcastic smile at the broad flattery which the peasantry of France are almost as ready to apply as the peasantry of Ireland, thinking it nothing more than common courtesy after all, "Indeed, you are certainly a man of genius, Monsieur Pierre Morin; and though you are clearly new to the trade, you have as much impudence as the oldest *filou* in Paris. You do not do great honour to my penetration, however, when you tell me this ridiculous story of the sordid old goldsmith leaving you on his premises all night, and of your consenting to remain shut up in a room till he chose to set you free in the morning."

"If you will not believe that, monseigneur," replied Pierre Morin, perfectly calmly, "pray tell me what you will believe?"

"Why, probably, answered the lieutenant of police, "that you are yourself one of the accomplices, left in the outer shop while your two companions did the deed within; and that, alarmed by the old man's cries, or by somebody coming, you shut the door upon the others and gave the alarm. It was a clever trick, I must own, and, as such, should not go without its reward. If you will confess the whole, then, and bear witness against these two friends of yours, you shall have a pardon yourself, and we may do something for you. No man ever makes so good an exempt as one who has been apprehended two or three times himself. What say you?"

"Oh, monseigneur, I will bear witness against the two willingly," replied Pierre Morin; "but there is another, a very honest fellow, whom I will not bear witness against, and his name is Pierre Morin."

The lieutenant of police seemed to be amused with the good artisan's quirkness of retort; and, being very well convinced that the other had nothing to do with the murder, he dropped the tone in which he had been speaking, and said, "Well, well, let us hear what you can bear witness to."

"To everything I saw," replied Pierre Morin.

"Not so quick, not so quick," cried the lieutenant: "what was the precise hour at which you went to the shop of old Fiteau?"

"I can't exactly say to a minute," replied the artisan, "for I neither looked at the clock nor heard it strike; but it was just that hour when the western sky is all red and gold, and the eastern is of a mouse colour."

"That is to say, about half-past six," said the lieutenant: "and pray what time did the boy go?"

"Now although, as we have said, the criminal lieutenant was perfectly well convinced that Pierre Morin was innocent of any share of the murder, and, moreover, recollected that the artisan had said the boy was in the shop when Fiteau shut him up in the workroom, yet such was his habit of trying to entangle men in their talk, that he could not resist putting this question, simply to see what answer the filigree-worker would make.

"Just at seven o'clock," replied the artisan at once, very much to the surprise of the lieutenant.

"Indeed!" said the officer: "pray which way did he go?"

"That I can't tell," replied Pierre Morin, with a laugh. "I was shut up in the workroom, you know."

"Then pray how can you tell at what hour he went?" demanded the officer.

"Because," answered Pierre Morin, grinning at having puzzled the magistrate, "because I had jumped up on the table to open a bit of the small window, and I heard old Fiteau say to the boy, 'Be quick, you sloth, be quick, and do not lose time by the way.' Then, the moment the door was shut, the boy began a tune that I often heard him whistle before, but stopped when Notre Dame struck seven, because, I suppose, its song and his did not sound well together."

The lieutenant-general smiled; for mental fencing was an art in which he took great delight, even when his opponent parried skilfully his attack. "Bring in the boy Pierre Jean," he said to a clerk who was writing busily at a table not far off; and the obsequious and silent notedown of other men's sayings and doings rose without a word, glided out of the room, and returned as quietly with poor Fiteau's errand-boy. The youth was all aghast at the awful presence into which he was brought, and seemed just in that state in which a skilful cross-examiner can contrive to make a witness say anything he pleases.

"Pray what were the last words your master said to you last night?" said the lieutenant-general of police. "Mark me, *the last* words he said to you?"

"He said—he said," replied the boy, looking first up to the ceiling and then down upon the floor, "he said, 'Carry that to Madame de Rohan's.' That's the last thing he said."

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The lieutenant of police grinned; but, before he could interpose, the filigree-worker had exclaimed, "What did he say to you outside the door, Pierre Jean?"

A look of intelligence came up into the boys face at the sound of a familiar voice, and he replied at once, "Oh, he said then, 'Be quick, be quick, and do not lose time by the way;' and he called me a sloth, too, though I always make as much haste as I can."

It was now Pierre Morin's turn to grin, and the boy having been sent out of the room, the lieutenant of police proceeded to interrogate the artisan upon various other points. The first of these was in reference to what he had done with the instrument employed in forcing back the lock. Next, he strongly and severely cross-examined him as to which of the murderers had the knife in his hand, and which was stifling the voice of the unfortunate goldsmith at the moment when the filigree-worker made his way into the room.

To all his questions the answers of Pierre Morin were clear, definite, and pointed. He never hesitated, or contradicted himself, or varied in the slightest particular from any statement that he made; and still, as he answered, the clerk at the neighbouring table took rapid notes of all his replies. The character of the artisan rose very high in the opinion of the lieutenant-general of police, and so much on account of the moral rectitude he displayed—for the officer of police had no objection to a good rogue on an occasion—as on account of his quickness, precision, and presence of mind, which, as is very evident, are high qualities in those who have anything to do with such subjects as come under the notice of the police.

After having questioned the artisan for more than half an hour, he suddenly asked him if he could write; and, receiving an affirmative answer, he made him transcribe two or three sentences, which he looked at with an approving exclamation, and then bade him go into the next room and wait for him there.

Pierre Morin found in the neighbouring chamber several exempts, in the dress which was at that time worn by those personages, and two other people in plain clothes, who were, in fact, officers of the police of a superior class and less ostensible functions. These were the persons who, armed with a *lettre de cachet* and with a sufficient body of inferiors, unseen, but within call, would whisper a few words with a soft air to clergyman or nobleman, warrior or magistrate, in the midst of a gay assembly or a public promenade, and the spectators would see the cheek grow pale, the smile wither away upon the lip, the knees tremble, and the eyes lose their light, as the victim of arbitrary power followed a mandate which could not be resisted.

Pierre Morin looked about for the boy, and, not seeing him as he expected, he ventured to ask one of the exempts where he was. The officer looked at him with a smile somewhat contemptuous, and then replied, "You will soon learn, my friend, that in this room nobody asks any questions or answers any."

"I am sure they ask enough in the other," replied Pierre Morin.

"There is another chamber still," replied the exempt, "where they employ only one, but which you might find somewhat difficult to bear if you were put to it."

This plain allusion to the torture quelled all poor Pierre Morin's gaiety in a moment, and he remained in dead silence till, after some coming and going between the room in which he sat and that in which he had left the lieutenant of police, he was taken down the stairs by one of the exempts, and put into a *fiacre*, which rolled away towards the Châtelet. At the door of that building stood the carriage of the lieutenant of police, who had preceded the artisan by a few minutes; and, on passing through the small wicket into the interior of that gloomy and awful abode of wretchedness and crime, the porter whispered something to the exempt, who paused in his progress, and seeing that poor Pierre Morin had advanced a step or two before him, he told him to stand back till he was called for. "People get in here fast enough," he said, in a sullen tone; "you may find it more difficult to get out again."

The good filigree-worker very easily believed the words of the exempt; and, in fact, his advance had been rather the effect of agitation at finding himself in such a place than of alacrity. What he was brought there for he knew not; and although he derived some hope of not being detained there, from the circumstance of the criminal lieutenant having preceded him, yet many a vague and horrible apprehension was raised in his breast by the sight of those dark arches and heavy walls, which were but too terribly famed in French history. In this state of uncertainty and fear, the poor artisan would gladly have turned his attention to anything but his own situation; and an immense large dog, with a leathern collar bristling with iron spikes, which stood beside the jailer,* was the first object with which he endeavoured to employ himself. On patting out his hand, however, to pat the animal's head, he found that it was inspired by the spirit of the place; for the animal growling violently at the hand that attempted to caress it, and then, after looking at him fiercely for a moment, flying at his throat with a sharp yell. The turnkey laughed, but made a sign with his finger to the dog, which instantly retreated to his master's side.

A long silence ensued; for Pierre Morin was neither of an age, nor a nation, nor a character to remain long still and unoccupied; and, after fixing his eyes for a minute or two on some object on the other side of the court, he moved a little towards a large heavy wooden door which stood close by the wicket. It bore evident signs of having been constructed many years before; was in shape like a very large coffin; and Pierre Morin would willingly have asked what was its use, had he not received more than one severe rebuke in the course of the morning. The eyes of the jailer, however, followed him, and then turned towards the exempt with a grim and meaning smile.

"Do you know what that is, my good youth?" the turnkey said, at length. "That is what we call *the crust of the pie*."

Poor Pierre Morin was as much in the dark as ever; and, not choosing to ask anything farther, he remained murmuring, "The crust of the pie! The crust of the pie!"

"Ay," said the turnkey, after having suffered him to puzzle himself with the matter for some time, "the crust of the pie; that is to say, it is the *cercueil bannal*, the coffin of the quarter. Now you see that when one of our pets dies, which generally happens every other day, we pop him in there at once, and send him to the burying ground, where he lies quite as comfortably in his shroud as if he had ever so many feet of oak round about him. That is a needless luxury, too, a shroud: I don't see why we should give them a shroud; they give us nothing but trouble."

"And do you bury them directly?" said Pierre Morin, in a low voice.

"To be sure," replied the turnkey: "what should we keep them above ground for? We give half an hour to make sure that it's all right, and then we cart them off. It sometimes happens, indeed, that one of our *pailleux** dies while another is sickish, and then we wait till we see if the other won't go too: you see the crust of the pie is big enough to hold more than one pastrie;" and, laughing aloud at his own joke, he gave the public coffin a kick with his foot, and then added, as it returned a dull, hollow sound, "It is empty now, but I put three in it yesterday, so that may do for a day or two at least."

It is astonishing how familiarity hardens the heart of man to human suffering, and steels us against all the strange and horrible things of earthly existence; but there are some men who, without any such terrible training, feel a pleasure in the sight of sorrow; derive a sort of agreeable sensation from witnessing the pangs and miseries of life in others. I once met with a man who had been the public executioner in a large city of France during the most sanguinary period of the Revolution. He had become a cripple in consequence of wounds afterward received in war, and had known in his own person much of the anguish and sorrow which he had formerly aided to inflict upon others; but yet, when I asked him if he did not look back with horror and regret at those times and deeds, he laughed and said, "Not at all;" that he only wished such days would come back again, and that he were able to cut off the dogs' heads as before. His eyes, too, sparkled when he spoke on the subject, so as to leave no doubt of sincerity.

Such a one was the turnkey with whom the good Pierre Morin was now speaking; and, although he very well understood that the artisan was not likely to remain under his gentle custody, yet he took a delight in stirring up all sorts of apprehensions in his bosom, and in presenting every painful and disagreeable object to his mind that the place could suggest.

He was not sufficient to go on much longer, however, for, in a minute or two after the above dialogue had taken place, a messenger came to summon Pierre Morin and the exempt to the presence of the lieutenant of police. They found him at one end of a large hall, seated in an armchair, with two or three clerks at a table beside him, and at the other end of the room some twenty or thirty prisoners, with a number of jailers and archers, as they were still called, though it must be understood that the bow and arrow had long disappeared from among them.

"Come hither," said the criminal lieutenant, beckoning to Pierre Morin; and when the artisan had approached his side, he added, in a lower voice, "You are to understand by the words 'number one' the man who had the knife; by 'number two' the man who held the goldsmith down. Mark all these prisoners as they pass

* Each of the turnkeys of the Châtelet at this time was followed by one or more of these dogs, who, we have reason to believe, were taught to devour the prisoners either or thither like docks of beasts. They were trained, too, we are told, with extraordinary care.

* A name given to the prisoners, from their lying on straw in their dungeons.

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before you; and when you recognise either of the assassins, say, 'number one' or 'number two,' is the case may be."

He paused for a few moments after he had spoken, and then made a sign to one of the turnkeys, upon which the prisoners, one by one, were ordered to march forward, and, passing before the lieutenant and those who surrounded him, to make their exit by a door on his left hand.

To the eye of a philosopher it might have been a curious and interesting spectacle to trace, in the aspect of those unhappy men, the effects of imprisonment, under various circumstances, upon their several characters. There was the gay, light debauchee, who had found his way into the Chatelet in consequence of some criminal intrigue or idle quarrel, passing on upon the tips of his toes as lightly and thoughtlessly as if he had never committed evil or endured sorrow. There was the man of deeper feelings, bowed down by the sense of crime or shame, walking forward with the eye bent upon the ground and the flushed hectic of anxious care upon his cheek. There was the daring and brutal criminal, hardened in offences and impudent in iniquity, staring full in the faces of those before whom he passed, and seeming almost inclined to whistle, as if in defiance of the authority which he believed had done its worst upon him. Then came the dull and heavy man of guilt and despair, who bore about with him the memories of many years' imprisonment and exclusion from all social intercourse, with the light of hope gone out in his eye and in his heart, and nothing left but tenacity of life and capability of endurance. But who was that who came at length, with a bold and even menacing brow, with a firm step and measured military tread, but, withal, a restless and anxious eye, and a lip which quivered—it might be with anger, it might be with apprehension?

"Number two," said the artisan, aloud, as the prisoner passed, without the slightest hesitation, and with a firm, distinct, and even solemn voice, as if his mind was much affected by the importance of the occasion and the awful duty that fell upon him.

"Are you quite sure?" demanded the lieutenant, in a low tone.

"As I live!" replied Pierre Morin; and immediately the lieutenant made a sign with his finger to one of the archers, who followed the prisoner out.

Two or three others now passed in succession before the lieutenant and his party without a word being said by the good artisan. At length, however, there appeared a personage of distinguished mien, who advanced with a graceful and easy step, slow, calm, and deliberate, with no sort of expression upon his countenance which could at all indicate the feelings of his heart, unless it were a slight but somewhat supercilious smile, as if contempt for the whole proceeding mastered every other sensation.

"Number one," said the artisan, firmly; and the other, without taking any notice, passed on. Two more prisoners followed without notice; and then the lieutenant of police, rising, gave some directions in a low voice to the officer near him.

"Come hither, my friend," he said at length, turning to Pierre Morin. "We have seldom such fellows as you to deal with; but get you home, and rest in peace till I send for you again. Never be out of the house, however, for a whole day together, till this business is over; and if you behave as well at the trial as you have done today, we will give you something better to do than twisting silver wire into filigree baskets."

CHAPTER VII.

In all the streets and alleys of the city of Paris, in the squares and along the quays, there was a continual cry kept up, during the whole of the morning of the 30th of April, by a number of men, whose stout lungs had acquired redoubled power by the constant practice of shouting forth whatever was calculated to excite the curiosity of the Parisian public.

"*Arrêt de mort! Arrêt de mort!* Sentence of death! Sentence of death!" cried the sturdy hawkers, as they ran through the streets with bundles of printed papers in their hands, selling, for a small piece of copper, to the eager multitude the judgment of the law in the trial of the Count de L——— and the Chevalier de M———, for the cold-blooded and deliberate murder of the old goldsmith, Gaultier Fiteau.

The people read the sentence with surprise and terror, for the names of both the condemned announced noble blood and high station; and the punishment, the horrid punishment of the wheel, was one which, in the memory of man, had never been inflicted on any but one of lowly race. Almost daily, indeed, the people saw one of their own class undergo the same terrible fate without wonder or horror; and many who witnessed with their own eyes the bloodshed and the agony, prepared, the very next day, by some similar crime to that of the wretch who had just expired, to take their place on the same scaffold where he had suffered. But now—oh strange human nature!—the very same persons, who beheld the punishment almost with indifference in men of a lower rank, attached feelings of awe and horror to it which they had never felt before, now that it was to be inflicted upon the nobles of the land. They in fact transferred, by a strange process of the human mind, the abhorrence which they should have felt for the additional guilt implied by the circumstance of education to the punishment about to be inflicted, and viewed the wheel with sensations with which they had never regarded it before.

Such was the popular feeling upon the occasion of this condemnation; but among the nobles themselves still more agitation and horror existed. Pride came into play in their case; the pride of blood, and of that rank which had long given them a certain degree of immunity in the commission of evil. The privileges of their station, they fancied, extended to all and every thing. They were indignant at the very sentence pronounced by the court, that two noblemen should be broken on the wheel like common felons; and they doubted not—they would not doubt—that the sentence would be commuted, even if the criminals were not pardoned. At first they had the daring to ask for absolute pardon; but the stern countenance with which they were received soon taught them that they must be more moderate, and a commutation was all that was required.

The answer was, "It is impossible!" and now every argument and entreaty was made use of to obtain some mitigation; thousands of the nobility flocked to the palace; conferences were held among themselves; and it was represented to the prince who then governed France that the criminals were connected with all the first families in the land. They urged the horror, the shame, and the disgrace it would be to many a high and noble person, if the degrading sentence, usually pronounced upon a conviction of common felons, should be carried into effect against two men of so high a rank. The prince was immoveable, however; and to every entreaty urged upon these grounds, he replied, "It is the crime that makes the disgrace, and not the punishment."

The fatal day arrived; and though, till the last moment, efforts were still made, still, at the appointed hour, the dark procession began to move from the Chatelet to the Place de Greve, and the awful scene of public execution was enacted without one particular of the sentence being omitted in the punishment of the murderers of Gaultier Fiteau. Limb by limb, and bone by bone, they were broken on the wheel by the iron bar of the executioner; and the cries of even the firmest of the two made the air around ring, till they had no longer strength to utter more than a mere entreaty for water to quench their burning thirst, and for the blow of death to terminate their agony.

While this awful scene was enacting in the Place de Greve, and while it was producing its effect, not only upon the minds of those who witnessed the punishment, but upon the higher as well as lower orders of France, our good friend Pierre Morin remained closeted with the lieutenant-general of police, talking over many matters of no slight interest to the good artisan. At length the conference closed, and the filigree-worker issued forth into the streets, and took his way towards a part of the town which went by the name of the Temple.

Not only those who had only seen him, as we have described him in the first chapter of this work, clothed in his labouring jacket and leathern apron, but those also who had beheld him in his holyday suit, ready to join the dance at the *guingette*, would have been equally puzzled to recognise our old friend Pierre Morin, as he now appeared in the streets of Paris. He was dressed in a handsome suit of black, with his hair nicely combed and cut into the fashionable shape; his hands, which were somewhat too brown, at that time, for the rest of his appearance, were covered with fine gloves; he had a small sword by his side in a black sheath, and a new hat upon his head, in shape somewhat between that of the court beau and the young lawyer. Thus adorned was the outward man of good Pierre Morin; nor did he himself at all disgrace his habiliments. His good countenance naturally appeared to better advantage in a more becoming dress, and his powerful and fine person was equally benefited by the change of his garments. He seemed perfectly at ease in them also, and walked as if his leg had never known any thing but a silk stocking, and his foot had been pressed by nothing coarser than cordovan. As he passed through the lieutenant's ante-chamber, some of the exempts looked at him with a grin, but their faces became composed into decent gravity the moment that he turned towards them. On his way along the street, if any persons remarked him particularly, they might place him in their own minds among some of those not over rich but rising classes, which were the general wearers of black coats at that time in Paris; the successful literary men, the poorer members of the Academy, the promising artist, the celebrated musician. But the dress of Pierre Morin was well chosen, for it was of all others that which was best calculated to pass without attracting any attention whatsoever.

Thus, as he walked on towards the Temple, he brushed against more than one distant acquaint-

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ance without receiving any thing but a casual look, and not the slightest sign or token of recognition. Pierre Morin took no notice of them either; but it must not be inferred from that fact that the good artisan was one to suffer fortune to change favour. It was not in the slightest degree that he forgot or despised his former acquaintances; his heart was as warm and as kindly, as honest and as true, as ever. But Pierre Morin had other objects in view; a new course of life was open before him; and he hoped, even in doing his duty therein, to be enabled to serve and assist some, in whose welfare he took a high and unselfish interest.

One of those whom he thus passed as he went on slowly towards the Temple was no other than our friend the Abbe de Castelneau, who was walking heavily forward, with his eyes bent upon the ground, his countenance paler than usual, and his lips shut tight together, as if some bitter and anxious thoughts were labouring in his bosom. Though Pierre Morin had sought for him anxiously, as the reader already knows, and had been much disquieted by not finding him, he would not be tempted by any consideration to stop him and speak with him now. The abbe, on his part, lifted his eyes for a moment to the artisan's face as he passed, but did not appear to recognise him in the slightest degree; and their clothes brushed against each other without the wearers speaking. It must be recollected, indeed, that the difference in those days between the dress of an artisan and that of a gentleman was very, very much greater than it is at present; so that it was not at all astonishing the abbe, who had seen Pierre Morin only twice, should not at all recollect him in his present garb. After proceeding upon the errand which took him to the Temple, a place which was then invested with the privileges of sanctuary, so far, at least, as the protection of debtors from their creditors went—for the right of shielding criminals from the arm of the law had long been done away with altogether—Pierre Morin returned to his home, where he found his good wife Margiette almost as gay a bird in point of plumage as himself. Leaving them, however, to enjoy the comforts of their new situation, we may as well speak a word or two more of the Abbe de Castelneau, having already mentioned his name in this chapter.

After proceeding some way along the streets, which were now nearly vacant, he was met by one of the hawkers crying an account of the execution of that morning, before the unhappy criminals were cold upon the wheel. Numbers of people coming away from the bloody scene then presented themselves; and the abbe—who was, in fact, at this period one of the inhabitants of the Temple, on account of a small debt which he could not pay—turned his steps home, for fear he should be discovered by some officer beyond the limits of his temporary asylum. On entering the dingy chamber which he there inhabited, the woman who took care of those apartments, as well as several others, placed a small paper packet in his hand, at the address of which the abbe looked gravely, while she retired to her usual avocations.

He then turned the packet in order to open it and see the contents. But, the moment his eye rested on the seal, his cheek turned as pale as death, his lips lost their colour, and the packet fell from his trembling hands. He gazed at it for a moment or two as it lay upon the ground, as if it presented some horrible sight to his eyes. But then, with a sudden effort, he stooped down, took it up, tore open the seal, and, to his surprise, beheld two or three of those "*actions de banque*" which were at that period in common circulation through the French metropolis as the chief paper money of the land. The sum thus placed before him was considerable; but on the top of the notes was a very small piece of paper, folded into the shape of a billet, and sealed with the same seal, the sight of which seemed so much to surprise him. Within the note was written, "Abbe de Castelneau, quit Paris, and never return to it."

There was no signature, and the handwriting was unknown to him; but the words had a great effect upon his mind, if we may judge by the facte that his debt was immediately paid, and that before sunset on that day he was once more out of Paris, and on his way into the south of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I will tell you," says Rosalind, "who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal." But the truth is, however, that time gallops with us all. In the impatience of our boyhood he may seem to go too slow, and in the feebleness of our age he may seem to go too fast; but, alas! his pace is very equable, as we all find at last; and skillful must be that rider whom he does not in the end leave in the mire.

It is an excellent observation of a great poet, that, let a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest; and the daily routine of our after years passes like the round of a clock, while the hands on the outside and the movements within mark the passing of time so others without a conscious sense thereof in itself, till the weight has run down and the pendulum stands still.

The place, however, in which time may be made to run the fastest, is in a book, where the author, so long as he is writing it at least, by the magic wand called his pen, reigns supreme, with undisputed sway over every thing that is brought within his own particular circle. Even time himself, the hoary-headed sage whose resistless power neither towers nor temples, thrones nor dynasties, have been able to withstand, is obliged to obey when brought under that rod, and to hurry or slacken his pace according to the writer's will. He may, perhaps, revenge himself upon the readers afterward; but here he is under our dominion; and, accordingly, I command that eighteen years should pass, as if it were but a dream, between the conclusion of the last chapter and the events which I am now about to record. Suppose yourself, gentle reader, to be one of the seven sleepers, and the interval that I now propose to you will seem but as a short nap.

Space, too, I must control as well as time, and lead the mind away from the busy metropolis of France into a distant province, conveying myself and others into the midst of scenes far more congenial to all our feelings than the dull and dusty capital, with its vicious crowds and idle galeries, where pleasure supplies the place of happiness, and luxury tries to pass itself for contentment.

Eighteen years had elapsed, then, since the execution of the murderers of Gaultier Fiteau. Eighteen years had elapsed since the talent and decision which Pierre Morin had displayed on that occasion had attracted the notice of one who was willing and able to raise him above the station in which we have first depicted him. Eighteen years had passed since the Abbe de Castelneau had adopted, if we may so call it, the child Annette, and had quitted Paris for the second time since he first appeared before the reader.

What were the changes those eighteen years had produced? In the states and empires of Europe, changes immense and extraordinary! The same king, indeed, still sat upon the throne of France, but society itself had undergone a vast alteration, and all the relations of the kingdom with foreign states were different. Enemies had become friends, and friends enemies, and the nearest of the monarch's kindred were hostilely opposed to his views.

To a narrower circle, however, we must bound our own inquiries. What were the changes those eighteen years had produced in the Abbe de Castelneau, and the child he had so strangely adopted at a moment when, as we have shown, he had but little wealth of any kind even to support himself? A person he remained very much the same as we have already described him. His hair might be somewhat more gray; and certain indescribable appearances might indicate to an attentive eye that time's wing had flapped more than once over his head since we first presented him to the eye of the reader. He was older in appearance, but yet not much; for at the former period he had looked older than he really was, and at the latter he looked younger.

In his mind there had taken place various changes; and although I do not intend to enter into any minute account of his character, but rather to let it develop itself, yet it may be as well to keep in mind that this is no creation of the fancy, but a living creature of flesh and blood; a being mingled of good and evil which then existed, and which has had many a successor since. It is well to remember also that he was a man of strong passions and feelings, both vicious and virtuous; and that the thing then called philosophy had taken away from him those principles upon which his good feelings might have rested secure, and had only served to teach him to conceal his sensations from others, and very often from himself.

Since he had quitted Paris, however, the better feelings had obtained wider sway; there was not, in short, so much temptation to evil; there were many opportunities of good. He learned to abhor, in new employments and occupations, amusements which he had formerly sought for the exercise of a keen and active mind, and the gratification of an eager and excitable disposition. The gaming table had been one of his greatest resources, and he had always sought those games in which chance and skill had an equal share, in order that he might stimulate his heart by expectation and anxiety, and exercise his mind by calculation at the same time. There was also, a sort of pride and pleasure to him in displaying a certain stoical apathy, which he did not really feel, in regard to the decks and the event of the game. Since he had quitted Paris, however, he had never touched or even seen a card. He had found for himself occupation in the neighbourhood of the small house, not far from the town of Agen, in which he dwelt for ten years; and out of the very limited income that remained to him he had contrived to do great good among the peasantry around. He had quieted dissensions, assisted the poor; had given education to the young, and advice to the old; and, living very

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frugally himself, he never felt the pressure of need, nor regret at the loss of luxury.

In his own home, however, still remained the sweet child whom he had adopted; and that very fact might be perhaps the great cause—though, beyond doubt, there were many others co-operating—which produced such a change in the habits, if not in the character, of the Abbe de Castelneau. It was not only that she offered sufficient occupation for every spare moment; it was not only that she offered sufficient excitement, and supplied a matter of continual speculation to his philosophy, but it was likewise—at least I believe so—that there is something in the pure and simple innocence of infancy—a fragrance, as it were, fresh from the hand of the great Creator of all spirits—which naturally communicates itself to those who are brought near it, purifying, sanctifying, and blessing, by the sight of that guiltlessness which they must love, and the loss of which in their own case they must regret.

This very fact was a matter of speculation to the Abbe de Castelneau himself; and often, when he quitted her, after having amused himself for many an hour with her infant sports and gambols, he would walk forth up the side of the hill, with his eyes bent down upon the ground, looking thoughtful, and, as the peasantry used to fancy, gloomy, but with a chastened joy in his heart which he had never known in scenes of revelry, and pleasure, and indulgence.

"It is strange!" he would murmur to himself, "it is very strange! I feel better, and wiser, and happier, and all from communion with a child!"

Thus passed by the days, to him seeming almost as brief as the sentences in which we have recorded the lapse of those eighteen years. But before much more than one half of those eighteen years had flown, a great change took place in the fortunes of the Abbe de Castelneau, and he was suddenly not only restored to as much affluence as he had ever known, but to much greater wealth than he had ever any right to expect. It was not that any of the different benefices which he held, having satisfied the claims of his creditors, were turned to his own use, for it required a longer time than that to pay all the debts that he had contracted; but, at the end of the ninth year, a report reached him that the son of his uncle, the Count de Castelneau, the only surviving son—for it may be recollected that the elder son had been killed in battle about the period at which this history commences—was dangerously ill.

The tidings seemed to affect him but little, for this young man had been but a mere boy when the last abbe had been admitted within the walls of the chateau of Castelneau. He had loved his elder cousin most sincerely, and had lamented him truly and deeply when he fell by the banks of the Rhine; but his own conduct had excluded him for many years from the dwelling of his noble relation, and he took no thought or interest in the young heir of that high house.

Soon after, news again reached him that the youth was dead; all he said in the way of mourning was, "Poor boy!" But he added, "Now, were I avaricious, I would go and throw myself at the feet of this old man, profess repentance for all my past errors, and induce him to leave me his rich estates, as well as the old chateau which must be mine, unless, indeed, he marry again and have another heir. But I will do none of these things: he was cruel to his eldest son, harsh to his own unhappy wife, stern and unjust to me, and I will not bend to him. Let him leave his wealth to whom he will, I shall have enough to give a dower to my sweet little Annette, and that will close the account well."

He went not to see his uncle, nor held any communication with him; and it may be easily supposed that his uncle took no notice of him. Not long after, however, the Bishop of Toulouse, in passing through that part of the country, took up his abode at the abbe's house for a day or two, inquiring into various facts concerning the neighbouring districts, in regard to which none could give him such good information as his host. The abbe entertained him with a degree of studied plainness that amused the good prelate, but put him at his ease. There was certainly a slight addition made to the breakfast, dinner, and supper of the Abbe de Castelneau, but it was in quantity, not in quality, that any change appeared. The bishop was struck, pleased, and amused too with the young Annette, and asked her name one day after she had just quitted the room.

"Annette de St. Morin," replied the abbe, briefly.

The bishop smiled. "Not your child, I hope, monsieur l'abbe?" said the bishop.

"Yes, my lord!" replied the abbe; but the moment after he added, with a low bow and a cynical look, "my child by adoption and affection, but nothing more."

The bishop made no reply, but took his leave of the abbe on the following day; and some months passed in the usual course, without any event of importance sufficient to require notice here. At length, however, a courier with a foaming horse stopped at the dwelling of the Abbe de Castelneau, who was at that moment walking down the steps of his house into the little garden that surrounded it. The courier bowed low and presented to him a letter, which the abbe took, and turned the address with the same calm and unmoved countenance which he now habitually maintained.

On the back of the epistle he read, "To the Abbe, Count of Castelneau, Castres, near Agen." The seal was black, and on opening it he proceeded to read a letter from the curate of the parish in which the chateau of Castelneau was situated, informing him of the death of his relation, and telling him that the late count had left no will, having destroyed, the very day before he died, a will which he had made some time previous.

The abbe thus found himself at once in possession of rank and great wealth; but still he received such intelligence without a change of expression, and merely ordered his simple antiquated chaise—which seemed to have appropriated to itself all the dust that had been raised upon the roads in the vicinity for more than a century—to be brought round, with the two long-tailed mules which had drawn him and his little charge about the neighbourhood of Agen ever since he had quitted Paris.

Every thing was made ready in the space of two hours. The abbe got in first, the little girl and Donnine followed, the old man-servant in his gray livery took his place on the outside, and, having hitherto acted the part of gardener as well as lackey, now performed the office of coachman. The journey occupied more than one day, as any person acquainted with the country may understand, although it must be remembered that the Castelneau of which we speak is not that in the Herault, but rather that at the distance of some four or five leagues from Cahors, in one of the most picturesque and extraordinary parts of France. There are two or three other places of the same name. Another belonging to the same family, was so be found near Auch; but it will be remarked, that wherever the name of Castelneau is met with, there will be likewise found a combination of wood, water, and rocky scenery, affording much picturesque beauty, and presenting many a spot where the poet and the painter may rest and dream. The Castelneau, however, near Auch, though it possessed at that time, and perhaps does still, an old castle, was not inhabited by the counts of Castelneau; and the place towards which the abbe bent his steps was that in Quercy, not far from Figeac.

Every thing was new and delightful to Annette de St. Morin, as the little girl was now called, so that to her at least the journey did not seem a long one. The abbe showed no impatience on his own part; but still he pressed the mules upon their work, as the funeral of the late count was to be delayed till his arrival.

At length he reached the castle of his ancestors; a castle, probably the oldest of the kind in France, of which many parts still stand, as they were raised from the ground in the dark ages under the Merovingian kings of France. The servants, drawn up in mourning, waited him in the great hall with somewhat of feudal pomp and parade; and, passing through the double line, the abbe went on, without taking notice of any one, till he reached the chamber which had been prepared for him, and in which the curé of the village and the principal notary of Figeac had remained till his arrival.

The funeral was performed with great pomp. The abbe took undisputed possession of the property; and, accompanied by the notary, broke the seals which had been placed upon the various cabinets, and went through the examination of the valuable papers which had belonged to the dead man.

It is always a sad and terrible task—where there is any human feeling left in the heart—that of examining the papers and letters of those who are gone. The records of fruitless affections, of disappointed hopes, of tenderness perhaps misplaced, perhaps turned by the will of fate to scourge the heart that felt it, are there all before our eyes. Side by side, at one view and in one instant, we have before us the history of a human life and its sad and awful moral; we have there the picture of every high enjoyment, of every warm domestic blessing; while written by the hand of death beneath them is the terrible truth, "These are all passed away forever, and so will it soon be with thee likewise!"

Whether he felt these things or not, nobody could tell from the countenance of the abbe, Count de Castelneau. He appeared neither more nor less sad after the examination than before. One thing, however, he did find, among the papers of his deceased relation, which called up to his lip that faint and doubtful smile of which we have before had occasion to speak. This was a letter from the Bishop of Toulouse, and dated some few months before the death of the latter. It gave an account of the abbe's own state and character at the time, and represented him as entirely changed and reclaimed from all the vices which at one time had degraded him, living an honourable and useful life, and conferring many benefits on those who surrounded him.

The Abbe de Castelneau sealed the letter up, and labeled it with these words, "My character

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from my last place;" but he did not doubt, any more than the reader does, that this very character, given to him by the Bishop of Toulouse, had put him in possession of the wealth and estates which were now his. It may be asked if that wealth brought happiness with it: the answer must be, It would appear not. The abbe was not more cheerful, less so even: his gravity sunk into gloom: there was a sadness about him which not even the presence of the being he loved best on earth, his own little Annette, as he used to call her, could altogether dissipate.

His personal habits in the mean time remained almost unchanged, though he took the necessary measures to free himself from his obligations to the church. The whole neighbourhood said, when they heard of this, that the Count de Castelneau would marry for the sake of an heir; that he was a young man, and a handsome man, and one that had loved, but too much, the society of women. It was not likely, therefore, that he would remain single; and everybody anticipated that Annette de St. Morin would soon feel a great difference in the conduct of her father by adoption, for that a new mistress would be speedily given to that household, of which she had been hitherto the pride and delight.

The count, however, did not justify these prognostications. Though he had abandoned the church, he still retained, in all his garments, the grave hue of its habiliments; he lived with infinite frugality and moderation, and showed a great distaste to that which is commonly called society. The Count de Castelneau might still have retained possession of some of the rents and revenues which he had derived from the church, although he had freed himself from his vows in all due form, as was but too frequently the case in France at that time. He did not think fit so to do, however, but paid all his debts, and resigned every benefice, abbey, and impropriation which had formed the great bulk of his income before the death of his uncle. In the management of his own property he was liberal and charitable to others, though sparing to himself; and, had he sought for such honours, might have gained the character of a saint. But of such a distinction he was in no degree ambitious.

CHAPTER IX.

Having traced the passing of the eighteen years which we have mentioned as far as in their flight they influenced the situation of the Abbe de Castelneau, we must now pause for a short time to inquire into their effect upon another of our characters, though here the subject is infinitely more delicate, and the investigation more obscure.

To examine into the tortuous ways of the human heart—a labyrinth where darkness is added to intricacy—is at the best a most difficult task; for where shall we find a clew, where a light to guide us, where a voice to tell us at each step whether we are right or wrong? But to examine into the heart of a woman is a more difficult undertaking; for the paths are finer and less distinctly traced, and very, very often even the owner of the place remains wilfully ignorant of all the many turnings and windings of the way. Coarse hands can separate the bundles of coarse twine, but it needs a fine touch to divide the film of the silkworm or to discover the flaws of the diamond. Nevertheless, it is a part of my appointed task to examine the progress, and inquire into the character and feelings, of her whom we must now call, as her father by adoption had called her, Annette de St. Morin.

We left her an infant—a very beautiful infant truly—full of engaging graces and sweet smiles, overflowing with health and good temper. Tears were great strangers in her eyes, even as a child; and, whatever she might carry out of the world or go through therein, she certainly brought into it as great a fund of happy sensations as ever infant was yet endowed with. Human nature is so fond of happiness that it is scarcely possible to help loving any being we see innocently happy. The reverse, indeed, does not hold good, for the deepest and the tenderest interest can be excited by the sight of virtuous grief; but still there is something so engaging in happiness, that few hearts can witness it without being attracted towards those who possess it. Certain it is—whether by the possession of this attractive power, or what other quality I know not—certain it is that Annette de St. Morin, as an infant, engaged the hearts of all those who surrounded her. We have already mentioned the love which she excited in the Abbe de Castelneau: it was the same with the good Dominie, it was the same with the old lackey, and with every other person that approached her. This was the case in infancy; and as time daily more and more developed her graces, and opened new channels for her sunshiny cheerfulness to display itself; as she learned to clap her little hands with joy when anything pleased her, to run from one fond friend to another, and to speak broken words with the sweet tongue of youth, there came melting sensations over hearts that had never melted before, and feelings of tenderness that set all cold philosophy at defiance.

She preserved all the beauties and the graces with which she set out in life till she was about seven years old, and during that period she went through all the ordinary diseases of childhood, showing in moments of suffering and sickness the same imperturbable and happy calm which we have before mentioned. She might be languid with fever, but she was never querulous or irritable: the lip might be parched and the eye dull, but there was always a smile came up upon the face when her ear caught the sounds of the voices that she loved.

When she was about seven years of age she began to lose the beauty which had distinguished her; her features grew ill proportioned, her face thin, her form lost the roundness of childhood; and though her eyes were still fine and her hair beautiful, yet no one who did not examine very closely perceived any promise of after loveliness. This state of transition continued for several years; and at the time when she arrived at the chateau of Castelneau, many of the ladies in the vicinity pronounced her an ugly little girl, and, though they looked in vain for any likeness between her and her adopted father, yet argued strongly that she must be his own child, because otherwise he could take no interest in one so devoid of beauty.

There was a change coming, however. Some two years after, the complexion of Annette de St. Morin began to resume the clear rosy brightness which it had in her infancy. Her form grew, not only tall and graceful, but rounded in the most exquisite contour; gradually, year after year, her features became finer, the whole arrangements of her countenance more harmonious; her eyes retained their brightness and their lustre; the lashes that overshadowed them appeared longer, and darker, and softer, every day; and the lips, which had always smiled sweetly, now became full and rosy, with that exquisite bend which is so rarely seen except on the cold pale face of the Grecian statue. The hand and the foot remained small and symmetrical; and it was remarked that, in whatever way they fell, the lines they formed were all full of grace. Even her hair, which was very luxuriant, though it did not absolutely curl in large masses except when very long, yet had an irrepressible wave which pervaded the whole, and caught the light in glossy gleams wherever the sun fell upon it. In short, she thus changed twice in those eighteen years, from a lovely infant to a plain child, and from a plain child to a most beautiful woman.

Such had been the alterations of her person during the period I have mentioned; and I have spoken of them first, as less difficult to deal with than her mind. But that mind went on step by step, developing all its powers under careful nurture. The course of education to which the abbe subjected her was very strange, when his circumstances and situation are considered. It was not the education which one would have expected from a man, a dissipated man, a Frenchman, or a Roman catholic. In the first place, it was perfectly feminine; there were none of those harsh studies in it with which men, when intrusted with the education of women, so often unsex them. From the earliest age, he taught her the love of truth and sincerity; he implanted in her mind that everything was to be sacrificed to that; he made it, in short, the first principle of her education. But he taught her, too, to be gentle, and docile, and thoughtful for others. He taught her to avoid all that might give pain; but what may seem stranger than all is, that he taught her these things all from one source—the Book of our salvation.

In the course of so teaching her, he suffered the cause of his anxiety to fill her mind with the words of that book to appear on one or two occasions. The first time that he did so was when she was about ten years old, and he found that something which she met with in the history of the Saviour was too difficult for her to comprehend.

"My dear child," said the abbe, "you cannot understand it, and I do not expect you to do so; but I am giving these treasures to your heart, and not to your mind: your mind will share in them hereafter. I wish them to be part of your feelings, part of your existence, the dowry of your spirit. I tell you, Annette, that I would give willingly this right hand to have received these words in youth through the heart, rather than in manhood through the understanding. For oh! my sweet girl, after that heart has been hardened by the fierce fire of the world, *we may be convinced without faith, and believe without feeling.*"

Upon this principle it was evident that he acted; but there was nothing in the least ascetic in his teaching, for it was all redolent of that joy and cheerfulness which breathes from the volume that he opened to her. In short, he told her to be happy, and he taught her how.

He added, moreover, everything that could give her the graces of society, and the highest accomplishments that could be obtained. He thought none of these things frivolous and light when they did not interfere with higher things; and he believed, nay, he knew, that they might go hand in hand with the holiest thoughts. He

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showed her that every talent and endowment possessed by man, whether corporeal or mental, is the gift of God, and that it is one part of the worship of God to cultivate and employ those talents by every means that he has placed within our power. "God has forbidden excess," he said, "in anything; and he himself has told us those things which in themselves are evil. Thus it would be an impious arraignment of his providence to say that any of those things which he has given, and not forbidden, may not be used in moderation. The lark," he said, "my child, sings at the gate of heaven. Sing you also in the happiness of your heart; and in so singing, remember the God who made sweet sounds, and who taught man to harmonise them, and to give a finer voice to all the emotions of his mind. The finger of God, too," he said, "is in all the beautiful things of the world; and when, with the pencil, your hand traces them, my Annette, you will not forget the hand that formed them. Every enjoyment that is innocent and moderate we may believe was given us expressly from above; and the test by which you should try your enjoyments is by the prayer that you can repeat after them. If, after any pleasure, you can raise your voice to the Almighty with an attentive and unwavering mind, you may feel sure that your enjoyment has been moderate. If, with a knowledge of his word, you can ask him to bless you in such things, you may be sure that your enjoyment has been good."

Such were the doctrines that he taught, and such were the principles upon which he acted towards his adopted child. It may be said this was a much better and more amiable man than he has been represented in the beginning; but such is not the case. I have said that his character was mingled of good and evil; but his love for that child separated the good from the evil, and he gave all the better part to her.

Every advantage that any of the neighbouring towns could afford was procured for Annette with the most boundless generosity by the abbe after he became Count de Castelneau. Every skilful master that could be heard of was called to the chateau to give her instruction in turn; and in the hours which were devoted to reading, the abbe, who was a man of refined taste, made her acquainted with all that was beautiful in the first writers in his own and other countries. One thing, however, he excluded entirely, which was that class of composition which was then generally called philosophy. He said that a man who had once drunk of a cup of poison, and had suffered from the consequences all his life, would never hold the same to the lips of one he loved.

Conducted in this manner, we may easily conceive what was the effect of education upon a mind naturally full of high qualities, and endowed with very great abilities of all kinds. But there was one particular circumstance which affected, in a marked and peculiar manner, the character of Annette de St. Morin. This was the state of comparative seclusion in which she lived. The Count de Castelneau courted not society; and, indeed, during a great part of the year there was little to be found in the neighbourhood of the chateau. The metropolis, so to speak, had swallowed up, like a great gulf, the nobility of France; and few, if any of the members of that body spent more than a month or two on their own estates. When they did appear in the country, they came with all the vices of a great city hot and flagrant about them, and, consequently, they were not very desirable companions either for the count or his young charge. He took care, however, that the tone of her manners should be high and refined. She had the politeness of nature from gentleness of thought, and all those graces of demeanour which cultivation and refinement of mind can alone afford. But still there was a difference between herself and the general world of Paris. It was difficult to discern in what that difference lay, and yet it was very striking. It was, in truth, that she thought for herself, and did not think only as others thought. Of course, in very many respects, her thoughts were, in substance, the same as other people's; but they suggested themselves in different forms from those of other people, and they continually presented modes and expressions different from those which other persons would have used.

The society which she did mingle with in the neighbourhood consisted of a few of the old and respectable families of the province, in some of whom poverty, and in some of whom pride, counteracted the attractions of the capital and retained them in the country, where small means afforded all that was necessary, and where old blood and renowned ancestry were sufficient to ensure distinction. In Paris such was not the case; there even great wealth sunk down to competence; and old family and great renown were only regarded as small adjuncts to other more attractive qualities, and as nothing without them.

From time to time, too, the count visited the town of Cahors, and took Annette de St. Morin with him; and on those occasions—generally some public event—the royal officers of the province, and most of the other nobles, even from considerable distances, visited the town, and brought their families to grace the meeting.

Thus Annette de St. Morin was not without a thorough knowledge of all the forms and manners of the world, and was fitted in every respect to mingle gracefully with it, and to play her part even with distinction. Still, however, the greater part of her time was passed nearly in solitude; for at the chateau of Castelneau a visit was a rare occurrence, and to dine or sup out in the neighbourhood was an event to be recorded in the history of the year. The count, it is true, during the early part of her life, devoted all the morning to teach and educate her; but after the hour of noon he spent a considerable portion of the day alone, and Annette was left to wander through the neighbouring country and about the grounds of the chateau as she thought fit.

Every one who has visited that part of France must know that the vicinity of Castelneau is very beautiful, and the very fact of its loveliness had a considerable effect upon her mind. There can be no doubt that upon the impressions which we receive in youth through any of the senses depend, in a great degree, the tastes, if not the feelings, which form our happiness or unhappiness in after years. Those impressions sink more deeply into our hearts than any others we ever receive. They are, as it were, the mould from which the clay takes its form while it is yet soft and unhardened by the fire of the world; and thus it was that Annette de St. Morin derived from the scenes in which she was accustomed to move peculiar habits of feeling, which affected the whole course of her thoughts. Those thoughts were, if one may so term it, picturesque. She loved all that was beautiful, and great, and good; but there was a kind of enthusiastic eagerness in all she did, which was certainly derived from the grandeur and wildness of the scenery which surrounded her in her early years.

Annette's mind was not one that dwelt much upon herself. She knew that she was beautiful; for it is scarcely possible to conceive a situation in which that knowledge can be excluded from a woman's heart, without gross and shameful falsehood on the part of those who surround her; but she knew not how beautiful, nor was she vain for a quality which she estimated at its due value and no more. She thought little of it, in short; and her mind scarcely rested for a moment at a time upon a gift which she felt was shared by every flower and every bird. It was natural that—not living among people with whom such things were of much consequence, whom beauty did not attract, and whom plainness would not have repelled—it was natural that she should not attach to personal advantages that unreal worth which a vain world in general accords to it. She knew not that vice and folly would often be sought and followed for the sake of beauty, where virtue and wisdom would attract no attention or respect. I have said she knew not, but I should have said she comprehended not; for she had read and heard that it was so, and, perhaps, gave mere assent to the tale without bringing the thing home to her own heart, for there is a great difference between those three acts, knowing, and comprehending, and feeling. Of course, though she might have knowledge, she had no experience; and though she had principles to guide her own conduct, she had no data to judge of that of others. Her father by adoption had indeed taken pains to give her some insight into the world's ways, yet she had learned the facts but as a lesson, without any practical application thereof. She often, indeed, was tempted into wild and vague speculations as to what that great world really was which she heard so frequently talked of; and as she walked by the banks of any of the manifold rivers of that land of streams and fountains, she would gaze thoughtfully upon the waters, wishing that, like them, her mind might flow on through all the thousand scenes of bright nature and glad human life which decorated their banks, and see that busy world of action and endeavour, which each town along their course was sure to display. She would picture to herself all that might then meet her eye, and the many matters of deep interest and curiosity which might be opened to her sight. But then, again, a voice seemed to whisper from within, that those waters could not pass amid the scenes of man's existence without their brightness being troubled by impurity, till at length they would reach their conclusion in a turbid and a darksome stream; that never could they turn back upon their course, but must go onward forever, bearing with them every burden that was cast upon them, and every fouler stream that was poured in upon their once pure bosom. She shuddered as she thus thought, and the brief curiosity in which she had indulged passed away like a dream.

This was not the only speculation, however, with which she amused herself, for knowledge without experience is ever visionary; but as she walked in solitude through the woods and upon the hills in the neighbourhood of Castelneau during those hours which the count spent alone in the chateau, thousands of bright fancies would rise before her eyes, imaginations that would have become hopes if they had had any tangible object to fix upon. She would ask herself the meaning of the gay lark's song; she would give a voice to the whispering of the wind; the flowers

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would wake into life under her eyes, and act their parts in dramas of her own creation. These things grew upon her in her sixteenth, seventeenth, and her eighteenth year; but a time was rapidly coming when visions were to give place to realities, and her heart was taught to speak instead of her imagination.

CHAPTER X.

The chateau of Castelneau still presents towers, and ramparts, and bastions of great antiquity, or at least it did so twenty years ago; but, at the more remote period of which I speak, the building was in full preservation, and in external form retained all the peculiarities of the age in which it was built, though the interior had been modernised and fitted up with the luxurious extravagance of the reign of Louis XV. Within the walls of the chateau were no less than three large courts, separated from each other by massy piles of building, containing long and rambling corridors and extensive halls, with innumerable smaller chambers scattered here and there, with much space wasted, but with no small economy of light. Besides these masses of building, and the vast circuit of walls and towers that surrounded them and united them together, with several large square edifices, detached from the rest of the castle, or only united to it either by a sort of covered bridge high up in the air, or a passage cut through the rock beneath, and issuing forth from those apartments which, in the modern arrangements that had been made in the castle, were appropriated to butlers, cooks, and servingmen. Though the molelike process of proceeding under the earth gives an idea of mystery and darkness to our minds in the present day, when we are all together what may be called an upstairs world, yet to the servants of the chateau of Castelneau the matter had become so familiar, that they passed through a subterranean passage, which would have furnished the highest enjoyment to one of the votaries of Udolpho, as calmly and coolly as wn go from one ordinary room to another. Notwithstanding the antiquity of the chateau itself, by some extraordinary forgetfulness on the part of its inhabitants, it was unprovided even with a ghost. The eastern tower itself possessed some of the most cheerful apartments in the whole building; and that face of the chateau which looked towards the south contained several of the most gay and smiling halls that the arts of any period could have devised, with deep oriel windows, in the recesses of which the sunshine loved to linger and draw patterns on the oaken floor. In short, many parts of the castle afforded as bright and pleasant a habitation as it was possible for man to desire; and the number of servants and retainers usually kept up therein filled it so full of human life, that every thing like the appearance of solitude was banished from its precincts.

The neighbourhood, indeed, though the land is most warm and sunny, had somewhat of the wild and the sublime in its general aspect. It retains, more than any other part of France that I have visited, that feudal colouring, if I may so term it, which leads the mind back at once to early and more simple times. There are manifold woods and streams, wide forests, deep valleys, fountains innumerable. Nor are these last alone the sources of small rills, that spring in a jet of silver from the bank, and flow on, soon losing themselves in some greater body of water; but in some parts of that district rivers burst at once from the green turf in the midst of the forest, issuing from a depth that no one as yet has been able to fathom. The houses of the peasantry, however lowly, have a neatness about them which speaks of natural taste: there is a love of flowers, and a fondness for bright but harmonious colours, which smacks of a peculiar sort of poetry of the mind; and the very jargon of the peasantry is sweet and softened, however incorrect, giving proof of an ear highly sensible to musical sounds. Here, indeed, was spoken, in former times, in great purity, the soft *Langue d'Oc*, undoubtedly one of the most harmonious tongues of modern Europe; and there is a charm in that harmony of language, in its connection with the imagination, at which reason and philosophy are sometimes indignant. Many a sensible and very clever man has puzzled himself to divine how it is that the songs of the *Troubadours*, though very much inferior in reason and in wit to the compositions of their more northern neighbours, the *Trouveres*, have obtained a much higher reputation, and still retain their hold upon the public mind. There may be many causes for this fact, but one of those causes undoubtedly is the superior harmony of the *Langue d'Oc* over the *Langue d'Oil*.

However that may be, every thing around Figeac and its neighbourhood spoke not alone of the early days of the good olden time, but of early days in their brightest aspect, early days in their sunshine and calmness; for, alas! those early feudal days had also their clouds and their storms. The people of the district were not numerous, but food was plenty among them, and therefore, they might well be contented; for although plenty will not always produce content, yet very seldom, if ever, is content found without it. Neither was the population very thin: there were few moors or wastes of any kind, though the woodlands were extensive; but those woodlands, it must be recollected, were among the richest districts of the province. In the skirts of the forests, however, as well as in other places, were numerous villages and hamlets, and often in the heart of the wood itself appeared a neat cottage, always placed in the best and most picturesque situation on the top of some high bank or on the slope of some gentle hill, where the advantages of air, and shelter, and dryness were all combined. No bad indication of the character of the peasantry of any particular country is to be found in the situation of the hamlets and cottages; and in these respects the positions chosen by the people in that neighbourhood harmonised well with their ordinary tastes and feelings.

The soil in general was dry and wholesome, and that part which was given up to the production of timber was generally the broken ground which it would have been difficult to reduce to form and shape by any effort of the ploughshare. No regularity had prevailed in the art of planting during those remote centuries when the seeds of the oaks and beeches that grew around Castelneau were sown—if indeed the woods themselves were not remnants of the old primeval forests which once covered the whole face of the country—and thus the greatest picturesque beauty was to be found in the forest ground. The rest of the land, it is true, was beautiful also; but often from the edges of the wood were to be seen bright glimpses of the open country, mingling with the fringe of green trees that skirted the hills, and combining many sorts of natural beauty in one. The climate, too, in that part of France, is peculiarly fine; and although so many rivers and springs appear in every direction, very little rain falls, and the heavy clouds that sometimes gather round float slowly past to higher regions, and pour their showers upon the tops of distant mountains. It thus becomes a land of gleams, where the sunshine and the shadow seem constantly playing with each other, and running bright races over the green hillsides.

Among such scenes were passed the years of Annette de St. Morin, from the time she was ten years of age till the time she was eighteen; and, as I have stated before, those gleams, and woods, and hills, and valleys, and bright streams, had no unimportant part in her education. They fixed her tastes, and even in some degree formed her character.

Few of the chateaux in the neighbourhood of that of Castelneau were inhabited. Many were in ruins; and the two nearest houses which dignified themselves with such a title, and were yet tenanted by anything better than bats and owls, lay at the distance of more than five miles from it and from each other. One of these was situated not far from the banks of the Lot, and was in every respect very different from the chateau of Castelneau. It had been built by a marquis in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., and had been embellished by his successor under the regency. The genealogical tree of the family was said not to be one of the tallest in the forest, though the branches had become very numerous of late years; nor were the roots supposed to be very pure—at least no one had ever clearly ascertained into what soil they shot. The chateau itself was exactly what might be expected from the age in which it was built and the person who built it. It was all glass within and without. The windows were like what are termed goggle eyes—much too large, in short, for the size of the place. There were also a great number too many for the small masses of masonry that supported them; and, to make these masses look the more flimsy, the skilful artist had not contented himself till he had covered them with plaster panels and arabesques. Tall stone pinnacles and balls covered the tops of each of the piers; a whole host of Cupids had been squandered upon different parts of the stonework, and innumerable baskets of flowers afforded the little god of love something to do. The house was seated upon a raised platform, and every means was employed, by manifold flights of shallow steps, to weary the visiter in approaching the dwelling of the Marquis de Cajarc.

The interior resembled the outside in ornament and decoration. There was not a panel without some painting upon it, not in the best taste in the world; and the ceilings and staircases were filled with Neptunes and Apollos, Cupids and Venuses, Tritons and Nereids. Manifold looking-glasses ornamented the walls, and the columns that supported the ceilings were fluted with blue glass. In the winter-time the house would have been intolerably cold; but it was only during about three months in the very height of summer that the marquis and the marquise, after having talked to every body in Paris of their chateau on the Lot, came down, with a select few of their acquaintances, to languish through the space allotted to a dull country life.

The family of the marquis consisted of himself and his wife, one son and one daughter. The latter was somewhat older than Annette de St. Morin; handsome, too, and not without a certain degree of cleverness, but full of frivolity, conceit, and pretension. She had thus all the qualities requisite to attract the admiration of the youth of

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Paris; and people were beginning to marvel that Mademoiselle de Cajare, now approaching her twentieth year, had not formed some splendid alliance. However, things in general were managed in Paris at that time in a very different manner from the arrangements of the present day. The young lady had little or nothing to do in the affair but to submit, and all the other particulars were arranged between her parents and the person to be coupled to herself for life, or, more often still, between them and his parents. This, indeed, was not always the case; for there never yet was a time, either in France or any other country, in which love-matches were not occasionally made, as is shown by the very distinction drawn in the language between the *mariage d'amour* and the *mariage de convenance*.

It may be supposed, then, that in the society in which Mademoiselle de Cajare moved, the *mariage de convenance* was much more customary than any other sort of alliance; and it began to be rumoured in the circles of Paris that the marquis himself had not been so explicit in naming the dowry of his daughter as was desirable to the young gallants of the capital. Yet he lived in the highest and most profuse style; and his son, who was serving with the army on the Rhine, never found any want of means to gratify whatever whim or caprice might come into the head of a spoiled child of fortune.

The marquis himself was every thing that had been the pink of perfection some thirty years before. He was, consequently, somewhat out of date, according to the manners of the day; and his graces had a degree of stiffness which occasionally excited the merriment of the *dégagée* youth which filled the saloons of the metropolis. The marquise was what the people of her own time called a sweet, interesting woman, as heartless as it was possible to conceive, and, of course, as selfish. She had a certain sort of common sense, or rather, I should say, discernment about her, which made her perceive, when she first set out in life, some six or seven-and-twenty years before, that, as she had not enough ready wit to be *piquante*, she must assume the interesting and sentimental; and this having become her habitual style, she continued to languish and to sigh, and to look tender and beseeching, till all her charms began perceptibly to pass away, and the necessity of giving them a little heightening became more and more apparent every day. She took the hint which her looking-glass afforded; superinduced additional portions of red or white in various places, as the case required; arranged the eyebrows with the nicest care, and added a lock here and there among her hair, where "Time, who steals our years away," had stolen her tresses too.

Such was one of the chateaux in the neighbourhood of Castelneau, and such was the family to which it belonged. There was another, however, at about the same distance in a different direction. It was situated in that higher, if not more mountainous, district about Fons and St. Medard, and was as much the reverse of the chateau of Cajare in its site and appearance as in the character of its inhabitants. In the jargon of the country it was called Castel Nogent, and the name of the gentleman who inhabited it was the Baron de Nogent. He was at this time an old man, but older indeed in appearance than in reality, for Care had laid its hand upon him as well as Time. His hair was as white as snow, and his figure, which had once been tall and powerful, was now thin and somewhat bent. He was not, however, more than sixty years of age; and his countenance, though worn and somewhat pale, bore a noble and lofty look; but, withal, there was an expression of melancholy, nay, of almost hopelessness about it, which was permanent, mingling with every other expression—even with a smile.

The chateau was one of the old dwelling-houses of the country, not of so antique a date, indeed, as that of Castelneau, but still carrying its origin back for many centuries, and built upon the foundations of an older mansion, all record of the erection of which was lost in the lapse of time. It was not near so large as the chateau of Castelneau, and, indeed, never had been, but still it was a large building, and would have afforded ample accommodation for a numerous family and a splendid train. By such, however, it was not tenanted; for the baron himself had seen his wife—whom he had wedded from pure affection, and had never ceased to love—wither away ere she had been here more than four years, leaving him not exactly alone, for he had one son, but solitary in heart, and depressed by manifold misfortunes. The train of the baron, too, was very small; for his father had made great sacrifices for his king and for his country, and had, of course, met with neither reward nor remuneration. The baron also had suffered severe losses of property from accidental causes; and the chateau not being half filled, was falling in some parts into decay.

The scenery around it was very beautiful, full of woods, and rocks, and streams; and, in a part which had been formerly reserved as a hunting park for the chateau itself, rose one of the heads of the small river Cere, rushing at once from a deep basin in the rock in a jet of nearly four feet in diameter.

The Abbe de Castelneau, as soon as he assumed the title of count, and took possession of the castles and estates, was immediately visited in great state by all the gentry of the neighbourhood, with the exception of the Baron of Nogent. With great and deliberate slowness he returned those visits, affording no great encouragement either by his words or manner to any attempt at intimacy. He waited for some time for the baron's call; but, as that nobleman did not appear, he proceeded in his old pastime, drawn by the two magnets, for which he retained an unwavering regard, to visit his solitary neighbour. The baron received him without any appearance of discomfort or surprise, but also without any show of pleasure.

"Monsieur de Nogent," said the count, "we of Castelneau and you of Nogent have been friends for two hundred years, and perhaps longer; I see not why it should not be so still."

"There is but one reason, count," replied the baron; "the house of Castelneau is rich, the house of Nogent is poor, and they meet not upon the same terms as in older days."

"If riches could make any difference in regard, sir," replied the count, "friendship would be a thing not worth the trouble of coming two leagues from Castelneau to seek. I have shown you that I wish to meet you lightly than you seem to do; if you do not really hold it lightly, you will come to Castelneau in return."

The baron smiled faintly. "I do not hold it lightly, indeed," he replied; "and, since such are your feelings, Monsieur de Castelneau, I will, of course, return your visit with pleasure. But I have so long avoided all society, from causes too painful for me to enter into, that I fear you will find but a dull and cheerless neighbour, though not from estimating friendship at a low rate, or undervaluing high abilities when I meet with them."

Some farther conversation took place, and the count inquired after the baron's son, whom he remembered a beautiful boy some ten or twelve years before.

"He is now," replied the baron, "one of the king's pages, and I hope, ere another year be over, to hear that he is serving his country in the field."

The count wished the young gentleman success; and, after remaining a reasonable time, in order to suffer all strangeness to wear off, he took his leave, and returned to the chateau of Castelneau. His visit called forth another immediately from the baron, who spoke and acted with less reserve than he had previously done, and mentioned his intention of proceeding very soon to Paris, in order to see his son equipped for the army.

Not long after, the Count de Castelneau proceeded to the town of Cahors for some time, to settle various matters of business connected with the inheritance which had just fallen to him. He took Annette with him; and, on their return, he found that the Baron de Nogent and his son had called during their absence. He immediately returned their visit without a moment's loss of time; but he found the old nobleman now alone, his son having returned to Paris in order to join the army.

From that time forth the years slipped by without any incident of importance checkering the intercourse between the Baron de Nogent and the Count de Castelneau. They met sometimes twice, sometimes three times in the course of each year, but not oftener; and towards the latter end of the eighteen years of which we have lately been speaking, when the baron visited the chateau of Castelneau, his eyes would frequently rest for a moment or two upon the beautiful countenance of Annette de St. Morin with a look of thoughtful inquiry, as if something puzzled him and set his mind busily to work.

CHAPTER XI.

As each human heart is a world in itself, and we have in this book more than one heart to deal with, it would take a whole constellation of such books to describe, with any degree of minuteness and precision, all the different points and particulars of the characters we have had under review, and the changes which took place therein in the space of the eighteen years so frequently referred to. We have done our best, however, in a short space, to give some idea of the characters of the Count of Castelneau and his adopted child Annette de St. Morin, together with a general view of the circumstances which surrounded them; and, however imperfectly all this may have been accomplished, it is time that we should proceed to make the personages speak and act for themselves.

We have told the generous reader, who is quite willing to believe that every thing we do tell him is true, that during the three or four hours in the middle of the day which the Count de Castelneau thought fit to spend alone in solitary thought, Mademoiselle de St. Morin would wander forth through the bright scenery in the neighbourhood. During these excursions she was sometimes on horseback, followed by numerous

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attendants—for, although the count was so simple in all his own habits, he never suffered her to want any of the outward appearances of rank and high station—but often on foot, and then generally unaccompanied. She was fond of indulging her own thoughts; and, though sometimes the sunny side of the breezy hill would fill her with high spirits, and tempt her to gallop her fleet Limousin jennet for many a mile over the broken turf, yet, towards eighteen years of age, she generally returned ere long to the more thoughtful mood, and whiled away the hours with fancies of her own. It may be asked, what were those fancies? I cannot tell, nor could she herself have told. All the small particulars that she knew of the world, and of nature, and of her own heart, danced in the light of a happy mind like motes in a ray of sunshine. Each glittered as it passed through the beam, disappeared, and was forgotten; but others still succeeded, and all derived brilliance from the cheerful ray through which they floated, so long as they were within its influence.

There might be, at those times, within that young bosom the wish to be beloved by some kindred spirit, filled with bright thoughts and high aspirations like her own. Such things might well and naturally be in her heart; for it had been a principle of him who had taught her all which she knew, to set her the example of that truth which he required from her, and to deceive her in nothing. He strove, to the very best of his power, to give to all things their right estimate; and he sought not in any degree to conceal from her that love was before her as an inevitable part of her destiny, a thing that was to form an epoch in her existence, though not to absorb within itself the thoughts and feelings of her life. He guarded her mind from dwelling upon that idea, it is true, by supplying her with plenty of other matter for thought; but still youth, and nature, and all those sweet and bright, but vague and shadowy hopes, which form the atmosphere of love, might well have a place within her breast.

She was thus one day wandering on, at the distance of a few miles from the chateau of Castelneau, when, feeling somewhat weary with the warmth of a bright day in the end of May, she sat down to rest on a cushion of green moss that rose round the silvery roots of a tall beech-tree in the woods. At the distance of perhaps twenty yards from where she sat was a small, narrow, sandy road, leading through the woods from Mardial to Figeac, and flowing along, on the other side of the road, was a bright clear stream, which a few miles farther on plunged into the Lot. The beech-tree was one of peculiar beauty, with long bending arms drupping over the ground below, as if to canopy that mossy cushion from the sun; and up behind again sloped far away the green bank, studded here and there with old trees, casting deep shadows round them, but leaving bright gleams of sunshine upon the more open expanse of forest turf. On the right, about twenty yards from the spot where Annette sat, and at the same distance from the road, was an old Gothic cross with a Latin inscription upon it, and at its foot appeared a fountain in a stone basin, richly ornamented by some hand which had long been dust.

I have dwelt on the description of this scene for many reasons, but for none more than because in it occurred more than one event affecting the happiness of Annette de St. Morin. Thus often does it happen in the strange, mysterious existence of man, that certain spots seem to have a fate attached to them, sometimes as the scenes of those greater events that affect nations and worlds, sometimes only as the places where occurrences, marking the particular destiny of individuals, happen from time to time. How many a field of battle has seen various contending armies pass over them at far remote periods; how many houses and palaces contain within them the record of many a great and terrible event. How often does it happen to us individually, that on the same spot where the course of our existence has once been changed by some of the great marking occurrences of life, we have again and again met with change of fortune for good or evil.

Annette de St. Morin sat there and mused; and if any thing at that time in the whole expanse of her sunny mind could bear the name of gloom, we might say that she was more melancholy than usual. The subject of her thoughts was serious. As she looked at the bright stream that flowed by her, it presented to her mind, as the rippling course of a river has naturally done to almost every one when gazing on it intently, an image of human life; and the bright waters, as they flowed by her, seemed to carry on her thoughts into the future. What was to be her own fate and destiny? she asked herself; where the dark and unseen end of that existence, which now passed so brightly and peacefully as the sparkling waters before her eyes? Then again her mind turned to the past; and, like one gazing up towards the top of a mountain, she could trace, step by step, the way back towards infancy, where gradually all minute objects were blended together, and the eyes of memory rested at last upon a faint blue point scarcely distinguishable from the sky.

As she was thus thinking, perhaps asking her own heart who were her parents, what her fate by birth, and what her previous history, the noise of wheels, and the voice of a driver encouraging his horses, seemed at some little distance in the wood. Those sounds roused Annette from her revery, but did not in any degree scare or alarm her. All was so peaceful in the country round—violence and wrong were so seldom heard of in that district, that she entertained no apprehension of any kind, and only drawing the veil which was over her head somewhat more closely round her face, she sat still while the carriage came slowly forward, watching it with some degree of interest as it approached.

It was a plain but handsome vehicle, according to the fashion of that day, with tall flat sides and a moulding at the top; and it was drawn, as was then customary, by four horses, driven by one coachman; but, what was somewhat strange for a vehicle of that kind, no lackey appeared, either beside the driver or at the back of the carriage. The sandiness of the road seemed the cause of the slowness of its progress, for the vehicle was weighty, and the wheels sunk deep in the soft ground. The horses, however, were strong, and appeared quite able to draw it to the firmer road which lay about a mile farther on; but, just as the carriage was passing the spot where Annette sat, a gentleman put his head out of the window, and bade the coachman stop and let the horses rest awhile.

The driver immediately obeyed and dismounted from his box, and the gentleman who had spoken opened the door of the carriage and got out. Had he been a young man, or a man of a gay aspect, Annette de St. Morin might have felt inclined to rise and wend her way homeward; but such was not at all the case, and she remained quietly seated where she was, thinking that in a minute or two the vehicle would move on.

The gentleman who had descended from the carriage seemed to be between forty and fifty years of age, but nearer to the latter than to the former period: he was tall, well proportioned, and graceful, but his hair, which had once been very dark, was thickly mingled with gray. His countenance was good, and not gloomy, though thoughtful; and his dress, which was black, was of the best materials, and made in the best fashion. As soon as he had set his foot to the ground, he offered his hand to a lady who was within, and who likewise descended from the vehicle. She was considerably younger than himself, apparently about five or six-and-thirty years of age, and Annette's eyes rested upon her, she thought that she had never beheld a more interesting being. She was still very beautiful, though the first graces of youth were past; and there was an expression of sadness on her countenance, which, though it could not exactly be said to harmonize with the style of her features, was perhaps the more touching from appearing on a face well calculated to express gay and joyous lightness of heart.

The lady spoke a few words to the gentleman beside, which Annette did not hear, and the eyes of both fixed for a moment upon Mademoiselle de St. Morin. As they saw, however, that she averted her face and made a movement as if to rise and depart, they both turned towards the fountain and the cross, and the lady knelt before the latter, and appeared to repeat a prayer. The gentleman had turned round twice to look at Annette, and, in the mean time, a second lady, extremely well dressed, but by no means bearing the distinguished air of the other, had come forth from the carriage, and was gazing likewise at the fair girl who was seated on the bank.

This double scrutiny made some slight discomposed Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and she now rose for the purpose of returning to the chateau; but at that moment the gentleman approached her with rapid steps, and bowing low, with an uncovered head, he said, "I beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you; but allow me to ask if, in passing along this road, we do not go very near the fine old chateau of Castelneau."

There was something so respectful and courteous in the gentleman's tone, that if Annette had felt anything like annoyance at being gazed at, it passed away immediately, and she replied with a smile, "You go directly before the gates on the way to Figeac. In fact, you can go no other way."

"Can you tell me," continued the gentleman, lowering back to the lady who had now finished her prayer and was approaching, "Can you tell me if strangers may be permitted to see the interior of it without disturbing the family, which I believe is numerous?"

"Nay, you are mistaken," answered Annette; "the family is anything but numerous, consisting only of the count and Mademoiselle de St. Morin."

"Mademoiselle de St. Morin," said the gentleman again, "is, I think —"

"A ward of the Count de Castelneau," replied Annette; "but I must not let you go on further," she added; "I am Annette de St. Morin."

The lady who had been kneeling before the cross, had, during the latter part of this brief

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dialogue, come close to the speakers; and, Annette, though looking principally towards the person who addressed her, had remarked a strange degree of agitation in his female companion. She was not a little surprised and confounded, however, when, at the words she had last spoken, the lady, giving way to some internal emotion, which seemed suddenly to overpower all her efforts to resist it, cast herself upon Annette's neck, and, kissing her again and again, mingled her caresses with many tears, in which joy and sorrow had both evidently a part.

In vain the gentleman who accompanied her laid his hand upon her arm, saying, "Remember, oh, remember!" and the other lady coming up, exclaimed, "Have a care, dear madam, have a care." The lady's emotions were evidently not to be restrained; and she wept upon Annette's bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break, and from time to time pressing her lips upon her cheek and upon her brow. Then again she would dash the drops from her eyes, and gaze in the young lady's face, and then would burst into tears, and lean her head upon her shoulder. On her part, as may well be supposed, Annette was agitated as well as surprised. She knew not, she could not divine, what was the cause of the emotion she beheld; but yet there was something in that lady's look, and tone, and manner, which wakened strange feelings in her heart; feelings of tenderness, and interest, and affection, which she could not account for; and, greatly moved herself, all she could say was, "What is it? Pray tell me, what is it! What is the meaning of all this?"

Nobody answered her for some time; while the gentleman whispered a few words from time to time to the lady, who was thus strangely agitated, and endeavoured gently to draw her away. At length, however, he said, in reply to Annette's repeated question, "You are very like this lady's daughter, mademoiselle, whose name was Annette, also, so that the sight of you and the sound of that name have troubled her a little. She seems to forget, for the time, that you are not the young lady she lost. She will be better in a moment or two, and then will be sorry for having agitated you."

Annette looked at the lady's dress; and though that of the gentleman might certainly pass for mourning, his fair companion was habited in all the bright and delicate colours which were then fashionable in the Parisian world. There was not much time, however, for observation, for the lady now seemed to recover herself; and, gazing upon Annette with a look of sad but deep interest, she said, in a tone of greater composure, "I beg your pardon, young lady, I fear I have agitated you. You look like one that is very happy, and I pray to God that you may never know unhappiness."

"I am very happy," replied Annette, "and I can scarcely foresee anything that should make me unhappy, for I have the kindest and best of guardians, who leaves nothing undone to ensure my present and my future happiness."

"Is he kind to you?" exclaimed the lady, eagerly. "Is he kind to you? Then may God of Heaven bless him! may Heaven bless," she added, more composedly, "every one who is kind to those who are placed under their charge!"

As she thus spoke, the gentleman again whispered something to her, and seemed to urge her eagerly, for she replied at length, "Well, well, I will come; but remember, it is but a moment out of a life;" and again turning to Annette, she added, "Forgive me, sweet girl, if I have frightened and agitated you: we shall meet again, I trust, some time, even in this world, so pray remember me."

"I will, indeed, dear lady," replied Annette; "but by what name can I remember you?"

The gentleman held up his finger to her, as if to beg her to ask no questions; and the lady, after gazing in her face earnestly, once more embraced her, kissing her cheek again and again. Then turning away with bitter tears, she re-entered the carriage, merely murmuring the words "Adieu, adieu!" The other lady then kissed Annette's cheek likewise, saying in a low tone, "You may some day know more;" and the gentleman, returning from the side of the carriage, bade her adieu respectfully ere he withdrew.

When he had handed in the last of the two ladies, Annette was not a little surprised to hear him turn to the coachman and say, as if he were thoroughly acquainted with every step of the country round, "As soon as you have passed the castle gates, take the second broad road to the left, and go on as fast as you can till you reach the town of Maut."

Thus saying, he sprang into the vehicle, shut the door behind him, and the coachman driving on, the whole party were soon out of sight. Annette walked slowly back to the chateau, to tell the Count of Castelneau what had occurred; but, to her surprise, she found that, contrary to his usual habits, he had gone out on horseback in the middle of the day, and had not even said when he would return.

CHAPTER XII.

It was many hours before the count returned to the chateau: when he did so, he entered the room where Annette was sitting with his usual calm and sedate step, and with a brow on which it was scarcely possible to perceive that there was any emotion, either angry, sorrowful, or joyous. As much as he ever smiled, he smiled on greeting the child of his adoption; but, as soon as he had seated himself, he despatched the servant who threw open the door of the saloon for him to summon the porter of the great gates to his presence. The count had passed the man as he entered; and the summons seemed to him so strange, and was so unusual, that, though his master was kind and placable, he turned somewhat pale at the thought of having excited his anger.

"Who has been here since I went out, Victor?" said the count, in a mild tone, as soon as he appeared.

"No one, my lord," replied the porter; "not a soul has passed the gates but mademoiselle, and the boy from the fish-ponds with some fine carp."

"Indeed!" replied the count; "bethink yourself, Victor, for I wish you to be very accurate."

The man still remained firm in the same story, however, and the count then asked if the boy from the fish-ponds had gone back again.

"Oh yes, directly, my lord," replied the porter. "When he had passed the gates and crossed the court, he took the fish to the wicket at the buttery door, where François, the cook's man, took them from him; and he came back directly."

The count mused for a moment or two, and then inquired, "Have you remarked any one pass by the gates of the chateau? I saw the fresh marks of carriage wheels as I came along the road."

"There was a carriage, my lord, about three hours ago," replied the porter, "with three brown horses and a gray one."

"What were the colours of the liveries?" said the count.

"There were no liveries at all, monseigneur," replied the porter: "the coachman had a gray coat on, and a club wig as thick as my arm; but there was not a single lackey with the coach."

In answer to some further questions from his master, he proceeded to say that the vehicle had driven past as fast as possible, without pausing for a moment, even to let the party which it contained take a view of the castle, which was a high misdemeanour in the porter's eyes; the chateau of Castelneau being, in his estimation, the very finest edifice that the skill and ingenuity of man ever succeeded in raising from the earth. The information, however, seemed to satisfy the count, who nodded his head, saying, "That will do: and the porter, well contented with the event of his interrogation, retired from the presence of his lord.

Annette had longed to speak and detail all she knew of the people in the carriage; but natural courtesy had prevented her from interrupting the count till he had done; and then, before she could speak, he turned to her, saying, "Something very strange has occurred to me to-day, Annette."

"And to me also," she replied, with a smile; "but I interrupt you, my dear father. What were you saying?"

"Merely," he answered, "that something very strange has occurred, which, unless it be explained hereafter, I suppose I must look upon as the silliest of all idle jests. I received a letter almost immediately after you left me yesterday, calling me to Figeac upon important business. The matter to be treated of, namely, the purchase of the neighbouring estate of Merle, was distinctly mentioned. My own lawyer and notary, I was told, would both meet me at the inn; and, in fact, there was no room to suspect that I was deceived. I therefore set out as the letter requested me, but found nobody waiting, and no sign of preparation for my coming. This struck me as strange; but, after waiting half an hour, lest men should say I am impatient, I sent for the notary, who lives in the town, you know, and then found that he had not the slightest acquaintance with the matter. The lawyer was then sent for, and, as he lives as far off as Lavignac, I was detained long before he came. When he did at length appear, I found that he was as ignorant of the whole transaction as the notary, and, mounting my horse, I rode back hither as fast as possible. But say, my dear child, what is this strange thing that has happened to you which you thus speak of? You have not been robbed, I trust, my Annette? For one can surely walk forth in peace on the banks of the Selle, if anywhere."

"Oh no," replied Annette, "nothing of that kind; but something, if not as unpleasant, at least as unusual," and she proceeded to relate all that had occurred to her. If she softened anything, it was not intentionally, and the count obtained a very accurate knowledge of all that had taken place.

As he listened, his countenance for once was moved, and Annette could see much agitation in his look; more, indeed, than she had ever seen upon his face before. Ere she had done, the

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count had started up from his seat, and began pacing up and down the room. Annette was astonished and alarmed to see such emotion in one so calm; and, rising also, she approached and twined her beautiful arms around her father by adoption, saying, in an anxious tone, "I fear that my story has grieved you: I hope I have not done wrong."

"Far from it, my dear child," replied the count: "you could but act as you did act; but still, there may be many matters in the tale that may, and that do grieve me. You know, Annette, that you are not my child; you know, however, that you are as much the child of my love as if you were one of my own offspring, and you can guess how terrible it would be for me to lose you."

"Oh, but that will never be," cried Annette. "You do not think that anybody could persuade me to leave you?"

The abbe looked in her face and smiled. He smiled, partly because the assurance gave him pleasure; and yet, strange to say, it was partly because he knew how vain such an assurance was. He did not deceive himself: he knew the time might come, and probably would come, when even deeper and stronger affections than those which bound Annette to him would take possession of her heart, and when, without loving him less, she would love another more, and, of course, follow the strongest attachment. He smiled, however, kindly; and, as he gazed in that lovely face for a moment, sensations, regrets, visions, if they may be so called, crossed his mind, from which he instantly turned away his thoughts. In that brief space of time, however, the tempting spirit, which ever lies at the bottom of the human heart, seized the moment of tenderness to whisper that he might have been very happy with Annette, not as the child of his adoption, but as the bride of his heart, if years and circumstances had permitted such a thing to be possible. It is a peculiar characteristic of all the suggestions of the dark and subtle enemy of God and man, that each word which the heart is weak enough to receive is written in characters of flame that can never be erased, but which still remain clear and distinct whenever the mind rests upon them; till line after line is added thereunto by the persevering fiend, and the temptation becomes overpowering and complete. This was the first time that such a thought had ever crossed the count's mind, and he instantly turned away his eyes from it as if it were an absolute profanation. He almost scorned himself to have admitted the very idea of it into his mind; yet it had an effect upon him; but that effect was, for the time at least, noble, and high, and pure. From that day forth he became somewhat less familiar with his adopted child. He would kiss her brow or cheek when they met or when they parted, but he touched not her lips, he held her not to his bosom, as he had been accustomed to do: he felt as if it would be unholy so to do after that thought had once entered into his heart; and though it was a painful punishment for one involuntary idea, yet he regarded it as a penance, and endured it with firmness. But he did more, as we shall soon see when I return to the course of the story, which I have somewhat outrun already.

It very rarely happens, indeed, that a conversation of great interest proceeds to its close without interruption. There seems a fatality in it; and every one must have felt how trifles of the most important kind, how importunate babblers and frivolous coxcombs, are constantly permitted, or sent by fate, to break in upon those conferences on which hangs the weal or wo of our whole existence. The conversation between the Count de Castelneau and Mademoiselle de St. Morin had just reached the point at which we stopped in detailing it, when, from the window of the saloon, the count beheld a carriage with six beautiful horses, together with manifold lackeys on horseback and on foot, enter the gates, which had been thrown open to admit them, and pass onward across the court to the principal door of the chateau.

His countenance resumed all its calmness in a moment. "This is the family of Cajare, Annette," he said: "I heard they had arrived when I was at Figeac; but I dreamed not they would have made us a visit to-day, and could well have spared it. We must do the best to entertain them, however; for courtesy is a duty, my dear child, even to those we do not like or esteem."

"Oh, I dislike Madame de Cajare very much," said Annette.

"And I her husband as much," replied the abbe.

Speeches like these but too often precede, in the false and hollow-hearted world in which we live, the entrance of visiters who are received with the most marked and flattering attention, with bright smiles and professions of delight. Such, however, was not the case with the Count de Castelneau and Annette de St. Morin. The first advanced to meet his guests with slow and stately politeness, inquired after the health of the marquis and marchioness, trusted they had been well since he had seen them, now a period of two years, and hoped that they had greatly enjoyed the pleasures of Paris, but did not even express pleasure at seeing them.

"Ah, Monsieur de Castelneau," said the lady, in a languid tone, "you know that these dreadful vapours from which I suffer never leave me much happiness. If there be anything that I can hope for in life, it is but to pass the rest of my days in a gentle melancholy, without being assailed by any deep grief or great misfortune. Ah! Mademoiselle de St. Morin, how charming you are. I declare you become more lovely every day. Why, during the last few months, what a change and improvement has taken place in your beauty!"

Annette coloured slightly, and replied courteously, but still coldly. The marquise, however, who was always quite satisfied with everything she did herself, perceived in Annette's manner but that graceful indifference which is always cultivated in courts and great cities by those persons who, having nothing in heart or mind to distinguish them, are forced to make the most of those accidental circumstances of rank and fortune which they either really possess or assume. Such, indeed, was the combination of graces of person and demeanour, with a chilling coldness which could not be concealed, in Annette's reception of the Marchioness de Cajare, that the latter lady marvelled in her own heart, and asked herself where that country girl could have acquired such a distinguished air and manner.

While the two ladies had thus been conversing, Monsieur de Castelneau had been engaged in paying some attention to the marquis; and he now turned round, saying to Annette, "My dear child, we are to be honoured with the company of Monsieur and Madame de Cajare to-night: they will do us the honour of supping with us, and sleeping at the chateau. You had better, therefore, summon good Donnine, and give orders that apartments be immediately prepared for our distinguished guests."

Madame de Cajare and Monsieur de Cajare made a thousand formal apologies; declared that Mademoiselle de St. Morin would think them the most rude and unceremonious people in the world; but explained that they were on their way to pay a visit to the small town of Fons, and that one of their horses having cast a shoe, and detained them till that late hour, Madame de Cajare was far too timid to pass through the woods in the growing obscurity which was now fast falling over the world.

This statement might be true or it might not, but the Count de Castelneau certainly did not believe it. However, old Donnine, having been summoned to Annette's aid, now appeared in a gown of rich silk brocade, attired with infinitely more smartness than her mistress, though, withal, in garments well suited to her age; and Annette, having spoken a word or two to her faithful old attendant, quitted the room with her for a moment, to ensure that everything should be done to make their unexpected guests comfortable.

As soon as the young lady and the good old nurse were gone, Madame de Cajare exclaimed, "What a charming creature!" and the count, with a certain spice of malice, which remained from his former habits notwithstanding all his efforts, chose to misunderstand, and applied the words of the marquise to the good old Donnine.

"A very charming creature, indeed," he replied, in a grave and somewhat solemn tone; "she was first my ward's nurse, and has since been raised to the dignity of *gouvernante* of the chateau."

The marquise explained, and the count bowed, but gave no farther encouragement to the praises of Annette. The evening passed by, upon the whole, cheerfully: the marquis himself, if he could not be called either a gay, a witty, or a sensible man, being overloaded with the phrases and the commonplaces of the world and the times. There was no subject on earth in regard to which he could not say something; and, being neither diffident of his own powers, nor slow in delivering his own opinions, he himself supplied conversation of a certain kind wherever he went. He neither required nor accepted much assistance, very often answering his own questions as soon as they were asked; and the count found it very easy to entertain a person who was thus willing to play two hands in a game of chit-chat with himself. The marquis tried hard, in the course of the evening, to induce his host to play with him; for gambling was at that time a disease in the city of Paris, with which Monsieur de Cajare was very much afflicted. The count, however, remained firm, and declined, saying, with one of his doubtful smiles, that he had left off gaming when he quitted the church. The want of that sort of entertainment might have made the evening seem somewhat long to the guests of the chateau de Castelneau, had not the marquise, who perhaps might have some suspicion that her husband wished for a private conversation with his entertainer, retired to her apartment almost immediately after supper, accompanied by Mademoiselle de St. Morin, to do the honours of the house.

No sooner was she gone than Monsieur de Cajare laid regular siege to the mind of the count, seeking to draw from him, by one means or another, some account of Annette, and her prospects in life. He began by accounting for the absence

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of his daughter, who would be so delighted, he assured the count, to cultivate the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de St. Morin, by stating that she had remained at the chateau of Cajare in order to receive her brother the baron, who was expected every hour from Paris. He then proceeded once more to comment upon Annette's beauty; but the count listened in silence, without even replying by a look.

At length the marquis ventured upon a bold stroke, and exclaimed, as if he had known well the person of whom he was speaking, "Ah, poor Monsieur de St. Morin! he was in very bad circumstances, I fear, when he died."

"Annette's father was not rich," replied the count.

"I feared so, I feared so," said the marquis: "he was an excellent man."

"A very good man indeed," replied the count, with the same cynical smile.

"I fear he has not left her very well provided for," said the marquis.

Monsieur de Castelneau had a very great inclination not to answer at all, as he saw clearly through the views and purposes with which these suppositions were put forward. The evil spirit did not lose the opportunity, and instantly suggested the question, "Shall I promote by any means, even by a word, the estrangement and the separation from myself of a being who has been for eighteen years the sunshine of my home and the light of my eyes? Shall I aid in uniting her to another by those tender ties which can never bind her to me?" But then the better spirit resumed its sway in a moment, and he said to himself, "Why should I say it? why should I retard it even by a minute? Would I deprive her of all those blessings that I myself have never known—home, and happiness, and sweet domestic love? Would I thus repay her for having given comfort and consolation, ay, and almost even cheerfulness, to a wrung and sorrowful heart during eighteen years? No, no! Though, if this man's son be like the father, she is no bride for him, yet I may as well make it known to the greedy and covetous world that she is not the dowerless creature that people suppose."

Thought, which, like the fairy, compasses the round earth ere the Leviathan can swim a league,* had been as rapid as usual in conveying all these ideas through the mind of the count; so that the marquis remarked nothing farther than one of those slight pauses which often preceded the reply of Monsieur de Castelneau to anything that was said.

"I really do not know," replied the count, at length, "what you consider not well provided for, Monsieur de Cajare. A gentleman of your great wealth and importance may consider Annette's fortune a mere trifle; but her dower will amount, at least, to sixty thousand francs per annum, perhaps to more; and that will always enable her, as a single woman, to live in comfort, even if she should not marry."

"Oh, but she will marry to a certainty, monsieur," exclaimed Monsieur le Comte de Cajare, whose eyes sparkled with eagerness to secure the prize for his son: "I am sure you could make an advantageous match for her at any time you thought fit to seek it."

"I shall in no degree seek it, Monsieur de Cajare," replied the count, quickly, in order to prevent the other from saying more at that moment. "You know I was some time ago in the neighbouring country of England. They are a strange, mad-headed people, as you are well aware. Torn to pieces by sects and factions in policy and religion; but, among other odd notions, they have a belief, not universal, but very general among them, that a woman has something to do with her own marriage, and that it is consequently better to consult her inclinations. This I believe to be the reason why, in England, one man's wife is not always another man's mistress, as in France. I liked the system so much, that I long ago determined Mademoiselle de St. Morin should marry whom she liked, and nobody but whom she liked, reserving to myself, as her guardian, the right of refusing her to any one whose morals, temper, or habits were certain to make her unhappy; but you seem tired, Monsieur de Cajare, and would, I am sure, wish to retire. Allow me to show you the way. Jean! Pierre! Mathieu! here, bring lights. Lights for Monsieur le Marquis de Cajare!" and then, after conducting Monsieur de Cajare to his apartments with the most formal politeness, he retired to his own chamber with his usual quiet step.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Marquis de Cajare did not quit the chateau of Castelneau without pressing the count and his fair ward to visit his dwelling. Somewhat to Annette's surprise, the count did not hesitate a moment, but accepted the invitation at once, fixed the day for the visit, and seemed well disposed to be on terms of intimacy with a family which she knew he despised at heart. This sudden change in one whose character and demeanor showed in general an unalterable firmness, might well appear strange to poor Annette; but the secret was that, as we have shown, Monsieur de Castelneau had undergone a struggle with himself, and had gained a triumph.

In such circumstances, the man who does not suffer the first moment of victory to carry them too far; and at that time the count would willingly have given the hand of the fair girl whom he had brought up from infancy to any worthy man who sought it. Feelings of this kind, however, are generally as evanescent as they are strong; and before the third morning after the departure of the marquis and his family had arrived, the count began to regret the promise he had given.

The following day was to be spent at Cajare, and Monsieur de Castelneau would not make any false excuse; but he could not help commenting to Annette, in a few sarcastic words, upon the character of those they were about to visit. The marquis, he said, was a charlatan in his follies as well as in his wit; the marchioness as much a quack in sentiment as her husband was in the want of it. "I have had opportunities of seeing," he continued, "that this vice is hereditary. His father was the same as himself: the daughter has lost nothing of the gift by transmission. It is clearly an heirloom, and the only one in the family; the son surely cannot be without it."

Annette made no reply, for it was seldom that she saw her kind guardian in such a mood, and she loved him less in it. In truth, he had carefully restrained his own sarcastic nature ever since Annette had been with him; for he was unwilling to show her, in one whom she loved and revered, an example of anything that he did not wish her to adopt. After a moment's pause, however, he added, "It would not surprise me, my Annette, if this youth were to become a suitor for your hand."

Annette smiled and shook her head. There is an instinctive perception regarding all the natural affections in the minds of women, which, though they often willingly blind themselves to ardent love—as we shut our eyes against the full sunshine—yet shows them many a finer shade and more delicate hue of the same passion in a moment, be it concealed however it may. In the few words the count had spoken, Annette perceived at once that there were apprehensions in his bosom lest she should be sought and won by the young Baron de Cajare; and though she tried not to investigate why the thought might be painful to him—whether because he thought the suitor unworthy of her, or because he liked not the prospect of losing her society—that answering smile and shake of the head spoke plainly, and were intended to speak, "There is no fear he should succeed."

The count understood the smile, and bent down his eyes upon the ground with a meditative look, not very well satisfied that even a part of his intelligence should be detected, more determined than ever to overcome them. But, as the evil spirit is well aware that man's mind is a texture of ideas, he is quite satisfied with adding new ones of an evil kind, and working them intimately in and out, as a weaver works into the warp the thread upon his shuttle. Every time that the mind rests upon wrong, a new throw of that shuttle is taken, and the thread that it bears is the more thoroughly blended with the whole web of our thoughts.

On the subsequent day, early in the morning, the count and his adopted child set forth, and about an hour afterward reached the great house of glass and gilding, called the chateau de Cajare. Their approach had been observed by the inhabitants; and on the steps leading up to the chief entrance appeared the Marquis de Cajare himself, with a young man of some six or seven-and-twenty years of age, splendidly dressed in the military costume of the day. He was handsome in countenance, graceful in person, not the least like the Marquis de Cajare in any respect, and with an expression which, though not particularly marked in any way, was decidedly agreeable and prepossessing. He was rather grave than otherwise: there was none of the light smile about his lip which generally characterised the vain youth of the metropolis: and as he bowed low on being introduced to the count and Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and followed with the former, while his father led the latter into the chateau by the tips of the fingers, his calm and gentlemanly demeanour, his handsome person, and unpretentious tone of manners, made the count feel ten times more uncomfortable than if he had displayed all the idle frivolity and licentious emptiness of a *petit-maître* of those days.

Still, however, the Count de Castelneau struggled against such emotions; and as he walked on slowly up the steps, answering little more than monosyllables to the courteous words which the young officer addressed him, he might be seen once or twice to close his teeth hard, as if to keep down the feelings that were within him. Before

* It must be remembered that this cynical observation of Monsieur de Castelneau applied to the morals of a century ago, and even then was a great deal too general and sweeping, although quite in character with his sarcastic habit of expression, as will be seen whenever "The Maxims of the Count de Castelneau" shall be given to the public.

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they passed the threshold of the chateau, however, he had again triumphed over himself, and with admirable patience suffered himself to be led by Madame de Cajare and her daughter to take breakfast in a *bosquet*, which the marchioness informed him was dedicated to love and pensiveness. There were a fountain and an urn, and two or three Cupids, very naked, and somewhat over-fat about the lower part of the back, and there were inscriptions in verse below from the flowing pen of Mademoiselle de Cajare. The metre was not very good, nor the poetry, but there was a certain spice of wit in the composition, which was employed in such a manner as to leave the reader in doubt whether the fair writer was laughing at the Cupids or not.

Monsieur de Castelneau, on his part, read the verses, and treated them much in the same way as mademoiselle treated the Cupids, commenting upon them in a strain which left it very doubtful whether he did or did not admire them.

In the mean time, Annette, after having been welcomed in rapture by Mademoiselle de Cajare, had been conducted to the *bosquet* by the marquis. His son, also, had fallen back to her side; and though he did not press any very great attentions upon her, yet all he did say was gentlemanly and high toned. Annette was struck and pleased; and certainly, if the Count de Castelneau had contrived a plan for making her fall in love with the Baron de Cajare, he could not have laid out the events more cunningly for that purpose than by drawing such a picture of that gentleman as he had suggested to her mind, and then presenting such an extraordinary contrast in reality. Annette de St. Morin, however—though, from her inexperience, from the warmth and tenderness of heart, from a bright imagination, and a thousand other qualities of the mind, she might well fall in love at first sight—paradoxical as it may seem, was one not to fall in love easily. It required many high qualities to win her affection, though her love would have been given in a moment as soon as her heart was satisfied that those qualities were really possessed. Such was not the case with Monsieur de Cajare; though in manners, appearance, conduct, he was altogether different from what she had expected, his conversation did not afford a sufficient insight into his thoughts to convince her that the heart was high, and noble, and pure, and generous, the mind bright, pure, and unsullied.

No event of importance took place throughout the day: to Annette it passed happily and cheerfully enough; indeed, more so than any day she had spent in general society; for her happiest hours had been those which she had passed with her father by adoption. The young officer, who now continued to be a good deal by her side, had evidently a finished and refined taste, had an intimate acquaintance with the works of art in various countries, and had seen and known many of the most distinguished men of the day. He expressed his opinions and he communicated his information pleasantly and unobtrusively; and, withal, he had that intelligent look, that meaning smile, which seems to presuppose a familiarity with our internal thoughts and feelings, and soon makes friends with the spirit within us.

Annette, on her part, neither encouraged nor repelled his attentions; but, as I have said, the day passed pleasantly for her till she saw very evidently that the Count de Castelneau was uneasy. She did not fully understand why this should be, but felt inclined to believe that he knew more of the Baron de Cajare than he had stated, and that what he did know was disadvantageous to that young nobleman. As soon as she perceived this, she listened with less satisfaction to the baron's conversation, and attached herself more closely to the side of the count. Monsieur de Castelneau remarked that she did so, and was pleased it must be acknowledged, at the result; but, at the same time, was rather mortified that she had discovered his uneasiness. He did not wish that uneasiness to be perceived, and would only have prevented her conversing farther with the young officer upon the condition of doing so without appearing to do it. To remove the impression as much as possible, however, his warmth of manner towards the baron increased as Annette became more cold: and he ended, ere they took their departure, by inviting him in a hospitable tone to the chateau of Castelneau. The young officer bowed, and promised to take advantage of the invitation; but the next day passed over without his coming, and the next. The third day he appeared; and the count, pleased with his apparent indifference, treated him hospitably, and gave him no discouragement.

Advanced thus far, the Baron de Cajare did not fail to press his acquaintance more rapidly; sometimes he saw the count alone, sometimes the count and Annette; but there grew a tenderness in his manner towards Mademoiselle de St. Morin, a softness in his voice, a look of deep and thoughtful interest, which, every time the count saw him, made his heart ache with painful anticipations. He struggled boldly and firmly against his own feelings, however. He compared himself firmly with the young baron; and when he asked himself which was best calculated to win and to retain the love of a young, bright, ardent being like Annette de St. Morin, he could not but acknowledge that it was not himself, though he felt within him depth of feeling and powers of mind which he knew the other did not possess. He determined that he would do nothing to stay the course of events; but every step in their progress now gave him agony. Although many painful thoughts were too familiar with his mind, these seemed more painful still, or, at all events—piled up as they were upon other things—they seemed to render the load upon his bosom intolerable, and yet he would not fly from those thoughts, but, on the contrary, gave himself up to them in manifold solitary and painful fits of musing. He would walk forth long by himself; he would shut himself in his chamber from all society, even from that of Annette. He would ride out far through the lonely woods, or over the wild hills and moors, and he would commune with and task his own heart, and accuse himself of gross, and bitter, and shameful selfishness; and often would he ask himself whether it were really possible that he was animated by any coarse and common passion towards a creature so pure, so sweet, so good, whom he had loved as his own child from infancy up to womanhood.

There, however, his own heart acquitted him, and the judge was just. No, he said, all that he sought was that she should not leave him; that she should not love another better than him; that she should not take from him, to give to any one else, that affection which was the sole possession which his spirit valued, the only thing that he had ever really sought, or cared for, or loved, or prized. It had been balm to him when his heart was wounded and bleeding; it had been as a beautiful flower in his pathway when all the rest of life had seemed a desert; it had been his one consolation, his hope, his trust; it had been, in short, his existence, for what is existence without affection?

One day, when he had been thus thinking for many an hour, as he rode through some of the most beautiful parts of the neighbouring country, without taking any note of tree, or stone, or rock, or river, he returned at a quicker pace to the chateau of Castelneau, and found the Baron de Cajare sitting with Annette alone.

There was a slight flush on Mademoiselle de St. Morin's cheek, and the young officer was looking upon the floor, somewhat pale; but the count though he paused a moment as he entered, and looked from the one to the other, made no observation, and seated himself near the window, bearing such an aspect that conversation was renewed with difficulty, and each subject was dropped again as soon as it was started. At length the baron rose, and, taking his leave, mounted his horse in the courtyard, and rode away from the chateau. The count watched him from the window with a knitted brow and thoughtful eye; and then turning to Mademoiselle de St. Morin, he said, "Annette, my dear child—"

But, almost as he spoke, he turned deadly pale, put his hand to his heart and then to his head, grasped ineffectually at the arm of a chair that stood near, and fell forward, fainting, upon the ground. Servants were speedily called: physicians were procured from Figeac and Cahors: but, before they arrived, the count, having been stretched on a sofa, had recovered his recollection, and declared himself quite well. It proved however that he was not so; and he soon found that such was the case when he attempted to rise.

When the physicians came, they declared that he was not only seriously ill, but in much danger. It matters not what was the barbarous name they gave to his complaint, their judgment was correct; and for nearly six weeks he was not permitted to quit the house, or to take any exercise but in moving slowly from his bed room to the saloon. He was forbidden to read or to write: and the hours would have passed sadly and slowly had it not been for the presence of Annette de St. Morin. She read to him, she sang to him, she played to him, she gave up her whole thoughts to him alone. For many weeks she never set her foot beyond the doors, nor did she see any one but good old Donnine, who was the partner of her toils. Several times the family of Cajare applied for admittance when Annette was with the count, and twice they begged to speak with Mademoiselle de St. Morin if the count could not see them; but Annette distinctly and markedly refused.

The days passed on, as they will pass in sickness or in health, flying like the shadow of a cloud, and leaving nothing behind. Some gradual improvement took place in the health of the count; and one day, after what seemed an effort to command himself, he asked whether any one had lately called at the chateau. Annette replied that there had been no one.

"Not of the family of Cajare?" he said.

"Not for ten days," replied Annette, calmly.

"Not the baron?" asked the count, more eagerly.

"Oh no!" replied Annette, with a bright and happy smile. "Thank Heaven, he has been gone to his regiment this fortnight."

"What mean you, my dear child?" said the count almost rising from the sofa. "You seem happy that he is gone.

"I *am* well pleased," she said, "though not

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exactly happy; for it matters little to me whether he went or stayed, in truth; but still it is pleasanter he should be away."

"What has he done to offend you, Annette?" demanded the count, gazing inquiringly on her face. "He must have done something to make you angry, by the way you speak."

"Oh no, my dear father!" replied Annette—for by that endearing name she always called him—"he did nothing to make me angry; but he spoke, the last time I saw him, of the joy I would have, some day, in quitting this dull old chateau, and leaving the tiresome society to which I have been so long confined, for all the pomp, and wit, and brightness of the capital."

The count gazed upon her face for two or three minutes without making any reply; but there was a well pleased smile upon his countenance, which spoke satisfaction and relief.

"He knew you not, my Annette," he replied, at length, "he knew you not;" and, without other comment, he sunk back upon the cushions of the sofa. But his health improved more rapidly from that day forward.

CHAPTER XIV.

From time to time the Count de Castelneau had urged Annette not to deprive herself altogether of air and exercise on his account, but to go out either on horseback or on foot. She had always avoided doing so, however, and remained steadfast to her post as long as the least danger existed in the case of her friend and protector. Nor would she quit him till he was again permitted to read and to amuse himself; but, when the physicians took off the prohibition from his books, the count insisted that she should take exercise for one or two hours during each day. Nor did he do so without cause; for, during the long course of his illness, the colour had somewhat faded from Annette's cheek, and the brightness of her eye had been dimmed by anxiety and watching. To see him better, in itself, did her good; and one or two walks or rides through the forest soon brought back the rose to its sweet resting-place. The count was delighted to see her look so much better, and now insisted that she should leave him more frequently than she had hitherto done, promising soon to join her in her rambles. On the fourth day after she had begun to go out, Mademoiselle de St. Morin proceeded on her walk alone, in the cool of the evening. It had been a bright sunshiny day, somewhat fatiguing from the great heat, and the world around seemed full of repose and calm tranquillity. The birds of spring were yet in song, and the rich notes of the blackbird were heard all through the woods, although the nightingale was now silent. The sun, softened down, like a buoyant heart that has just known enough of sorrow to be calm in its cheerfulness, peeped through the bolls of the tall trees, and poured its light underneath the green branches, gilding every inequality of the mossy carpet of the forest with warm streams of yellow light; but the fresh and balmy air of evening was abroad, and a thousand sweet scents were shaken from the wings of the wind. It was an evening to rejoice in, with the high, pure, holy rejoicing which raises the heart from God's works to God himself, and glorifies his name as he has told us it may best be glorified. In the calm, and the stillness, and the freshness, and the brightness of that hour, in its perfume and its melody, there was a call to joy and adoration which the heart of Annette de St. Morin was not formed to resist. She walked on, thinking of the beauty of the Almighty works, and of the goodness and greatness of Him who made them; all her sensations were joyful, and all her thoughts were praise.

Thus proceeded she till she came to the same spot where she had sat not very many weeks before, when she had been accosted by the party of travellers whose strange demeanour seemed to have begun a new epoch in her existence. There were the little cross and fountain, there the bright stream winding on its way, there the bank where she had been seated; and the whole was now filled sweetly with the soft light of the declining sun, the rays of which glittered on the bosom of the water, and seemed to dive for the pebbles at the bottom. The dark wood rose up behind, shrouding, as it were, that sweet spot in its sombre mantle. Annette placed herself where she had been seated before the arrival of the strangers; and the scene, of course, brought its recollections with it. Many a curious question and speculation came also in the train of memory; and she sat musing for about twenty minutes, and asking herself who could be the persons whom she had there seen? What could be the real cause of the agitation which one of the party had displayed?

She was deep in this meditation, when she suddenly heard a sound close to her; and, turning quickly round, she beheld, to her surprise and consternation, a gaunt she-wolf, followed by two young cubs. It was not the period of the year when those animals generally roam; but sometimes, from heat and want of water, they become very furious even in the midst of summer, especially in Auvergne and some of the midland districts of France. They usually fly, indeed, from any human being, if not hard pressed and if not fled from; but any sudden motion seems to excite their ferocity, and make them turn either to attack others or to defend themselves. Annette knew that such is the case, and had more than once seen a wolf in the forest without meeting any injury or suffering any alarm. At the moment, however, her nerves were somewhat unstrung by long attendance on her sick friend. The beast, too, was close to her, running fast, as if pursued by some one; and giving way to terror, she started up with a quick scream.

The animal instantly sprang at her throat, but luckily caught the collar of the mantle which she wore in its teeth, and tore it off, only slightly grazing the skin. The violence of the attack, however, made the poor girl reel back against the tree and nearly fall. The wolf was in the very act of springing at her again, and the heart of poor Annette was faint with terror, when there came suddenly the sound of a shot, and the ferocious beast rolled over on its side.

It was not killed; and, though severely wounded, was struggling on its feet again with a fierce howl, when a gentleman on horseback galloped quickly up, sprang to the ground, and, setting his foot upon the body of the animal, held it firmly down. Mad with pain, it bit the heel of his boot so hard that he could scarcely shake it off; but, drawing his horse towards him by the rein which was over his arm, while he still held down the wolf with his foot, he took a pistol from the left-hand holster and discharged it into the furious animal's head. The wolf moved no more, but it was still with difficulty that he withdrew his heel from its jaws, as he turned to aid Mademoiselle de St. Morin, who had now sunk upon the ground, and was supporting herself against the boll of the tree.

Poor Annette, as may well be supposed, was well nigh fainting; and the effect of terror being very often, as we all know, more severe after the danger has passed away than before, for several minutes she could not speak, even to give one word of thanks, or reply to the many questions which were asked her by the gentleman who had come to her aid.

He treated her with all kindness, and care, and tenderness; brought water in his hand from the little fountain to sprinkle upon her temples and forehead; and, although he gazed upon her with interest, and perhaps with admiration, yet his look was respectful, and such as Annette could have met at any time without casting down her eyes. He assured her again and again that there was no danger; and taking her hand, which still trembled very much, in order to call her attention, he pointed to the wolf lying dead, saying, "It can hurt nobody now, if it has not hurt you already. Good Heaven!" he continued, seeing a drop or two of blood upon the part of her dress which covered her bosom, "I fear it *has* hurt you! Let me carry you home for assistance! Surely you are Mademoiselle de St. Morin! Let me carry you home!"

He was about to raise her in his arms, but Annette prevented him by laying her hand upon his, and saying in a low tone, "No, no, I am not hurt, only faint with fear. It is very foolish; I shall be better in a moment."

The gentleman, who had kneeled beside her for the purpose of lifting her from the ground, continued in the same posture, gazing upon her with much interest, and endeavouring, to the best of his power, to reassure her, but still expressing a fear that she was in some degree injured. "No," she said, speaking more freely after the pause of a moment or two, "no, I can assure you it is nothing. The wolf only tore my mantle at the first spring, but the second would have killed me if it had not been for your arrival. How can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, think not of it, dear lady!" the stranger replied; "it was but a very small service, and one which I would have performed, of course, for the lowest peasant-girl in the neighbourhood. How much more gladly, then, for you!"

Annette smiled faintly, and looked up to the face of her deliverer for the first time, supposing from his words that, though the voice was unknown to her, he must be some one with whom she was already acquainted; but the face was equally strange, though it was by no means a countenance to be forgotten when once beheld.

"I am ashamed," said Annette, raising herself slowly, "I am ashamed to acknowledge that I do not recollect the person of a gentleman who has rendered me so great a service, though from what you say, I suppose, of course, I have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No, dear lady," her companion replied; "although I am a native of this part of France, circumstances have prevented me from ever forming your acquaintance; but I have heard much and often of Mademoiselle de St. Morin from those who know and esteem her, and I can but say, that if I could have chosen the person in all France to whom I would most willingly have rendered such a service as this, I should have named yourself."

Such courteous speeches were then so common in France, that the stranger's words sounded in Annette's ears as a mere casual compliment.

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"You are too kind," she replied; "but I can assure you that my guardian, the Count de Castelneau, who lives not far hence, will be most happy to thank you gratefully for the great service you have rendered me, and would do it much better than I can do it, though I feel the gratitude I owe you as deeply as any one can."

"I fear, madam," replied the stranger, "that it will be impossible for me to visit the Count de Castelneau at the present time; but when you are well enough, I will accompany you so far back towards the chateau as to ensure that no farther evil shall befall you."

"If it be not wrong for me to ask it then," said Annette, "may I inquire to whom I am thus indebted for my life?"

The stranger looked down upon the ground in silence for a moment or two, and then gazing up in her face with a peculiar smile, he replied, "In answer to your question, dear lady, I might give you a false name were I so disposed; but I do not think falsehood is ever justified by any circumstances, and I would rather risk offending you, and seeming rude, by giving you no reply than an untrue one. Yet, if I judge of you rightly, you will forgive me when I tell you it is necessary to my safety that my being in this part of the country should not be known."

"I would forgive you, by all means," replied Annette; "but there is nothing to forgive, though of course I should have been glad, had you thought right, to know the name of him who has delivered me from a great danger; but be it exactly as you please."

The stranger again cast down his eyes for a moment, and then answered in a somewhat sorrowful tone, "I fear, notwithstanding, that you are a little offended."

"No, indeed," replied Annette; "very far from it. I could, of course, only wish to know your name, sir, in order to place it, as it were, in the register of memory, coupled with the greatest service, perhaps, that has ever yet been rendered to me by any one."

"Then you shall have it, lady," replied the stranger, "but not now. I will find means to see you before I quit this part of the country, and you will forgive me my silence now when you hear all my reasons for it."

"Indeed," answered Annette, smiling again, "I will not let you diminish my feeling of obligation to you, sir, by persuading me that I have anything to forgive. Whether we do meet again or not, I shall ever recollect the assistance you have this day rendered me with the deepest gratitude, and think of you as one who has saved my life."

"Though you estimate the service more highly than it deserves," replied the stranger, "it is so pleasant to me that you should thus over-estimate it, that I will not try to make you think otherwise. One thing, perhaps, you have indeed to thank me for, which is the fact of having conquered a momentary weak fear of hurting you in the attempt to save you. As I was riding through the by-paths of the wood before I saw you, the wolf and its cubs ran on for some way before me. At the turn—up there by those holly-bushes—I lost sight of the animal for an instant; but the next moment, hearing you scream, and galloping on, I beheld it flying at your throat. As soon as I heard your cry I had taken a pistol from the holster, but for a moment I hesitated to fire, for fear of missing the ferocious beast and hitting you. I soon saw, however, that there was no time to be lost: I rarely miss my mark, and did not in this instance, as you know; though, had I been less apprehensive, I might have killed the wolf at the first shot, and then it would not have bit my heel in the way that it has done."

Annette started with a look of fear and anxiety, and saw that the moss round the spot where the stranger's foot rested was stained for some way with blood.

"Oh! come to the chateau," she said, eagerly. "Come to the chateau, and have the wound attended to. I fear, indeed, I fear that you are a good deal hurt."

Her countenance expressed her apprehensions even more than her words; but the stranger only laughed, assured her that the bite was a mere nothing, and would be well in a few days.

"I will accompany you," he said, "till we come within sight of the chateau, dear lady. I see you are now well enough to walk home; and I can only say that I am most sincerely grateful to some indescribable expectation of I knew not what, which led me through this part of the forest to-day. To tell the truth," he added, after a brief pause, accompanying his words with a gay, frank smile, "there might be some expectation, some hope, perhaps, of seeing Mademoiselle de St. Morin, though certainly there was neither expectation nor hope of even conversing with her, far less of rendering her any aid."

There was something in the tone and the manner, in a slight touch of embarrassment which mingled with the frankness, in a degree of wavering in the voice and sparkling in the eye, that showed the words to be not a mere thing of course. The colour rose slightly in Annette's cheek at the compliment which the stranger's speech implied; though there is many a woman who would have sought to make that compliment greater and more direct, by pretending not to understand it, Annette was not one of those. She shrunk from it as some plants do from even the most delicate touch; and she only replied, "I think it would be much better for you to accompany me to the chateau, and have the wound dressed. You may perfectly trust to my kind guardian Monsieur de Castelneau, for he would betray no man, and far less one who has saved my life."

The stranger, however, still resisted her entreaty, but walked on by Annette's side, leading his horse by the bridle, and giving her assistance at every little rough spot of the forest road, though he did not absolutely offer his arm to support her still agitated and wavering steps.

Annette did not construe such forbearance into any neglect of what was due to her as a lady, or into any want of kind consideration for her yet scarcely allayed terror. The stranger's manner was all courteous, and his words and tone so kind, so tender—if we may use that word in its proper senses of gentle and compassionate—that Mademoiselle de St. Morin felt there was nothing wanting in his demeanour to make her at ease by his side. There was, indeed, an expression of interest and admiration in his eyes when he looked upon her, which might have agitated her had his whole manner not been even on the the colder side of respect. She would have taken his arm without the slightest hesitation had he offered it, but she did not think worse of him for refraining.

Thus they walked on somewhat slowly towards the chateau, sometimes speaking, but sometimes silent for several minutes. At length the stranger said rather abruptly, after an interval of thought, "Might it not be better, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, not to mention at all to Monsieur de Castelneau what has occurred to-day?"

Annette started, and looked full in her companion's face; for she had imagined—why and wherefore it would be difficult to tell; perhaps from his countenance, which was noble and open; perhaps from his having rendered her an important service, and thus won gratitude on his side—but she had imagined and convinced herself that he was all that is frank and sincere. "Oh no!" she replied, eagerly, after that inquiring look; "I always tell him every thing that occurs. I should be unworthy of the kindness he has ever shown me if I could conceal any thing from him."

"You mistake me, I think," said the stranger, with a smile. "I only meant till the count is better. I have heard that he is very ill; and one of the physicians who is attending him, and who also sees frequently a sick relation of my own, informed me that any thing which agitates Monsieur de Castelneau is likely to cause a relapse in his present state. You know best, however. I only feared that to hear of the great danger of one whom he loves—whom he must love—so dearly, might perhaps retard his recovery. But no one can judge better than you."

The cloud cleared away from Annette's face in a moment; she felt that she had done her companion wrong in her own thoughts, and with the noble candour of her nature she hastened to acknowledge it.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I did mistake you, and I am sorry for so doing; for I am sure you think as I do, that to a person who has always loved, and been kind, and generous, and good to us, as Monsieur de Castelneau has been to me, perfect sincerity and truth are always the best—are in fact a duty."

"Indeed I do, Mademoiselle de St. Morin," replied the stranger, warmly. "There may be many people who admire you for your beauty, but it is for such feelings as those which you have just expressed that I can most admire you. It is for actions founded on such feelings that I have learned to esteem you from my early youth."

Mademoiselle de St. Morin coloured at the stranger's words, although they were very pleasant to her ear; not so much because they were in praise of herself, as because they showed that her first impressions of her companion's character was not incorrect. He marked the blood rising in her cheek, however, and hastened instantly to give another turn to what he was saying.

"I think," he continued, "that we may very easily lay down a rule for ourselves in setting out in life, by which we may satisfy our own heart, and yet guard against the dangers of over-confidence. In dealing with others our maxim should be, perfect candour to all those who love us, who are frank with us, and whom we can esteem; reserve towards those whom we have no reason to trust or any reason to distrust, but truth to all."

"Oh, I agree with you heartily," cried Annette, gazing up in the fine countenance of him who spoke those words, with one of those winning looks of pleasure that from such eyes as hers are hard to be resisted; and from that moment there were many of the cold and iron barriers which society raises up between strangers cast down for her and her companion.

They walked slowly on, then, speaking to-

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gether as if they had been old friends. Both felt happy in the communion thus established between them: both felt pleased and interested in discovering new things in each other's hearts, which harmonised well with the thoughts and feelings of their own. They walked slowly, I have said, but yet the time seemed very short ere, through the opening of the wood, they saw some of the detached towers of the chateau, and the stranger paused to take leave of Mademoiselle de St. Morin.

"I believe," he said, "that I must here bid you adieu. I need hardly add that I regret it much, for I have certainly passed an hour of very great happiness by your side."

Annette cast her eyes down; she felt that she could have said the same, and on any former occasion the natural straight forward candour of her heart would have made her do so at once. But now, for some reason, or rather, I should say, from some feeling which she could not account for, her lips would not utter such a confession, and she remained silent while her companion went on.

"And now, perhaps," he continued, "I am leaving you never to see you again. However, I trust that you will believe me when I say that I shall ever recollect you, and the short, the too short time I have spent with you, as among the very brightest memories of a life which has had but too few of such sweet things to remember. It is very hard," he added, with a sigh, "that if, in the midst of the great solitude of existence, we do find some beings with whom we could joyfully spend many a long day, we are almost sure to have but a short glimpse of them, and never to see them again. I am sure, Mademoiselle de St. Morin," he went on, seeing the colour flutter in her cheek, "I am sure that you do not misunderstand me, nor think for one moment that I mean any thing but what is equally respectful and true towards you, or any thing, indeed, that even this very short acquaintance does not fully justify me in saying."

"Oh, no, no," replied the young lady, eagerly; "it was not that! I only wish to tell you, and did not very well know how to say it, that I am very, very grateful for your kindness to me; equally grateful to you, indeed, for saving my life, and for your kind and considerate conduct since; and I do hope and trust," she continued, growing bolder as she spoke, "that, so far from never meeting again, we may meet soon, and meet often. I may add that it will be your fault if we do not; for I can venture to assure you that the gates of the chateau of Castelneau will ever be open to you, and that I myself and my mother than father will be very, very glad to show you how grateful we are for what you have done in my defence."

The stranger looked much gratified; but he replied, "Do not, dear lady, do not tempt me too much; and, should I be prevented from taking advantage of so kind an invitation, do not, pray do not say that it is my fault, but believe, on the contrary, that it is my misfortune: and now, though every minute may be sweet, I will not detain you longer, but pray heaven to bless and keep you in its especial care."

Thus saying, he took her hand respectfully and pressed his lips upon it; and she, wishing him good-bye, proceeded on her way towards the chateau, bearing with her feelings which she had never experienced before, but not such as to prevent her from acknowledging boldly to her own heart that she should be very sorry indeed if this first meeting with the stranger should be the last.

From this fact it will clearly be perceived by the learned reader—learned in that most difficult, obscure, and abstruse book, the human heart—that Annette was not in the least degree in love with her companion of the last half hour; for, had she been so, she would never have acknowledged any thing to her own heart at all, but would have courted, on the contrary, that sort of mental blindness to all that was passing in her own bosom, of which the bandage over Cupid's eyes is but a just emblem. However that may be, in the short space between the wood and the chateau, she asked herself several times whether it would or would not be better to tell the count, in his present state of health, what had occurred to her. It was scarcely fair to ask whether—hidden from her own eyes, in the deep recesses of the heart—any shy spirit put off upon her, like a coiner passing false money for real, one sort of motives for another. Suffice it that her heart was too upright by nature to suffer one wish for concealment to affect her conduct; and before she had reached the gates of the chateau, she had made up her mind to tell the count the whole, but to do so carefully and cautiously, for fear of alarming him.

CHAPTER XV.

Annette entered the saloon, where the Count de Castelneau was stretched upon the sofa reading, with the mantle which the wolf had torn from her neck cast over her arm. The count had down the book, and raised himself to speak with her; but, the moment that he did so, the penetrating eyes of strong affection discovered at once that something had gone wrong. "Come hither, my Annette," he cried. "What is the matter? You are not well; your cheek is very pale, my dear child; your mantle torn, and blood upon your bosom."

"Oh, it is nothing," replied Annette, smiling, and seeing all her plans of communicating her intelligence with caution overthrown in a moment. "It is nothing, I can assure you, my dear father. A little accident which I met with in the wood! It might have been more serious; but, as it is, no harm has happened."

"But speak, Annette, speak!" said the count. "What is it? It must have been something serious indeed to leave your cheek so pale."

"Oh no, indeed," she answered. "I was frightened, but not hurt. The truth is, I met a wolf in the wood—"

"And he flew at you!" cried the count eagerly. "He attacked you? Is it not so, Annette? How did you escape, my girl?"

"Nay, do not be alarmed," said Annette; "you see I am quite safe. It was an old wolf followed by two young ones, and she did, as you think, fly at my throat; she caught my mantle in her teeth and tore it off, scratching me, not very deeply, I think, but with the clasps of the mantle. She was springing at me again, however, when a gentleman rode up and shot her with a pistol which he took from his holsters. The animal was not quite dead, and bit his heel very severely; but I did not see much of what happened then, for I was nearly fainting."

"The Baron de Cajare!" said the count.

"Was it the Baron de Cajare?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Annette; "quite a different person."

"Who then? who then?" asked Monsieur de Castelneau, quickly.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," replied his adopted child; "for, although he was as courteous as he could be in all other things, he would not give his name; and he told me very plainly, when he had escorted me nearly to the chateau, that it was probable I should never see him again."

"Indeed!" said the count. "Some stranger traveling through the country perhaps."

"No, certainly he was not that," answered Annette. "He knew who I was, though I did not know him. He had heard, too, that you were ill, and seemed well acquainted with all about you; but yet I could not get him to come on to the chateau, though the wolf had bit him in the heel severely. I should imagine from the blood I saw. He told me, however, that he had particular reasons for not making himself known."

The count turned somewhat pale, and inquired, "What age was he?"

"That I can hardly tell," replied Annette, "but—"

"Was he old or young?" demanded the count, interrupting her.

"Oh, young!" exclaimed Annette, "young, certainly! Perhaps five or six-and-twenty, but not more."

The count seemed relieved, and answered, "It is a pity your gallant deliverer would not come in, my Annette; you might have told him that he could trust me in safety."

"I did so," answered Annette, "but I could not prevail. He was very obdurate indeed, I can assure you."

"He must be obdurate indeed, my dear child, with whom *you* could not prevail," said the count; "but go, my Annette, wash away the blood from your neck, and then come back. You shall instantly write a note for me to the Baron de Nogent. He is the louvetier* of the canton; and, though it be not the proper season for hunting them, we must not suffer them to roam about in this way, at any time of the year."

The note was accordingly written in the course of that evening, and was sent over to Castel Nogent by a man on horseback, who returned in about two hours. He brought no note in answer to that of the count, but merely a message. The Baron de Nogent, he said, was ill in bed; but he had told one of his servants to reply, that, having heard that one or two wolves had been seen in the neighbourhood, he had already ordered the dogs and men, which he was obliged to maintain for that purpose, to clear the country of the savage beasts, and the hunters were even then in the woods putting these commands into execution.

"Ill, is he?" demanded the count.

"Yes, my lord," answered the servant; "he has been very ill, his people said, for more than three weeks."

"I grieve that I cannot go over to see him," said Monsieur de Castelneau, turning to Annette; "he is one of the few men whom I can respect and esteem. Could you not ride over to-morrow, my Annette, and visit him for me? He is so solitary at all times, that I cannot but think in

* Many noblemen were formerly invested with this office of louvetier, or titular hunter of the wolves in their districts; nor is it yet altogether abolished although the wolves in France have greatly decreased in numbers since that time.

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sickness it would be a comfort to him to see you."

"Oh, I will go willingly," replied Annette. "You know how I love and reverence him. I wish from my heart he would let us do anything to make his solitary hours more cheerful than they are."

Before the sun had risen into the meridian on the following morning, Annette mounted a jenet, which had been bought and trained for her own riding; and followed, as was then customary, by two or three servants, she took the road towards Fons, and in little more than an hour had reached Castel Nogent. After some delay, the baron admitted her to his sick chamber, and thanked her for her visit with kindness and sincerity. She found him very much worn; but he assured her that he was much better than he had been, and would soon be well. For more than an hour Annette sat by him, striving to cheer and amuse him; and so successful did she find herself, that she promised to return in a day or two if her guardian continued to improve in health. The baron caught eagerly at her offer, and reminded her of it when she went away; and Annette, repeating that she would not forget, left him with a heart satisfied and gay at having done an act of kindness, and seeing that it was not only appreciated, but successful to the fullest extent she could desire.

She was riding quickly through the woods, with the beauty of the scene, the freeness of the day, and the exhilarating motion of her horse all adding to the glad sensations of her own heart, when suddenly, at one of the cross-roads of the forest, she was met by a gentleman on horseback, who for an instant drew in his rein as if with surprise and hesitation, but the moment after rode up to her with a low inclination of the head, and turned his horse upon the same path which she was pursuing.

The reader has already divined, what Annette discovered at first sight, that the stranger who now joined her was the person who had saved her from the wolf. He was differently dressed, however, and was now clothed in a rich hunting-suit, which became him well. It was impossible not to own that in person and in features he was a very handsome man; but that was little in Annette's estimation, when compared with the high and noble expression of his countenance, which would certainly prove Nature to be a sad deceiver, she thought, if his heart were not generous and kind.

Mademoiselle de St. Morin received him with a glad and open smile, held out her hand frankly towards him, and said at once, "Oh! I am so glad to see you again."

The stranger pressed the hand which she gave in his own, and his sparkling eyes replied in language not to be mistaken, that, if she was glad to see him, he was not less so to see her. There was, however, in the young lady's look a gay and playful expression, a meaning, perhaps it might be called, which surprised her companion; and while the grooms dropped farther behind, and she rode on with him side by side, she led the conversation cheerfully and brightly, as if she had known him for many years.

"I am happy," he said at length, "most happy to see you so well, and that your fright has not hurt your health or spirits."

"You think my spirits high, perhaps," answered Annette, "because I am more gay and familiar with you than I was when last we met. There is a reason for it, however. Do you know what that reason is?"

"No, indeed," he replied, "I cannot even divine it. Nay, more, I have learned from many an old fiction and tale of my childhood, that when anything which makes us very happy is dark and mysterious, we should never pry into the secret, lest we dispel the charm."

"But I will tell you the secret," replied Annette, "for the magic is all very simple, I can assure you. The secret then is, that I now know who you are; and, believe me, that discovery makes a very great difference; for, although I must ever have been grateful, had you been who you pleased, there are some whom it is a pleasure to be grateful to, some a pain."

"Are you sure you are right, dear lady?" said the stranger.

"I am sure," she replied, "quite sure, though no one has betrayed you."

"How then is it possible you can know?" he demanded; "for I am certain that you never saw me until two days ago."

"Nay, I discovered it very easily," she answered; "by studying the face of a father after I had seen that of a son. Not that the features are alike, but the expression. You will understand better what I mean when I tell you that I have just been to Castel Nogent, and sat with the baron for near an hour."

"Then all I have to say, dear lady," replied the other, "is, that I must now not only beg you to be cautious, but most particularly request that you will confine the discovery you have made to your own breast alone. I think I may ask this of you without asking anything wrong; and I believe you will grant it when you know that I am now both absent from my regiment without leave, and contrary to the express commands of the officer next in rank above myself; I mean the Baron de Cajare. I received news that my father was at the point of death; and as my presence was not wanted with the regiment, I meekly announced to Monsieur de Cajare that it was my intention to visit this part of the country, stating my motives at full. He was himself wasting his time in Paris at the distance of two days' journey from the corps, but he thought fit to send a messenger, prohibiting my coming into this part of France. I instantly lodged my appeal with his superior and mine; but, had I waited for a reply, my father might have been dead before I came. I therefore had to choose my course, and at once decided on coming hither immediately. My companions are all my friends, and they give me good intelligence; but I must return to-morrow or the day after, lest this gentleman rejoin the regiment and find that I am absent."

"Oh! for pity's sake rejoin it at once," exclaimed Annette. "I tremble to think what might be the consequences if your absence were discovered. I cannot help supposing that Monsieur de Cajare is a somewhat heartless person, who would show but little compassion or consideration of any kind."

"In this instance," replied her companion, "he has certainly shown very little consideration; and I know not why he has acquired for himself in the service the reputation of a very artful and a very remorseless man. I must own myself, however," he added, frankly, "that I have never personally seen him say or do anything that should give rise to such an opinion. His demeanour, as far as I have seen it, has always been that of a finished gentleman and a man of refined taste."

Mademoiselle de St. Morin looked down thoughtfully, but for some time made no reply. At length, however, she answered, "I know too little of him to judge; but I should rather think that, in the ordinary course of life, people display what they will be on great occasions by small traits, and you may depend upon it that it is by these his fellow-officers have judged him."

"It may be so," replied her companion; "and, indeed, the only story that I ever heard of his doing anything to win himself such a reputation, referred to his having won a large sum from a young man at play. The loser had indeed lost all, and more than all, for he was forced to tell Cajare that he had not wherewithal to pay him; upon which the baron coolly took his sword and broke it across his knee, saying, what was perhaps true, but very cruel, that he who played for sums he could not pay was unworthy to wear the weapon of a man of honour. The unhappy man threw open the window, which was just above the course of the Rhone, and cast himself headlong out. Cajare sat still at the table, and called for more cards. So goes the story in the regiment; but I was not with it at the time, being then a lieutenant in the regiment of Picardy."

Annette gave a shudder as she listened, but made no reply, and her companion soon turned the conversation to other things. During the course of their ride she found the same highly-finished taste, the same knowledge of men, of countries, and of arts, which had given a charm to the conversation of the Baron de Cajare; but there was something superadded now; something that, like the sunshine to a beautiful landscape, afforded the crowning grace to all the rest, brightened everything it shone upon, and called forth the beauties of the whole. It was that the heart spoke as well as the head; it was that there was feeling, as well as thought, in everything. Frankness and openness too, candour and bright sincerity, were in every word that he spoke; and though it was evident that he considered far less what was likely to please than Monsieur de Cajare, he did please without the effort, and won without the calculation. It was a very bright hour for Annette while she rode onward with him towards the chateau. At length, however, he drew in his rein, saying with a deep sigh, "And now that I must leave you, forgive me if I repeat in thus parting from you, certainly for a long time, and perhaps forever, that I shall recollect you long and well; far too long ever to enjoy again the society with which I am going to mingle. I shall see nothing like you there; and yet I cannot find in my heart to regret that I have thus met you, even though I be destined thus to leave you; I mean no compliment, no exaggeration, but simple truth."

Annette blushed deeply, but yet she found courage to raise her eyes to his, saying in a tone gently reproachful, "Oh! Monsieur Nogent, how can I answer you? All I will say then is, pray go back to your regiment, and believe me that I will see your father constantly, and show him every care and tendance in my power, as much out of gratitude to you as out of affectionate regard for him."

She held out her hand to him once more; he pressed his lips upon it, and then, turning his horse, rode away.

Annette proceeded slowly to the chateau; but as she guided her horse through the gates, she

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looked back towards the hills and woodlands stretching in the direction of Fons. There was one spot where the shoulder of the nearest acclivity protruded bare through the wood, and commanded a view of the chateau and the ground round about it. On the summit of the hill, at the distance of about three quarters of a mile, Annette de St. Morin saw a single horseman. He was perfectly motionless, and was evidently gazing upon the path she had taken. It was not of course by features or by dress that Annette could distinguish at that distance who it was, but there was something within that told her at once the name of him who was there watching for the last look.

CHAPTER XVI.

As Annette passed through the old hall, and was taking her way up the stairs which led to the saloon, she paused from time to time to reflect. Her thoughts were in confusion; the usual calm tranquility did not reign in her bosom; her heart beat, and her mind would not fix upon any certain point. She was alarmed at her own sensations, and asked herself the cause of them.

One of the causes—for in this instance, as in all others, there were many causes combining to produce one effect—she soon discovered; but it was not the chief cause. She had tacitly promised not to reveal the fact, which she had discovered accidentally, of the presence of the young Baron de Nogent in that part of the country; and she fancied that it was the necessity of concealing anything from one to whom she had hitherto been all candour that thus agitated and bewildered her. She felt, however, that she had no right to sport with the fate of another; and though she was sure that the secret with the Count de Castelneau would be as safe as with herself, yet as he whom that secret chiefly affected had besought her to tell no one, she resolved to obey the injunction to the letter.

There was no difficulty in so doing, for her guardian had retired to take some repose during the heat of noon, which had lately become customary with him, and from which habit he had derived great benefit. When he returned to the saloon, he confined his questions entirely to the state of the good old nobleman whom Annette had visited, approved highly of her promise to see him again, and expressed a wish that she would go to Castel Nogent on the ensuing day.

Annette hesitated, however, and then replied that she would rather postpone her visit till the morning after. The count said let it be so; but he gave her an inquiring glance, asking himself why she, who was ever ready to fly to aid and comfort those who needed either assistance or consolation, should delay in the present instance the execution of her task of kindness. Annette saw him look at her gravely and the colour rose into her cheek, for the motive of her conduct was not easily to be explained even to herself.

The fact is, she wished Ernest de Nogent to be gone back to his regiment before she renewed her visit to his father, and she feared that such might not be the case if she went to Castel Nogent the next day. Was his society disagreeable to her, then? Oh no! but the agitation which she felt—ay, and his evident admiration—and, more than all, the new, strange pleasure which his conversation had afforded, frightened her young and inexperienced heart, and made her wish for thought, long, intense thought, ere she beheld him again. Timidity even flies from that which it loves; and it is no proof at all that the society of the young Baron de Nogent was not more pleasing to Mademoiselle de St. Morin than any other which she had yet met with in life, that she was unwilling to return to Castel Nogent till she was perfectly sure that he had left it. She coloured a little, then, more from the inexplicability of her own feelings than aught else; but the count took no notice except in his own heart, and Annette's journey was accordingly put off for a day.

In the mean time, what were the comments with her own spirit? What were the questions that she asked her own heart? What were the replies that her own heart made?

Alack and a well-a-day, reader, that we should confess it! But Annette was a woman; and with all a woman's feelings she retired to her chamber that night, thinking that she had the most anxious purpose of inquiring into her own sensations; of asking herself, in short, a thousand questions which nobody but herself could answer. Yet when she had entered her own chamber, and closed the door, and leaned her head upon her hand, and began the inquiry, she stopped at the very threshold of the secret chamber, and would go on no farther. She persuaded herself that there was nothing to inquire into; that she had been frightened about nothing; that it was all extremely natural and very right for her to like the conversation and be pleased with the society of a graceful and accomplished man who had saved her life; and though perhaps there were doubts at the very bottom of her heart of all this reasoning being correct, yet she suffered it to prevent her from inquiring farther, and let it convince her will, if it did not convince her judgment. Have we not often seen a child stand on a summer day at the margin of the sunny sea, longing to bathe its limbs in the refreshing wave? Have we not seen it cast off its garments and dip in the timid foot, draw back, hurry on its clothing again, and run away, as if in fear of those bright but untried waters? Thus was it with Mademoiselle de St. Morin: the ocean of love was before her, and she trembled to adventure in.

Yet, when on the day appointed, she once moro mounted her jennet to ride over to Castel Nogent, a soft sort of melancholy hung upon her, perhaps a feeling of regret, to think that Ernest de Nogent was not there, that she should not see him again, to use his own words, "certainly for a long time, perhaps forever." She rode more slowly and thoughtfully than she had formerly done; she gazed round at the spot where she had parted from him; she stopped her horse at the littlo fountain, and let him drink in the stream, and then, with a sigh, she shook the rein and went on upon her way.

When she arrived at Castel Nogent, she paused at the usual entrance, which, let it be remarked, was a side door, and not the great gates; and, on ringing the bell, was immediately admitted by an old and faithful servant of the family.

"Oh, madam!" he said, "the baron is very much better; I think your visit did him a great deal of good. If you will come into the library for a moment, he will be down stairs."

Annette followed to the library, which she found untenanted except by the sunshine that poured in at the window through the branches of a thin tree opposite, and, dancing upon the floor as the wind waved the boughs, gave an air of cheerful life to the apartment. It was a fine old room, well stored with curious volumes, and with old lances and other weapons of a remote period, forming trophies between the bookcases; while here and there a casque, a corslet, or suit of complete armour belonging to some of the ancestors of the baron long dead, was seen on any vacant space upon the walls. The armour, it is true, was somewhat rusty, the books covered with the dust of time; manifold motes danced in the beams of light, and every thing showed that the servants in Castel Nogent were too few in number to keep the house in that exact order which leaves the hand of Time nearly powerless.

There was an air of dryness, however, and cheerful antiquity about the library, which was pleasant to the eye; and as it was a place well suited to contemplation, Annette's first act was to fall into a revery, still standing in the middle of the floor, with one hand resting on the tall back of the chair which the old servant had placed for her, the other holding her riding whip dropping gracefully by her side, and her whole form and face presenting such an exquisite picture of Beauty in meditation, that one might well have wished to be a painter in order to draw her portrait as she thero stood.

Her fancies must have been sweet—though they might have a tinge of melancholy in them—for the brow was as open as a bright summer's morning. But the mind must have been very intently occupied with some subject, for she remained during several minutes exactly in one position, without the slightest movement of any kind whatsoever.

On the left-hand side, closo by the tall window, and some eight or ten feet from the spot where she had placed herself, was a small door leading into various apartments of the old chateau; and at length, if her eyes had not been fixed so steadily upon the floor, she might have seen that door move slowly on its hinges. She did not see it, however, and the first thing that roused her was a shadow coming across the sunshine which found its way through the window.

Annette started and raised her eyes, a little confused, perhaps, at being found in so deep a fit of meditation; but all the blood rushed up into her face in a moment when she beheld Ernest de Nogent himself standing before her.

"Ah, Monsieur de Nogent!" she said, "what has kept you here? Indeed, I am very much afraid it may be dangerous to yourself."

Ernest advanced and took her hand with a smile half gay, half melancholy.

"Perhaps it may be dangerous," he said, shaking his head. "It may be dangerous to me in more respects than you mean; but you must not ask me what has kept me here."

"Nay," she answered, gaily, trying to laugh away the agitation which she certainly did feel, but withdrawing her hand from his, "you are very mysterious; and I will not attempt to discover mysteries with which I have nothing to do."

"With this mystery I am afraid," he replied, in a low and thoughtful voice, "with this mystery I ant afraid you have not a little to do."

Annette turned pale. "Indeed!" she said, with her heart beating violently. "I should be very sorry to suppose that were the case, for I do think it very imprudent for you to stay."

"Not so imprudent as you imagine, at least in the sense that you mean," replied Ernest; "but in another sense even more imprudent than you can believe."

Annette was very much agitated, for his man-

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ner spoke more, perhaps, than his words; but do not let it be thought that she was hypocritical if she tried to avoid a subject which produced so much emotion, and endeavoured to turn the conversation back to the danger which her companion ran in remaining there.

"But you told me," she said, "you yourself acknowledged to me that there was a very, very great risk in your coming hither at all, and still more in your staying, when every hour may produce a discovery of your absence."

"I have received letters from Paris since we last met," he said; "but the truth is, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, I am, I fear, very foolish, and I have to make two acknowledgments, each of which may appear very strange to you, and each of which may perhaps give you offence. I could not make up my mind to go without seeing you again. That is my first acknowledgment; the next is, that I am sometimes tempted to wish with my whole heart that I had never beheld you at all."

He had taken Annette's hand while he spoke, and he could not be insensible how it trembled in his own. The varying colour in her cheek, the downcast look of her bright eye, the quick and agitated breathing, might all encourage him to proceed; but, though such signs were not without their happy auguries, Ernest was both unwilling to agitate her too much, and too doubtful of success to press his suit vehemently. Before he had well concluded his sentence, Annette had sunk slowly down into the chair beside her, and placed her left hand over her eyes.

"I agitate you," he continued, suffering her hand to be gently withdrawn from his. "Nay, nay, do not be so much moved. Listen to me, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, listen to me calmly. It is I who have cause to be agitated and apprehensive; but hark, he continued, pausing abruptly. "Hark! there is the sound of wheels! What may this mean? It never happens but thus; and when we have but one precious moment on which depend our fate and happiness forever, we are prevented from using it by some impertinent trifle."

Annette looked up, pushed back the curls from her face, over which they had fallen in the agitation of the moment, wiped away something like a tear from her eyes, and then held out her hand again to Ernest de Nogent with a smile, which at that moment he would not have exchanged for an empire.

It might be a long task, reader, to explain all the little peculiarities in thought and feeling which made her act so differently from any other woman; and even when it was done you might not perhaps understand the whole clearly, if you have not comprehended the whole clearly already from the account that has been laid before you of her education and her natural disposition. She could hardly recover herself, however, and remove the traces of agitation from her countenance, ere the door of the library opened, and the old servant entered, with a face somewhat pale, announcing the Baron de Cajare!

Ernest de Nogent drew himself up to his full height, and his left hand, by an impulse that he could not resist, fell upon the scabbard of his sword, as if to bring the hilt round towards the right. Annette had just time to give him one imploring look, saying, in a low voice, "For Heaven's sake, for your father's sake, for my sake, recollect yourself!" when the Baron de Cajare entered the room, and advanced with his usual calm and graceful demeanour towards the spot where Mademoiselle de St. Morin was seated. His hip was curled with the slightest possible sarcastic smile; but there was no frown upon his brow, and he bowed with the utmost politeness to Annette, saying, "This is an unexpected pleasure, mademoiselle; I trust that you have continued in health and happiness, notwithstanding your close attendance upon Monsieur de Castelneau."

Annette bowed her head; and hoping, from his manner, that the errand of the Baron de Cajare was not such as she and Ernest himself believed it to be, she replied in polite terms, and at greater length than she otherwise would have done, stating that she herself was well, and that the Count de Castelneau was daily improving in health.

The baron listened to every word with the most courteous attention, and, ere she had concluded, the old Baron de Nogent himself was in the room. That gentleman instantly fixed his eyes with a frown upon the Baron de Cajare, though he grasped Annette's hand, as if to show her that he did not overlook her, and thanked her for her coming.

"To what cause, Monsieur de Cajare," he said, "am I to attribute the honour of this unexpected and unusual visit?"

"I hope you are better, my dear sir," replied the baron; "but I must not take to myself more credit than is my due. My visit is not to yourself, as my very slight acquaintance with you, Monsieur de Nogent, would not justify such intrusion; but it is to this good gentleman, your son, a captain in my regiment of horse, with whom I wish to speak a word or two upon business which we will not discuss in the presence of a lady."

"Mademoiselle de St. Morin will excuse me, sir," said the baron, "if I beg to know at once what is your purpose towards my son."

"I must beg an answer to a similar question too," added Ernest, "as I take it for granted, after our late correspondence, that you did not come here without an object of some importance, and I must choose my own measures accordingly."

"You will of course take no measures but those that are right and proper," replied the baron; "but, as you say that Mademoiselle de St. Morin will excuse us all, and as I am in some haste, I will merely beg leave to state, that I am under the disagreeable necessity of arresting my young friend here for disobedience of orders, and of sending him to trial for that offence."

"In short, sir," replied the old baron, "you sought to keep him from his father's sick-bed, and now you would seek to break that father's heart."

"A somewhat hard construction of a simple act of duty," replied Monsieur de Cajare; "nevertheless, my dear sir, it must be accomplished;" and he moved towards the window.

"Is it possible that your nature can be so hard and unfeeling?" said Annette. "Pray, pray, Monsieur de Cajare, have some consideration for the circumstances of the case."

"Alas! my dear young lady," replied the baron, "war is a school that makes us very hard-hearted. I am afraid; but, notwithstanding, I must call up the guard. Do not be frightened at their mustaches, dear lady," he added, with a sarcastic smile; "the Parisian ladies tell me they are very harmless people."

While speaking he had approached the window, and now, putting out his head, he called, "Come up! come up!"

Something that he saw below seemed to excite his surprise, however, for he still continued to look out, exclaiming, "Diantre! what is the meaning of this? Come up, I say!"

In the mean while, the baron, and his son, and Annette de St. Morin gazed for a moment or two with the silence of deep grief in each other's faces; but no time was allowed them to speak; for, even while Monsieur de Cajare was calling from the window, and ordering the guard a second time, with no very measured language, to come up, a gentleman dressed in black, and holding a paper in his hand, entered the room with a quiet and noiseless step, and advanced gravely but quickly, without saluting anybody.

The baron and his son stared at this new intruder with evident surprise; but Annette instantly recognised the gentleman whom she had seen with two ladies near the fountain in the wood, and, why she knew not, but his presence seemed a relief to her. He took not the slightest notice of her on the present occasion, however; and, passing the party in the middle of the room, proceeded to the window from which the Baron de Cajare was reiterating his order to come up, adding, in a fierce tone and with a somewhat ungentlemanlike interjection, "Why do you not obey?"

So quiet was the step of the stranger who had so suddenly entered the room, that the baron was perfectly unconscious of his presence till he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and heard the words, which were then somewhat fearful in France, "*De par le Roi!*"

Monsieur de Cajare instantly turned round, and, when he beheld the person who stood beside him, turned deadly pale.

"Monsieur le Baron de Cajare," said the stranger, "in virtue of this *lettre-de-cachet*, I arrest you in the name of the king, and enjoin you to go with me."

"Where do you intend to take me, Monsieur Morin?" said the baron at once, without making the slightest sign of resistance.

"I intend to *send* you to the Bastile, sir," replied Pierre Morin. "I have some other business yet to do in this part of the world, so that I cannot have the honour of accompanying you to Paris. Everything is prepared for your comfortable journey; your own carriage is below, or I am much mistaken; but you made a little mistake just now, and took my archers for your own soldiers. May I ask you to walk down, sir, with all convenient speed?"

The Baron de Cajare looked at Annette and then at Ernest de Nogent, and for an instant an expression like that of a fiend came over his countenance. It was gone almost as soon as it appeared; the angry voice in which he called from the window was laid aside likewise, and not the slightest change of tone from that which he used in ordinary conversation was to be distinguished as he answered Pierre Morin, "Well, Monsieur Morin, of course I obey the king's commands; but I beg leave to say, my young friend here, Monsieur de Nogent, is under my arrest. I must give him into the care of my guard before—"

"You must do nothing *before* obeying the king's commands, sir," replied Pierre Morin; "besides, you need put yourself into no trouble regarding your soldiers, for I took the liberty of discharging them from attendance upon you. You must recollect, Monsieur le Baron, pri-

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soners have no authority. As to Monsieur de Nogent, sir, I have also the king's orders—"

"To arrest him?" exclaimed the Baron de Cajare.

"I shall notify his majesty's commands affecting him to himself, sir," replied Pierre Morin, in a stern tone, "and not to you. Allow me to say we are wasting time. You have caused me to hurry down here, sir, from the capital, when, if you had attended to the hint sent to you by the Duke de Choiseul, you would have saved me much trouble, and might, perhaps, have saved yourself from the Bastile; but vengeance, sir, has no forethought, and his majesty has been made to understand the motives upon which you acted."

"He might at least have sent a gentleman to arrest me," said the Baron de Cajare with a curling lip.

Pierre Morin seemed not in the slightest degree offended, merely replying, "Sir, I obey his majesty's commands, and he expects you to do the same, be they notified to you by whom they may. But, at the same time, if it be any gratification to you to know that you are treated in the same manner as other persons, let me call to your mind that Pierre Morin, chief officer of the king's lieutenant-general of police, has arrested gentlemen whose ancestors were noble five centuries before your great-grandfather quitted the little bureau in the Rue Quinquampoix."

The colour came warm into the cheek of the Baron de Cajare as Pierre Morin in the quietest possible tone rebuked his insolent pride. The chief agent of the police of Paris, however, was not to be trifled with any more; and, lifting up his finger as he saw Cajare about to reply, he said, in a tone of command, "Monsieur le Baron de Cajare, obey the king's commands! Descend the staircase, take your place in the carriage which is waiting for you, and surrender yourself at the royal prison of the Bastile without another word, or I will report your contumacy to his majesty!"

The baron's haughty air instantly sunk; and, without taking notice of any one, without bow or word of adieu, he crossed the room and descended to the hall. Pierre Morin followed; but before he did so he turned towards Ernest de Nogent, saying, "Monsieur de Nogent, you will be good enough to remain here till I come back;" and then, proceeding with his quick, noiseless step down the stairs, he saw the Baron de Cajare into his carriage, and two guards take their seats in the vehicle beside him.

While all these events had been taking place, a number of people had gathered together in the court of the chateau, some from the neighbouring hamlet, some from the woods where they had been destroying the wolves; and manifold were the inquiries of "What is the matter? what is the matter?"

At length the inquiry was pronounced close to Pierre Morin, who stood on the steps before the great gateway, where the carriage had been drawn up. As soon as he heard it, he turned round to those who spoke, and pronounced the magical words, "*Enlevement de police*," an arrest by the police; and at the sound the very boldest drew three or four steps back, with countenances far paler than they had been before.

Ay, the very men who not many years afterward marched to Paris, and aided to dye the streets of the capital with the blood of many of the best, the bravest, and the noblest in the land, now drew back in terror at the very name of that redoubtable police, whose whole real power, like almost every power on earth, was derived from the fears of those upon whom it was exercised. The carriage rolled rapidly away after Pierre Morin had handed the papers which he held to one of the soldiers in the inside, and he himself turned his steps again into the mansion of Monsieur de Nogent.

In the mean while, those whom he had left behind in the library of the chateau had continued gazing upon each other with some degree of painful expectation; but Annette recollected the kind, nay, the affectionate manner in which the very man who seemed to possess such power had spoken to her in the forest, and the moment Pierre Morin again appeared she advanced towards him, saying, "Let me speak with Monsieur Morin for a moment."

"Oh, sir!" she said, in a low voice, as soon as she was near enough to speak without her words being overheard, "when last I saw you, you expressed yourself kindly and tenderly towards me; let me beseech you to spare Monsieur de Nogent as far as it be possible. Pray remember, sir, he only came hither to see his father, who was then supposed to be dying; and, though that father is better, yet have some consideration for him too."

Pierre Morin heard her in silence, looking in her face with a smile of kindly meaning.

"My dear young lady," he said, at length, "you mistake the whole business; I have no power in this matter; I am a mere instrument. But do not be frightened; I have nothing to say to Monsieur de Nogent which should pain him or alarm you."

"Sir," he continued, turning to Ernest, "this young lady has been pleading for you, as if I had some authority of my own in this business; but you very well know I am a mere agent, as I have just told her. I must therefore inform you that his majesty commands you to return to your regiment immediately. He has directed me to say that, as far as he is concerned, he pardons you, in consideration of your father's state of health. The general under whose command you serve will reprimand you for being absent without leave, should he think it necessary. The cause of such an humble individual as myself being commanded to convey this message to you, rather than a military officer, is simply that I was ordered down hither in haste to arrest the Baron de Cajare, whose offence against his majesty has been in some degree mixed up with the question of your absence without leave. You will understand, sir, that the king's order is peremptory that you depart for your regiment instantly. I will now take my leave."

It was in vain the Baron de Nogent and his son pressed Pierre Morin to take some refreshment before he went; he retired at once, taking leave of Annette as he passed, and whispering a single brief sentence in her ear.

The words which Pierre Morin addressed to Annette were merely these: "Do not be surprised or alarmed at anything you may hear when you return home." But, as always happens, imagination instantly attached the idea of coming evil to the injunction not to fear, and Annette's fancy suggested that some accident or misfortune must have befallen the Count de Castelneau during her absence. She had now learned to feel that there were other persons in the world who might be loved as well as himself, but that did not make her love him differently or less than before; and she hastened to quit her two companions, notwithstanding all the interest which she had learned to take in them, in order to return to him towards whom all the affections of her heart had been given from infancy with a high, pure, filial love.

The baron and Ernest de Nogent would fain have detained her, at least for a short time; but she would not stay, saying, with a smile, that, as she had seen all their enemies frustrated, and even sickness put to flight, her errand was over, and she must hasten back.

Ernest led her down to her horse, and though there was many a thing in his heart that he would fain have found a moment to utter, yet, from the impossibility of saying all in so short a space as that which was now afforded him, he remained silent till they reached the bottom of the staircase. There, however, he paused, and detained her for an instant, asking, with a look of entreaty, "May I not accompany you on your ride?"

"No, no, indeed!" replied Annette. "Pray remember the commands you have received, and return to your regiment without the delay even of an hour."

"I will," he answered, "I will; but will you not say one word to comfort and console me, in thus parting from all I hold dear, for a time the limits of which I know not?"

"What can I say?" rejoined Annette. "What can I say? All I can do is," she added—and, as the spot where they stood was shadowed by a large buttress which crossed the window, the blush with which her words were accompanied could hardly be seen "all I can do is to beg you to be careful and prudent for the sake of those here—of all who love and esteem you. You have run so great a risk already, that I cannot but tremble to think of what might be the consequence of any other act of rashness; and now, go! pray go quickly. Fare you well!"

Thus saying, she turned towards the door; but Ernest detained her for one moment longer, to press his lips again and again upon her hand. Again he felt that it trembled in his own; and her agitation, coupled with the words that she spoke, gave an assurance to his heart which was not a little consoling to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

With her eyes bent down towards her saddlebow, and her cheek somewhat glowing, Annette departed, proceeding at a quick pace up the hill upon the slope of which the chateau of Castel Nogent was built. When she had passed the acclivity, however, she tightened the rein and suffered the horse to go on at a walk, thinking deeply over all that had occurred. Again and again she asked her heart, "What are these sensations that I feel towards Ernest de Nogent? Is this love?"

She could no longer conceal from herself that he was not to her the same as other men; but she would not believe—or perhaps I should say, she would not admit—that it could be love which she felt. The time was so short, their meetings so few, that she could not, she would not, allow that it could be love. But yet Annette was not only now convinced that she did feel different sensations towards the young Lord of Castel Nogent from those which she had ever experienced before towards any human being, but, upon reflection, she found that her whole conduct had been such as to give him hope and encouragement; and she blushed as if a thousand

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eyes had been upon her at the presence of that conviction in her heart.

We have shown that Annette de St. Morin had been tempted, a night or two before, to shut her eyes to the consideration of her *own feelings*, and to shrink from the examination of the new passion which was insidiously taking possession of her heart; but, though she might do this, Annette had been taught from her earliest days never so to shrink from the examination of her own conduct, never so to shut her eyes to the result of any action that she had actually done; and she now carefully and thoughtfully inquired to what she had plighted and pledged herself by her demeanour towards Ernest de Nogent. It might, indeed, be a question whether she examined fairly, because inclination, in all our dealings with our own heart, is at the ear of the judge; and perhaps Annette did give a little more weight to every word she had spoken, to every look and gesture favourable to Ernest, than she would have done had he been less agreeable to her. The general result, however, was right; it was that she had given him a degree of encouragement which she could never retract with honour, and, as a consequence of that very encouragement, she felt herself bound to tell all that had passed, even including the thoughts and feelings of her own mind and heart, to the person who had been to her, as she herself said, more than a father.

The anticipation of doing so, however, agitated and troubled her far more than she could have believed anything of the kind would do. How to begin the tale she knew not; how to go on with it was equally perplexing; how to express what were her feelings, what were her thoughts, made the colour rise in her cheek, and her eyes sink to the ground even while she asked herself the question.

Her horse went now merely at a walk, but she urged him not on either by voice or whip; and, so far from hastening homeward, she took a somewhat longer path through the woods, not remarking that clouds had gathered in the sky while she had remained at Castel Nogent, and that the sultry heat of the air portended the coming of a storm. So it was, however. Over the tops of the tall trees might be seen gathering dull leaden masses of dense vapour, and the breath of the air had not the balminess of the preceding days, but was both sultry and oppressive in the highest degree. It could not be called fiery, like the gale that blows over the sands of Egypt, but it felt moist, though hot and difficult to breathe, as if it were borne from the depths of fens and morasses, exhaling deadly vapours under the rays of an ardent sun. Still, between the hard edges of the heavy clouds, the blue sky appeared, especially towards the zenith, where the great orb of day continued pouring on his flood of sovereign splendour, as if at once careless and unconscious of all the storms and tempests which might vex the earth below. The hum of the insect world, which had been busy in the morning, was now still; the voice of the birds, which had resounded through the woods and the valleys, was now reduced to short notes, begun, perhaps, in gladness of heart, but terminated apparently in apprehension of some coming evil.

To all these warnings, however, Annette was blind, so busy was she in the world of her own heart; and the only external thing that caught her attention was the fretfulness of her horse. Attributing it to thirst from heat and exercise, she guided the animal to the bank of the stream; and, casting down the rein upon his neck, she let him drink, gazing with apparent interest upon the reflection of her beautiful jennet's head in the water, but, in truth, seeing nothing but the images within her own breast. She was thus sitting calmly, with her hands resting on her knee, her head bent down, and her eyes fixed upon the clear smooth stream, when suddenly a flash of intense brightness blazed over the glistening expanse of water, followed instantly by a loud clap of thunder which made the woods echo around. The horse threw its head suddenly back from the river, reared, plunged, and darted forward; and before Annette could make any effort to save herself, she was cast headlong into the stream.

The water was not very deep, and the servants flew in an instant to the assistance of one whom the whole household loved; but still, when they drew her forth from the stream, she was to all appearance lifeless. With the tears and loud lamentations in which the excitable people of the south of France indulge on all occasions of grief, the servants bore the form of Annette on towards the chateau; but, when they arrived there, they found nothing but faces of bustle and anxiety. Horses and postillions were standing in the courtyard; good old Donnine was giving manifold orders regarding various packages of ladies' gear which other servants were bringing down; and the great family coach, as well as the old *chaise de poste*, were drawn out into the principal courtyard. All betokened preparations for an immediate journey; but all this bustle was turned instantly into silent consternation as poor Annette was carried into the chateau. They bore her forward into a large saloon on the ground floor; but, as they stretched her on one of the long, hard sofas of that day, some signs of returning animation began to show themselves. Her beautiful hands closed with a convulsive motion as if she felt pain, and it became clear that life was not extinct.

The sounds of lamentation and dismay which had followed Mademoiselle de St. Morin into the house soon reached the ears of the Count de Castelneau; and, after a vain inquiry, he came down himself, followed by his two medical attendants, who happened at the moment to be with him.

To behold her he loved best on earth lying there, pale as a withered flower, her beautiful dark hair fallen about her face and neck, her eyes closed, her lips bloodless, might well affect any man deeply, and doubtless it greatly moved the Count de Castelneau; but it was not such sights or such events that produced those attacks of illness under which he had lately suffered. His lip quivered a little, the gaze of his eye grew more intense and anxious, and the muscles of the brow contracted in a certain degree; but he had every command over himself, and asked in a clear, calm voice, "How did this happen?"

The tale was soon told; but, even as it was telling, the surgeon, who was luckily present, exclaimed, "She is not dead;" and, drawing forth his lancet, he proceeded to employ such means as he thought necessary to recall poor Annette to consciousness. At first the blood flowed with difficulty, but soon it came in a fuller stream, and in a few moments she opened her eyes faintly, and then closed them again, murmuring an indistinct word or two with her lips. It were tedious to tell all that was done to restore her to recollection; but let it suffice that in the space of about three quarters of an hour, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, who was suffering, not from the temporary suspension of animation produced by immersion in the water, but from the stunning effects of her fall, completely recovered her speech and consciousness, and, holding out her hand to Monsieur de Castelneau, she said, "Do not fear! Do not fear, my dear father! I am not much hurt—I am better now."

A glistening drop came into the count's eyes; but he replied tranquilly, "Thank God! my Annette, you are not much hurt. These gentlemen assure me that such is the case; but be composed for a little while, and do not speak yourself, for I have some news to give you. I will leave you for a few minutes, and return to tell you more."

The count was gone about half an hour, and, when he did come back, he found Annette apparently much recovered, though she was, in truth, severely bruised and in considerable pain.

"What are the tidings, my dear father?" she asked, as he sat down again beside her. "They are no evil tidings, I hope?"

"No! oh, no!" replied the count; "do not alarm yourself, my Annette; but I fear I cannot remain to witness your recovery, dear child. The king has sent me an order to come to Paris without an instant's delay. The cause assigned for this command is much suspicion of disaffection, in consequence of my long absence from the capital. If this be the real cause, such suspicions may be cleared away in an hour."

As he spoke the count fell into deep thought, and remained with his eyes fixed upon the ground for several moments; while Annette gazed up in his face with an eager and enquiring look, as if seeking to scan her guardian's feelings, and gather more information than his words afforded. No one, perhaps, was so well qualified to learn from the countenance of Monsieur de Castelneau what was passing in his heart as Annette de St. Morin; but even to her his face was a very unreadable book on most occasions. In the present instance, however, she was right in some degree; and she said, "You doubt whether that suspicion be the real cause or not! But you must not go without me. I can go very well. I am quite recovered now. I can go quite well."

The count bent down his head and kissed her brow, saying, "I am afraid, my dear Annette, that I am very selfish with regard to you, and that my love for your society has but too often prevented me from giving you the advantage of mingling in the world as much as you ought to do; but yet, my dear child, I am not so basely selfish as to rob you of health, perhaps of life, for any comfort or consolation whatsoever. It is quite impossible that you should go with me in your present state; equally impossible, I grieve to say, that I should stay till you are better. These gentlemen of art, however, inform me that, if you remain tranquil here, I need be under no apprehension for your health. One of them I must take with me, as it might be dangerous for me to travel without assistance. Monsieur Merle, however, will see you every day; and let me know by letter what is the exact state of my dear child's health. I, in return, will write to you as soon as I reach Paris, and you shall speedily hear both how I am, and what is the real cause of this sudden call. It is strange that, after eighteen years' absence, I should have any enemy so pertinacious as to inspire suspicions of my conduct in the mind of the king!"

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"You do not think," said Annette, in a low voice, and with a glance towards the other persons who were in the room, which made the count bend down his ear to listen, "you do not think that the Baron de Cajare can have anything to do with this?"

The count started, exclaiming, "What makes you think so?"

The colour came slightly into Annette's cheek as she replied, "I have scarcely any reason; but I recollect he one day said, when he was speaking in a way that surprised and pained me, that means might be easily found of forcing you out of this old chateau to what he called the intellectual pleasures of the capital."

The slight cloud which hung upon the count's brow cleared away in a moment. "Ha! Monsieur de Cajare?" he said, "is it so? You are doubtless right, my Annette. I have known men sent to the Bastile at the instigation of intriguing scoundrels, for a much less object than that which Monsieur de Cajare has in view. He shall find himself mistaken, however."

"He has done so already," replied Annette, "for he was down at Castel Nogent this morning, and seemed to think he had every thing and every body in his power; but, in the midst of it all, an agent of police came in, arrested him, and sent him to the Bastile."

"Indeed!" said the count, "indeed! But what more, my Annette? you seem to have more to say."

"I must forbid it to be said now, I am afraid," said the physician, advancing to Annette's side; "it is neither fit for you, count, nor for Mademoiselle de St. Morin. Remember, my dear sir, you have still some business of rather an agitating nature to go through."

"Agitating!" said the count; "you do not suppose that talking of, or making arrangements for, the only one event that is certain in human life—I mean death—can have anything agitating in it to me? My dear Annette," he went on, "about to take a long journey, and having scarcely recovered from a severe fit of illness, I have thought it right once more to make my will in form. I have also laid out a large portion of your fortune in the purchase of the small lordship of St. Aubin on the Lot. You will take my word for it, my dear child, that it was an advantageous purchase; the deeds, properly made out in your name, are in the hands of my notary up stairs, but you must sign a paper signifying your consent to my thus employing your money on your behalf. As this good man," he added, pointing to Monsieur Merle, "shakes his head at this conversation, I will again leave you for a while, and then come back to you for a moment before I depart."

Monsieur de Castelneau was absent for a greater length of time than before, and he then returned with his own notary and another member of the law. They carried with them various deeds and papers, which they presented to Annette, and explained to her as the titles to the estate of St. Aubin, which her guardian was said to have purchased with money belonging to her. These deeds did indeed so far belong to her—although it proceeded from a moiety of his own revenues, which he had laid by ever since he had succeeded to the title of the Count de Castelneau—that he had always called it to himself Annette's portion; and he had thus suffered it to accumulate, in remembrance of the promise he had made, to give her a dowry according to the rank in which he brought her up. The laws of France, however, have always intermeddled with the disposal of private property in a manner ever vexatious, and often most inconvenient; and, in order to avoid all the difficulties which might have thus occurred, the Count of Castelneau had been obliged to have recourse to this method of purchasing property for Annette, which she could not be deprived of, let what might become of any other sum which he left to her by his will.

The formal part of the business was soon over; the notaries took the deeds away with them, but gave her an acknowledgment that they held them for her use; and in a minute after one of the servants came to inform the count that mademoiselle's clothes had been removed from the carriage, and that all was ready for his own departure.

"I must now bid you farewell, my Annette," replied the count; "but, since I have heard what you had to tell me regarding Monsieur de Cajare, I go with a mind at ease. Previously to your return, my poor child, I had fondly hoped that you would be the companion of my journey, and good Dounine had bustled herself for your departure. That would have been exactly what Monsieur de Cajare desired, no doubt; but this accident disappoints him as well as me, and I now leave you mistress of your chateau till my return. I have but one injunction to give you, my Annette, which is, to be careful of yourself. You will be kind to all others, I know; but I shall be very, very anxious regarding you, for these two sad dangers that have befallen you have shown my indifference in your safety. Be careful, therefore, my Annette, and let me hear from you as soon as it is possible."

Thus saying, he left her, and a few unwonted tears rose in the fair girl's eyes; for, though her nature was not an apprehensive one, and experience had not yet taught her the instability of every earthly thing, yet she could not part from the friend and guardian of her infancy and youth without a feeling of loneliness, ay, and of fear, not lest any evil should fall upon herself, but lest the fatigues of the way, or the intrigues of evil men at court, might impair his health, and affect his happiness or life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Though it may soon be our duty to follow the course of some of our other characters, to inquire into the proceedings of Monsieur de Cajare, to accompany Ernest de Nogent on his journey, or to trace the adventures of Monsieur de Castelneau since he left for the present dwell with Annette in the old chateau, and speak of some events which took place within a very short time after the departure of the count himself. As we have said, poor Annette felt sad and lonely; and, though good Dounine did her best to soothe and to console her, and though the well-regulated mind of the young lady herself taught her that to give way to apprehension was neither wise nor right, and that it was a duty to amuse her mind by every means in her power, yet the next two or three hours were very heavy to her, and she experienced, though but in a slight degree, that desolation of heart which every one must have felt still more deeply who has lost a dear and valued friend forever. As the evening came on, also, the effects of her fall were more sensibly felt: she became somewhat feverish towards night, and the physician, who returned to see her, gave her some drugs to allay the pain and tranquilise her nerves, and directed her immediately to retire to rest.

Although it was not yet dark, she did as he directed, and left the saloon vacant. The evening sun streamed into it cheerfully, and traced a natural dial on the floor, marking the hours till the ray faded. The light grew more and more dim in the chamber; the black oak carving of the ceilings were lost in the obscurity; and the moon began to show herself in the heavens, triumphing, yet but timidly, in the absence of her great and glorious rival of the day.

It was at that hour and moment that the door of the saloon opened quietly, and a lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman in dark clothing. No servant preceded them, no attendant followed; and the lady, sinking into one of the large armchairs, covered her eyes with her hands, murmuring, "Am I here once more?"

For several minutes she remained evidently weeping, but in silence and without violence; they seemed the tears of memory, and flowed by in the same solemn silence with which all the objects of the past march in review before the eye of conscience. The gentleman did not seat himself, but stood by her side uncovered; and, after a few minutes, he walked forward to the window, and gazed out towards the west, where a faint greenish film of light, the last effort of day, still hung like a curtain before the stars.

"I fear, madam," he said, at length, returning to the lady's side, "I fear, madam, that, if we do not proceed quickly, we shall lose the little light that remains, and be obliged to call some of the men to bring a lamp, which may be unpleasant."

"I am ready, my good friend, I am ready," she replied; "but you may well imagine what are the feelings with which I behold all these well-remembered scenes, where the bubble of happiness first rose upon the stream of my life, and then burst and passed away forever. But come! I could guide you in the dark; for, if the burning of the heart could communicate its intense fire to the earthly frame, every one of my footsteps, when last I trod the way from that chamber to this, must have been printed indelibly on the floor. Come, come, we shall soon find the place where my heart was broken."

Thus saying, she led the way across the room to a smaller door than that by which she had entered, and on the opposite side. Taking her way through it, she proceeded by a corridor to the end of that wing of the chateau, and then passed the door of Annette's bed-chamber to the extreme west, where one of the large towers contained within itself two or three of the best rooms in the castle. The door which there ended the corridor was locked; but the gentleman who was with her had a number of keys in his hand, and, with extraordinary ease and precision, he selected the one which the keyhole required, applied it, and gave her entrance.

Those were days in which window-shutters to the higher rooms of a country house were almost unknown, and, consequently, in the apartments they now entered, which looked full towards the spot where the sun had set not half an hour before, the light was much more strong than at the opposite side of the building. Even here it was very faint, but there was still enough to guide the lady across the antechamber to the door of the room beyond. She laid her hand upon the lock, but paused for a moment as if under the influence of some strong emotion: and then, conquering her irresolution, she threw open the door, dis-

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closing a bedroom fitted up with great taste and luxury: a toilet-table festooned with velvet and gold; a bed with hangings of the same rich materials; tall mirrors in beautiful frames; and in the centre panel of the wainscot, on the opposite side of the room, a full-length portrait of a gentleman in a military dress, apparently about to mount his horse. One foot was in the stirrup, one hand was upon the mane; and while the countenance was turned so as to look full into the room, the other hand, by the painter's skill, appeared to stretch forth from the canvass, and wave a hat and plume as if bidding adieu to the spectators.

There was an air of joy, and youth, and bright hilarity in the whole figure and countenance, which not even the dim twilight of that hour could altogether conceal, and upon it fixed the lady's eyes the moment she opened the door. She pressed her hand upon her heart; looked around the room with an expression almost of fear, and then, advancing with a quick step, gazed earnestly upon the portrait, till, sinking on her knees before it, she murmured a short prayer. She remained there scarcely for a minute; but ere she rose, many a tear bedewed the spot where she knelt, and it was with difficulty she could restrain them from flowing for some time afterward.

Advancing into a small dressing-room beyond, and approaching the huge mantelpiece of black oak, she said, laying her hand upon a large carved moulding, "It is here;" and she ran her hand along it more than once, seeming to press upon the various flowers and figures with which it was ornamented. As she did so she began to tremble, saying, "Some one must have opened it since, or else they must have discovered and closed it altogether. It used to open with a touch."

"Let me try," said the gentleman who was with her; "it may well have got rusty in twenty years."

"That rose!" said the lady, "that rose! I am sure it was that or the one next to it."

Her companion advanced and pressed upon the spot in the cornice which she pointed out. It instantly gave way under his stronger hand; the moulding fell forward like the front of some ancient scrutoire, and at the same moment a parchment rolled out and dropped at the lady's feet. She instantly picked it up and pressed it to her heart, and then turning to the names that were signed at the end, endeavoured to read them, but in vain.

"It matters not," she said, "it matters not! This is the contract. There is nothing else there; let us begone."

"It is better to be quite sure," replied her companion; and, putting his hand into the cavity from which the parchment had fallen, he speedily produced another, though very much smaller in size.

"Here is another deed," he said: "most likely the procuration of some relation."

"True," she answered, "true; I had forgotten that; but it is not of as much consequence as the other. Now let us go."

"You had better do so, madam," replied her companion, "for the carriage will carry you to Figeac speedily. I must remain, however, and see that these men do their duty, though the search is all nonsense, and they will find nothing."

"I suppose so," answered the lady; "but how happens it, I wonder, that such suspicion should arise without a cause?"

"Some enemy!" replied the gentleman. "Unhappily, a minister's ears are always open to every accusation. To be accused is often as bad as to be criminal; and the Count de Castelneau may well think himself lucky to have nothing worse to undergo than a mere journey to Paris, if, as I believe, some powerful enemy has accused him."

"That enemy has been my best friend," replied the lady; "but I will hasten away now, and wait for you at Figeac."

Thus saying, she retired from the dressing-room, and again paused before the picture in the other chamber; but, as time sets upon the memories of objects past, the evening light had acted upon that portrait. When she had before seen it, the form, the features, the dress were all distinct, though the colouring was somewhat gray and cold; now all was confused and obscure; there was neither hue nor exact form left, and the vague figure of a man mounting his horse was traced more by the aid of recollection than the eye.

The lady passed on; and the gentleman who was with her, taking care to close every door behind them, and to remove all trace of their visit, followed her quickly, and accompanied her through the same corridors and rooms which they had passed before, down the great staircase into the courtyard. A number of men were drawn up there in deep silence at a short distance from a carriage, to which were attached four horses; and at some distance beyond appeared a number of the servants of the Count de Castelneau. The latter, however, seemed either stupified or overawed: for they remained motionless and unconcerned while the stranger handed the lady into the vehicle. As he was about to retire from the door of the carriage, she bent forward and said, "I am sure you would suffer me to see her if it were possible."

"It is wholly impossible, madam," he answered, "without ruin to all;" and, bowing low, he retired into the chateau.

During the greater part of that night lights were seen in the various parts of the building, and the servants of the Count de Castelneau remained watching with some anxiety proceedings which caused them great apprehension, but which they could not prevent. Strange to say, however, the whole passed with so much quietness and silence, that neither Annette, nor her maid, who slept in a neighbouring chamber, nor old Donnine, who, ever since the young lady had been a child, claimed a room as close to that of Mademoiselle de St. Morin as possible, was ever awakened.

Early on the following day, when Donnine, who retained all the matutinal habits of her youth, rose and proceeded to resume the cares of the household which she superintended, the whole bevy of maidens under her sage charge and governance assailed her at once with accounts of the domiciliary visit which had been paid to the chateau by a large body of police. They had gone through all the count's apartments, she was told; had examined his papers, and opened all his cabinets and drawers—at least so the servants inferred; for, be it remarked, that they were themselves excluded from the chambers where the police were pursuing their avocations, except when some information or assistance was necessary. They moreover told Donnine that the gentleman who commanded the police had taken particular pains not to make any noise or disturbance, and had said that there was no use of search ing Mademoiselle de St. Morin's apartments, or waking her from her sleep. On receiving this information, Donnine consulted with herself whether she should or should not inform her young lady of what had occurred, and she determined not to do so till Annette had risen and breakfasted.

All her wise precautions were, however, in vain; for Annette's maid, who, among other good qualities, possessed the peculiar faculty of the parrot and the magpie, repeating like them everything that she heard, caught some ten words of the intelligence as she leaned over the stairs, and, running instantly into Annette's room, woke her with the tidings that the house had been visited by the police, who had carried off every paper they could find. With the common bubble in short, of persons in her situation, she told all that she knew, and a great deal more; and the consequence was that, Annette, who was still suffering considerably from the effects of her fall, and who would certainly not have risen that day had it not been for some extraordinary cause, began to dress herself immediately, and was on the eve of going down, when Donnine appeared to inquire how she had passed the night.

Without delay, Annette proceeded through the chambers which had been visited during the night, and found that the papers had not been carried away, though they had been examined. One scrutoire and one desk she found closed by a double seal connected by a thick piece of parchment; and after considering for some moments what this appearance might indicate, and what should be her own conduct, she thought that the best plan of proceeding would be to write immediately to the Baron de Nogent, asking advice from his better experience. She accordingly did so, and at the same time despatched a letter by a special courier to the Count de Castelneau, hoping that information of what had taken place might reach him before he quitted Limoges.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Count de Castelneau leaned back in his carriage and thought of Annette, while the slow wheels, at the rate of about five miles an hour, rolled him onward towards Paris. Perhaps never had he known the tediousness of life before, for the thoughts of an active and busy mind had always furnished sufficient employment for each leisure moment; but now he had wherewithal to measure the minutes, though not to occupy them, and each mile that he was borne away from the society which he loved best seemed but to increase the slowness of Time's tardy flight. There was nothing on the road to amuse or interest him: he had seen every tree and every stone, in the course of the first twenty miles, a hundred times before; and the physician, who sat beside him in the carriage, after having made a vain attempt to converse upon indifferent topics, had sunk back into the corner, where he now lay pillowed on the soft bosom of sleep.

The count then communed with himself, and the chief subject of thought was Annette de St. Morin. He asked himself what were his real feelings, his own most secret wishes and purposes. He was a great doubter of his own heart. He knew it—that sad, frail, wily thing, the human heart—he knew it, by experience, to be the most deceitful of all things; and, alas! still worse, more

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deceitful to those who trust it than to any others. He asked himself whether, were Annette herself willing to give him her hand, he would really seek to wed her. He answered "No!" boldly, almost indignantly. Such a purpose, such a wish, he thought, had never entered his mind. Not to lose her society was all that he desired. But the next question was, how her constant companionship was to be preserved without wedding her. Could he keep her who was so formed for domestic happiness lingering out her days almost in solitude! Could he condescend to watch her, lest her heart should choose for itself, to exclude all who might please, attract, or win her! Would it be wise! would it be just! Oh, no! his own heart forbade the thought at once; but, then, with what art it suggested again that the only means of gaining both objects, of retaining Annette forever near him, and yet suffering her to know all the blessings of domestic life, and all the high pleasures of well-chosen society, was to make her his own by the bond of marriage. She had never yet, he thought, seen any one to love but himself. All her first affections were his: those affections were evidently like the love of a daughter to a father, it was true; but might they not easily be changed into warmer and tenderer feelings? As he reflected upon it, however, he shrunk from the idea; he thought, almost with horror, of losing the fond name of father which she gave him, even to assume that of husband; and he covered his eyes with his hand, and turned away his mind from the subject.

"I will think of it no more," he said; but, alas! to have thought of it at all was a step gained by the adversary, from which he was only to be driven by pain and sorrow. The count kept his resolution for the time, however; turned his mind to other things, asking himself a thousand questions regarding his sudden call to Paris; and busied his imagination in inquiring who had really laid the charge against him, and what that charge actually was. There was a vague apprehension presented itself from time to time, a spectre rising from the shadowy night of the past, and flitting across his eyes, faint and indistinct, yet dark and horrible; but he would not, he dared not suffer that spectre to come near. He drove it away with a scoff while it was yet afar; though had he suffered it to approach close to his eyes, it would have overpowered him altogether. He concluded, with Annette—he chose to conclude that his accuser must be the Baron de Cajare; that the object was to bring his fair ward to Paris, and the charge some of those idle accusations which the French government in that day was always very willing to employ, in order to force the provincial nobles into the capital.

At length the carriage stopped in order that the horses might be changed, at a little inn and posthouse between Cahors and Limoges, which he had known well in former years, and where, as it was a pleasant spot in a beautiful country, he had spent sometimes weeks together. The hostess had been a very gay and pretty woman, a year or two younger than himself; and with her, in his early days of levity, he had often indulged in many an idle and over-familiar jest. It was now night; the country round he could not see; but there came to the side of the carriage an old woman, bearing the light, and courtesying low to the strange gentleman as she announced herself as the post-mistress.

The count gazed at her attentively. She was the same gay personage he had formerly known, but oh, how changed! She had sunk, in those twenty or two-and-twenty years into a coarse and withered old dame. The freshness of the cheek, the neat waist, the smart foot and ankle, were all gone. Much exposure and work, as well as some care and anxiety, had left her brown and shriveled, and not a trace of beauty or of youth remained.

Monsieur de Castelneau gazed and felt how time had passed; and as the idea he had entertained of wedding Annette came up for an instant before his mind, he applied the homily to his own heart, and a sneering smile came upon his lip at the thought of his own weakness.

It rarely happens, when we are tempted to evil thoughts or evil deeds, that some warning is not whispered in our ear, that some obstacle is not thrown in our way. It is only, in short, when our heart takes part with the temptation that we fall, and then fall without palliation. The count, however, was eager to prevent his mind from yielding to what he felt was wrong, and he made the best use of the little incident which had occurred. He looked out at the post-mistress; she did not know him in the least. He spoke to her for a moment or two; she did not even recognise his voice.

"I am as much changed as she is," he said to himself. "And when I can imagine that ardent youth in its first freshness can feel passion for age like this, then I may expect that Annette may love me as a wife should love her husband." He cast the idea once more from him as a thing vain and absurd, and made the postillions drive on as quickly as possible.

The journey of that day, however, was of course short, from the lateness of the hour at which the count had taken his departure; but the act of traveling seemed rather to have done him good than otherwise. He slept better than he had done for many nights previous, and woke early the following day prepared to pursue his way. His valet appeared to dress him as soon as he was up and had performed his devotions; and, as the man bustled about the room, first bringing one article to his master and then another, he seemed struck with something which appeared upon the table, and handed the count a note, asking him if he had seen it.

Monsieur de Castelneau took it from his hand, looked at the seal, then, with a contracted brow and somewhat wild expression of countenance, gazed in the man's face, and then, as if with a great effort, tore open the note.

It contained but three words, "Go in peace!" but these words seemed to take a load off the count's mind, and he asked eagerly who had placed the note upon his table. All his own servants and all the servants of the inn denied, with every appearance of honesty, that they had done anything of the kind; and the count was obliged to proceed on his way without any farther information concerning the event.

At Limoges, Monsieur de Castelneau received Annette's letter, informing him of the visit of the police, and the search for papers which had been made at the chateau. These tidings, though they led him to suppose that the charge was somewhat serious, only made him smile, as he well knew that nothing could be found at Castelneau which could show him to be implicated in any designs against the government. He answered Annette's letter before he set out, telling her how confident he was in his own innocence, and giving her the still better intelligence of his hourly improving health, and of the great benefit which the act of traveling seemed to produce. He then hastened on to Paris; and we shall not pause on any farther incidents of his journey, which passed quietly by, with only such little accidents and inconveniences as befell all travellers in those days.

The count alighted at one of those large furnished hotels which were then common in Paris, but which have very generally given way to more convenient places of abode for the lonely traveller. It was about three o'clock in the day when he arrived; but the aspect of the great city, after having for so many years enjoyed the calm and quiet scenes of the country, lay heavy and gloomy upon his heart. There were none of the sights and sounds which refresh the eye or the ear; there was nothing to divert any sense from the consciousness of being in the midst of a wide and heartless multitude, without one feeling in common with any of the human beings who surrounded him. The count was somewhat fatigued also, and he therefore determined to pass the rest of that day in repose, and to wait until the next ere he visited the Duke de Choiseul, who had signed the letter commanding him to appear in Paris.

It proved unfortunate that he did so; for, on sending the next day to inquire at what hour the duke would receive him, he found that the minister had quitted Paris the preceding night for his country seat, called Chanteloup, in the beautiful valley of Arpajon, and was not expected to return for several days. Knowing that in the court of Louis XV., as in all other despotic courts, prompt obedience at the first summons is always looked upon with much favour, the count now hesitated as to what course he should pursue in order to show that he had lost not a moment's time in executing the king's commands.

Neither Versailles nor Arpajon was very far from Paris; but the count, from his old knowledge of monarchs and statesmen, judged that it would be best to show his obedience to the minister even before the king, and he consequently ordered horses to be put to his carriage, and took the road to Chanteloup.

Perfectly at his ease in regard to any offence against the government, Monsieur de Castelneau gazed forth upon the country, and endeavoured to amuse his mind with the scenery between Paris and Arpajon. As every one must know who has traveled on the road to Etampes, there is nothing very striking to be seen by the way, except occasionally some beautiful chateaux and parks, and the hill of Montlhery, with its curious old tower. But just at the moment that the count was gazing forth from the window of the carriage, and raising his eyes towards that tower with the smile of one who recognises an old friend, a carriage with a musketeer on either side, passed him at a rapid rate on the way towards Paris. In the inside of the carriage was a gentleman, whom Monsieur de Castelneau instantly recognised as the Baron de Cajare; bot the two vehicles had rolled past each other before he could at all see who was the person that occupied another seat in the carriage with the baron.

A few minutes more brought the count to the chateau of Chanteloup; and, passing through the park, he was soon in the great court, whence he sent a servant to demand audience of the minister. Everything now passed with the utmost rapidity: the innumerable domestics who were seen hurrying about the chateau seemed endowed with superhuman agility; so quick were all their motions, so rapidly they came and disappeared. It

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was simply, however, that the character of their master, in this as in almost all cases, affected his dependants; and scarcely could the count slight from his carriage and enter the hall, ere the messenger who had gone to the duke returned, desiring him to follow. Passing through one or two rooms filled with beautiful pictures—some of the Italian and French school, but more of the Flemish—the count was led to a large library, of which the servant threw open the door, announcing him in a loud tone.

On the other side of the room, seated at a table, and writing with the utmost rapidity, was a gentleman of very diminutive stature, extremely ugly in face, and with that dark saturnine complexion which is more commonly met with in the French capital than any where else. Yet there was something in that countenance so full of fire and animation, thought and intelligence, that the expression was worth all the beauty which ever was given to man. As soon as the count entered, the duke laid down his pen, rose from his seat, crossed the room with infinite grace and dignity, and, taking his visiter by the hand, pointed to a chair near the window which looked out upon the park, saying, "In one moment I shall be at your service; my letter is nearly finished. Your goodness will excuse me, I am sure. From that window you will find a fine view. Fancy it but a picture by Poussin, and you will have occupation for five minutes at least."

"It is from the hand of a greater master, my lord," replied the count, "whose pictures, to say the truth, I am fonder of contemplating than even those of Poussin himself."

"True, sir, true," replied the duke, in his quick way; "I perfectly agree with you: but we value the handiwork of Poussin, perhaps because we pay for it, more than the works of nature, because they are freely given by the bounty of God. We are a sad, obtuse race, Monsieur le Comte, and we need to be flogged into liking what is good: we value nothing that we are not charged any thing for; but, as I said, I will be at your service in a minute."

He then seated himself once more at the table, while the count took the chair near the window, and gazed forth upon the valley of Arpajon. Its green freshness was cheering to his eye, and he certainly could not have found a more pleasant subject of contemplation than the soft, calm valley, with the sweet little stream flowing in the midst.

While he sat there it three or four times occurred that a secretary entered from a room at the side, and presented a paper to the duke in silence. Choiseul took it, glanced his eye rapidly over it, signed his name at the bottom, and gave it back again without a word. All was rapid and energetic in his house as in his ministry, and not a moment was lost while business was going forward. At the end of about five minutes, or rather more, the letter was concluded, folded up, sealed, and the small silver bell which stood at his right hand rung. Its tongue was scarcely still and its place upon the table resumed, when a servant appeared and approached with a bow. The duke gave the man the letter, saying, "A horse and courier to Versailles. Back by four o'clock!"

The servant again bowed and retired; and the duke, laying down the pen which he had continued to hold, rose from his seat, and, seeming to cast off the load of care, advanced towards the window where the count was seated, saying with a smile, "And now, Monsieur le Comte de Castelneau, to resume what we were talking about. That is a most beautiful scene, is it not?"

"I have seen more beautiful," replied the count, "and have just come from among them."

"That is the reason," replied the Duke de Choiseul, "why you and I estimate this view differently. You come from the bright scenes of Quercy, green fields, old castles, fine ruins, broad rivers, manifold streams and fountains. I recollect it all very well. I come from amid grey houses, dusty streets, dull bureaus in Paris; and from gold fringes, satin curtains, and bull tables at Versailles. Therefore this view strikes me as the sweetest thing the eye can look upon. But there is more in it still. You and I, had we the magic power of one of the necromancers whom good Monsieur Gallaud has told us of, and could bring hither whatever prospect we chose, would each pitch upon a very different view from the other, and yet we should both be right. This may seem very strange, but it is true."

"I can easily conceive it is, my lord," replied the count.

"In what way, in what way, may I ask?" said the Duke de Choiseul, with his peculiar grace of manner. "I would fain know if our reasonings on the subject are the same."

"I suppose, my lord," replied the count, in his usual calm and thoughtful tone, "I suppose that you, continually busied in matters of the deepest importance, harassed with the cares and the wants of a whole nation, and contemplating daily matters in themselves vast, striking, and terrible, must naturally prefer, in a place where you seek temporary repose, all that is calm, quiet, and refreshing, softness without asperities, and variety without abruptness."

"Exactly, exactly!" replied the duke, his whole face lighting with a smile; "and you, on your part, living in calm and quiet retirement, would prefer what is more bold and striking to the eye; something, in short, that excites the imagination through the sight, and stirs up within us a gentle sort of agitation, sufficient to give life and variety to thoughts that might otherwise wear and overload the mind."

"You have expressed my feelings on this subject, my lord," replied the count, "as if you could see into my breast."

"I do!" answered the Duke de Choiseul; "and therefore I say, Monsieur de Castelneau, that you may go back to Paris with the most perfect ease and tranquillity of mind. I want no farther conversation with you to show me that you have not been mingling in the dangerous and exciting course of faction and sedition, otherwise you would love the calm scene as well as I do. You may return, then, at ease—"

"To Castelneau?" said the count.

"No, I must not exactly say that," replied the Duke de Choiseul, "till I have heard the king's pleasure on the subject. But you may go back to Paris without any disquietude, unless, indeed, you will do the duchess and myself the honour of dining here to-day, when I can show you some other pictures, as you say, not by so great a master as that, but perhaps by the finest painters who have ever imitated the works of the Great Artificer of all."

"Nay, my lord," replied the count, with a smile, "I am but a rude countryman, and for many years have mingled little with society."

"I will not take a refusal," replied the duke, "I do not know that any one is expected, and therefore I will conduct you to the duchess, who will entertain you for half an hour, while I conclude the business of the day; forgive me for preceding you, that I may show the way."

"There is one question, my lord," said Monsieur de Castelneau, as they went on, "which I would fain ask, if you will permit me."

"What is that, count? what is that?" said the duke. "I will answer freely if I can."

"It is simply, my lord," replied the count, "to whom I am indebted for the pleasant suspicions which it seems have been entertained of my conduct?"

"Nay, nay, nay! Monsieur de Castelneau," exclaimed the duke, with a laugh, "we must be upon honour with our good *mouchards*. Why, if we gave them up on every piece of information that we receive, there would be nothing but cudgeling one honest man or another of them in Paris all day long."

"He was not a very honest man, my lord," replied the count, "who made this charge against me; and I strongly suspect that he was no *mouchard* either."

"Then you have your eye upon some one," said the duke, immediately. "Whom do you suspect?"

"The Baron de Cajare," replied the count, at once.

The Duke de Choiseul laughed. "How secrets betray themselves, Monsieur de Castelneau!" he said: "it is clear, then, you have some quarrel with the Baron de Cajare."

"Not in the least, my lord duke," replied the count. "When last we met we were upon friendly terms; but, though I hate not betrayed the secret, I will tell it without hesitation. The Baron de Cajare somewhat covets the hand and fortune of a young lady under my care: he has not prospered much in his suit with her, and would fain have her and myself in Paris, that he may pursue it farther."

"Ha! is that it?" said the Duke de Choiseul, with a thoughtful smile. "The Baron de Cajare is in the Bastile—at least I trust he is there by this time, for he left me an hour ago to return to Paris. But come, let us join the duchess, count. She shall show you her collection of miniatures."

CHAPTER XX.

The Duchess of Choiseul was a woman of very superior mind. She received the Count de Castelneau with kindness and affability, but with a degree of reserve; for it seems that she had known something of him in former years, when he was the Abbe de Castelneau and she Countess de Stainville, her husband not having at that time reached the eminent station which he now filled. Her first recollections, therefore, of Monsieur de Castelneau were not favourable; but a very few minutes' conversation with him removed the bad impression; and when she heard of years passed in solitude in the country; when she heard him talk of his abhorrence of Paris, of his desire to return to the calm shades of Castelneau, and marked the distaste he felt towards the gay and glittering society of the capital, she saw evidently that he was a man upon whom time and thought had produced a beneficial effect, and whose heart had been ultimately amended, rather than depraved, by its commerce with the world. The hour which he spent with her alone was thus rendered not an unpleasant one. They spoke

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not of the past, but in all probability they both thought of it; and that thought, as the far retrospect of memory always does, mingled some melancholy, but of a sweet and gentle kind, with their other feelings; so that, when the duke returned, it needed several minutes of the society of the most cheerful man in France to enliven the conversation and turn it into a gayer course.

The duke, who could, when he so pleased, lay aside entirely the minister and statesman, and appear simply as the highly-accomplished French gentleman, now threw off the reserve of his station with the Count de Castelneau, and led him through the apartments of his chateau, showing him all those fine pictures, gems, coins, and other objects of art for which Chanteloup was at one time famous. He found his companion nothing inferior to himself in taste or acquaintance with the arts, and much his superior in learning; and many an elaborate discussion took place upon the merits of this or that object, the minister conducting it with all his wit, fluency, and grace, Monsieur de Castelneau replying more shortly, but from a fund of knowledge and judgment which left little more to be said. There was a sufficient difference of opinion between the duke and his guest to make their communication varied and entertaining, yet a sufficient similarity to render it conversation rather than argument.

More than an hour was thus passed in that sort of conversation which was the greatest possible relief to the mind of Choiseul; and, on their return to the apartments of the duchess, they found her with a young gentleman in a military costume seated on a footstool at her feet, with his elbow leaning on the ground, and his eyes raised to the countenance of the lady. The moment the duke and his companion entered, the other gentleman rose, and the minister greeted him with a smile.

"Ah, Ernest!" said the duke, "What brings you here, you wild youth? I hope this is not a new absence without leave."

"Oh no, my dear lord," replied the other. "I have full leave at this moment; for, since I left my father on Saturday week, I have been at our head-quarters, received my reprimand, and obtained permission to come hither to excuse myself to the king."

"Was your reprimand severe?" asked the duke, with a peculiar smile, well knowing that he had taken means to render it the contrary.

The young gentleman laughed. "Severe and cutting as the breath of the southerly wind," he said. "Oh no, my lord, I owe you all thanks; but I am sure your own heart justifies you in having interceded for me."

"I should not have done it otherwise, Ernest, had you been my own son," replied Choiseul; "but, though you had committed a fault which could not be passed over without some notice, yet the call to your father's sickbed—to his deathbed, as you had reason to think it—was an excuse valid in mitigation, especially when you were not actually in campaign, and when your presence was evidently not required with your regiment. It was not absolutely necessary that you should present yourself before the king; but perhaps it is better, in order that this affair may not stop your promotion. Your father is nearly well, I find. I had a letter from him this morning."

The young gentleman replied that he had also heard from his father; and the duke, then turning to Monsieur de Castelneau, said, "You must allow me, count, to introduce to you a young gentleman from your own part of the country—a nephew of Madame de Choiseul—Monsieur de Nogent. Ernest, this is your neighbour, the Count de Castelneau."

The young gentleman started with surprise; but the count took his hand, expressing much pleasure in seeing him, and adding a commendation of the good old Baron de Nogent, short, indeed, and simple, but in such terms as brought a glistening light into the son's eyes.

"Your good opinion of him, Monsieur de Castelneau," replied Ernest de Nogent, "must be most gratifying to him, as I know he esteems you highly. May I ask," he continued, "how was your fair ward when you left Castelneau, which must have been some days, I presume, after I quitted that part of the country myself?"

"I traveled but slowly," replied the count, "as I have been suffering much in health. Annette, I am happy to say, though not well enough to accompany me, was in no danger."

"Ill, ill!" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent, with a look that astonished not only the count, but Monsieur and Madame de Choiseul also not a little, so eager, so anxious, so apprehensive was it. "The last time I saw her she seemed in perfect health."

"I did not know that you were acquainted with her," said the count, with an air of more surprise than pleasure.

"Oh, yes!" answered Monsieur de Nogent; "though my acquaintance with Mademoiselle de St. Morin is of a very recent date, it is quite sufficient to interest me deeply in her welfare. It began by my rendering her a slight service when she was attacked by a wolf."

"Oh, now I comprehend, now I comprehend!" exclaimed the count, taking his hand and shaking it warmly. "I owe you many thanks, Monsieur de Nogent, for saving the life of one most dear to me. I must write to Annette, and let her know who was her deliverer, for, at the time, she was ignorant of your name."

"I dared not give it," replied Ernest de Nogent, "for I was at that time absent from my regiment without leave, living in close concealment in my father's house, and only venturing out through the woods to meet the person who conveyed my letters to and from Paris; for I had taken care to interest Monsieur de Choiseul in my cause, by representing to him that nothing but the state of my father's health had induced me to commit what was, in truth, a breach of duty."

"You said your acquaintance with Annette commenced," said the count, returning to the point which most interested his mind. "Have you, then, seen her since?"

"Oh, yes," replied Ernest de Nogent: "I saw her at my father's house on the very day I set off to rejoin the army. She then ascertained who I was, and I suppose some accidental circumstance must have prevented her from telling the facts to you."

The count paused, and meditated for a minute, but the cloud gradually left his brow. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "yes, there were circumstances that prevented her from explaining the facts, and I am sorry to say those very circumstances are connected with her illness. You must, then, have left Castel Nogent on the same day that I quitted Castelneau; and on that very day, in returning from her visit to your father, her horse took fright at a flash of lightning while she was suffering him to drink in the stream, and she was consequently thrown and considerably injured by the fall. I did not leave her, however, till the surgeons assured me there was no danger; and I have since heard from her, giving me the assurance that she was even better than when I left her."

"I am happy, most happy to hear it," replied Ernest de Nogent; and he then fell into a fit of thought, from which he did not rouse himself till he found the eyes of all present fixed somewhat intently upon him. He cast it off as soon as he perceived that such was the case, and made an effort to talk cheerfully on other subjects, in which he succeeded. But what the Count de Castelneau had observed had cast him, in turn, into a revery; and, notwithstanding all his natural command over himself, he could not resist the strong impression upon him, but remained till dinner was announced somewhat silent and gloomy, occupied by one of those internal struggles which absorb all the energies of the mind, and leave the material organs to act merely as parts of a machine, moved by the great spring of habit.

By the time, however, that the meal was served and he had sat down to table, he had again conquered: he had successfully repelled the assault of the evil spirit upon his heart, and driven him back, though the defences of the place might be injured by the siege that it had undergone. In such a warfare, men would do well to remember that the enemy is one who never altogether raises that siege, but proceeds day after day, while the fortress crumbles down before him, unless some glorious and mighty help is sought and obtained to succour the distressed garrison.

At dinner, then, the Count de Castelneau resumed all his cheerfulness, spoke kindly and warmly to Ernest de Nogent, and could not help acknowledging to himself that in him there were evident many excellent qualities, of which the Baron de Cajare had shown no sign. The Duke of Choiseul, on his part, had already remarked several things in the demeanour, both of the Count de Castelneau and of Ernest de Nogent, which excited his curiosity; and he determined to unravel the mystery, if mystery there were; but the task of prying into the heart of the Count de Castelneau was no slight one; and, notwithstanding all his penetration, Choiseul remained at fault.

The heart of Ernest de Nogent, however, was much more easily to be studied; and, as the duke led the conversation back to the subject of Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and made the young officer give the whole particulars of the adventure with the wolf, the changes of Ernest's countenance might have shown to eyes less penetrating than those which looked upon him that there was a deeper interest in his bosom towards her whom he had saved than could arise from the incident itself, or from the effect of a mere passing acquaintance.

"Well, now, Ernest," said the duke, after the conversation had gone on for some time, "you shall let us know what *you* think of Mademoiselle de St. Morin. From something which Monsieur de Castelneau said a minute or two ago, I am inclined to believe that she is extremely beautiful. Is it not so, Monsieur de Castelneau?"

"I really do not know," replied the count, "from what part of my discourse your lordship's keen wit has derived intimation of a fact which I am not at all inclined to deny. As far as my poor judgment goes, Annette is indeed most

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beautiful. But of course I am not so good a judge as young men."

"The deduction was very easy, Monsieur de Castelneau," replied the duke, who rather prided himself upon the rapidity of his calculations. "What you said regarding Monsieur le Baron de Cajaro led me at once to conclude that the young lady was very beautiful. You would not have suspected him of taking such rash measures unless you suspected him of being very much in love; and he is not a man to be much in love with anything less than transcendant beauty."

The count smiled, but did not reply; and the duke went on to press his wife's nephew upon the subject, saying, "But come, Ernest, you have not answered my question. What is your opinion of the young lady's beauty?"

"I can but say that she is very beautiful," replied Ernest de Nogent; "indeed, the most beautiful being that I ever beheld; for her beauty is not in her features alone, but in the expression, which is ever changing, but ever perfect."

"Hyperbole, hyperbole! my dear Ernest," cried the Duchess of Choiseul. "How can the expression be always changing, and yet always perfect? If it is perfect at one moment, any change from that must be less perfect."

"Oh, my dear aunt," replied the young officer, "the Abbe Barthelemi has spoiled you by teaching you metaphysics. Give me that ring of your finger."

"A modest request, indeed," said the duchess, but taking off the ring at the same time, and holding it out to her nephew.

"Look at this diamond," said Ernest de Nogent, with a smile: "what colour does it reflect when I turn it thus?"

"Green," replied the duchess.

"And when I turn it thus?" demanded her nephew.

"Bright yellow," she replied.

"And thus?" he continued.

"Pure rose colour," was the answer.

"And each as bright as the other, my dear aunt, are they not?" continued Ernest de Nogent, giving her back the ring; "and such is the expression of Mademoiselle de St. Morin's countenance, ever varying, but always perfectly bright and beautiful."

"You deserve the ring for your illustration," replied the duchess, rolling it across the table to him. "If the young lady's heart be as much a diamond as you represent her person to be, she must, indeed, be worthy of the noblest race in France."

Monsieur de Castelneau would fain have mused; but he struggled with himself, and overcame the temptation. Nay, more, he took part again in the conversation regarding Annette, assuring the Duchess de Choiseul that her person afforded but a faint image of her heart and mind; and, turning to the duke, he added, "Just as it seems to me, my lord, that a picture, however masterly, is but an imperfect image of what we see in nature."

The duke smiled to this return of what they had been speaking of before, and replied, "You are such an admirer of the beauties of nature, Monsieur de Castelneau, that, ere you return to Paris, I must take you through our park here in the direction of Versailles, where we have even more beauty than towards Arpajon."

The conversation now deviated into other channels, and fell upon subjects of general interest till dinner was concluded. After a short pause in the saloon of the duchess, the duke proposed to Monsieur de Castelneau that they should walk forth into the park. Madame de Choiseul, however, remained at home; and Ernest de Nogent, though he would willingly have accompanied the Count de Castelneau, whose good opinion he was desirous of cultivating, determined to stay with his aunt, not knowing what sort of communication the minister might be desirous of holding with his guest. The subjects started, however, were altogether general, and referred principally to matters of art and taste. Before they returned, indeed, the curious circumstance of Monsieur de Castelneau meeting his young neighbour Ernest de Nogent these, led the Duc de Choiseul on to speak of the young officer's character and family. Of Ernest himself he gave an account which, from the lips of the duke, was commendation indeed.

"We love him scarcely less than if he were our own son," he said; "but I have made it a point not to press any members of my own family into public employments. Fortune he has little or none, poor fellow, and must make his way with his sword; for, alas! so little flows into my coffers for my services to the state, and so much flows out of them to supply some of the necessities of the state," that, though we may regret that we have no children of our own, it is probably far better that such is the case."

"I did not know, my lord," replied the count, "that the Duchess de Choiseul had a sister, and still less did I know that her sister had married Monsieur de Nogent. I always understood that that gentleman had married a Mademoiselle de Lisle, while the duchess I remember well as the heiress of the noble house of Du Chatelet."

"True, true," replied the duke; "Madame de Nogent was her half sister; the same mother, but another father. Poor Marie de Lisle had little or no fortune of her own, and she married a man who had little fortune either. We minded not that, however, for his blood is as noble as any in France; and though a mésalliance is what, of course, we could not have tolerated for a moment, we cared not for the accidental circumstances of fortune: indeed, my sweet lady herself gave part of her own to increase that of her sister."

"Then, notwithstanding all the fine new notions of the present day," said the count, "you still hold, my lord duke, that there is something in noble blood which should prevent it from allying itself with that of an inferior class."

"I trust, sir," replied the Duke of Choiseul, raising his head, "that there is no gentleman of really pure blood in France that can think otherwise. These new notions that you speak of are but set abroad by men who would fain rise into our stations by any means; and we should hold this barrier but the more firmly against them."

The count mused. The very same prejudices of birth which had been expressed by the Duc de Choiseul, he had himself combated a thousand times; but there was something in his heart which would not, on the present occasion, let him say one word in opposition to the duke's arguments. The minister remarked his silence, and asked, "Do you not think so, Monsieur de Castelneau?"

"Perhaps I am not so strongly wedded to such opinions as you are," replied the count, with an evasion which he did not forgive himself for, even while he used it; "but so far I do think with you fully, that, though no means should be employed to prevent courage, genius, and exertion from raising a man to the very highest point in society, yet we should use all means to prevent anything but virtue and talents from producing that result."

The Duc de Choiseul was not quite satisfied with this reply; but, as it was a matter of no consequence, and they were now taking their way homeward, he turned the conversation to the object which had brought the Count de Castelneau thither, and said, "Perhaps it may be better for you to see the king at once, when I have made my report to his majesty in regard to our interview of this morning. I shall go over to-morrow to Versailles about eleven. By the hour of noon my private audience will be at an end, and I will then introduce you to his majesty's presence, as well as Ernest, who has to make his peace, you hear. May I ask you to be kind enough to bring him down with you in your carriage to Versailles? for he must go back to Paris to-night, as it will be as well that he should not stop here till he is reinstated in the royal favour."

"I shall be most happy, my lord," replied the count. "Will not Monsieur de Nogent return in my carriage to Paris?"

"He came on horseback," replied the duke. "But doubtless he will prefer your society to a solitary ride."

The proposal was accordingly made: Ernest de Nogent accepted the offer gladly; and as the carriage proceeded towards Paris, much conversation took place between him and his companion. It was of a pleasant and tranquil kind. Without knowing why, Ernest kept off the subject of Annette; and the Count de Castelneau felt, when he parted from him, that, under most circumstances, he could have made that man his friend.

CHAPTER XXI.

That splendid monstrosity, the palace of Versailles was certainly not in the same state of magnificence in which it had been placed by the vain ostentation of Louis XIV., but still it displayed a degree of luxury and extravagance which formed a painful contrast with the situation of a suffering and indigent population. There was also, in the aspect of the people who thronged its saloons and galleries, an air of dissolute frivolity, of careless, mocking superciliousness, which generally marks a court or country on the eve of its downfall. When the great of a nation have learned to feel a contempt for all those things that are in themselves good and great, the nation is soon taught to feel a contempt for the great; and, as a part of the nation, the Count de Castelneau felt no slight portion of scorn for all that surrounded him, as, accompanied by Ernest de Nogent, he walked through the crowded halls of the palace towards the audience which had been promised him by the Duc de Choiseul. He, perhaps, more than any one else, felt and contemned the persons and the scene around him. His eye was fresh from purer things—his mind had been sanctified by a commerce with virtue, truth, and nature—and all the vice, and the idle levity, and the ostentatious nothingness which appeared before his sight, struck him as some-

* This is known to have been absolutely the fact. The Duc de Choiseul having more than once supplied, from his own fortune, deficiencies in the revenue, which other ministers might have taken less generous means to fill up.

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thing new and horrible, though he had witnessed the same scene many a time before.

The conversation of Ernest de Nogent had not tended to smooth the way for the impression made by Versailles. There was a freshness about the young nobleman's mind—a truth, an eagerness, a candour—which harmonised well with the bright simplicity of God's own creations, but were a living reproach to the corrupted manners of that court. Without the slightest idea that the count could entertain towards him any but the most kindly feelings, knowing of no objections which could be raised against his pretensions to Annette, except the comparative poverty of his house, he had striven frankly and freely to please her guardian during their short intercourse, and, in spite of very repugnant feelings in the breast of the count, had succeeded.

He was well known to many members of the court, but none knew or recognised the Count de Castelneau; and, as they moved on through those spacious halls, many a gay and glittering officer stopped Ernest de Nogent, spoke a word or two with him on his own account, and then, in a whisper, inquired who was his graver friend. There was something in the air of the count, however, in his calm, firm step, his thoughtful but self-possessed demeanour, the slight and somewhat scornful smile that curled his lip, and his stern, irrepressible eye, which produced a feeling of reverence in men who had reverence for very few things on earth, and made them give way before him when they might have jostled a man of superior station.

At length, as the count and his companion approached the door which they communicated with the king's apartments, without perceiving any sign of its having been opened that day, Ernest de Nogent asked one of the *garde du corps* if any one had been yet admitted.

"Oh, no!" replied the officer; "the king has not come from the *Parc aux Cerfs*. He has got a fresh importation from Provence, and we may be kept these two hours."

Ernest de Nogent gave a look of disgust, and turned towards the Count de Castelneau, as if to interpret what had been said; but the count bowed his head, and replied to the look, "I heard, my young friend, and understand; such turpitudes, unhappily, fly far."

The anticipation of the officer of the *garde du corps* did not prove exactly correct. For about half an hour longer the count and Ernest de Nogent were detained, hearing around them more licentious ribaldry, perhaps, than ever was spoken in any other court in Europe. Witty and brilliant it certainly was, as well as scandalous, malicious, and gross; but that wit must always be of a somewhat feeble and debilitated kind which is obliged to have recourse to calumny and licentiousness to support it under either arm.

At length the door opened, and the Duc de Choiseul himself came forth, brilliantly habited in the costume of the times, and bearing a portfolio under his arm. He spoke a few words with his usual quickness and precision to several persons who stood round the door, and who each pressed for a word with the minister. But he pushed his way forward all the time till his eyes fell upon the Count de Castelneau and Ernest de Nogent. The moment he saw them, he thrust another gentleman out of the way with very little ceremony, and said in a quick tone, as he beckoned them up, "Come with me, come with me, the king is waiting for you. Both," he added, seeing Ernest linger behind, "both of you."

They followed in silence; and when they had passed through the door into an ante-room, the duke whispered, "I need not tell you to be cautious. The king is in no very placable mood today. Ernest, no rashness; remember how you once offended, when you were page of honour, by a thoughtless reply."

"I will be careful," replied the young officer; "for I must not do discredit to anything you may have said in my favour."

Passing through another room, the duke led his companions to the door of the king's cabinet, where a page stood to guard against intrusion. The duke entered first; and then returning, brought the two gentlemen into the royal presence, saying, "Monsieur de Castelneau, sire! and my nephew, Ernest de Nogent, whom you were good enough to say you would see together."

The only object worthy of remark in the cabinet when the count entered was a gentleman dressed in black, who was seated at the opposite side of the chamber, with a table on his right hand covered with writing materials, and his foot raised upon a stool. He was by no means a prepossessing person in appearance. Though his features in themselves were fine, there was a lack of feeling in his countenance, a want of soul in the whole expression, that was very repulsive. There was nothing either inquiring, or gracious, or menacing in the face: all was cold; and yet it was cold without dulness. You could not suppose, in looking on those features, that mind was wanting: it was merely an appearance of *want of interest* in the objects before him, tinged with contempt; but that slight scornful turn of the lip was all that checkered the look of utter apathy with which he regarded the count and his companion.

The complexion of the king (for he it was) seemed to have once been delicate and womanish; but the skin was now wrinkled with years, the cheeks had fallen in, and a little rouge had evidently been added where the colour had abandoned the cheek, rendering the monarch anything but more pleasing in appearance. His lips were thin and pale; and it was impossible to gaze on him without feeling an impression that debauchery more than age had shared in the decay which no art could hide.

The Count de Castelneau, both on account of his age and rank, advanced first on entering the room; but the king called the young officer forward, saying, "Here, Ernest, come hither! So you thought fit to quit your regiment without leave, young man."

"Sire," replied Ernest de Nogent, advancing, "I applied for leave; and only ventured upon the rash act which I did commit on account of my father's severe illness."

"You were very wrong, sir," replied the king. "There is no excuse for want of discipline."

"Most true, sire," answered the young nobleman; "I am without excuse, and came not to urge any; but merely to cast myself upon your majesty's clemency, trusting you will consider that sometimes our feelings overpower our reason, and that I hastened to my father's side when I heard he was at the point of death as wildly and inconsiderately as I might fly to the side of my king did I hear he was in peril or in difficulty."

The monarch turned to the duke; and the count observed that, whenever he spoke to his minister, the king's countenance relaxed into a faint smile. "You say, duke, that he has received his reprimand?" he asked; and, on the duke bowing his head in token of assent, he went on: "Well, sir, I have left the matter in the hands of the general, and therefore I shall add nothing to what he has thought fit to do, except a warning to be more careful in future. Now, Monsieur de Castelneau, what have you to say?"

"Very little, sire," replied the count, "except to wish your majesty good health and high prosperity."

The king turned to the Duc de Choiseul, and the Duc de Choiseul looked down without replying. "Did you not tell me, my lord," said the king, that the Count de Castelneau wished to speak with me?"

"Not precisely, sire," answered the duke. "You may recollect that some suspicions were excited."

"Oh yes, by the Baron de Cajare," replied the king; "I remember very well."

"Will your majesty permit me to remind you," said the duke, "that it was by no direct accusation on the part of the baron, but by what he let fall regarding the retired way in which Monsieur de Castelneau lived, when he was speaking of the discontent that has manifested itself in Quercy and the Agenois."

"It continually happens, your majesty," said the Count de Castelneau, with a faint smile, "that when any one wishes to do us an injury, who is too cowardly to make a bold accusation, and too feeble to affect us by open efforts, he endeavours to degrade us in the opinion of those to whom we are most attached by insinuating what he dares not assert; and where he is very mean and very contemptible indeed, he couches his insinuation in such terms as to leave the minds of the persons who hear it to draw the deduction that he is afraid to point out himself. Such has been the case, it would seem, with the Baron de Cajare. He said nothing against me, but told your majesty that I was living a solitary and unsocial life, far from your royal court and person, in the same breath that he spoke of seditions in the neighbouring districts, and other things that might well excite your indignation, leaving you to draw the inference that I had some share in those troubles. He forgot, however, to remind your majesty that I had been bred up for a profession which counsels retirement and seclusion, and that—though I never actually entered the church, and certainly did cast off my gown when I unexpectedly came into great wealth and high rank—I remained attached to the clerical profession as Abbe de Castelneau till I had passed the fortieth year of my age. He did not tell you, sire, as he might have told you, that these troubles were in a remote part of the province; that I neither had nor could have anything to do with them; that I have never in my life taken any part in either religious or a political dispute; that I have no communication with refractory parliaments, no dealings with Jesuits, no connection with Jansenists. All this the Baron de Cajare might have told your majesty at the same time; and, had he done so, he would have prevented your suspecting for a moment one of your most faithful subjects."

"You are eloquent, Monsieur de Castelneau," said the king, with the earl of his lip growing somewhat stronger; "pray, has the Baron de Cajare any cause of enmity towards you?"

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The Duc de Choiseul hastened to interfere; for he knew that the king's mood at that moment was a very irritable and unsettled one.

"Monsieur de Castelneau has explained the whole to me, sire," he said; "there is no cause of enmity, indeed; but it would appear that Monsieur de Cajare would fain have the count take up his abode in Paris rather than remain at Castelneau."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the king, with more animation than usual; "how so? upon what account?"

"Why, it would seem, sire," replied the duke, thinking, perhaps, a little of Ernest de Nogent while he spoke, and forgetting the peculiar character and frightful license of the person he addressed, "it would seem, sire, that Monsieur de Castelneau has a ward, a young lady of very extraordinary beauty—at least, if I may judge by Ernest's account. With her the Baron de Cajare has fallen in love; and as he is as much in love with Paris as the lady—and, indeed, cannot absent himself long from the capital—he wished to make your majesty and me the tools of bringing the count and his fair ward to Paris."

A peculiar, unpleasant, simpering smile came upon the old king's face as he asked, "Is she in Paris, then, Monsieur de Castelneau?"

"No, sire," replied the count, "she is not; I left her behind."

The Duc de Choiseul perceived at once the evil he had done without thinking of it, and he hastened to the aid of Monsieur de Castelneau, saying, "Of course, sire, the count, at once suspecting the Baron de Cajare, and understanding his motives, did not choose to gratify him."

"We must make him gratify the king," said Louis XV., with the same meaning and detestable look.

The Count de Castelneau answered boldly, "In all honourable things, sire, none shall be found more ready to gratify you. Dishonourable things," he added, neither regarding a frown on the face of Louis nor a sign from the Duc de Choiseul, "my king knows himself and me, I am sure, too well to ask."

Louis's brow was as black as night, and his meager hand grasped the side of his chair, while his foot beat the ground with a sharp, quick movement. It was wonderful, however, how far he could conquer himself when his passions or his vices required an effort; and, after remaining in silence for a moment or two, he turned to Ernest de Nogent, asking, "Is she so very beautiful, then, Ernest?"

The young nobleman would willingly have belied poor Annette's beauty, but he dared not tell a falsehood, and he replied, "She is, indeed, sire, very beautiful."

A dead pause ensued; no one, of course, wishing to renew the conversation but the king, and he not knowing very well how to carry it on farther for his own particular views and purposes. At length he said, turning to the duke, "The Baron is in the Bastile, I think, Monsieur de Choiseul?"

"He is, sire," replied the duke, hoping to engage another of the king's passions, and make the one counteract the other. "His insolent disregard of your majesty's express commands, when you directed him to avoid all personal interference with my nephew Ernest; his going down into Quercy the very day that he received notification of your wish to the contrary, taking with him, on his own authority, a guard, evidently for the purpose of disobeying your most strict orders; all these circumstances, sire, together with several others which I shall have to lay before your majesty ere long, when I have fully investigated them, made me instantly send down the deputy of the lieutenant-general to arrest this contumacious person, and lodge him in the Bastile. I examined him myself for an hour yesterday morning, and met with nothing but cool insolence both towards your majesty and myself."

The duke had spoken at some length in order to draw off the king's attention; but Louis was not to be led away from the subject predominant at that moment in his mind, and he asked quietly, "Pray, Monsieur de Choiseul, how long do you think it may be before the case is complete against the Baron de Cajare?"

The duke did not understand the king's object, and replied, "Perhaps not for six weeks or two months, sire; for there is a gambling piece of business, where all did not go quite fairly, it would seem, which must be inquired into. One of the party threw himself out of the window and was killed; but several of the officers who were present are now absent in Flanders and on the Rhine."

"Say three months, say three months, Monsieur de Choiseul," exclaimed Louis; "we must have his conduct thoroughly sifted. Better say three months."

"It may very likely be as long as that, sire," replied the duke, who was completely deceived, and thought that he had turned off the king's attention from Annette de St. Morin. "Probably, to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, we shall be that time or more."

"Very well, then," said the king, turning to the count, "we shall command you, as you are particularly interested in this business, to remain in Paris for the space of those three months, presenting yourself weekly at our court, in order that we may communicate with you upon the subject when we think fit. You will also, if you take our advice, send for your household, and bring that young lady from some to time to Versailles. We give her the invitation."

He spoke with an air of dignity and a contracted brow; and when he had done he bowed his head slightly, to intimate that the audience was at an end.

The count and Ernest de Nogent retired without reply; but the moment they had passed through the antechambers and entered the general reception rooms, the young officer turned eagerly to the count, demanding, in a low voice, but with an air of terrible anxiety and apprehension, "What do you intend to do?"

"To obey the king's commands," replied the count calmly, "*but not to take his advice.*"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent, eagerly. "Oh! Monsieur de Castelneau, be firm; I beseech you, be firm."

"I will, my young friend," replied the count, grasping his hand; "I will; though, from what I have heard you say, I should think that you would rather desire Mademoiselle de St. Morin's presence in Paris, if I understand right that your regiment is quartered in the neighbourhood."

"It is even now marching for Chateau Thierry," replied the young officer; "but believe me, Monsieur de Castelneau, I would rather never behold Mademoiselle de St. Morin again, than behold her in the contamination of this place. You know not, you cannot know, all the dark and disgraceful secrets of this very building. It was bad enough when I was here as page of honour nearly nine years ago, but I understand it is infinitely worse now."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when his name was called forth from the door of the king's apartments by one of the attendants, and he was forced to go back to the presence of a monarch who was now labouring to blot out, by a course of tyranny and debauchery, the memory of all those fair promises which the early part of his reign had afforded.

The count promised to wait for his young companion, and remained standing alone, busying himself with his own thoughts, and heeding but little the various faces that flitted by him. In about ten minutes Ernest de Nogent rejoined him, with a cheek burning, and an eye fixed anxiously on the ground. "I have kept you," he said, "I have kept you, I am afraid; and I owe any one an apology for making them breathe this air longer than their own business requires. Let us go, Monsieur de Castelneau, let us go."

Walking rapidly through the rooms, the two gentlemen quitted the palace, and, after some little difficulty, found the count's carriage, which was soon rolling with them on the road towards Paris.

"You seem agitated, my young friend," said the count, as Ernest sat beside him in silence, pressing his clasped hands hard together.

"I am indignant as well as agitated, Monsieur de Castelneau," replied Ernest. "I will not offend your ear with that man's inquiries or discourse. I have marred my own fortunes forever, I doubt not; but I care little for that, provided you remain firm, as you have quite the power to do."

"I give you my word of honour, my young friend," replied the count, "that, were I to be kept here forever, and my lodging were to be the Bastile to-morrow on account of my determination, nothing should or shall induce me to send for Annette while the court is in its present degraded state. Sooner than she should come hither I would send her into a foreign country; for there is no state of banishment equal in anguish to that of virtue among evil-doers. Let that satisfy you for the present, and remember that better days may yet come."

CHAPTER XXII.

The time had hung somewhat heavily upon the hands of Annette de St. Morin. She felt for some time the injury that she had received from her fall; she felt her loneliness, too, and the want of her daily conversation with her kind guardian. Her mind seemed to lack food, and her heart also; for there used to be something pleasant and sweet in the knowledge that there was always some one who loved her near at hand, even when she was roaming about the country alone and the count was at Castelneau. Now there was no one near; and though the library of the chateau was well stocked with books, she did not visit it often. She knew that there were many books there which her guardian did not wish her to peruse; and perfectly confident in his kindness and his judgment, she not only did not feel the least desire to read those books, but was fearful lest she should open one of them by accident in seeking for something else. She therefore confined herself entirely to works which she had read before; and though a twice-read book may be less tedious than a twice-told tale, yet rare is the writing which will afford the same interest and pleasure the second time as the first.

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Days slipped by, however, and weeks. She received letter after letter from her guardian, and each was so far satisfactory that it told her he was well, that any charge against him had been rebutted easily, and that he hoped speedily to return; though every one added that business might still detain him for a week or two longer in Paris. All this was true; but he told her not those facts which he might have found a difficulty in explaining to her pure and high mind. He told her not that the king had twice asked him whether she had yet come to Paris, and that he had been obliged to answer vaguely, that circumstances had prevented her from setting out. The last time he had made this reply, too, it had been received with a frown; and the count had then very plainly perceived that the time was approaching when he should be obliged to give a more definite explanation of his purposes regarding Annette. His letters, though calm and moderate in their expression, as was his conversation upon all ordinary occasions, breathed nothing but pleasure in the expectation of seeing her again at Castelneau. But still the days passed, and he appeared not; and the brown autumn coming on showed Annette the yellow side of the leaf as she wandered round the woods of the chateau in solitude of feeling and of thought. That solitude was, however, somewhat cheered from time to time by the visits which she occasionally paid to the old Baron de Nogent; and, after he had more fully recovered his health, by his visits to her in return.

Though he was still somewhat grave in his demeanour, the baron was with her more cheerful than with most people. There was something in the brightness of her youth and beauty which always produced a reflected sparkling from the minds of those around her; and the old nobleman spoke of many things whereof he would have spoken to no one else: of the hope, and the happiness, and the early days which had passed away; and dwelling thus upon the past, he forgot a little of the weariness of the present. The present, however, was not altogether forgotten; for he told her of his son's health, and that the malice of the Baron de Cajare had been frustrated; and he spoke also with enthusiasm of the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul, and of all the kindness which they had shown to Ernest.

That name sounded upon the ear of Annette with a thrilling interest which no other name could produce; and though she never herself led the way to the subject, yet it was sweet to her to sit and listen as the baron spoke of his son. She did not venture, indeed, to mingle much with the conversation when it took that turn: there was something in her heart which made her afraid of what her tongue might say; and she even pronounced the name, when it was necessary, with a degree of timidity which alarmed her for her own feelings, and made her fear that others might discover them, and suppose them to be deeper and stronger than they really were. It may be a question, however, and a difficult one to answer, whether Annette did herself know what was the depth and strength of those feelings. Another question might be, whether the baron did at all discover what their nature was.

Annette often asked herself whether Ernest had told his father the words which he had spoken to her on their last interview; for she frequently remarked in the baron's eyes, when he spoke to her, a look of interest and tenderness which she could account for in no other way than by supposing that he knew the feelings of his son, and felt affection for her whom that son loved. Then, again, she would ask herself, did Ernest really love her? and the timidity of her young heart would call up like spectres all the tales that she had heard of men's fickleness and inconstancy, and of the cruel trifling with which they will sometimes crush a woman's heart as a child does a butterfly. But, in her own innocence and truth, though she had heard of such things, though she believed that perhaps they might occasionally occur, she could not and would not apply the lesson individually, she could not and would not believe that Ernest de Nogent would so act.

She rested, then, in hope; and one day, having wandered forth upon her accustomed walk, to muse and ponder on all the many things—some sweet, some touched with sadness, but none exactly bitter—that were busy with her imagination at this time, she went on farther than she had been lately accustomed to, and approached the cross and the fountain, which she had not visited on foot since her adventure with the wolf. Fate seemed to guide her thither strangely as to the scene of important events; for, although what I am about to relate may seem but a trifle, it marked an epoch in the life of Annette de St. Morin.

She had scarcely reached the fountain, and was gazing in the cool and refreshing mirror that it afforded, when she saw the good old Baron de Nogent riding down on horseback towards her. He was unattended, and, as soon as he saw her, he dismounted and approached, throwing the bridle of his horse over his arm.

"I was just coming to visit you, my dear young lady," he said. "I have not seen you for a week, and I know not why or how, an impression came upon my mind last night that you were either ill, or that some accident had happened to you. It is ridiculous to yield to such superstitious feelings, I confess; but I could not resist the inclination I felt to inquire after you this morning myself."

Annette smiled and thanked him, and left her fair hand in his, as he held it and gazed in her face, like a father looking at his child; and after she had assured him that she was well and happy, he asked if she had lately heard from Paris.

She replied in the affirmative, saying that her guardian had written, only the day before, a long and interesting letter, telling her that, in all probability, he should soon return to Castelneau.

Even as they were speaking, one of the servants from the chateau was seen coming up with great speed, carrying a small packet in his hand. As soon as he could recover breath, he told her that a courier had just arrived from Paris, after traveling night and day. He had brought her that letter, the man said, from the count, and was ordered to deliver it without a moment's delay, as it was of very great importance.

Annette's first question was, "Is he well?" and even while she spoke she opened the letter with a trembling hand, fearing to find some evil tidings.

"The courier said, mademoiselle," replied the servant, "that the count was quite well, and that nothing had happened amiss."

Annette read the letter eagerly, and then asked, in a thoughtful tone, "Who was it brought this letter?"

"I don't know his name, I am sure," replied the servant: "he was none of our own people, but some one whom my lord has hired in Paris, it seems."

Again Annette mused; and the good baron, seeing that she was embarrassed, and apparently not well pleased, inquired, "Is there any thing that I can do to assist you, my dear child? Can I give advice or help? for something seems to surprise and embarrass you!"

"This letter does very much," cried Annette, still holding it in her hand. "Go back, good Jerome, and tell the courier I am about to return home directly. Pray come with me, Monsieur de Nogent, and I will consult with you as I go."

The baron willingly agreed; and, giving his horse to the servant to ride back to the castle, he drew Annette's arm through his, and walked slowly on with her. As soon as the man was out of hearing, she gave the letter into the hands of Monsieur de Nogent, saying, "It is very strange that my guardian should have written yesterday so very differently in every respect; that yesterday he should tell me that he would return to Castelneau in a few days, whereas now he bids me come to Paris immediately."

"It certainly is strange," replied the baron; "but there may be many causes for it, my dear young lady, of which we can tell nothing. There is only one thing I would remark, which is, that the style of the letter is not altogether like the style in which Monsieur de Castelneau speaks. You must know better than I do, however: are you sure that it is his own hand?"

"Oh yes, quite sure," replied Annette: "there can be no doubt of that. The word Annette, indeed, is not exactly as he usually writes it, but it is certainly his hand-writing, I think. Yet I cannot help looking upon it as strange, and fearing that he must be in prison, or ill, or distressed in mind: for there is a sort of restraint, as you observe, in the style which is not at all usual with him."

"We will speak with this courier," said the Baron de Nogent, "and perhaps may learn more from him; but I do remark strongly, the same restraint and forced style that you speak of. The letter is so short, too: it is more like the order of the day from a military commander than from a guardian to his adopted child, whom he loves as well, I am sure, as if she were his own: there is something strange about the business which I do not understand; but our only means of ascertaining the truth is by inquiring all the particulars from this courier."

With such conversation they proceeded on their way till they reached the chateau of Castelneau. In passing through the lower hall they found a man, covered with dust, seated at a small table in the corner, for the great table at which the servants and retainers generally dined had been removed. He was eating voraciously, and was a tall, stout, merry-looking personage, with one eye blind and closed up. He was well dressed, however, as a courier, with his close fitting blue jacket covered with gold lace, his large heavy riding-boots, weighing some twenty or thirty pounds, still upon his legs, his hat, with a flat band of feathers, thrown down upon the ground beside him, and his strong *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting-sword, in the buff belt over his shoulder.

The baron paused, eyeing him for a moment, and then asked, "Are you the courier who brought a letter to Mademoiselle de St. Morin not long ago?"

The man nodded his head, without rising or ceasing his meal, saying, "I am, sir, the Count de Castelneau's courier, and mademoiselle's very humble servant."

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"Then be so good," said the baron, somewhat steraly—for he did not like the man's tone—"then be so good as to follow us to the saloon directly. Mademoiselle has a question or two to ask you, my good friend."

"In a moment, in a moment sir," replied the courier, in the easy, off-hand tone he had before used, at the same time swallowing two more enormous mouthfuls, and pouring out one half of a bottle of good Cahor wine into the horn-cup that stood by his side. "Sir, your good health—mademoiselle, your good health;" and setting down the cup upon the table after having drained it of its contents, he rose and followed the baron and Annette to the saloon in which she usually sat.

As soon as they were there, the baron fixed his eyes upon the courier with a frown, saying, with marked emphasis, "You seem to be a very saucy personage."

"I am, sir," replied the man, coolly; "never was a truer word spoken."

"Pray do you know," said the baron, "the way in which we treat saucy companions in Quercy?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied the courier; "may I ask how?"

"We tie them by the legs," said the baron, "and give them three dips head foremost in the Dordogne. Its waters are considered a sovereign cure for cool impudence; and if the Dordogne can't be met with, the Lot will do, or any pond in the province. Stay, stay! where are you going?"

"To get to my horse's back as fast as possible," replied the man, still moving towards the door; "for, if I remain here, I shall be drowned in three days."

"Stop!" said the baron, in a tone of authority; "if you do not, I will have you stopped in a way that you may not like. We do not suffer such gentry to go out of the province without ouring them: but be so good as to answer this young lady and myself a few questions with plain and simple truth, and in civil language, and you may escape such ablutions."

"Very well, sir, very well," said the man, in an humble tone, "I will do as you command, if I can; but habit is a terrible thing—habit is a terrible thing—and habit and nature have been the ruin of me."

"Pray, sir, is this letter the count's writing?" demanded the baron, pointing with his finger to the letter.

"As I hope to escape the Dordogne," replied the man, "I cannot tell. I neither taught him to write, nor saw him write it."

"But who gave it to you? that is the question," continued the baron.

"A gentleman calling himself the Count de Castelneau," replied the courier, "and occupying the great hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques."

The baron looked at Annette, and Annette at the baron, for that was certainly the house which the count had occupied ever since his arrival in the capital.

"But tell me," said the sweet voice of Annette, "of what complexion and appearance was the gentleman who gave you the letter, and called himself, as you say, the Count de Castelneau?"

"He is a tall, good-looking person, mademoiselle," replied the courier; "not quite so tall and so lean as monsieur here, but somewhat paler in the face, with a bluish sort of beard, like the Turkish gentleman they talk about, and as grave and quiet as the same gentleman after he had cut off his last wife's head."

The description, though somewhat caricatured, was not to be mistaken, and the baron went on: "How long have you been in his service?"

"At the present moment," replied the man, "I have been in his service just four days and five hours; that is to say, five hours before I set out from Paris, and four days upon the journey."

"In fact, no time at all," said the baron, "but merely hired to bring the letter down to this place."

"Something like it, but not quite," answered the man: "the count did want a courier, and sent for the first he could find; but he hired me to bring the letter, and to go back with the young lady, after which I am to be established courier in ordinary."

Neither the baron nor Annette had any means of judging whether the man's story was or was not true; and, moreover, when they came to ask themselves what reasonable cause there existed either for doubting the truth of the courier's tale, or for suspecting the letter not to be genuine, they found it difficult to assign any, and both were forced to admit that the style being slightly constrained was by no means sufficient to warrant the supposition that the count had not written that epistle. These thoughts were passing in the mind of both at the same moment; and the only farther questions which were put to the man were, "when did you quit Paris? and what is your name, my good friend?"

"On Monday, and my name is Pierre Jean," replied the man, adding nothing farther.

"That is your christian name," said the baron; "what is your surname?"

"Pierre Jean," replied the man; "my only name is Pierre Jean; that is the name my godfathers and godmothers gave me at my baptism; and I should be sorry to throw it off because it is a little worn out about the knees. Pierre Jean is the name I have been known by all my life, and the only name I answer to; nor do I see any reason why a man who has never in life had more than two shirts should go about the world with the ostentatious frippery of three names upon his back."

"But what was your father's name?" demanded the baron, after thinking for a moment.

"Lord bless you, sir!" replied the man, "I never had a father; I am a great deal too poor to indulge in the luxury of ancestors. My mother's name I have forgotten, though she lived till I was some six years old; but as to a father, heaven defend me! I never had such a thing that I know of; if I had, I might have been burdened with an inheritance, and brothers and sisters, and all sorts of things of that kind."

The baron smiled: for there was a drollery about the man's very impudence which was difficult to be resisted; and, after asking Annette whether she had any more questions to put, he told the courier that he might retire and finish his meal. In the course of a consultation with his young friend which followed, the baron compared some of the count's former letters with the one which had been received that day, and this comparison left no doubt upon their minds that the letter was perfectly genuine.

"Whatever may be my father's motive," said Annette, "now that I am satisfied it is from him, I must of course set off directly, though I have a feeling of dread in regard to Paris; a dislike to visit that great, wide, heartless place, which I cannot overcome."

"Sooner or later," replied the old nobleman, "you would have to visit it, beyond all doubt; and perhaps now, as well as at any other time, when wisely guided and strongly protected, you have nothing to fear from its sins or its dangers. To one person, at least," added the baron, "your visit will give unfeigned pleasure: you know that Ernest is now in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital."

The blood flew warmly into Annette's face, and she murmured something not very distinct about the pleasure she should have in meeting him again; and then added that she had better send down to Figeac for horses.

"It is impossible, my dear child," said the baron, "that you can go to-night; recollect that it is now past four o'clock. Before you could send and your messenger return, it would be much too late to set out, even if you could make the preparations necessary for your journey. Besides, you must not go alone. Who do you take with you?"

"Oh! I will take good Donnine," replied Annette, "and old Jerome, and another man with the carriage. Besides, there is this courier, you know."

The baron mused for a moment or two with a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy countenance; but in the end he said, with a sigh, "I am afraid it must be so. I would fain go with you, my dear young lady, but there are two or three circumstances which would render it wrong for me to do so. There is no danger of any kind, I believe, to be anticipated, and perhaps I may be enabled to do as much for you here as I could on the road."

Some more conversation of the same kind took place; and the exact course which Annette was to pursue from town to town was settled between her and the baron, whose experience in such matters was of course much greater than her own. This having been done, and a messenger despatched to Figeac to order horses for the ensuing day, the baron took leave of her and returned to Castel Nogent; and Annette, after having made every preparation for her departure by a very early hour on the following morning, retired to rest, but for some time was not successful in finding it. She was somewhat agitated, if not apprehensive: it was the first time that she had ever been called upon to act and direct, on any great occasion, and in short, to exercise, without guidance or support, all those powers of mind which are necessary to every one, even in the common affairs of life. All this moved her considerably, and, when she fell asleep at length, her sleep was disturbed by dreams of the wildest and the most varied kind. Once or twice, however, through those dreams, the form of Ernest de Nogent appeared before her, and his voice sounded in her ear; and thus, after a time, the pleasanter images predominated, and she woke with a smile upon her countenance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As every one must know who has tried it, and as every person who may happen to be as inexperienced as Annette will be more especially convinced of whenever they do try it, the appointment of a particular hour for departure is not the slightest guarantee whatsoever that the departure will take place for one or two hours afterward,

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Of this fact poor Annette soon became sensible. She had particularly expressed a wish that every thing should be ready at a stated time; but nothing, of course, was ready at the time stated. Her own clothes took a considerable time to pack in the large heavy carriages of those days; the clothes of Donnine took longer still; and the clothes of Annette's maid took longer than all.

The only person who was prepared to mount and set out at a moment's notice was Pierre Jean, the two-shirted courier, who, to say the truth, was a braggart even in the matter of linen, having but one shirt, which was the one upon his back. Thus, not being very much encumbered with baggage, his external preparations were easily made; and the chateau being ever well supplied, he employed the time, which others were spending upon the packing of the carriage, in making internal preparations for the journey, which went on for a considerable length of time.

Before all was ready for Annette's departure, the good old Baron de Nogent himself appeared. He was accompanied by a servant on horseback, to whom he gave a letter, with orders to carry it to Figeac, in order to go by the ordinary post; but Pierre Jean was at his elbow while giving these directions, and forgetting the lessons of the preceding evening, the courier instantly interfered, offering to carry the letter to Paris himself, and saying, "It will go more safely, depend upon it: the post is very doubtful now-a-days."

"I would always rather trust an accredited scoundrel, sir, than an irresponsible one," said the baron; "and, judging from the time that you took to come hither, my letter, which I wish to reach Paris immediately, would take too long in your hands to answer my purpose."

"I came wonderfully fast, sir," said the man, in his usual cool, impudent tone. "I was detained on the road, it is true, but that was by a rascally wrong-headed beast of a horse, which threw me eleven times in nine miles. Every time I lighted upon my head, and, consequently, the argument which we held with each other, the question, the reply, and the rejoinder, took up a considerable length of time."

The baron looked at him for a moment thoughtfully, and then said, "You have other business to attend to than carrying letters, let me remind you; and it will be well for you to recollect, that upon your conduct during the journey with Mademoiselle de St. Morin will depend whether you are amply rewarded or very severely punished. The Count de Castelneau, as perhaps you know, is not a man to leave you an ear upon your head if any evil betide his ward by the way."

"Sir," replied the courier, making him a low bow, and winking his available eye, "I will take care of my ears: I will obey the orders I receive to a title, and I will have regard to all due cautions and proper counsels."

The baron then left him, with a few words more of warning, and proceeded to seek Annette, who in about half an hour entered the carriage and bade her good old friend adieu, while the wheels rolled her away from the calm and pleasant scenes of Castelneau, where she had spent so many a happy day.

It was a sweet, yellow, autumnal morning, and the low sun was casting long shadows from the towers and walls of the chateau, and from the magnificent old trees that appeared round about it, some of which—the yews, for instance, that stood in the western angle—were supposed to be coeval with itself. Annette looked forth from the window of the carriage, and she thought that there seemed—in the solemn and tranquil aspect of the place; in the cool morning light sleeping undisturbed on the green slopes and rounded forest tops; in those long shadows, moving as if they moved not, so slowly and deliberately, as the sun went on his way, that no eye could detect the change as they advanced—there seemed in it all, she thought, a warning, an admonition to avoid the false glare and glitter, the hurrying gaiety, the fluttering lightness of the scenes in which she was about to mingle, to love still what she had loved well and holily from infancy to womanhood, and to let her heart dwell with the calmer, higher, grander things of earth, till her spirit, ready and prepared, should take wing for the mighty realisation of all bright hopes in heaven. To her mind all the things around her seemed to bid her farewell, calling upon her to return unchanged, as if it were the solemn voice of maternal love that spoke. There was something awful and sublime in the parting from those sweet scenes of her early youth, and she gazed with affectionate tenderness till the last pinnacle of the castle sunk behind the trees, and then, drawing back her head, she covered her eyes with her handkerchief and wept.

Donnine, on her part, did not understand such emotion at all; for she could conceive nothing but joy and satisfaction to any one in going to rejoin her beloved master, even were it at the very greatest sacrifice. She liked Castelneau well enough as a residence, but she did sometimes think it rather dull; she did sometimes regret the gay city in which many of her early days had been passed; and, if the truth must be told, she was more glad to join the count there than she would have been any where else, forgetting that the light-heartedness of youth, which had seasoned the pleasures of the capital, had now passed away from her, and might have left them tasteless. She tried to comfort her young lady, however, to the best of her power; but, alas! when those who strive to console us under grief, or soothe us in agitation, are incapable of comprehending the very causes of our emotion, how tediously their words fall upon the ear! what a grinning mockery is consolation without sympathy!

"Hush, Donnine, hush!" said Annette, gently. "You do not understand, my good Donnine. I am not grieved: only a little agitated at thus having to go, for the first time, into the world alone."

"Oh, you are frightened!" cried Donnine. "Is that it, my dear lady? Take courage, take courage! The world is not so bad a place as people call it. I warrant you, you will not find a gay cavalier in all Paris who will not be right glad to pull off his hat to you and cast himself at your feet."

"I think you know Paris well, Donnine," replied Annette, with a faint smile, knowing that as long as she appeared melancholy the good old lady would not cease to importune her.

"Know Paris well!" exclaimed Donnine. "Indeed do I! Many a pleasant hour have I spent there. Why, did I not bring you from Paris myself, mademoiselle, when you were an infant? If any one should know Paris, I should, I think, for there never passed a spring during thirty years that I did not spend four months in Paris. Alack, that I should not have seen it for well-nigh twenty years—no, not twenty: nineteen years come next April. It is a long time to be out of Paris;" and once having set out upon such an interesting subject, she went on without the assistance of an answer till Annette became more tranquil.

When the carriage stopped for the night, the small and unimportant difficulties and embarrassments of giving orders and directions in regard to everything for the first time in her life, occupied Annette's mind, and whiled away the slight shade of melancholy that still remained. She was one whose natural sweetness of disposition qualified her well to pass through all the minor obstacles that strew our path, with ease and happiness to herself and others. There was no such thing as irritation in her nature, and she smiled at many things which would have grieved a more fretful disposition. Perhaps this might be one of the causes why her conduct and demeanour won so much upon everybody that surrounded her; so that the love and affection of all who knew her well followed her in all directions; and it was not possible for even new acquaintances to resist that peculiar charm which is always found in sweetness of temper and true kindness of heart.

Two or three times during the course of the evening, the bold and somewhat saucy courier who had borne her the letter from Paris presented himself under various pretences in the room where she was sitting, and the effect of her manner and tone even upon him was very evident. His countenance took a more respectful expression; he seemed to listen with pleasure to her voice; and when he quitted the room, it was remarked that he seemed in some degree more thoughtful than usual, falling once or twice into a deep revery.

His companions of the road, however, observed that from these meditations he always roused himself, rubbing his hands, and murmuring one particular exclamation, which was, "*Deux cens ecus, et tout payé!*" Two hundred crowns, and everything paid! Whatever was the course of argument of which this was the climax, the latter words seemed to him perfectly satisfactory and conclusive; and he resumed forthwith his gay and nonchalant impudence, breaking his jests upon everybody, and never returning a very civil or serious answer to any question that was asked him.

Early on the following morning Annette was again upon her way from Limoges, and passing on through the hilly country which lies between Limoges and Morterol, she paused there at a little inn to take some refreshment. When Annette had dined and was just about to order fresh horses, her *soubrette* came in and whispered in her ear, with a face of some mystery and alarm, that she had heard the new courier making manifold inquiries as to whether two or three persons whom he had described had passed by Morterol. Annette, however, was not naturally timid: the suspicious regarding this man, which she had at first entertained she knew not well why, had by this time passed away, and she now only replied, "He is asking for some of his friends, I suppose, Mariette."

The girl seemed not so well satisfied as her mistress; but, nevertheless, the horses were ordered, and the carriage proceeded on its way. Annette herself could not now help remarking that there was something extraordinary in Monsieur Pierre Jean's proceedings. He rode hither and thither, passed and repassed the carriage, and certainly seemed as if he were anxiously looking for some thing or person that did not appear. The young lady naturally became somewhat

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anxious, and, calling him to the side of the carriage, she asked what was the matter. He replied that nothing was wrong, and that he was only looking for some friends of his, who were going on their way to Bordeaux; but he thought they must have passed, he added, for they had quitted Paris at the same time as himself.

As every one must have experienced to their cost who has followed the road from Limoges to Châteauroux, this part of the journey, though the country is varied and beautiful, is generally tedious, from the slowness with which the vehicle is forced to proceed, continually climbing or descending steep hills, which prevent anything like rapid progression. Such was the case with Annette: there was no inn or town at any importance where she thought proper to sleep between Morteiol and Argenton; and as she was now a little apprehensive, from the somewhat strange conduct of the man who accompanied her, she saw the day wear away in this slow advance with some anxiety.

The sun was not far above the sky when she reached the old posthouse of Le Fay, and the postmaster, who was also an innkeeper, strove to persuade her to stay there. The aspect of the place, however, did not please her; and calculating rightly that she would have time to reach Argenton before it was quite dark, she gave orders for proceeding quickly; and in about an hour and a half she came within sight of that picturesque little town, with its rocks and vineyards, and the Creuse flowing on through the middle.

It must be confessed that it was a pleasant sight to Annette; but, now that she had reached it in safety, she reproached herself for her fears, and was convinced that she had doubted the courier unjustly. It soon appeared that he had marked her suspicions; for when the bustle of arrival was over, he presented himself and said, "You thought my riding about very strange, mademoiselle, and so it was; but as I came down from Paris I heard, about Le Fay and Morteiol, that there was a gang of robbers on the road, and I was afraid of what might happen."

Annette answered sweetly and gently; and after asking the man a few more questions, she dismissed him for the night. On leaving her presence, he again fell into one of those reveries which we have before remarked, but soon resumed his gaiety. The young lady, however, set out again from Argenton on the following day with a mind more at rest, and everything passed calmly and quietly as she proceeded through the varied and beautiful country which lies between Argenton and Lottier, although the day was somewhat dull, and the sky gray and heavy. After passing Lottier, as the morning advanced, a fine drizzling rain began to fall, and the country changed its character altogether, and presented those wide wastes of moorish common land which border for several leagues the great forest of Châteauroux. The absence of the sun rendered the southeasterly wind cold and chilly, and the prospect was dull and cheerless to the eye. A little farther on, however, the road entered the forest of Châteauroux, and some fine scenery would have been presented among the glens had it not been for the cold and dreary grayness of the atmosphere, which, though it did not prevent one from seeing up the long avenues of the forest, and down into the deep dells, gave every object a dark and cheerless aspect, and made the deer, which every here and there were seen either standing at gaze or bounding swiftly across, seem like the ghosts of some of the former tenants of the wood slaughtered by the hounds in ages long ago.

As the carriage rolled slowly along through the sandy road, Annette thought she saw once or twice something like a human form at a distance; but as she knew that Châteauroux could not be far off, she did not entertain any apprehension, and calculated fully upon reaching Vierzon that night. At length, however, in a detached part of the wood, which—though now entirely separate from the rest, and known by the name of the Bois de Niherne—was evidently a portion of the great forest itself, just as the carriage had reached the bottom of a somewhat deep descent, it was suddenly surrounded by five or six men on horseback. Two placed themselves at the heads of the horses, several others watched the two men-servants who accompanied the vehicle, and another, riding up to the side, exclaimed, "*De par le roi!*"

Annette had heard those words before; but quite certain of never having in her life done, said, or thought anything which could call down upon her the royal indignation, she rapidly compared the appearance of the man who spoke with that of Pierre Morin, and such of his followers as she had seen from the windows of Castel Nogent, and she concluded at once that the official character which these men pretended to bear was falsely assumed.

"If it is my purse you want, gentlemen," she said, calling all her courage to her aid, "if it is my purse you want, here it is at your service; but I beseech you to let me go on to Châteauroux as fast as possible; for—"

"You mistake, mademoiselle, you mistake," replied the man, in a rough tone; "we are no robbers; this is no robbery; it is an *enlèvement de police*. We have warrant for what we do. What made you think we were robbers?"

"Because you are dressed so differently from the police that I have seen," replied Annette: "but if you be really officers of police, you must be making a mistake. I have never done anything, or dreamed of doing anything, which should give rise to complaint."

"We are not making a mistake, mademoiselle," replied the man: "we know you quite well, and all about you. Your name is Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and you come from Castelneau. You are on your way to Paris, but we will take you by a shorter road than Châteauroux."

"Then I have been very much deceived," said Annette, looking up and down the road for the courier Pierre Jean, who was nowhere to be seen; "though I still do not understand, if you be of the police, what was the use of deceiving me from Castelneau hither."

"I have nothing to do with deceiving you," replied the man, in a sharp tone; "but all I have to say is, with me you must come; and you are to consider yourself a prisoner from this moment."

Annette felt an inclination to weep, but by a strong effort she kept down the tears, and merely bowed her head, saying, "Of course I must submit."

The man who had spoken to her then dismounted from his horse, gave the bridle to one of those who followed, and, after addressing a few words to the postillions, returned to the side of the carriage, opened the door, and took his seat opposite to Annette. The carriage then began to move forward, surrounded by the men on horseback, till it reached a place where the road divided into two, and a finger-post appeared inscribed on the one side with the words "To Châteauroux," while the other bore "To St. Vincent."

The latter road was by far the narrower and the worse of the two, but up it the postillions turned their horses' heads, and shortly afterward the carriage stopped at a little hamlet where four horses were waiting. They were ready harnessed, but after a very different fashion from the horses of the posthouses. As soon as the carriage paused, the beasts which had drawn Annette thither were taken off and the others put on, and in place of postillions a coachman mounted the box. These proceedings, more than anything which had yet passed, convinced Annette that she was really in the hands of the police; for she knew that it was contrary to law for any one but a king's officer to change from the royal post on any account, after having commenced a journey in that particular manner.

She summoned courage, as soon as the vehicle again began to move, to inquire of the person who sat opposite to her what was the nature of the offence with which she was charged. The man smiled at her simplicity, and replied, "Are you not well aware that I know no more than you? You will hear all the particulars soon enough, my pretty lady. Do not be afraid that your offence will be concealed from you."

There was an unpleasant familiarity in the man's manner which displeased and frightened Mademoiselle de St. Morin, and that familiarity increased rather than diminished as they proceeded on their way, till, exerting the native dignity of her character, when he dared on one occasion to address her with impertinent levity, she gave him a severe rebuke that sunk him into sullen silence.

She particularly remarked, however, a fact which seemed to her very strange, namely, that their journey was conducted by roads which were anything but good, and that in the whole of their progress, during four entire days, they never entered one single large city. On the fifth day, indeed, they came to the small place called Malesherbes, which was the largest town, if it could so be called, which Annette had yet seen since she quitted Argenton. Their repose for the night had previously been in small inns of a dreary and desolate character, and during the first two or three days she had met with no very kind or careful treatment; but as she drew near Paris, the conduct of the leader of the party in whose custody she was underwent a change; he became more attentive, and asked once or twice whether she had everything to make her comfortable.

From Malesherbes the carriage took a road on the left of that towards Fontainbleau, and after going on for four or five hours, it stopped before some iron gates to the right. One of the men on horseback dismounted and opened the gates, and passing along an avenue nearly a mile in length, the vehicle rolled on till it stopped before an elegant building in a modern style of architecture, forming a small country house or chateau, with a porch supported by four Ionic pillars.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was in the little saloon at Chanteloup, which was particularly appropriated to the Duchess of Choiseul, and which, by the taste and kindness of her husband, was filled with inestimable pictures, each small in size, but each well deserving that often misapplied epithet, exquisite, that the

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lady of the mansion and her nephew were seated some seven or eight weeks after the visit to Versailles which we have commemorated in another chapter. Ernest de Nogent—as was often his custom with an aunt that he loved—had seated himself on a stool at the feet of the duchess, and was gazing up in her face, while she, looking down upon him, was asking with an air slightly playful, though with a certain touch of sadness in it too.

"And so, Ernest, you have leave of absence for three months?"

"Yes, my dear aunt," he said, "I have that leave, thanks to my most kind uncle, I am sure, though he will not own it."

"And so, Ernest," continued the duchess, in the same meditative tone, and gazing on him with the same look, "and so you are going down with all speed to spend your holyday at Castle Nogent?"

"True, dear aunt," he replied; "where could I be better than by my father's side?"

"And so, Ernest," proceeded the duchess, without a change of manner, "the end of all this matter is, you are in love?"

Ernest looked down thoughtfully on the floor for a moment or two, and then turned his eyes again to the duchess, replying frankly, "Perhaps, my dear aunt, it is so."

"Alas! poor youth," exclaimed the duchess. "Did you consider well, when you undertook to do this rash thing of falling in love, all the griefs, and the discomforts, and anxieties, and emotions which you have yet to feel, and how often you may meet with bitter disappointment? and did you recollect all the pains and troubles of affection? I do not see what young men, with all the pleasures of life and youth glowing round about them, have to do with love. They should leave it to old women like myself. We are the only fit people for it, Ernest, you may depend upon it, whatever the world may think."

"Why, my dear aunt, have you not often told me that you married my uncle when you were a mere child, and that you have always loved him throughout life?"

"Ay, Ernest," replied the duchess; "but I loved him first as a child, and then as a young woman, and now as an old woman, and I feel that the last is the deepest and the brightest after all, Ernest."

"Well, then, my dear aunt," replied Ernest, "I intend to follow the same plan as near as possible. To love her now as a young man, and to love her hereafter as an old one."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way," replied the duchess, laughing; "but tell me who this Mademoiselle de St. Morin is. Who was her father?"

Ernest was about to reply very truly that he had never inquired, and knew nothing about the matter; but at that moment one of the attendants entered the room, bearing a letter, which he presented to the young officer. "Your groom, sir," he said, "has brought this from Paris post haste, though it came by the ordinary courier, seeing that it is marked *with speed, with urgent speed*."

"It is my father's hand," said Ernest, taking it; "what can be the matter?" and immediately imagination and affection, as he recollected the delicate state of his father's health, called up a thousand pale fears from the bottom of his heart, and made them settle in his cheek.

"Open the letter, Ernest, open the letter!" cried the duchess; "we can encounter realities always better than fancies!"

Ernest tore open the letter and read aloud. "My dear boy," it went, "I write to you in haste, to tell you of an event which may be of importance, but which may be of none. While I was yesterday visiting our sweet neighbour at Castelneau, a courier arrived bearing a letter to Mademoiselle de St. Morin, signed by her guardian, and bidding her instantly to set out to join him in Paris. There was something in the writing and the style difficult to be defined, which made the dear girl and myself suspect that the letter was not genuine; the appearance of the courier, too, who will give himself no other name than Pierre Jean, was in every respect against him; but we could elicit nothing from him but matter which tended to confirm the genuineness of the letter. As such a call to join her guardian was by no means improbable, and as we could not discover a likely motive why any one should attempt to deceive her, it is determined that she shall set out this morning. An apprehension, however, rests upon my mind which I cannot shake off, and I therefore send you these lines, that you may instantly communicate with Monsieur de Castelneau, and learn whether the letter be of his writing or not. I despatch this by the ordinary courier, as he will arrive in Paris long before Mademoiselle de St. Morin; and I will only add that she goes by the way of Chateauroux and Orleans."

"The villains!" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent, as he concluded the letter, "the villains! But I must fly to Monsieur de Castelneau directly."

"Is it not his own doing, think you?" demanded the duchess, somewhat surprised at her nephew's agitation. "Indeed, you lovers puzzle me, Ernest. Why should you be so furious at the idea of seeing your fair lady so soon? or why should you think that Monsieur de Castelneau has not sent for her?"

"Because he pledged himself not to do so," replied Ernest de Nogent; "because he vowed that he would sooner go to to the Bastile. Oh, no, no, my dear aunt! you do not understand: I must fly to him directly."

"Better fly to the police, my dear nephew," said the duchess. If you are quite sure that somebody has been practising a fraud on this young lady, the police is the best resource."

"Alas! alas!" replied Ernest, "the police here are of no avail. It is the king, my dear aunt. It is the king who has been practising the fraud. What can the police do there?"

"Little, little will they do indeed!" replied the duchess, now comprehending the whole matter. "Little will they do, though they ought to afford protection against his creatures as well as against all other evil doers. But fly to the Count de Castelneau: consult with him: I will speak with Monsieur de Choiseul; and he will—I know he will—do all he can. No, Ernest, no! he will not suffer the king to violate all human rights and decencies so long as he is minister, I am sure."

"I would fain not embarrass him with such a task as this must be, my dear aunt," replied Ernest de Nogent. "I will find these people soon, depend upon it; and when I do, I will treat them in such a way as may make me need that protection, which he shall then give me if he will. No, it were better for him not to meddle with it at present, except in affording me any tidings he can obtain."

"His own dignity," replied the duchess, "must be consulted too, Ernest. This conduct has gone on too long. It has grieved him bitterly, most severely; and, for my part, I would much rather see him strip himself of all his honours and all his power, and sit down calmly here to the unmingled enjoyment of fine feelings and high tastes, than be the minister of the greatest kingdom in Europe, swaying the destinies of empires, and yet powerless either to restrain and guard against the shameless, the disgraceful depravity of the court, in which he stands next to the king, or to guard the people of the realm from such indecent outrage. Yes, Ernest, yes, I would rather see him plain Stephen of Choiseul, surrounded by a few high and noble friends, than on such conditions prime-minister of France, with all the statesmen of Europe bowing before him."

"I doubt you not in the least, my dear aunt," replied Ernest; "but in asking you not to take any notice of this affair at present, I am guided by selfish motives too. I fear that if the duke do interfere, the king may be led to pursue even more violent and unjustifiable measures. I see, now that I think more coolly, that the object contemplated at present must be to bring Mademoiselle de St. Morin to Paris against the count's inclination. They will never certainly dare venture upon anything else. Monsieur de Castelneau will, I know, send her back again at once; but if we irritate the king, he may give a positive order that she is to remain in Paris. Tell my uncle, then, all that has happened, but tell him what I have said upon the subject: he will judge best how to act, both for the interests of all persons concerned and for his own honour. We may well rely upon his judgment."

"Indeed, indeed we may," replied the duchess, "for where shall we find in Europe a judgment equal to his?"

Thus spoke the Duchess of Choiseul; and though it may seem strange that such sentiments should exist in the bosom of a Frenchwoman of that age towards her husband, yet her words were but very, very faint symbols of the feelings which that high and dear-souled heart contained.

Without waiting for any farther discussion, Ernest de Nogent took leave of his aunt, and mounting his horse, rode onward towards Paris as fast as he could go, calculating by the way what would be the best course for the count to pursue; whether to hurry on from the capital towards Castelneau in order to undeceive Annette and send her back again to her calm home, or to allow her to come to Paris, and then bid her return immediately. But Ernest de Nogent himself was calculating, as we have already seen, upon false premises. He knew not to what a daring extent the vices of Louis had carried him since he himself had quitted the post which he once held at the palace, or he would have seen from the first moment that it was most necessary to keep Annette afar from the immediate influence of the court. Not that he ever doubted for one moment what would be the conduct of Annette herself under any circumstances in which she might be placed; but, had he known all, he would have known that she might be subjected to all that is revolting, painful, and grievous to a pure heart; she might be forced to mingle with scenes which were in themselves pollution, and hear words which are a disgrace to utter or to listen to.

The state of the royal power in France at that moment presented a very curious phenomenon. In the heart of the court despotism was almost

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complete. The king's will was law to those who immediately surrounded him; there was nothing so arbitrary, so rash, or so violent that he dared not do within a certain distance of the capital. Paris, in fact, was France: the adjacent provinces were mere dependencies, and the further provinces only remote colonies, where the royal authority was but faintly felt. So much, indeed, had this become the case, that when an offending nobleman was ordered to absent himself fifty miles from Paris, it was called being sent into exile; and in common parlance, no distinction was made between exile from the court and exile from the country.

In a remote province, those acts of personal tyranny dared not be done which were daily enacted in the capital; and if ever the monarch was tempted to stretch the arm of despotic power to grasp some object at a distance from Paris, the ministers of his pleasure were forced to have recourse to artifice as well as violence in order to bring the victim within the immediate vortex of the court. Nor did artifice and violence always succeed; for it is well known that Choiseul himself, in the early part of his career, suddenly removed from the court one of his own relations to guard her from pollution; and, having placed a wide space between her and the king, set his despotic power at defiance. That, however, was at a time when the passions of Louis were under some restraint from a remaining sense of propriety; but within the last few years of his reign, since the period when Ernest de Nogent had quitted the royal household to serve in the field, all ties of morality, religion, and even decency, had been cast away; and it was very wrongly that the young officer fancied Annette might be easily removed; even after she had arrived in Paris.

He was revolving all these matters in his mind as he rode along, but not suffering his thoughts to delay him in his progress, when, not far from Fromenteau, he was passed by another horseman, galloping at as rapid a pace as himself. Ernest de Nogent took no notice, and did not draw his bridle; but the moment after they had crossed each other, he heard a voice exclaim, "Monsieur de Nogent, Monsieur de Nogent."

Ernest checked his horse unwillingly, and looked round to see who it was that called; when, with a feeling of satisfaction, he beheld the face of one from whom he hoped to obtain some information, if not some assistance. He accordingly turned his horse completely, and rode up to the side of the other cavalier, who had only halted as if to say something to him at a distance.

"Good-morrow, Monsieur Morin," said the young gentleman; "did you wish to speak with me?"

"Merely to ask whither away so fast, Monsieur de Nogent," replied Pierre Morin. "I think I may want to speak with you before the day be over, and I wish to know where you are to be found."

"Can you not tell me, Monsieur Morin, what you wish to say now?" said Ernest. "Where I shall be in the evening I cannot at all tell. My mind is troubled with business of some importance, and I think that perhaps you may know something of the matter."

"How should I know anything of the matter?" said Pierre Morin, with a meaning smile.

"Because," replied Ernest, "you are said to know something of every one's actions, though men know not how you obtain such an insight."

"Very easily, indeed," replied Pierre Morin, who, be it remarked, was somewhat vain, and not altogether unreasonably so, of the skill with which he procured information. "It is scarcely possible, Monsieur de Nogent, for a man to be nearly twenty years the confidential agent and adviser of two lieutenants-general of police, and during nearly ten to exercise the principal power under them, without knowing something of every man and every family in France. Either they themselves come under our hands, or their servants, or their friends, or their enemies; and whether it be themselves, or friends, or enemies, we always learn something, so that it needs but a good memory and a quick imagination to know a great deal, and to divine a great deal more."

"There are other ways also, I suspect, Monsieur Morin," replied Ernest; "but pray, if you do know anything of the matter which now busies me, let me hear it, and give me your advice and assistance."

"There are other means, as you say," replied Pierre Morin. "Our good friends, the *mouchards*, give us some aid; but their information would be worth little or nothing unless it were well digested after it is received. However, you are right in another respect. I think I do know something of the matter that troubles you, though probably less than you do; but I was just now going down to speak to the Duc de Choiseul upon the subject, and inquire what can be done with safety."

"You will not find the duke," said Ernest; "he is at Versailles."

"The duke quitted Versailles," replied Pierre Morin, looking at his watch, "at five minutes after one. His carriage is by this time just rolling in through the gates of Chanteloup; and by the time I get there, he will have washed his hands in the little cabinet to the left of the picture gallery, he will have taken a glass of Madeira and a biscuit, and have talked five minutes with Madame de Choiseul, so that he will just then be writing a letter to Monsieur de Gontaut in Corsica. But for the matter in hand," he continued more gently, "what is the affiaire you is news from Castelneau, is it not? Since you received the letter that alarmed you, I have made some inquiries, though not as many as I could wish. The man Pierre Jean has been employed because he is a bold villain as well as a cunning one; but there have been none sent down since to second him: six, I understand, of the lowest and most detestable scum of the court. They have dared to take upon them the name of the police, and for that they shall be punished, whatever comes of it; but we must be quick in our motions, for by this time they are half way to Paris."

As Pierre Morin spoke, a dark and heavy cloud fell over the face of Ernest de Nogent, and he gazed bitterly upon the ground, seeing that the danger was much greater than he had at first supposed, and revolving with agony of mind all the griefs, perils, and anxieties which might beset poor Annette. If it were the intention of the king, he thought, merely to bring Annette, in the first instance, to the house of her guardian in Paris, he would have contented himself with the formal summons which had been sent, and would not have despatched so numerous a body of men, assuming the name of police. His heart burned within him; and feelings at that moment took possession of his bosom which would have been termed treasonable by almost every man at the court of France.

"Oh! that this monster had been but a private man," he thought, "that with my own right hand I might have punished him as he deserves."

Pierre Morin marked the expression of his countenance, and very easily divined his feelings.

"Come, come, Monsieur de Nogent," he said, "do not give way! Neither be rash nor despair. All will go well, depend upon it; but we must manage this thing delicately: all will go well, I tell you, if we do not by some evil chance make a mistake in the game that we are playing. I will proceed to Chanteloup; you go back to Paris; but neither you nor the count must think of taking one step till you see me. I will join you soon, and give you information, for I am not a little interested in this matter as well as yourself. But stay," he added, after a moment, "stay. I had forgotten; you must neither mention to the count that you have seen me, nor let him know that I take any part in the affair. Do not utter my name either to him or to any one else, remember; for in all things I must act but officially, or we shall spoil the whole business. There is nobody shall take the name of the police in France unpunished without due authority, and in chastising those who have done so, we may well see the lady free. Mention, then, not my name to any one; but in two hours and a half meet me at the hotel of Clermont Ferrand, and I will tell you more; but, mind, on no account must you commit me."

Thus saying, he turned his horse again and rode on; and Ernest de Nogent pursued his way, thinking, "It is strange what the habit of observation will do. This man has seen me but once with Annette, and yet he seems to have discovered at once how deeply I am interested in her and all that concerns her. It is odd, too, Annette seemed to know him; and he declares he is interested in the affair as well as myself! Yet what connection can there be between a person in his situation and one in hers? He is evidently not a man of rank or birth; perhaps he may have been a tutor in her family."

While Ernest thus thought and rode on upon his way, Pierre Morin, mounted on a strong and exceedingly swift horse, lost no time in reaching Chanteloup. Of the persons whom he found in the courtyard, some were employed in unharnessing four splendid horses from the carriage of the duke, some grazing idly at what the others were doing, but all bowed low and humbly before the deputy of the lieutenant of police, and hastened to give him an answer to his inquiries. Pierre Morin found that his nice calculation of the prime-minister's movements had been a little erroneous; the roads between Chanteloup and Versailles had been heavy. The carriage of the duke had been delayed for a few minutes by some other obstruction; and the consequence was, that the letter to Corsica had not been yet begun, and the biscuit, glass of Madeira, and conversation with the duchess were not yet concluded. Indeed, that conversation had lasted longer than it usually did, for Madame de Choiseul had, as we have seen, matters to relate which detained her husband from his other affairs.

As it was announced to the duke, while still listening to his wife's narrative, that Monsieur Morin waited to see him, and he answered, "Take him into my cabinet. I will be with him in a moment. On my life, dear Louise," he said, "it would not surprise me if Morin had come about this very business; for he told me last night that the man Pierre Jean, who sticks like a burr to the skirts of the court, at once

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meant, unsightly, and injurious, had set out from Paris some time ago on a mission which he believed to be not of the very best description. I will speak with him at once, and let you know what he says. I am sick to the death at all this infamy, and I see that worse is coming still."

Thus saying, he quitted the duchess, and proceeded to the cabinet where Pierre Morin was waiting. The agent of police bowed down to the ground before the prime-minister, and the minister welcomed him with a gracious inclination, pointing to a seat, and bidding him sit down, without any assumption of state and dignity, such as the Duc de Choiseul might very likely have displayed in dealing with a man of less worth but higher rank: for the character of Pierre Morin was well known to him, and he was aware that such truth and honesty as his were seldom found combined with so much skill, shrewdness, and knowledge of human nature.

"Well, my good friend," he said, "what brings you to Chanteloup to-day? I trust that nothing new has gone amiss."

"That, my lord, you must decide," replied Pierre Morin: "I come to you for information in regard to what has really taken place, and I hope we shall find that it is not amiss."

"Perhaps I may divine the nature of your errand, Monsieur Morin," replied the duke; "but I would fain hear in the first instance, what it is from your own mouth."

"It were best so to do, my lord," replied the officer; "and, if I might take a great liberty, I would ask that you answer my questions without going farther than the mere matter of them, and without showing me any of your own views; for we may both be called upon hereafter to give an account of what we say upon this subject, and as neither you nor I will tell a lie, we may as well have the truth convenient."

"Well, well," said the duke; "propose your questions, Monsieur Morin: you are accustomed to interrogatories, and I thank you for your hint. The rest I will judge of as we proceed."

Pierre Morin then went on to detail, very briefly, but with a more accurate knowledge than any other man in the whole kingdom possessed except the actors in the transaction, the whole particulars of what had befallen Annette, taking great care to avoid the slightest mention of the king's name, or to hint that any higher person could be engaged in the affair than those who had actually appeared on the scene.

When he concluded the detail, the duke demanded, without other comment, "Well, Monsieur Morin, who do you think is the instigator of this affair?"

"Nay, my lord," replied Pierre Morin, "that I do not know; and, to say the truth, I do not at present intend to inquire; but—"

"Right, right!" answered the duke, after a moment's thought: "I understand you; you are right; there is but that one way! Go on with your questions."

"Well, then, my lord," continued Pierre Morin, "you see here is a flagrant breach of the law committed; and, moreover, in much of the grossest kind offered to the police, unless your lordship or some of the ministers authorised these men to make this arrest, and to call themselves by a false name. May I ask if you did so?"

"Certainly not," replied the duke, with a smile; "and I can at once answer that none of the ministers gave such authority, which is contrary to every principle of law and justice. We should merit, and doubtless incur, the most severe indignation of the king were we to countenance such things."

"Very well, then, my lord," replied Pierre Morin, "my course is very clear. I have already informed the lieutenant-general, my chief, that certain persons of bad repute have been passing themselves off for his agents, and making arrests as if under his authority, and he immediately gave me orders for apprehending them; but I thought it best to make sure that the matter had not taken place under lawful authority. As I now find," he continued, with marked emphasis, "that your lordship and all the ministers of the crown are ignorant of the whole transaction, I shall at once lodge all the parties concerned in the Chatelet, putting them *au secret* till such time as we can gain full information as to their designs."

"An excellent plan, Monsieur Morin," replied the duke: "an excellent plan. But what do you intend to do with the young lady?"

"On that I will take your lordship's advice," replied Pierre Morin. "It might be best to send her back at once into Quercy; but, poor thing, she has had a long and fatiguing journey already, and—"

"You seem to take a great interest in her, Monsieur Morin," said the duke, suddenly.

"I do, indeed, my lord," replied Pierre Morin; "and so would your lordship if you saw and knew her. She is as beautiful and sweet a creature as ever you beheld."

"And her name is very like your own, Monsieur Morin," answered the duke.

Pierre Morin made him a low bow, out of which it was impossible to extract any definite meaning, adding, at the same time, "Your lordship does me a great deal of honour; but I am merely a simple *roturier*, and neither a noble nor a saint, as the two first syllables of her name imply. But still, what would your lordship have me do with her?"

"Hark ye, Morin," said the duke, speaking in a low voice. "Send her back again at once, without a moment's delay. I would protect her to the best of my power here, but there are some things in which I am powerless."

"Only in small things, my lord," replied Pierre Morin; "in great ones, none so powerful: for the king said yesterday to the Count de Lude, as they were walking under the orangery, that if all the other ministers were to oppose your opinion, and all the statesmen in Europe were to back them, he would take your judgment against theirs, and feel sure of success."

The duke looked pleased, but replied, with a meaning smile, "Why, Monsieur Morin, Monsieur Morin, how do you learn all the king's private conversation? You have not, surely, any of the gentlemen whom you term your good friends the *mouchards* near the royal person?"

"We have them everywhere, my lord," replied Pierre Morin, with a reverential bow: "ay, and in all classes. It would be very disrespectful, indeed, to his majesty not to pay him the same attention we pay to the rest of his subjects. Besides, as we have few opportunities of asking his will, how should we know it upon slighter occasions if we did not give heed to such casual indications of his pleasure? The truth also is, my lord, that the *bureau de police* is in fact the Temple of Fame which one of our poets has been writing about, and every one who has a little piece of information to dispose of carries it thither direct."

"It is a strange system," said the duke, musing: "a strange system, indeed, Monsieur Morin; and I cannot think a good one."

"Neither you nor I framed it, my lord," replied Pierre Morin. "You found it as it is: it made me what I am. You must use it, I must follow it. Besides, it is like one of those pasteboard-carts that I have seen following the army, on which the tired men sometimes jump up to ride, neither the most convenient nor the safest conveyance, but yet better than none."

"Pray Heaven it do not explode, and blow us all to atoms!" said the duke.

"What will be, will be!" answered Pierre Morin, with a true French shrug of indifference; and adding, "As I find your lordship is not at all cognisant of those men's conduct, I will proceed against them in the usual course," he bowed low and retired.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Hotel de Clermont Ferrand, at the time we speak of, was vacant, as regards its lease for anything else than rats and mice. The proprietor was a young man then absent with the army: the woman put in to keep the place in order, who was the widow of an old porter, was absent gossiping with her neighbours the greater part of the day, and slept at the house of her daughter, at some distance from that place. She vowed that it was impossible to rent there, on account of the long-tailed denizens whom we have mentioned, and who, according to her account, danced all night over her head rather in the measure of a galop than of a minuet.

It was sometimes convenient for the agents of the police to have a place where they could meet with a suspicious friend, somewhat less dangerous to their guest than the central bureau. To meet this contingency in his own case, Pierre Morin had communicated his views to the good lady, who made him a most reverend courtesy; and, being assured of a certain piece of money, and the protection of the police year by year, she gave her good friend a key of the mansion, and took care never to present herself on unexpected occasions.

About five o'clock on the day of Pierre Morin's visit to the Duke of Choiseul, Ernest de Nogent entered the court of the hotel we have mentioned, and applied himself in vain to various doors for admission. Not one of them either yielded to his hand or returned the slightest answer, except a murmuring echo, which spoke of emptiness. He looked at his watch; he was exactly to his time; and, though he was suffering under impatience—that disease which renders men more inconsiderate than probably any other—he did bethink himself that Pierre Morin might be kept by some other engagements a few minutes longer than the time he had appointed. He therefore walked up and down the court, determined to wait the event; and in about ten minutes the figure of him he expected suddenly appeared under the archway. Ernest was advancing to speak to him; but another man suddenly came up, touched Monsieur Morin on the arm, and addressed him in a low tone and with an important face.

Pierre Morin paused and listened, and then demanded, "Ha! When?"

"Two hours ago!" replied the man, who appeared by his dress to be either a writing or a

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drawing master. "I saw him myself as he came out."

"Which way did he take? demanded Pierre Morin: "to his father's house, or to the south?"

"To neither," answered the stranger: "he went home first to the lodging which he hired three months ago; but then he shaved and dressed himself, and, getting into a *chaise de poste*, rolled away to Versailles."

"Ha!" said Pierre Morin: "then, my good friend, your business is to go after him. Tell our friend the marquis to let me hear all that passes within the palace; but do you watch where he goes yourself when he quits the king, and let me know something more at the grand bureau by eight o'clock."

All this was said so low that Ernest, who had taken a turn to the other side of the court as soon as he saw how busily Pierre Morin was engaged, heard not a word; and the disguised emissary of the police, as soon as he had received the above directions, glided quietly away without making any reply.

No sooner was he gone than Pierre Morin advanced to the young officer, saying, "I have now obtained all the information I wanted. The young lady is within twenty miles of Paris, and she shall be free before midnight. What says the Count de Castelneau to the contents of your letter?"

"I have not seen him," replied Ernest de Nogent; "for before I arrived—some ten minutes, the servant said—he had set out for Versailles, having been summoned thither by a special messenger from the king."

"Ha!" said Pierre Morin, "that is strange, too! They would keep him out of the way. But what is to be done with the young lady? that is the question: whether to bring her to Paris to his hotel at once, or to send her back to Castelneau."

"Oh, send her back, send her back!" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent. "In Heaven's name keep her not here, if you have any interest in her fate."

"I have, indeed, young gentleman," replied Pierre Morin: "more than you know of. But, though I can set her free, it is impossible for me to guard her back again to Castelneau, as I could wish to do. I cannot be absent myself without distinct orders. I cannot spare more than two men to go such a distance, and only one of those can be of my own people, while the people who are pursuing her may be many, and certainly will be unscrupulous."

"Let me, then, undertake that part," replied Ernest de Nogent. "You set her free. Give me two men to help me—my own servant, myself, and a man I can hire will make five—and I will answer with my life she shall reach Castelneau in safety."

Pierre Morin smiled. "I fear it may be dangerous for you," he said, "in more ways than one; but, however, I must have an hour or two to decide, for I have other persons to consult. Such things as these cannot be done without counsel, and I have many things to think of and to do. It is now five of the clock; meet me at ten to-night, with the two men you speak of, in the grounds of the small chateau of Michy. Do you know it?"

"No, I do not," replied Ernest de Nogent, "but I will easily find it; where does it lie?"

"Between Longueville and Maleshebos," replied Pierre Morin: "make for Longueville in the first place, then ride on straight before you as if you were going to Puiselet, and take the first turning to your right. On your left you will find a gate; it is the first gate you come to. Go in there, and a little farther on you will see the chateau. Do not go near it, however, but keep among the trees to the left. Take no notice of anything you see or hear till I come, for people may be passing up and down the road. Draw your horses among the trees, and keep them as much screened as possible."

"Oh, I will manage all that," replied Ernest de Nogent; "I am a soldier, you know, and accustomed to such things. You will join me there, then; but how can we convey Mademoiselle de St. Morin back?"

"I will bring a carriage with me," replied the commissary, "only you be punctual to your hour and careful in your movements. These are matters in which slight mistakes ruin great enterprises."

"Trusting to you entirely," replied Ernest de Nogent. "I will follow your directions to the letter; but we must all make haste if you have other persons to see in Paris, for our time is very short, and the way long, I think."

"Oh, no," replied the commissary, "'tis not seven leagues. Quick horses and willing minds, and we shall accomplish the matter easily."

Ernest asked him to repeat once more the directions he had given, and then left him to make hasty preparations for his journey. Those preparations, however, required consideration; for he had, in the first place, to engage some one to assist him; and, in the next place, he had to communicate by letter to the Count de Castelneau both what had occurred and the course he was about to pursue. When he came to perform the latter part of the task, he found it much more difficult to execute than he had anticipated; for in the eagerness with which he had felt for the liberance of her he loved, he had totally forgotten to ask himself what title he had to interfere in the matter. He now recollected, however, that the title might be questioned by the Count de Castelneau himself, so that it was with some embarrassment, and a little mortified pride, thought, that he at length accomplished the undertaking.

He told the count then that the letter from his father, which he enclosed, had reached him at Chanteloup, and that his absence from Paris at the time of its arrival had unfortunately prevented him from communicating it before the count's departure for Versailles. He then went on to say that he had received information from good authority, that, after having been induced to set out from Castelneau by a spurious letter, Mademoiselle de St. Morin had been subjected to a false arrest, and was even then detained in the neighbourhood of Paris. Under these circumstances, he added—avoiding all mention either of Pierre Morin's part in the affair, or of his own suspicions regarding the king—that he had determined to endeavour to liberate Mademoiselle de St. Morin at once, and would immediately communicate the result to Monsieur de Castelneau. He apologised for acting in the matter upon his own responsibility, but said that he had many reasons, which the count could well conceive, for seeking to free Mademoiselle de St. Morin with the least possible delay.

This task being accomplished, and the letter having been left at the house of the count, Ernest next proceeded to ensure the assistance of an old soldier, who had formerly served in his own regiment. Horses also were to be hired; but, being thoroughly acquainted with the city of Paris, and being himself well known and respected, that part of the undertaking was easily effected, and by half past seven o'clock he was in the saddle and on the road to Longueville. He passed through that little village after a quick ride in a dark night, at about a quarter before ten, and then proceeding somewhat more slowly, he followed exactly the directions of Pierre Morin, watching all the turnings narrowly as they had been described to him. The way, indeed, seemed much longer than he had been told it was; and he was beginning to fancy that he must have made a mistake, when by the very faint light that still existed in the air he perceived a gate upon the left hand, which opened easily to his touch. He accordingly went in, followed by his two attendants, and, closing the entrance carefully behind him, advanced up an avenue of trees which apparently led towards the chateau he was seeking.

The night, as I have said, was extremely dark, and Ernest de Nogent for some time looked for the mansion in vain. In the end, however, he perceived the dark lines of a building at some distance on the road, and to the left, as Pierre Morin had described, some scattered groups of trees at the distance of about a hundred yards from the avenue. As soon as he had satisfied himself that this was the spot which the deputy of the lieutenant-general had meant, he quitted the road, and proceeded to shelter himself under the trees; in doing which, his horse took fright at a roe-deer which started from the bushes, and bearing violently, had nearly fallen back with him. Ernest de Nogent, however, who was a bold and practised horseman, forced the animal forward among the trees, and then dismounting, quieted and pacified him, to prevent the fretful passaging into which the struggle had thrown it.

Before this was fully accomplished, he heard the sound of other horses' feet coming up the avenue, and in a minute or two after, as he gazed intently forward, he saw distinctly three or four dark forms ride rapidly along the road. The murmur of voices, too, was heard; and just as they reached the nearest point to himself, one of the speakers raised his tone, saying, with a short, peculiar, and disagreeable laugh, "We will soon see: they have taken care of the gate, I hope."

Ernest said not a word, and his heart beat a good deal, but it was with anger, not with fear; and he gazed steadily towards the building which was before his eyes for several minutes. As the shadow was there darker, he could just faintly distinguish several horsemen pause and dismount; but a moment after, a large door in the centre of the building opened, and from the bright light which issued forth he perceived clearly that the suspicions which the tone of the voice and the peculiar laugh he had heard indeced him to entertain, were not without foundation, for in the graceful though somewhat spare form that first entered the chateau he instantly recognised the person of the Baron de Cajare.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We must now quit the cool outer air for a short time, and enter into an abode of revelry and merriment, within which, ever since darkness had set in, a party of five men and three women had been eating and drinking, and laughing and singing, and holding a conversation which, though the language and the absolute terms might be something more refined than they would have

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been in a *cabaret* of the common people, was in substance and meaning of a more gross, disgusting, and degrading kind than might have been expected, in any ordinary circumstances, in the poorest *auberge* in France.

Those members of the lower orders that ape the vices of the higher classes are sure to become even more disgustingly depraved than when they remain satisfied with the coarser vices more common in their own rank. The men and women here assembled were the lowest grade of the vicious followers of a vicious court; and there was mixed with the libertine slang, which they had acquired in their base services to those above them, a vulgarity which left their profligacy naked in its most horrible form. There was, withal, a merriment, too, and a levity, and an affectation of wit and smartness, which rendered the caricature of that abandoned court complete.

But it is forbidden to me in these pages to draw the minute traits of a picture so revolting; and, contenting myself with this general description, I must leave the whole preceding part of the conversation that was there going on unsaid, up to the moment when one of the party, with a foaming glass of rich wine in his hand and a licentious jest upon his lips, suddenly started and set down the glass, exclaiming, "*Ventre Saint Gris!* There are horses' feet. It cannot be the king at this hour."

"The king!" cried another "Sot! Animal! Don't you know that the king never rides now-a-days except when he is hunting? No, no, it is some of those *faquins* of the court. Go you, Merliton, and see. There, they are ringing the bell like fury. Quick, quick! get them into another room, and put those two bottles away. Monsieur Albert would haul us over the coals if he found us drinking his Epernay."

Great bustle and confusion now took place in the room, while the man they called Merliton—which was evidently a *nom de guerre*—proceeded slowly to open the door, with eyes somewhat inflamed with the debauch, though his step was steady and his mind was still clear. The moment the entrance was free, a gentleman, carrying a cane in his hand, walked coolly in, and was taking his way along the passage of the house without pausing or asking any questions.

Merliton, however, threw himself suddenly in his way, exclaiming, "Who the devil are you, and what do you want? This is no place for such cool gentry to march in, as if they were at home. Yes, sir," he continued, as the other gazed at him from head to foot with a contemptuous look, "yes, sir, it is I, your very obedient humble servant; but indeed, sweet sir, you have the advantage of me! Pray who are you?"

"Be so good as to move out of my way," said the Baron de Cajare, coolly, but appearing to be animated with the purpose of raising the cane which he carried in his hand, and applying it to the shoulders of Master Merliton.

At that moment, however, a personage with one eye, to whom the reader has been already introduced, passed the stranger suddenly, exclaiming, "Merliton, thou art drunk: drunk as was thy mother at the moment of thy birth. She was canteen woman, Monsieur le Baron," he continued, addressing Monsieur de Cajare, "she was canteen woman to the thirteenth regiment, and assured me upon her honour—and a woman of honour she was—that, to the best of her recollection, she had never been one whole day sober for forty years. So my good friend Merliton here must have been born when she was drunk. You see he does not disgrace his parentage. Now, Merliton, get out of the way, there's a good fellow, or I shall be obliged to let the light through you; and a man with a key-hole in him is not so good as a door."

At these words Merliton drew somewhat back, and the baron passed on, saying to Pierre Jean, who had accompanied him, "This may be very amusing, but it does not please me. Show me into some room, and send me somebody whom this young lady has not yet seen among these men."

The baron was accordingly taken to a vacant chamber, and a light was speedily brought; but it was more difficult a great deal to find a person who had not been seen by Mademoiselle de St. Morin, for every one of the party in the house had contrived to visit her apartment in turn, not a little to her annoyance and grief. As soon as it was ascertained that such was the case, the baron ordered one of the men who had accompanied him, and who had remained without, with two other attendants, in charge of the horses, to be brought in; and, followed by him, he proceeded up stairs to the apartment in which, as he was told, Annette was to be found; the key being given to him at the foot of the stairs, for she had been held as a close prisoner, together with her own servants, since she had arrived from Castelneau. The apartment in which she was confined contained four chambers, the first of which was an anteroom, where the two men-servants were now seated. They both started up on the entrance of the baron, with looks which indicated a strong resolution to resist any farther insolence towards their mistress to the best of their power, however small that power might be. The moment, however, that they beheld the Baron de Cajare, whom they had frequently seen at Castelneau, their faces brightened; for any countenance but those which had lately presented themselves seemed to them that of a friend.

The baron instantly caught the change of expression, and understood what it meant; he accordingly held up his hand with a meaning look, as if to caution them against making any noise, inquiring, at the same time, in a low voice, "Where is your mistress?"

"Here, sir, here," said the old servant Jerome: "she will be so glad to see you, I am sure. She is in this room, with Madame Donnine and her maid."

Thus saying, the old man led the way and opened the door, and the baron followed with a quiet step, taking his tone from what had just passed.

As soon as she saw him, Annette rose, but it was with very different feelings from those which Jerome had imagined she would entertain. For a moment Annette did not feel quite sure that he himself was not the contriver of the whole scheme under which she had suffered, and, consequently, her first sensations tended towards indignation, rather than pleasure. Various circumstances, however, presenting themselves rapidly to her mind, made her judge more favourably the next moment, and believe that the Baron de Cajare had no immediate share in the transactions of the last few days, so that her look of anger and dismay speedily underwent a change.

On his part, the baron, skilful in reading the human countenance, marked the first expression which appeared on hers; and, bowing low but distantly, he said, "I have come, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, perhaps too presumptuously, considering all things, to free you from the hands of the insolent villains who have got possession of you, and to convey you to a place of safety, if you will so far pardon me as to accept of my aid."

Poor Annette knew but too little of the world, and the tone in which he spoke tended still more to remove her apprehensions. She thought she had done him injustice, and replied mildly and gratefully, "Indeed, Monsieur de Cajare, I feel infinitely obliged, and can of course regard such an act of kindness as no presumption. Oh! far from it," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, as all the painful particulars of her situation came back more forcibly on her mind. "How shall I ever be able to show myself grateful enough to any one that will free me from these people, who are not—who cannot be, I am sure—the police of the realm!"

"The police!" exclaimed the Baron de Cajare, very well satisfied with the progress he had already made; "they may be the object of the good offices of the police ere long, but otherwise they have nothing more to do with the police than the man who was executed in the Grève a few days ago. Their object in regard to yourself will be explained hereafter; the only thing to be done now is to set you free."

"Oh! let us go! let us go immediately!" replied Annette, taking a step towards the door.

"Nay, nay," said the baron, with a smile, "we must pause a little yet. A carriage will be here directly, to bear you to a place of security at once: and in the mean time, as I have reason to believe that some of these villains are still lingering about in the grounds, I must go and dislodge them with my servants, that we may meet with no obstruction."

"But where are you going to take me to, Monsieur de Cajare?" said Annette. "Of course I had better go at once to Monsieur de Castelneau."

"He was at Versailles when I quitted it," replied the Baron de Cajare, "and thither do I propose to take you, mademoiselle. You may rely on my honour, I think, and be quite sure that I will place you in perfect security."

Annette would have fain had a more definite explanation; and the vagueness of the baron's words renewed, whether she would or not, her former apprehensions. She resolved not to show any fears, however, for she felt that her situation could not be worse than what it was, and she therefore only added, "Pray let us go quickly, Monsieur de Cajare! Every moment that I stay in this place is terrible to me."

"I will but ensure that these people have quitted the park," replied the baron, "and return to you without loss of time."

As he spoke he gazed upon the sweet girl whom he addressed with a look of admiration and tenderness which he could not repress. He took care, indeed, that it should not be disrespectful; but it revived, in a considerable degree, Annette's fears and apprehensions in regard to his object, and made her think with dislike of incurring a great debt of obligation towards a man for whom she had learned to entertain a strong antipathy.

After leaving her the baron paused in the corridor, musing for a moment, while his servant held the lamp, and ending his revery with a few muttered words, which even the man close to him did not hear distinctly.

"It will be a difficult game," he said to himself, "but it must be played!"

As those words were never fully explained by

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him to any one, and as his actions did not afterward afford the interpretation, we must draw back for a moment the curtain of the breast, and, looking into the heart, investigate what were the emotions passing within; what were the objects he proposed to himself; what were the purposes with which he came thither. It may easily be understood that the Baron de Cajare had not personally the power, if he had the inclination, of freeing Annette from the hands of those who now held her in a state of unlawful captivity; and though, perhaps, to those who are well read in the annals of the reign of Louis XV., and know the base subserviency of that monarch's courtiers, the conduct of the baron might give reasonable cause for believing he was base enough to lend himself to the licentious views of the king, yet such was not exactly the case. He had, it is true, been suddenly freed from captivity, had been sent for to Versailles, and had held a long and confidential communication with the monarch on the very subject of Annette de St. Morin; for Louis and almost all the members of his court well knew that the good baron was in no degree scrupulous in any point where his own interests were concerned. He had strong passions, it was true; and sometimes, indeed, those passions had been known to get the better of his interested views; but he restrained them, in general, by the power of a cool and calculating mind; and the king believed that the taming which he had lately undergone in the Bastile must have brought down any spirit of resistance to the level which was desired. The baron had listened, then, with the utmost complacency during his long interview with the monarch; even assisted the king with an appropriate word every now and then, when Louis found a difficulty in explaining his own meaning; and showed not the slightest surprise, disgust, or indignation at proposals which were an insult to him, and a gross and horrible injustice towards Annette. But all the time that the conversation was proceeding, the baron was calculating in his own mind whether there might or might not be a possibility, not only of frustrating the king's designs, but also of making them serviceable to his own views and purposes in regard to Annette.

Strange to say, the Baron de Cajare really loved Annette; she was, indeed, the only being he had ever loved; but her beauty and her grace had commenced what difficulties, and opposition, and coldness had finished. As but too often happens, those very feelings of repugnance towards him on her part, which should have checked his pursuit, had only urged him forward the more vehemently; and he resolved, even while the king spoke, to risk all that even the anger and indignation of a despotic monarch can effect, to obtain possession of her he loved. The king, in the course of their interview, had instructed him to bring Annette to Versailles, making a show of delivering her from the hands of those who had brought her from the south; and the baron calculated that an opportunity would be thus afforded him of laying before the fair object of such machinations the alternative of remaining in the power of a licentious monarch armed with despotic authority, or of uniting her fate with his, and quitting the court of France altogether.

Difficulties, indeed, he knew might intervene; but such difficulties had been overcome in other instances, by art if not by force, and he doubted not in the least that Annette's choice would soon be made, if she once became fully aware of the dangers of her situation. He had determined, therefore, to obey the king's orders to the letter to a certain extent, to take Annette to Versailles, and at the moment that she became fully aware of all the horrors that surrounded her, to present to her the means of escape by uniting her fate with him. He had, however, another task in hand, which he now hastened to perform.

Alas for human plans! In the very first instance, after the momentary pause of thought which we have mentioned, the Baron de Cajare accidentally destroyed the very last vestige of that confidence in his kindness of purpose which his manner and tone had at first revived for a moment in Annette's bosom. After he left her, the young lady remained standing in the middle of the room, thinking silently over what had just passed, and her meditation lasted longer than his, for his was only produced by a momentary apprehension lest his skill and cunning should not be sufficient to outwit the king, while hers had for its object all the dangers, difficulties, and anxieties that surrounded her. She was roused, however, two or three minutes after, by hearing a voice, which she well recognised as her, exclaiming in a loud and impatient tone, "Pierre Jean! Pierre Jean! where have you got to now?"

At once everything like trust or hope vanished from her bosom in an instant. "He is a confederate, then," she thought, "with the chief instrument of those who have deceived and betrayed me." The next question which she put to her own heart naturally was, "Is he not himself the instigator of all that has taken place? Is he not himself now at my side to deceive me with a hope of escape, while he is the person who has brought me into this situation?" The disappointment of hope and expectation, the bewilderment of discovering so much baseness and treachery, the despair of finding any one to deliver her, overcame the courage and strength of mind which had hitherto supported her; and, sitting down at the table where good Domaine had remained watching the countenance of her mistress, Annette covered her eyes with her hands and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

While this was passing within the little chateau of Michy—a place which had been privately bought by Louis the Fifteenth, with views and purposes of the most disgraceful kind—Ernest de Nogent had remained among the trees, as he had been directed by Pierre Morin, though the sight of the Baron de Cajare had tempted him, almost beyond his power of resistance, to enter the chateau, and endeavour at once to set Annette at liberty. He had but two men with him, however; the baron had evidently been accompanied by three; and, from the words which had fallen from the deputy of the lieutenant of police, he had every reason to believe that there were many more within the chateau itself. He paused, then, and watched, not knowing what was to take place next, and determined, at all risks, to interfere if any attempt were made to remove Annette before the arrival of Pierre Morin. After waiting some time, anxiously listening for every sound, he began to suspect that the Baron de Cajare had caused the gates to be closed after him, and that the police might be delayed by that obstacle. Under this impression, he directed one of those who had accompanied him to return on foot to the gate, and, if he found it locked, to do what he could to open it.

The man had not been gone five minutes, however, when some one bearing a torch was seen to issue forth from the chateau; another succeeded, and then another; till at length six or seven flambeaux appeared before the house, and began to move about in different directions through the small space of open ground called the park. The enclosure did not, indeed, contain more than fifty or sixty acres, so that no one could be concealed for any length of time; but there were apparently numerous groups of trees and thick bushes, and those among which the young officer was now standing afforded an irregular screen, which, by a step taken hither or thither, might be made to hide his party from the eyes of any one who did not actually enter the thicket.

The horses he had placed in a spot where they could not be seen, as soon as he had become as much acquainted with the ground as the darkness would permit; and though he doubted not that the rearing and plunging of his charger, when seared by the sword-edge, had attracted the attention of the Baron de Cajare, yet he hoped to conceal himself where he was till the arrival of the police. He was now not a little apprehensive, however, lest the man whom he had sent to the gate might be intercepted on his return; and he listened eagerly for any sound, while the torches wandered over the ground in parties of two or three, evidently in search of somebody or something.

Circling round him at a distance, the blaze of light was seen wavering here and there through the darkness of the night; now flashing broad and red upon the ground, now appearing and disappearing through the trees. At length Ernest's quick ear caught the sound of a step approaching; but at that moment one of the torch-bearers was seen to rush forward and throw his torch down upon the grass, calling loudly, "Here is one of them! Here is one of them! Follow quick, follow quick!" Several others instantly rushed forward, and at the same moment the servant whom he had sent to the gate ran up to the side of Ernest de Nogent, while the other party came on, chasing him rapidly.

There were two or three small trees in front, with but small spaces between them, while to the right and left was the thicket; and finding that he must now absolutely stand upon his defence, Ernest took advantage of the situation with the prompt decision of an experienced soldier.

"Draw your swords!" he exclaimed. "Between those two trees, Martin! Guard that open space on your left. I will take care of your right. Here, Pierre! Come in here. Now, spare no man, for they are doing what is not lawful."

Almost as he spoke the Baron de Cajare, with four others, among whom was Pierre Jean himself, some bearing torches and some without, came so close that the faces of the one party became visible to the other.

"Down with your arms, and surrender," shouted the Baron de Cajare. "What do you here at this hour of night?"

"I ask you the same question, sir," replied Ernest de Nogent. "Stand off," he continued, "stand off, I say, or you are a dead man."

The baron nevertheless advanced, with his drawn sword held lightly in his hand, as if he did not expect that Ernest de Nogent would attempt any serious resistance; and the young gentleman did indeed feel a disinclination to injure a man who seemed not upon his guard.

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When he had taken two more steps forward, however, the Baron de Cajare threw himself in an instant into an attitude of attack, and, well knowing that protection would be afforded him for anything he might do, lunged fiercely at the bosom of his opponent. Fortunately, Ernest de Nogent had not been entirely thrown off his guard: the baron's foot slipped a little on the dewy turf, and the young officer, parrying his lunge in tierce, took advantage of that circumstance to get within his adversary's point, and then, drawing up his left foot, he struck him a violent blow with the hilt of his sword upon the face, exclaiming, in the indignation of his heart, "Traitor and scoundrel!"

The violence of the blow overthrew the balance of his adversary, and the baron fell back, bleeding profusely from a bruised gash under his eye. He started on his feet again in a moment, however, recovered his guard as quickly as possible, and exclaiming, in a much cooler tone than might have been expected, "Hold the torches, hold the torches!" recommenced his attack upon the young officer with cold and bitter determination.

He was a complete master of his weapon, and was now aware of the slippery nature of the ground. His opponent, indeed, was scarcely inferior to him in skill, and was a taller and more powerful man; but his two servants were attacked on either side at the same moment, and others of the torch-bearers were seen hurrying up from the various parts of the ground over which they had been scattered, as if to take Ernest's small party in the rear.

Pierre Jean, for his part, stood by calmly, holding the torch to give light to the scene of combat between the Baron de Cajare and Ernest de Nogent; and ever and anon, when he saw a good pass exchanged, he put his left hand up under his hat, and, scratching his head, exclaimed, "Bien, brave!" in the tone of a connoisseur.

At length, however, he seemed to think that the baron was not making so much progress as could be wished; for he shifted the torch from his right to his left hand, put the right into his pocket, and drawing forth a pistol, demanded, in a deliberate tone, "Shall I shoot him, monsieur?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the baron, angrily, "leave him to me! In three minutes I will kill him like a dog."

A sharp wound in the neck, however, at that moment, taught him that he must be careful lest he should be killed himself. But the sight of the torches now gathering closely round the clump of trees, and some of them even entering the thicket, made him feel fully confident that his enemy was altogether in his power. He continued the combat, indeed, but it was with a dark and treacherous purpose, which would have crossed the minds of few men but himself at a moment of such fierce excitement. "When they are upon him from behind," he thought, "and he is embarrassed with them, I will lunge and kill him;" and, in pursuance of this plan, he kept his blade playing lightly round that of Ernest de Nogent, ready at any opportune moment to put his base design in execution.

That moment was almost come; for a torch was seen struggling through the trees behind, casting its red glare upon the brown stalks and yellow leaves around, not ten yards from the spot where the combat was going on; and with the fierce exultation of nearly gratified hatred, the baron was holding his breath, and seaming eagerly the form of his adversary, calculating where and how he would strike him, when suddenly, to his astonishment, Pierre Jean dropped the lighted end of his torch towards the ground as if his arm were paralysed, and, with a face turning deadly pale, looked sharply round over his left shoulder.

This curious effect was produced by a talismanic touch, and a few low-sounding words which Pierre Jean knew right well. The next moment the Baron de Cajare himself found a hand upon his shoulder, and "*De par le roi*" once more sounded in his ear. Turning fiercely round, he beheld the fine countenance of Pierre Morin bent sternly upon him, and, in rage at his disappointment, he had wellnigh plunged his sword into the breast of the commissary; but Morin, without any weapon, still held his grasp, saying, "Monsieur de Cajare, you are my prisoner! Surrender your sword."

"Sir, you are making a mistake," exclaimed the baron, furiously; "and this time your insolence shall not go unpunished."

"I am making no mistake, Monsieur le Baron," replied Pierre Morin; "nor am I using any insolence. Heaven forbid that I should to a gentleman of your condition."

"But the king, sir," exclaimed the baron; "the king has——"

"Given you no authority to do what you have been doing," replied Pierre Morin. "In one word, sir, I know you have seen the king. I know what directions were given you; and if you will take my advice, you will not compromise his majesty's name in any manner, but will refrain from divulging secrets with which he may have condescended to trust you. Take him away, Monsieur Joachim: his abode is to be now the Chatelet. Suffer him to speak with no one till I have received his deposition myself, and prevent him from saying anything that may be disagreeable to the king. Paul, see that none of these other people escape. Are there enough men on the other side of the copse? Master Pierre Jean, I think we shall hang you now. I told you the last time that you would not be satisfied till you had eaten the rope. Monsieur de Cajare, you had better go quietly, or you must have your wrists decorated with ruffles that gentlemen do not like. Now, sir, who are you?" he continued, advancing towards Ernest de Nogent, as if he had never seen him before; but then, approaching a little nearer, he proceeded, "Ah! Monsieur de Nogent, is it you? I suppose you have come here to inquire after Mademoiselle de St. Morin. She is to be conducted to Versailles."

These words were pronounced aloud, and they had a strange effect upon both the parties who heard them. The Baron de Cajare, who had not yet ceased to resist the efforts made to draw him from the scene, became for the first time fully convinced that Pierre Morin had really received orders from the king; and, cursing the treachery and fickleness of absolute monarchs, he submitted and was led away. The heart of Ernest de Nogent fell at such tidings, and he gazed for a moment in agony upon the calm, unchanging countenance of the commissary.

Pierre Morin, however, advanced towards the point where several torches were still seen in the thicket, and in doing so he passed close by the spot where Ernest stood, stupified and horror-struck. Morin neither turned his head nor looked towards him; but, as he passed, the young officer heard a low voice say, "Not a word! and do not be alarmed."

Ernest, however, could not help feeling many an apprehension in regard to the situation of his sweet Annette: but at that moment one of the exempts demanded of his leader, "What are we to do with this gentleman, Monsieur le Commissaire? We have no orders."

"Nor I either," replied Pierre Morin; "you must let him alone. He has had nothing to do with the affair of counterfeiting the police. You will only arrest those whose names you have on the list, especially Pierre Jean, great Meriton, and little Meriton, and the rest, with the three servants of Monsieur de Cajare. But there seem to me so many of these gentry that you had better call up the archers from the gate, and let the others keep all round this spot till they come. We have got them in a net, and must take care not to let them out."

"Oh, we have plenty of men, sir; we have plenty without the archers," said the man called Paul.

"Ay, but I must have five or six with me to search the house," replied Pierre Morin. "I cannot wait here all night till you have got these fellows out of the thicket. I have that case of poisoning in the Marais to investigate, and the man who committed forgery to interrogate, before I go to bed tonight. The lieutenant-general is ill, you know, so it all falls upon me."

A messenger ran off immediately to bring the rest of the police from the gate; and in the meanwhile, Ernest de Nogent, bethinking himself of the situation of the two men who had accompanied him thither, addressed the emissary, saying, "These two are my servants, Monsieur Morin: I hope that they are not to be detained."

"Oh no, oh no," replied Pierre Morin; "let them pass—or, stay, you three had better come with me to the house, and then there will be no mistake. I know that I can depend upon you, Monsieur de Nogent, for assistance in case of need. There may be half a dozen more of these scoundrels up at the chateau for ought I know."

"I will go with you willingly," replied Ernest, in a tone that left no doubt of his zeal.

But Pierre Morin still waited till he had seen all the archers arrive from the gate; and then, choosing out two of the exempts to accompany him, he walked slowly on with Ernest de Nogent and the rest towards the chateau, stopping and looking round him into the darkness from time to time, as if to see that there was no one lingering about.

"There is something shadowy down there," he said to one of the men, pointing with his hand; "run down and see what it is. We should be better of a torch," he added to another. "Go back and bring that one that is burning on the ground. Do not be afraid!" he whispered, in a low voice, to Ernest de Nogent while the two exempts were gone; and, after waiting a minute for their return, Ernest thought he heard the sound of distant carriage wheels.

"I wonder who this can be traveling so late at night!" said Pierre Morin, aloud, leading the way on towards the chateau. "We commissaries of the police, you know, Monsieur de Nogent, love to know the meaning of everything we hear or see." He paused for a minute or two, then advanced again, then paused once more, and seemed to listen, saying to the exempt who came up at that moment, "Do you not hear the wheels of a carriage?"

"I did a minute or two ago, sir," replied the

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exempt; "but it is gone now. Shall I send back and see?"

"No," replied Pierre Morin, "that were useless. If it be gone so far, before you could mount and be after it all trace would be gone. I shall hear to-morrow, for Michael Brun and Angelo are on the road, and they will give us information."

Thus saying, he again walked forward, and in another moment or two they stood in the Ionic portico which we have mentioned, where they found another exempt waiting. Pierre Morin held up his hand, as if to enjoin silence; and then, cautiously lifting the great heavy latch which in those days was attached to almost all the chateaux of France, he opened the door without difficulty, and entered at once. A loud ringing laugh was the first thing that met their ears; then gay and somewhat licentious words; then other signs of merriment; then a health drank and responded to; and then a light and ribald song. Pierre Morin paused and listened, motioning those who accompanied him to keep back. At the end of the first verse of the song, however, he whispered a word to one of the exempts, who took a pistol out of his pocket and advanced towards the door from whence the sounds proceeded. The persons who were busied in such merriment were either by this time so filled with wine or so occupied with the bottle that they attended not in the least to what was passing in the rest of the house; and the exempt was enabled to peep through the chink of the door, which was ajar, without being discovered. Returning to the side of Pierre Morin, he informed him that the persons within were two men and three or four women.

"Then you two stay here below," replied Pierre Morin, beckoning the second exempt up from the porch. "You two stay here with one of Monsieur de Nogent's servants. You need not come with me. Follow me, Monsieur de Nogent, with the other two men; we must not want help in case of need, that would not do at all; we cannot tell how many there are up stairs."

He then whispered a word or two to the exempt whom he had first spoken to, and, having done so, led the way up the flight of steps by which, as we have seen, the Baron de Cajare reached the apartment where Annette was confined. Placing a man at each end of the corridor, Pierre Morin then proceeded to examine every room as he went on, so as to ensure completely that nobody could escape; and, accompanied by Ernest de Nogent, whose heart beat with no slight apprehension, he went on from chamber to chamber till he came to a door at the extreme end of the corridor, which stood open. This was the last door on that side; and, speaking aloud, he said, "We must find some one here, at all events: the house cannot be empty."

Empty, however, it proved; for in none of the apartments up stairs was Annette or any of her attendants to be found. From door to door, from room to room, once more Pierre Morin proceeded through the whole house, but it was in vain that he did so; it was in vain that, rousing the people below from their drunken revelry, he demanded again and again what had become of the young lady who had been brought there that morning: they either could not or would not give the slightest information concerning her; and Ernest de Nogent looked in his companion's face with dismay, apprehending a thousand things in a moment, for which there was little or no substantial cause.

For his part, Pierre Morin paused again at the bottom of the stairs, again ordered the chateau to be searched by all the exempts, again cross-questioned the men and women who had been found in the lower part of the house, and then caused all the courts and other detached parts of the building to be examined. But all his efforts proved equally useless; and in the end, consigning the whole party to the care of his officers, he walked slowly back towards the spot where the encounter had taken place between Ernest de Nogent and the Baron de Cajare.

As they went, he seemed to entertain some apprehension that the men might be too much for the exempts, and he consequently sent Ernest's two servants to give them aid. As soon as the latter were gone, he said, in a low and significant voice, "Do not be afraid, Monsieur de Nogent; I doubt not that in this confusion the young lady has found an opportunity of making her escape. I am not at all sure that it would have been the best thing for her to go to Versailles, after all."

"The worst, the worst on earth!" cried Ernest.

"Well, then, we need not very much regret that she has got off," replied Pierre Morin. "However, the king will be very angry, and so you will be kind enough not to say that I said so."

Ernest promised to obey this warning, and something in the tone of Pierre Morin induced him to ask, "Will you not tell me more?"

"Really I have nothing to tell," replied Pierre Morin, in a cool tone. "If you have any information to give on your part, pray give it me, Monsieur de Nogent, for I can assure you that I fear the king's displeasure in this business very much."

He spoke so calmly and decidedly that Ernest was completely puzzled; but he still ventured to inquire, "Is there nothing that you can permit me to say to Monsieur de Castelneau which may relieve his mind from the anxiety that you know he must feel?"

"Nothing in the least, my dear young gentleman," replied Pierre Morin. "As I have said to yourself, I must say to him, that I have nothing to tell of any kind, only that I doubt not Mademoiselle de St. Morin has made her escape; and if so, the court will undoubtedly hear of her soon. However, for the present, I think it is quite as well that none of us should know anything about the matter, for we shall all be questioned very strictly, no doubt; and, for my part, I am glad that I can safely say I have done my best to find the young lady here, but without success."

Notwithstanding all these assurances, Ernest de Nogent could not divest his mind of the belief that the commissary knew more of the matter than he chose to avow. But as he saw that no farther intelligence of any kind was to be obtained from him, he only asked, as they came up to the spot where the police were standing with their prisoners, "May I then consider myself at liberty, Monsieur Morin?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Pierre Morin; "I have to apologise for detaining you so long; but it was to assist me, not to restrain you, I can assure you, that I took the liberty of detaining you. Are these your horses? A fine animal that, sir."

Ernest was in no humour to discuss the merits of a horse; and, therefore, as soon as the other prisoners were brought up, and Pierre Morin intimated that he wanted no further assistance, the young gentleman mounted, and pursued his way back towards Paris as fast as possible.

His horse knocked up before he reached the capital, however; and then, being at a place where no other means of advance was to be procured, he was obliged to pause till morning, though certainly he slept not one moment during the weary hours of night that still remained. As soon as it was daylight and his horse was refreshed, he remounted and hastened on towards Paris, not quite certain that it would not be best to go on to Versailles; but as a visit to the house of the Count de Castelneau could not delay him for more than half an hour, even should that nobleman not have returned, he determined to turn aside and proceed to the hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, where he found everything in such a state of perfect calmness and tranquillity as to form a strange contrast with the feelings of his own heart. On asking for the count, he was told that he was just up and about to go to breakfast; and, on entering, he found him sitting at the table, reading some what eagerly a note which he held in his hand.

"Ah, Monsieur de Nogent!" he exclaimed, as soon as he beheld the young officer, "can you give me any explanation of what this means? Though apparently satisfactory, these words alarm me;" and, at the same time, he handed the paper to Ernest. It contained a few words, written in a fair female hand, and was to the following effect:

"My dear Father and Guardian, I am permitted to write these lines to assure you that I am quite well, safe, and free from all danger and apprehension. I do this lest other tidings should reach and alarm you, for I have escaped a great and terrible danger: greater, I believe, than I myself clearly comprehend even now. I trust you may return soon to Castelneau. Your Annette."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was in the palace at Versailles, and in the private cabinet of Louis XV., that a party were assembled, comprising almost all the persons whom we have lately seen acting a prominent part in the course of this history. Those who were wanting, indeed, were certainly very important personages in the tale, and among them one of the most so was Pierre Morin himself. But, on the other hand, there were present the Duc de Choiseul, the Count de Castelneau, Ernest de Nogent, the Baron de Cajare, and Louis himself; and we shall have occasion to remark that, in the then existing circumstances, many of these characters acted in a very different manner from that in which we might have supposed they would act, judging by their conduct hitherto. This, however, was not unnatural; for men, in the ordinary intercourse of life, generally feel more or less under restraint from some of the particular prejudices or the conventional rules of society; and it is only when strong passions throw down the barriers, or when negligence suffers small traits to appear, that we discover the true character of those with whom we mingle in the world.

On the present occasion the king, forgetting his usual calmness and assumption of royal dignity, sat listening, questioning, and replying,

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with an air of anger and heat which must have been painful to any one who had a real reverence for the royal authority. The Baron de Cajare, casting aside the calm and graceful ease which he generally assumed, was now all eagerness, impetuosity, and rage; while Ernest de Nogent, on the contrary, was calm, self-possessed, grave, and stern; and the Duke of Choiseul, on his part, was evidently heated and irritable, and treated the monarch with less deference than might be considered due to royalty.

"Now, sir, now," said the king, speaking to Ernest de Nogent, "say how you dared to be in the park at Michy two nights ago, as Monsieur de Cajare proves that you were?"

"I knew not, sire," replied Ernest de Nogent, with that tranquil firmness which we have already noticed, "that either Michy or its park belonged to your majesty; and I think that your majesty will admit at once the cause of my going there was a full and sufficient justification for my being found in those grounds. I had heard, sire, that a young lady, to whom my father is under obligations for very great kindness and attention while he was himself sick and I afar, had been kidnapped from her home by a gross and infamous forgery, perpetrated by the most debased and villanous of men, and had been then brought into the neighborhood of Paris by persons who pretended to be your majesty's police, but who were, in fact, the lowest of all those dark and ready scoundrels that swarm in Paris and every large capital."

While the young officer spoke, the king's cheek had turned extremely red, and then pale again; but Ernest had gone on, although he well knew that this change of colour was more likely to proceed from anger than from shame.

"And what, sir, made you a righteror wrongs?" demanded the king, fiercely. "Who entitled you to seek for and arrest these persons that you speak of? Where is your commission under our hand for thus doing?"

"Sire," replied Ernest, calmly, "I did not seek for these persons to arrest them. With that I had nothing to do; but I sought to set free a young lady unjustly and scandalously detained against her will, to whom both myself and my father were under obligations. I did it not, I acknowledge, from any consideration of general good. Although I might undoubtedly judge that, as the honour of your majesty's government must suffer more or less from such acts being committed, it was the duty of all your subjects to stop them as soon as possible; yet my object, sire, was to do a just and honourable act of friendship, and for that I required no warrant, sire, from any one."

What the king's reply to this bold speech might have been it is impossible to tell, had not the Duke of Choiseul himself interfered, not by any means to discourage his nephew, but, on the contrary, only to press more strongly what he had advanced.

"Your majesty," he said, "is not one to deny that, even had Ernest not been moved by any feeling of personal friendship in this matter, he was not only in the right, but was bound in justice to do as he did; to interfere, and even, had it been necessary, to prevent by force of arms any illegal act which he might see committed contrary to your majesty's honour and the laws of the realm. So say those laws, sire! So say your own ordonnances! You could have punished—nay, I am very sure would have punished him, had he failed in his duty in that respect. Your majesty is angry because he ventured into your royal estate of Michy; but he has, I trust, satisfactorily shown that his so doing proceeded from no disrespect, he being ignorant, as indeed most men are, that your majesty has purchased that estate. I will take care that it shall be better known, sire, for the future. May it not be as well to order the director of the royal domain to place some particular and distinctive mark upon it? But, in the mean time, I am sure your majesty will not only pardon my nephew for having so intruded into the park, but will also thank and reward him for having interfered to free one of your faithful subjects from the hands of such a villanous crew, who, doubtless, by taking the young lady to that place, sought to do an irreparable injury to your majesty's honour and character."

The king did not reply, but looked down and bit his lip; and the Duke of Choiseul having said what he thought fit, became silent again, in order to suffer his words to have their full effect. The Baron de Cajare, however, did not permit the silence to remain unbroken; but, seeing that the king did not make any answer, he exclaimed in a harsh tone, "What your majesty may do in vindication of your own honour I cannot tell, but I trust that you will permit me to vindicate mine in the only way open to me."

"Sir," replied Louis, turning upon him sharply, "I am not aware that my honour is at all attacked; I trust that *you* do not presume to do so."

"Oh no, sire," said the baron, with an insolent smile, "I have as great a regard for your majesty's honour as for my own; and I beseech you to let me vindicate both in one upon the person of this good gentleman, who insulted me by various acts in your majesty's park, and you, by being there at all."

Louis paused for a moment or two, as if to consider; but all good feeling and kingly justice was not yet extinct in his bosom, and after a moment he replied, "Silence, sir, you are somewhat insolent. Take care that your own conduct be not inquired into too strictly."

"I humbly beg to say," replied the baron, in a tone of meek humility, "that for this part of my conduct, at least, I can plead a justification, which I think will acquit me before any court in Europe; but I would fain not name it if it may be otherwise."

As he spoke he fixed his eyes meaningly on the king, who replied at once with a heavy frown, "Take care, sir! take care! Now, Monsieur de Nogent, tell me," he continued, "how came you to receive all this excellent information, and whence did it come?"

"Principally from my father, sire," replied Ernest; "he was at Castelneau when the young lady was persuaded to leave her home by a forged letter from her guardian. He it was who told me the greater part of the events which I have now communicated to your majesty, and on which I then acted."

Louis was now beginning to feel—not, indeed, from anything that Ernest de Nogent had said, but rather from the words of the Baron de Cajare—that he could not investigate more minutely that which had taken place, without at once boldly avowing the part which he himself had played in the whole transaction. Had that transaction proved successful, he would have had no hesitation in regard to the avowal; but as it was, he did not feel inclined to acknowledge that such acts had been perpetrated by his command. He paused and hesitated, therefore, not with any purpose of abandoning the pursuit in which he had engaged—for, to speak the truth, opposition and disappointment had, as usual, only made him the more eager—but rather with a view of considering the next step, in order to remove the unexpected obstacles which were cast in his way.

"Your explanation, sir," he continued, addressing Ernest, "is in some degree satisfactory. Of course you know where the young lady is; for the report made to me by my lieutenant-general of police shows that she was not to be found in the chateau when his agents searched it.

"I was with them the whole time, may it please your majesty," replied Ernest; "I was never absent from them a moment; and the house was certainly searched in the strictest and most rigorous manner, without the slightest trace being discovered of where the young lady was. I should have felt inclined to suppose, indeed, that she had never been there, had not the people we found in the place acknowledged that she had. They said, moreover, that nobody had been there but Monsieur de Cajare; so that it is to be presumed her escape was effected while he was attacking me in the park."

Ernest's words produced a different effect from that which he had intended. He himself had not the slightest suspicion that the Baron de Cajare either knew where Annette now was or had taken any share in her flight, nor did he at all intend to instil such suspicions into the mind of the king. Louis, however, seized them at once, and asked, "Did she escape, Monsieur de Nogent? that is the question: did she escape? Monsieur de Cajare was the last person that saw her, then? From you, sir, we shall require an account of her," he added, turning to the baron.

"Sire, you do me injustice," said the Baron de Cajare; "I saw her certainly, but only for the purpose of executing the orders I had received—"

"Silence, sir," cried the king, "silence! Let me hear not one word from you but in answer to the questions I address to you. Monsieur de Nogent, ask the page at the door if the fresh report which I have requested from the lieutenant-general be ready. Now, Monsieur le Comte de Castelneau," the monarch continued, while Ernest left the room for a moment, "you will be good enough to inform me whether you yourself do or do not know where this young lady is. You see that a serious change is likely to gather against Monsieur de Cajare, and I require a positive and distinct answer to the question I have put."

"Most distinctly, then, and positively," replied the count, calmly, "I have not the slightest or most distant idea of where Mademoiselle de St. Morin is, or what is become of her."

"This is all very strange, I must say," replied the king; "and, as I said before, I shall look to the Baron de Cajare for further information."

"In fact, sire," replied the baron, "those who serve your majesty best are to be the most severely dealt with."

"You hear, Monsieur de Choiseul," said the king.

"I do, sire," replied the duke, "and I think I understand your majesty's intentions too."

"Stay!" said the king, "stay! We may find something more here either to exculpate or to condemn this gentleman." While he was speaking, Ernest re-entered the cabinet, bearing a packet in his hand, which he delivered to the

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king, who tore open the seals hastily and looked over the contents. As he did so his brow gathered heavily together, and he read the paper aloud as follows: "The deposition of Maitre Pierre Jean, taken in the royal prisou of the Châtelet, this 24th of September, 17—. That the said Pierre Jean did accompany the Baron de Cajare—and so forth: that the said Pierre Jean, on finding that the Baron de Cajare had gone up to the room in which Mademoiselle de St. Morin was confined, did follow him quietly: and, going round by the back corridor to the other door of the chamber, listened attentively to all the conversation that took place, and heard distinctly the said baron tell Mademoiselle de St. Morin that he had come there for the purpose of delivering her from the hands into which she had fallen—"

"I think that this is quite enough," said the king. "Call the page, Monsieur de Nogent: send a guard in here directly. Monsieur le Baron, when you think fit, by a letter addressed to us, and marked private, to make known where this young lady is, your case shall have due consideration. Offer no reply, sir, but retire into the antechamber, and wait there while Monsieur de Choiseul makes out an order for your committal to the Bastile."

The baron bowed his head and retired; nor did he make the slightest attempt to escape, though there was no one in the antechamber when he entered it; for such was the strange sort of prestige attached in those days to the idea of the royal power in France, that an order, such as that which had just been pronounced by the lips of the sovereign himself, seemed to paralyse all those faculties which might otherwise have been used effectually for the purposes of flight.

Although the weight of the king's indignation—perhaps pointed by some degree of apprehension lest his secrets should be betrayed by his emissary—had thus fallen upon the Baron de Cajare, there were none of the persons who then stood before him to whom Louis felt any very kindly feelings. Even the Duc de Choiseul, who possessed his affection, if ever any one did so, had now given him bitter offence, which was not forgotten in many an after-day, and which was called to mind when other causes for anger arose between the king and the favourite minister.

For a moment or two after the Baron de Cajare had retired, Louis continued gazing upon the floor and biting his pale lip, while the Duc de Choiseul, kneeling upon one of the cushions, wrote the *lettre de cachet* for the king's signature. When the document was completed, signed, and countersigned, Louis rose, and, addressing the count, he said, "You will, sir, after spending this day in Paris—which I give you for the arrangement of your affairs—you will, sir, return immediately to Versailles, and not quit that town for more than five leagues' distance till you receive my permission so to do. Monsieur de Nogent, your leave of absence was given you for the purpose of visiting your father. You had better proceed into Quercy at once. Monsieur de Choiseul, I have to speak to you further, and in private, upon affairs of more importance than these."

Thus saying, he bowed his head, and the count and his young friend retired from the presence of the king.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We must now return to one in whom our affections are engaged, and whom we have left somewhat too long already. We have seen the feelings with which Annette de St. Morin heard the Baron de Cajare calling in familiar terms to the man who had been the chief instrument in deceiving her into a situation of pain and difficulty. It is an old and common observation, that courage sometimes springs from despair; and although, from the moment that her false arrest had taken place, she had never yet dreamed of making her escape from a power she knew to be too vigilant and active for any such simple art as hers to elude, yet she now contemplated such an escape, not only as most desirable, but as possible, convinced that she had been deceived, and trusting to receive support and assistance from the real police of the realm if she could once free herself from the hands of those who so unjustly detained her. Unaccustomed, however, to act in circumstances of sudden emergency, with nothing to guide her but her own natural good sense, with no knowledge of the spot in which she was, and no experience of the world in which she was about to move, it was very natural that Annette should hesitate with alarm and agitation when she contemplated going forth alone and unprotected into a world where all was strange and fearful to her imagination.

"Donnine," she said, "we must endeavour to make our escape! That man is deceiving us; we cannot trust to him. If we could but get to Paris and find my guardian's house, we should be in safety."

"Oh! of course," replied Donnine; "of course we should be in safety there; but do you know where we are, dear lady, and which is the way to Paris?"

Annette paused and thought, and then clasped her hands in despair. The moment after, however, she said, "Well, Donnine, well, gather together what smaller articles you can carry, I feel certain, from what I have seen and heard, that it will be better to wander through the fields all night than remain in this place. Make haste, Donnine! Make haste, good Donnine, or they will be back before we can make our escape. Hark! I hear voices below;" and, running to one of the windows, she gazed out. She there saw a number of persons, bearing torches, issue forth from the portico upon the little terrace before the chateau; and she repeated,

"Quick, quick, Donnine: they are all going out to seek the people that he said were lingering in the park. We may perhaps escape while they are so engaged."

Donnine shook her head as if she doubted very much that her young mistress's plan would succeed; but she obeyed the orders which she had received, and with Annette's maid and the old man-servant Joachim, who was called in to assist, proceeded to gather together all the things which had been brought in thither from the carriage on their arrival. Annette herself gave what aid she could, and was endeavouring to select those objects that seemed most needful from the mass, when the sudden rising of the latch of the lock startled her, and she gazed up with a look of consternation and surprise.

Her astonishment was not diminished by what she beheld; for, advancing towards her from the door, with a quick step and a look of eagerness and anxiety, was a lady dressed in deep mourning; and at first Annette, though she remembered the countenance as one she had seen somewhere before, could not attach to it any definite idea of the where, and the when, and the how she had first become acquainted with it. The next moment, however, there rose up before her mind, as if by magic, the whole scene of the little fountain and the cross in the wood near Castelneau, and of the lady that she had there so strangely met; and a light like that of hope beamed upon her from the past as she became convinced that the same person again stood before her.

The lady advanced direct towards her, and again, as before, threw her arms around her, and held her to her breast with tears in her eyes. It was but for a moment, however, that she now gave way; for the minute after she exclaimed, "Quick, my beloved child! I come to rescue you, Annette! But there is not an instant to lose, for we cannot count upon five minutes as our own. Take merely what is absolutely necessary, and leave the rest. Any loss is better than the loss of time at this moment."

As she spoke her eyes ran over all the packages which good Donnine and the rest had been busily gathering together; but she still held Annette by the hand, drawing her gently towards the door. Donnine looked up and gazed in the lady's face for a moment, then made her a lowly courtesy, asking, "What shall I take, madam?"

"What is absolutely necessary, and nothing more," replied the lady, hurriedly. "Come, sweet child! come! come, all of you, as fast but as silently as possible!" and while Donnine snatched up hastily various packages, which, as usual on such occasions, were the things of all others that were not wanted, she led Annette on into the adjoining chamber, and the servants followed one by one. In the anteroom the lady paused for a moment to enjoin silence once more, and to beg those that followed to keep together. She then, however, instead of turning to the door which led out into the great corridor, directed her steps towards a smaller door on the left hand side, which neither Annette nor her servants had yet had time to examine.

The lady opened it cautiously and looked out, and Annette beheld the top of a small back staircase, constructed apparently for the passage of servants to and fro. No lamp or candle was to be seen, but a faint light came up from below; and the lady, leaning over the railing, inquired, in a low voice, "Are you there, Gaultier?"

"Yes, madam," replied some one from the bottom of the steps; and the lady, exclaiming, "Come, Annette, come," held out her hand to lead her down.

She felt that poor Annette trembled with anxiety and agitation; and she said, lowering her voice again, "Fear not, my dear child, fear not; there is scarcely a possibility of our being stopped. We are strongly supported, and have those to befriend us who can befriend us well."

Annette assured her that she did not fear, and she said true, for it was not exactly fear that she felt. Agitation she certainly did experience, and that in no slight degree; but it was more of a joyful than a painful character; it was that excess of new raised hope and expectation, which sometimes performs the part of fear, in making the heart flutter and the limbs tremble.

Following lightly down the stairs, then, she kept close to her fair guide, while the servants came after, gazing round them at every step with looks of apprehension and wonder. They saw evidently that their mistress had some previous acquaintance with the lady who had thus strangely

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visited her; and the *soubrette*, who was accustomed to examine the looks of *Madame Donnine* almost as much as those of her actual mistress, thought that she perceived a look of intelligence in the good housekeeper's countenance, which she would have given half her little fortune to fathom.

All was quiet and solitary, also, till they reached the second flight of steps; but there a man was found waiting, well armed, and holding a lamp in his hand, which he raised high above his head, in order to light the party who were descending. On reaching the bottom of the staircase, a long, dark passage was seen stretching on one side to the right, and on the other to the left. In the latter direction it seemed to be terminated by a door, at which stood another armed man, who remained motionless, though his eyes were turned in the direction of those who were coming down from above. The lady beckoned him forward as soon as her foot touched the pavement, and asked him a question in a low tone, to which he replied a little louder, saying, "It is locked, madam, and bolted too."

"Come, then," she said, "come quick. Are they all here?"

As she spoke she gave a glance at the party assembled at the foot of the stairs, and then again hurried on, leading Annette by the hand.

It may seem strange to the reader, that, however simple and inexperienced Annette de St. Morin might be, she should go with the most perfect tranquillity and confidence with a person whom she had only seen once before, and who afforded no explanation whatsoever of her views, purposes, or character. So it was, however: Annette had not the slightest doubt; she accompanied that lady as confidently as if she had known her for many long years; she felt sure she was leading her aright; she entertained not a doubt that she was interested to save her from the evil hands into which she had fallen. What were the sensations that produced such confidence, I cannot say; but certain it is that it existed.

She went on, then, as readily and willingly as if the whole had been explained; and passing on through several passages communicating with the different offices of the building, but without meeting with one single living soul, except the two armed men whom we have mentioned, the fugitives at length arrived at a door which was open, and through which Annette felt streaming the cool breeze of an autumnal night. That air, and the sensation of freedom which it brought with it, produced the sweetest of all reliefs to Annette's heart. It was the sensation of liberty, it was the pulse of freedom, it was the breaking the bonds from off the heart. She now knew, even more than before, how much she had suffered, how heavy had been the weight upon her during the last three or four days; for, now that it was removed, she felt that she could weep, and the tears did rise in her eyes, notwithstanding all she could do to restrain them.

Issuing forth from the chateau by a small back door, they found themselves in what was called the *basse cour*. No one was there, but the gate on the other side was again held open for them by an armed man, who followed them as they passed through; and, taking their way across another little court, they came into a field, across which there was a path. It was evident that they were still in the grounds of the chateau, however, for Annette could see the outline of a wall bordering the meadow, and she did not feel herself secure so long as she remained within those dangerous precincts. The night was so dark that she could not distinguish anything but the mere wall till they had wellnigh crossed the open space; but at length, with joy and satisfaction indescribable, she beheld a small gate in the enclosure, which they found open, and in an instant the whole party were in the by-road leading from Puiselet to Fontainebleau.

It is true, Annette had no idea of where she was; but it was clear that she was now free, and she did weep right heartily. Not twenty yards from the gate stood a carriage, with a coachman and two other men on foot holding some horses, and towards the coach the lady led her tenderly forward, whispering, "You are safe, dear child! You are safe!"

Everything now passed easily and rapidly: Annette took her place in the vehicle, the lady seated herself by her side; the two women servants also found room, and the men occupied a place on the outside. The armed servants who had come with the lady herself mounted the horses which were standing near, and without any word being given, as soon as the door was closed the carriage began to move forward at as rapid a rate as the nature of the road would permit.

Annette was still weeping; but she felt the arm of her fair companion cast around her, and her hand pressed tenderly in that soft hand which had guided her from the dangerous abode in which she had been placed, while the sweet, melancholy voice of her who had taken so strange an interest in her fate whispered tenderly, anxiously, in her ear, "You are safe, dear Annette; you are safe. It is for this moment I have lived so long."

There might be a thousand things that Annette would have liked to ask; there might be a thousand hopes, and anxieties, and expectations which required satisfaction; but she felt it was not a moment to make inquiries of any kind, especially as she was not alone with the lady who had set her free.

For more than two hours the carriage rolled on rapidly, and then came a momentary pause while fresh horses were put on, after which it began to move forward at the same pace, and did not stop for nearly three hours more. Again the horses were changed, and again for an hour and a half they proceeded on their way, till at length, by some faint streaks of light that began to appear in the eastern sky, Annette perceived a long avenue of trees, a river, and a chateau at some short distance. In ten minutes more they drove into the court of the mansion itself. The whole household seemed to be up and watching. The great doors at the top of a flight of steps were thrown open, and a blaze of cheerful light came forth from the vestibule. The lady led Annette on by the hand up those steps and through the hall, into a large and magnificent saloon, where some light refreshments were laid out.

The walls of the room were wainscoted with black oak, without any other ornament whatsoever, except the rich carving of the cornices and mouldings; but in the centre of one of the panels was a small portrait, in a thick, heavy frame. To it the lady led up Annette at once, and without a word pointed to the picture with her hand. It was beautifully executed, and represented a gentleman in a military dress in the act of mounting his horse. He seemed to be taking leave of some one, and looked full into the room, while his left hand was represented gracefully waving his hat and plume with an expression of joy and buoyant happiness which it is difficult to describe.

As soon as she saw it, Annette put her hand to her brow, exclaiming, "I have seen that before—I have seen that before at Castelneau! I have seen it, and know it well; for I have looked at it for many an hour. Oh, what a countenance! Oh, what a look!"

The lady cast her arms around her, bent down her head upon Annette's shoulder, and wept bitterly. Whether it was the sympathy with grief that is in every fine affectionate human heart, or some of those many latent causes, those fine and mysterious links between being and being, which never have been, and perhaps never will be explained; which set idle metaphysics altogether at fault, and tell us, perhaps, as much as we can ever know in this world of the workings of the immaterial spirit within us, and of its communion with other spirits: whether it proceeded from any of these causes, from sources more deep and inexplicable still, or from others more plain and apparent I cannot tell, but Annette saw not the grief of the lady unmoved, looked not upon that picture without strong emotion herself, and, giving way to all she felt, she too bowed down her head and mingled her tears with those of her companion.

They were not allowed a long space of time to indulge in such emotions; for one of the servants who had accompanied the carriage entered the room the moment after, and, approaching the lady with a respectful air, whispered a few words to her in a low voice.

The lady started and put her hand to her brow. "Indeed!" she said, "indeed! How far did he come?"

"Half way through the second stage, madam," replied the servant.

"That is unfortunate," said the lady, "most unfortunate. Dearest Annette, we have not yet found repose; but, at all events, we are a long way in advance, and we will not suffer them to succeed, no, not if we should quit France. Ask no questions, my sweet child, but take some refreshment, then three hours of repose, and then let us onward to whatever fate may lie before us."

CHAPTER XXIX.

We must now for a time return to the chateau of Michy, and to the back staircase and small passages through which Annette took her way in making her escape. Those passages, as we have said, were deserted by every one as she went through them; not a human being presented itself; for the door which led to the kitchen of the chateau, always an important and busy quarter of a French house, was that which we have seen guarded with so much care, and which the servant pronounced to be locked when he quitted it. The other offices past which Annette's course was directed were merely sculleries, pantries, larders, and places of a similar description; and all was silent and dull as the grave as long as the lady and her companions were on their way through them. The moment, however, that they were gone, from underneath a sort of table or dresser in one of the sculleries crept out a small but well-formed boy, apparently not more than eight or nine years of age, but in reality considerably past his fourteenth year. He was dressed in the greasy and lowly garb of a *mar-*

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miton, the lowest of all the culinary officers of a French house; but there was an air of shrewd and malicious penetration in the boy's eyes, which spoke a spirit well calculated to succeed in other and more dangerous employments than the somewhat warm but innocent occupations of the kitchen.

The moment that he came forth, he burst into a low, disagreeable, half-suppressed laugh; then looked sharply and keenly round him, as if afraid that somebody migh be lingering near to mark his merriment. That glance, however, satisfied him that he was alone; and then he chuckled again and spoke to himself, seeming to enjoy the business in which he was engaged very highly. "Ha, ha, ha!" he said, "they shall see who will be *marmiton* much longer. Yon great greasy-livered cook shall beat me no more with his ladle as if I were a turnspit dog. Not he, forsooth! not he. Nor that great wild bully Merlion kick me along the passage like a ball. Ay! if I was such a fool as my companion Jonah now, I should go and tell those scavengers of court filth what I have seen; but I am no such ass as that. I'll put my money in my own sack, and soon see where they carry yon pretty piece of pastry. The king will give a rare sum for tidings of her journey; and while they are all drinking and quarreling together and letting her escape. I will make free with the horses in the stable, and away after her to give notice of her course: trust me for dodging the hare back to her form."

Thus saying, the *marmiton*, with another of his low, disagreeable laughs, crept quietly out by the same door through which Annette had made her exit, and looked shrewdly through the darkness after her and her companions.

The path which they followed was, like every other path on earth, winding and tortuous. We have something of the serpent in us all, which, alas! never allows us to go straight forward to our object, even if it be from one corner of a field to another. The *marmiton*, however, who knew the windings of the path by old experience, took a shorter way through the grass, and, as soon as he had seen Annette and her companions safely in the coach, he sprang with a light bound on the top of the wall, indulging in one of his triumphant chuckles, which it seems called the attention of the principal servant who attended the carriage. Running along with the agility of a squirrel upon the eminence which he had attained, the boy almost kept pace with the vehicle that bore Annette till he reached the end of the wall, where there appeared a low building with a little court and a gate leading out upon the road. This building was in fact a stable, in which the gentry whom we have seen reveling at the chateau kept the horses which served to carry them to and fro upon their various discreditable expeditions. One of these horses was soon brought forth by the boy, saddled and equipped; and, although the stirrups could not be brought up sufficiently to suit the shortness of his legs, yet he contrived to make himself a good seat by thrusting his feet into the leathers, and thus sallied forth in pursuit of the carriage.

For thirty miles he kept up with it well, his weight being so light as in no degree to fatigue the horse. The vehicle was now making its way towards the Beauvoisis, having left Paris on one side, and following the direction of Chantilly and Clermont, and the boy was obliged to slacken his pace, though not to abandon the pursuit. He kept the coach in view, indeed, till it reached the last place where it changed horses, and there suffering it to go on while he himself paused to give his own charger some sort of refreshment, he made many ingenious inquiries as to the direction which the carriage had taken, and who was the proprietor thereof. He soon discovered or suspected that the two horseboys, who were the only persons up, had been instructed to mislead him; and, indeed, there was a jocular sort of wink of the eye while they answered his questions which might well create such an impression. The name that they gave in reply to his inquiries was evidently a false one, and certainly did not deceive him; and the direction they told him the carriage was about to take he concluded might be wrong also, though he did not feel quite so sure of that. Shrewd beyond his years, and experienced in every minor sort of trickery, he watched as well as he could by the dim light the countenances of those with whom he spoke. He judged, and judged rightly, that they suspected him of reading their replies the reverse way, and he imagined that they might therefore tell him what was right in one particular in order to cheat him the more surely. He resolved, therefore, to be upon his guard; and though he went on fast wherever there were no carriage paths to the right or left, he stopped at each turning, and examined accurately whether fresh traces of wheels and horses' feet were to be discovered. Thus he pursued his plan successfully, and did not again stop till he had traced the vehicle into the gates of the chateau where we have seen Annette take refuge.

In the village opposite to the gates of that building he paused for two or three hours in order to refresh his horse, and there, by inquiries, he easily ascertained what was the name of the mansion. Satisfied with this information, he rode slowly back on the way to Versailles, and presenting himself at the palace, demanded boldly to speak with the king.

The Swiss to whom he addressed himself laughed him to scorn, saying, "Get away, you greasy rapscallion; do you think the king speaks with such dirty young vagabonds as you are! Why, he would not get the smell of pots and kettles out of his nose for a month. Get away, get away, I tell you. I would make my cane fly about your shoulders if I were not afraid that it would get befouled by such a dirty acquaintance."

The boy was not a little disappointed, but, nevertheless, he was not driven to despair. Being determined to gain his point, perfectly unscrupulous as to means, and seeing what was the obstacle which lay in his way, he took himself back to Paris without delay, and there prepared to supply the means which were wanting by the unceremonious sale of the horse which he had borrowed from the stables at Michy.

In the good city of Paris, rogues of all kinds, sorts, and descriptions abound, and ever have abounded. The harvest of such gentry, then, was not at all deficient at the time I speak of; and among the rest, buyers of stolen goods were never found wanting to persons who had such articles to dispose of. The horse of the *marmiton* was at once judged, by the man to whom he offered it, to be that sort of merchandise which, being somewhat dangerous to the traffickers therein, may be bought and sold very much below its real value. It was somewhat knocked up also; the saddle and bridle, however, were in excellent condition, and the chapman, being rather honest than otherwise, absolutely gave the boy one fifth of what the whole was worth. With this sum, which was to him immense, our *marmiton* proceeded to the shop of a *fripier*, where, without difficulty, he obtained for himself a very smart suit, which had once belonged to one of the royal pages of honour, who had outgrown it, and transmitted it to his father's valet, who sent it to the abode where the *marmiton* found it. The boy had sold the horse at so great a loss, both because he did not dare drive a hard bargain about stolen goods, and because he was utterly ignorant of the value of the article he had to dispose of; but he was very nearly a match for the *fripier*, whose commodities were much more in his own line, and he obtained the clothes really not too dear. The worthy old clothesman added also a piece of advice which was somewhat useful to the *marmiton*.

"Be advised, my good boy," he said, "and before you put on that suit, wash your face and hands, or your dirty face and your clean coat will make the people believe that you have stolen either the one or the other, and it cannot very well be your own countenance."

"Well," said the boy, "I'll wash myself if I can get water, for I am going to the king, and one must not go with dirty hands."

"Going to the king, you dirty shrimp!" exclaimed the *fripier*; "what mean you by going to the king! The king will have nothing to say to such a turnspit dog as you!"

"You are mistaken there, though, Master Threadbare," replied the *marmiton*; "the king will have a great deal to say to me, for I have got a great deal to say to him that he will give half a province to hear, if I judge right."

"A secret!" said the *fripier*, beginning to be more interested; "pray what is that, my boy?"

The boy laughed in his face, replying, "You must think me soft enough: but if you want to tell my secret to the king before me, tell him that he has more rogues in Paris than he knows of, and put yourself at the head of the list. Ha, ha, ha!"

He was quitting the shop with a shout of laughter; but the *fripier* was one of those who, having really a genius as well as a passion for intrigue of all kinds, was immediately interested in the boy, both on account of the nature of his enterprise, and the talent which he showed for that sort of undertaking.

"Stay, my lad, stay," he cried; "do not be too hasty. I will give you some advice, if you stop but for a moment, which shall cost you nothing if it does not succeed, and which, if you really have a secret worth anything, may make your fortune."

"Ay!" said the boy, pausing to listen; "tell me what that may be."

"Come hither," said the man, "and attend to what I have to say. You can never get speech to the king unless you have somebody to introduce you to him: now I will get you such an introduction if you will give me a couple of louis for douceur."

"How can you do that any more than myself?" asked the boy. "You are but a cleaner of used clothes, and I a cleaner of used plates. There's not much difference between us, for that matter; and I am not going to commit the sin of paying two louis for what God gives freely."

"And what is that?" cried the *fripier*. What is that, my young riddler?"

"Why, empty air," replied the boy: "fine words, I mean, Master Threadbare; fat promises and thin performances. No, no, I will pay nothing for that."

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"Heaven forbid that you should," answered the *fripier*. "Why, lad, you are as suspicious as a rat-catcher's dog; but I'll show in a minute how I can do all that I promise to do. Tell me, my lad—you seem to know something of the court—who is the king's *valet-de-chambre?* Can you say?"

"Ay, that I can well," replied the boy. "Many a cuff has Master Lebel given me in his day."

"Right, boy, right," replied the *fripier*, judging from the boy's instant answer that he was in reality acquainted with the court. "Well, then, look at this letter, if you can read, and see whose name is signed at the bottom."

The boy took the letter and read it through.

"Ha, ha!" he said; "he is coming to you to-night, and wants a hundred louis; I understand you now. You would have me tell my secret to him: is that it?"

"No!" answered the *fripier*. "No, no, my boy, I see you are too shrewd for that: nor would I ever advise it. Master Lebel is one of those who will never let any one benefit by anything whereby he can benefit himself. No, but he may bring you to the presence of the king if you really have a secret worth telling."

"Ha, ha! this is something like, now," replied the boy. "Come, Master Fripier, you are likely to win your two louis; but we must about the business speedily, or some one may step in before us."

"You see," replied the *fripier*, "that he marks seven o'clock here as the hour when he is to be here; so, my boy, we can do nothing before that. Come to me at that hour, and I will introduce you to him, and then, if you do not manage matters, it is your fault, not mine."

"Right," replied the boy, "right. I won't miss my mark, depend upon it, but be here at seven exactly; so now fare you well, good friend."

"One more word before you go," replied the *fripier*, "which is a word of good counsel, too, my lad, and no offence in life to a young gentleman of honour who is seeking to make his way in the world."

"What is it?" said the boy. "What is it?"

"Only this," answered the *fripier;* "if you should by any chance have stolen the money as well as the secret, you had better keep yourself quite quiet and out of sight for the rest of the day. There is a good inn not far off, round that corner there, where people lie snug occasionally."

"Oh! I never steal anything," answered the boy; "but I am tired and going to sleep, so I shall be quiet enough. Good-bye, good-bye," and away he went.

At the hour of seven, in the gray light which at that time of day and season of the year pervaded the inner recesses of a Parisian shop—especially when it was situated in the far depths of the city, where house piled upon house, and lane jostling alley, cut off great part of the rays even of the meridian sun—there sat together the *fripier* and the *valet-de-chambre* of the king, who, though calling himself on all occasions a gentleman (Heaven defend us!) did not scruple, when occasion served, to frequent such places as those in which we now find him. He might be seen at many times, when the daylight was somewhat dim, entering many a low shop, prying into many a poor abode, and sometimes sojourning long therein, either upon his master's account or his own.

His views and occupations on many of these occasions we will not offend the reader by inquiring into; suffice it to notice the personal business which now led him to the dwelling of the *fripier*. With him, as with many others in his situation, though he derived large sums from the vices and follies of those upon whom he was dependant, the contact with their corruption induced habits of expense which often left him poor in the midst of opulence. When he saw a king, beggared in finances, unscrupulously pillage his subjects to supply materials for his own gratifications, no one can wonder that he was inclined to pillage his king for the same purposes. Thus Master Lebel often laid his hands upon perquisites, his rights to which were more than doubtful, and often sent to the abode of our good friend the *fripier* articles which might have long appeared upon the king's person or ornamented Versailles, had he not discovered some flaw which, in his opinion, rendered them unworthy of the royal touch. Sometimes, also, he was obliged to anticipate such resources; and, calculating that garments still new would wear with time, and must find their way into his hands, he would sell the monarch's robes upon his back, and thus extract some gold from the close purse of the serviceable friend with whom he was now conversing.

The *fripier* had told him of his adventure with the boy, and Lebel had just laughed with a scornful sneer at such a person as the other described having anything worthy of the king's ear, when the *marmiton* himself appeared, dressed in his new plumage, and looking, to say sooth, both smart and graceful, though still, of course, very diminutive in size, the new clothes having expanded his heart without enlarging his person.

"Good-even, Monsieur Lebel;" he said. "Good-even to your worship. I dare to say this good gentleman has told you that I want speech of his majesty."

The *valet-de-chambre* stared at the boy with as scrutinising a glance as the state of the light in the shop would admit, and remained a moment or two gazing upon him intently, as if for the very purpose of confusing and abashing him. But the *marmiton* was one not so easily put out of countenance, and he was, moreover, impressed with a great idea of his own importance; an idea which, certainly, when it is sufficiently fixed and strong, carries us through innumerable difficulties and dangers, in which our boat would founder without the aid of that buoyant, cork-like quality called self-conceit.

"Well, Master Lebel," said the *marmiton*, at length, "you seem in a contemplative mood this evening. Pray let me know when you have done, and give me an answer whether you will bring me to speech of the king; or shall I apply to another?"

"Bring you to speech of the king!" exclaimed Lebel. "You saucy Jack Snipe, I will bring you to acquaintance with a horse-whip. Why your face, though you have scrubbed it, is as clear upon my recollection covered with grease and smoke as if I had beheld it yesterday."

"Then where did you behold it?" demanded the boy, saucily. "If you have seen it, you can doubtless tell where."

"Do you think I recollect by the mark every brass pot I meet with?" rejoined Lebel. "But we will soon bring down your impudence, good youth. I pray thee, Monsieur Vington, send for an archer from the police bureau. Depend upon it, this boy has stolen money to buy his fine clothes. We must have him to the Chatelet. Do not let him get away."

"Oh, no fear! no fear!" answered the boy, whose courage and impudence had risen rather than decreased by food, rest, and reflection. "No fear of my going, Master Lebel. Here I sit, send for whom you will. Only remember that I tell you I have something to say to the king which he would give half a province to hear; and as he must know the whole matter sooner or later, you can judge whether he will be well pleased to find that you have kept the tidings from him till, perhaps, it may be too late, and have also maltreated the messenger. Now send for all the archers in France if you will, I care not. They will bring me to the presence of the king, if you do not."

There was something so cool and satisfied in the boy's whole tone and manner, that it was evident he at least thought his secret of import; and there was also something so shrewd and clever in his looks and words, that Lebel inferred he was not likely to make a bad guess of what the king would like to hear. Now the *valet-de-chambre* would have given half a pound of the best snuff that he ever took from the royal canister—and that, for him, would have been a considerable sacrifice—to learn the boy's secret, for the purpose of knowing whether it was really worth retailing, and of making use of it for his own purposes; but the boy was evidently impenetrable; and, as the next best thing, Lebel continued to stare in his face, for the purpose of ascertaining where he had seen him before; a fact which had utterly escaped from his memory, though he was quite sure that the boy's face had met his eyes many a time.

At length a sudden light seemed to strike him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "now I recollect! You are the little villain of a *marmiton* who put sugar into my basin of soup the other day at Michy."

"The same, Monsieur Lebel! the same!" replied the *marmiton;* "and the same whose ears you boxed for so doing."

"Now I begin to see the whole matter," said Lebel, thoughtfully. "So I know your business now."

"Ay!" said the boy, somewhat apprehensive that his secret might have escaped by some other channel; "how so, I pray you, Monsieur Lebel?"

"Why, simply this," replied the valet, "that the young lady—I mean the last—that was brought to Michy has been carried off from that place."

"Phoo!" cried the boy, "you know nothing about it!"

"I know as much as the king," replied the *valet-de-chambre;* "and, moreover, there has been a sad to do about it this very morning at Versailles."

"Well," answered the boy, in a more important tone than ever, "it is in order to make the king know more than either he or you know that I want to see him. If you bring me to him, I will tell him how the whole happened, every step the girl took, where she went to, and where she now is."

"If you tell that, your fortune is made," cried Lebel. "Come with me! come with me! and you shall be Monsieur Marmiton for the rest of your life!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Lebel and the *marmiton* arrived at Versailles, it was found that the king was occupied, and no one dared to disturb him for the

time. The audience, therefore, which the boy solicited was of necessity delayed till the following morning, and during the course of the whole evening he was subjected to an ordeal, after which he might have been considered as well qualified for admission into any diplomatic cabinet in Europe. The court of Savoy itself could not have produced any one shrewder, or more skilful at detecting and parrying every subtle contrivance of an enemy, than the *marmiton* proved himself to be in his conversation with Lebel. The latter left no means untried, either by a quiet jest, a sly question upon something apparently totally unconnected with the subject, a trap within trap, which he fancied it entirely impossible that the boy could discover, or, in short, any other art whatsoever which the wit of man could devise to worm out of the boy his secret, for the purpose of making use of it himself. To his surprise, however, he found that in this sort of mental fencing the boy took as much delight as he did himself, or even more; for when he, frustrated at every point, suffered the subject to drop for a moment, the lad, with a degree of malicious fun, would cunningly lead the conversation back towards the same topic, and engage the disappointed valet in new efforts, which were frustrated as before. The next object of Lebel was to prevent the boy holding any communication with the other personages of the royal household; and he therefore kept him in his rooms all night, under strong apprehensions lest any one should get hold of him, and bring him without his participation to the royal ear.

As early the next morning as possible, the fact of the boy's presence at Versailles was notified to the king, and he was admitted to the royal chamber while Louis was dressing. He stood in one corner of the room while all the pompous foolery took place which, by that time, had become a rule of state at the rising of a French monarch. Every gentleman who had a claim to hand to the king any part of his wardrobe was there present, the one giving Louis his shirt, another his waistcoat, another his stockings, and the whole of the undignified process being gone through with an air of as solemn gravity as if it had been an execution. The various nobles gazed at the boy from time to time as he stood in the corner, wondering what brought him there, and sometimes, misled by his gay apparel into a belief that he was a person of consequence, experiencing sensations of jealousy and apprehension lest this new claimant should take from them a part of the royal favours.

As soon as Louis was up, and, by the different arts and appliances of the day, had been made to look somewhat more king-like and youthful than he did at first, he turned towards a small cabinet which lay to the right of his bedroom, and, making a sign to the boy, he said, "Come hither, come hither; Lebel, bring him hither. Give me a *robe de chambre*."

He addressed one of the gentlemen who stood nearest to him, and who immediately took up a dressing-gown which lay at hand and offered it to the monarch. At that very instant, however, another nobleman laid his hand upon the arm of the first, and insisted that it was his right to hand the dressing-gown. The first replied that the king had spoken to him. The one claimed by the king's immediate command, the other by his ancient right, and for several minutes the king was kept waiting, till at length he was obliged to decide the dispute himself, and of course gave his judgment in favour of etiquette. The person whose privilege it was handed him the dressing-gown, but the king, somewhat cold and very impatient, forbade him to assist in putting it on, and conferred that honour upon the other. He then retired into the cabinet, followed by Lebel and the boy, and remained there for half an hour, with the door closed upon the whole party of attendant nobles.

The conversation which took place between the monarch, the *valet-de-chambre*, and the *marmiton* on every account had better not be remembered, for it is well known that in his communications with the pitiful minions who surrounded him, and the vile instruments of his pleasures, Louis forgot both what was due to his character as a gentleman and his character as a king. The result, however, was, that at the end of the half hour, while he remained in the cabinet and finished there the operations of his toilet, Lebel and the boy issued forth and went together to a room on the ground floor, where a single secretary was found busily writing by himself. The *valet-de-chambre* turned down beside him, saying in a low, quiet tone, "Be pleased, Monsieur Hastelmont, to draw up an order for the liberation of Monsieur le Baron de Cajare, and carry it up for the king's signature; after which you will have the kindness to put this young gentleman upon the king's household-book as one of the pages of the ante-chamber, with a pension of eight hundred livres."

The secretary looked round to the boy, and, perfectly ignorant of his previous condition, said, in a quiet tone, "Will you have the goodness, sir, to tell me your Christian and surname?"

"My name is Julien Beaufils," replied the boy; and the secretary made a note thereof, with the directions which Lebel had given him.

"Now, sir," said Lebel, speaking to the boy in the same tone as the secretary had assumed, "if you will go to my room, I will join you in a minute or two, and we will have breakfast before you set out."

The boy went away without reply, and the moment his back was turned the secretary inquired of Lebel, with somewhat of a grin, "Who have you got there, mon *cher?*"

"The devil himself for cunning," replied Lebel; "I believe he has done more for himself with the king in half an hour than many another man would do in a lifetime. I have never seen his equal in impudence, shrewdness, and hypocrisy."

"Not when you looked in the glass, Lebel?" replied the secretary, with a laugh. "You have done well for yourself, I fancy, too."

"Not I," answered Lebel; "but he is beyond any of us. Why, the day before yesterday he was a *marmiton* at Michy. However, Monsieur Hastelmont, be so kind as to make out those orders, and draw also an order for fifty crowns for me."

"Nonsense, Lebel," replied the secretary; "you know very well I cannot do that without the king's commands."

"The king intends it, indeed," replied Lebel: "you may ask him if you doubt me;" and, thus saying, he went away in another direction. In a moment or two after he was speaking to the captain of the guard: one of the officers of the old regime, indeed, but one whose humble devotion towards his sovereign was elevated by none of those high and chivalrous feelings which were at one time characteristic of the French nobility. The officer in question laid his hand upon his heart, shrugged up his shoulders, declared himself ready to obey his monarch's orders to the death, and immediately gave some commands to one of his inferiors in grade.

After his brief conversation with the captain of the guard, Lebel returned somewhat slowly towards the royal cabinet, where he found Louis, freed from the importunate presence of his courtiers, and conversing with the secretary we have mentioned alone.

"How is this, Lebel, how is this?" exclaimed the king: "how came you to tell Monsieur Hastelmont to give you fifty crowns?"

"I thought, sire," replied Lebel, with a low bow and a grave air, "that your majesty intended it."

"Why," exclaimed the king, "I never said any such thing."

"No, sire," replied Lebel, with another low bow, "but I thought your majesty had forgot to say it. I was quite sure that the greatest and most generous monarch on earth would never give a boy a place and a pension because he had brought a piece of news which I would have discovered by other means in a few hours, and never give his poor servant Lebel a reward of fifty crowns for finding out the boy, and thus, in fact, gaining the information in the first place."

Louis had at first looked angry, but he laughed before the speech concluded, saying, "Write the order, Hastelmont, write the order; such a piece of impudence is worth fifty crowns for once in a way. Only take care that it be not repeated, Lebel, or you may chance to find yourself in the Chatelet some day."

"Any time to which your majesty might please to send me," replied Lebel, with a profound inclination of the head and turn up of the eyes, "would be cheered and brightened by the knowledge that I am obeying your will."

We need not pursue any farther the conversation that took place between the king and his *valet-de-chambre*, which, to speak the truth, speedily assumed a somewhat profane character. Ere it had gone far, however, one of the ministers was announced, and Lebel left his sovereign and went to breakfast with the page. The latter, however, was speedily summoned to lead the way at the head of a small party of cavalry, whose orders were to search for and bring into the presence of the king Mademoiselle de St. Morin, upon the pretext of hearing her statement in regard to the illegal proceedings, as the order assumed, under which she had lately suffered. This excuse, which had been suggested by Lebel, was vary specious, and one easily managed, for the king well knew that he could stop such inquiry at whatsoever moment he thought fit, and that his was one of those cases where, to use the expression of the law, *he could take advantage of his own wrong.*

For a time, however, he was destined to be disappointed. The soldiery proceeded on their course, and the boy, who had taken care to mark every step and stone between the chateau of Argencerre and Paris, led them, without a fault, to the very gates of that mansion. All was quiet within, however, and the windows in the front of the house were closed. The courtyards were empty, and the officer, beginning to suspect that the boy had deceived them, threatened him highly with his own indignation and the king's, as a preparative to something worse. The courtyard and the stables were found quite empty; and again and again the officer rang alternately the great bell which hung at the front of the chateau, and the little bell which hung at the back.

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At length, as he was dropping the latter instrument of noise from his hand, in despair of making anybody hear, he saw through one of the large grated windows which flanked each side of the back entrance, and had no shutters, something very like a human form crossing the hall within, and he accordingly addressed himself again to the bell with redoubled vehemence. The sound produced no effect, however, and he then seized upon the handle of the door, resolved to pull or knock it down, and to accomplish an entrance by some means. The door, however, yielded to his hand at once, and he now found that if he had applied for admittance in that manner at first, it would certainly not have been refused to him, the lock being merely upon the latch.

The moment he entered, he looked furiously round for the during person who had neglected to attend to his repeated applications, and he beheld an old woman in a brown stuff gown, tucked through her pocket-hole so as to show a green calimanco petticoat underneath. She was in the very act of looking into a closet in the wall, and throwing out upon the floor of the passage sundry little articles of household use, such as brushes and dusters; and the coolness and deliberation with which she proceeded enraged the officer to such a degree that he felt a strong inclination to run her through the body with his sword. He contented himself, however, with seizing her by the arm and shaking her violently, asking her how she dared to behave in such a manner to an officer of the royal guard.

"Yes, sir, yes," replied the old woman, looking calmly in his face. "Yes, sir, very! I am glad your honour thinks so! Everybody says the same."

"Says what? you old fool," exclaimed the officer; "says that you are mad or stupid?"

"Ay, terrible, indeed, sir," replied the ancient dame: "you are very good to say so. I have been so ever since I had the smallpox in the year 1701. I was just eleven years old then, and I have not heard a word since, that is to say, distinctly. This is my best ear, and if you speak low I can hear on that side sometimes; but this is one of my bad days, when I have such noises in my head as if all the bells in the village were ringing."

The officer thought that she might well have thought all the bells in the village were ringing; but seeing that it was perfectly in vain to attempt to make the old woman hear, he proceeded without further question to search the house, much to the astonishment, it seemed, of the good dame, who remonstrated manfully, but to no effect.

Not a room in the chateau was left unexamined; but, nevertheless, nothing was discovered which could lead any one to suppose for a moment that the place had been inhabited for many months, if not years. There was a look of dry and dusty solitude about it which was very convincing, and the officer suspected strongly that the boy had misled him and deceived the king. In this opinion he was confirmed on going forth again from the house. He then encountered a little knot of villagers, who had been gathered together by curiosity on the unusual appearance of soldiery, and asked them where was the family belonging to the chateau.

"Why, bless you, monseigneur," replied one of the peasants, "the chateau has not been inhabited for these many years: not since my old lord died."

"Now, you young scoundrel," cried the officer, turning to the *marmiton*, "what do you say to this? Have you or have you not been deceiving us?"

"Deceiving you!" said the boy, with a laugh; "I should get very little by that! But I will show you something in a minute which will prove whether I have been deceiving you or not. Look at the marks of the wheels going into the gateway! Look where they have cut the grass in the courtyard. Now ask Jean Bonhomme there whether he has been cheating you or not, and whether there were not people in the chateau all yesterday."

"No," answered the peasant, who had spoken before, and who had heard what the boy said, "there was nobody in the chateau yesterday but old Jeannotte, for I took her up some bundles of sticks myself at twelve o'clock in the day. The boy's a liar."

"So think I," rejoined the officer; and poor Julien Beaufils was very likely to go home with a bad reputation, and lose more by a mistake than he had gained by his wit, when one of the women interposed, saying,

"Ay, but you dwell a good way off, Paul; and I, who live by the road, heard a desperate galloping the night before last, and carriage wheels and all, as if the king were going by."

"And I," said a little boy, "saw the back court filled with men and horses!" Another of the party was soon found, who declared that she had seen a large train set out from the chateau about ten o'clock on the preceding day, when all the inhabitants of the hamlet were at a distance in the fields doing their autumnal work, she herself having come home to prepare her father's dinner.

Nothing more, however, could be learned. No one could tell which direction the party who had made this brief visit to the chateau had taken on quitting it; and, after some farther inquiries, the officer, beginning to find that the hour of dinner was passed, left one of his men to pursue the investigation, and turned his steps back towards Versailles. The march was considered too far to be accomplished that day, and it was, consequently, wellnigh ten o'clock on the following morning before the *marmiton* and his companions reached the royal presence.

The boy immediately found his way to the apartments of the king's valet, and entered the room without ceremony. He found Monsieur Lebel occupied, however, with two personages, who were evidently worthy of some remark. The one was a gentleman of good mien, graceful exterior, handsome dress and person, but, withal, possessing in the highest degree that indescribable air of supercilious licentiousness which particularly characterised the courtiers of Louis XV. He looked, in short, as if he scorned everything—even to himself! and he certainly did scorn all things connected with honourable and virtuous feeling. He was sitting in a elmir, tapping his shoe with his cane, and saying to Lebel, who stood beside him, "I really do not see, Lebel, what difference grades make in any act. There are only two entities in the world, pleasure and pain; and one thing that gives us pleasure is just as good as another; everything that gives us pain, bad alike."

So spoke the Comt Jean de Barry, one of the least virtuous of the licentious court of Louis, where almost all were vicious. We shall not pause upon Lebel's reply to this exposition of the count's views, but turn rather to the other person whom the room contained, whom we shall probably never have to mention again.

She was a young woman, dressed with great elegance and taste, though not with richness; but the extraordinary personal attractions which she certainly did possess were displayed in not a very decent manner. Hers was beauty, however, of a style which is the least of all others beautiful; for, though all the forms were fine and the colouring magnificent, though there was grace as well as symmetry, yet the expression—not only of the face, but of the whole figure; not of one individual feature or another, but of every feature and every limb—was of a kind painfully voluptuous. She might have afforded an excellent representative of the earthly Aphrodite, but never could have been mistaken for the heavenly one. Such was the person who at that time bore the name of Mademoiselle Lange, but who afterward ruled France by her power over the weaknesses of a libertine king, under the name of Madame du Barry.

As soon as Lebel saw the boy, he exclaimed aloud, "Have you found her?"

"No," answered the boy; "as I told you we should be, we were too late, and we have not found her."

"Never mind," replied Lebel, "I think we can do without her."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Although they be a pack of rash and low-minded villains," said the king, speaking to Lebel, "we must not suffer them, on that account, to be punished for doing our will. You are sure that none of them compromised our name in the matter?"

"Quite sure," answered Lebel; "I have Monsieur Morin's word for it, sire; though he says, and so say the rest of the police, that there was not one of them who would have failed to plead your majesty's orders if they had not been stopped, and that the Baron de Cajare actually did so."

So far Lebel thought himself obliged to report Pierre Morin's speech truly; for he had a certain dread of the commissary of police, of his keenness and his power, which made him afraid of saying anything actually untrue of him, or of concealing anything from the king which Morin directed him to communicate. That dread, however, like every other kind of fear, was not a little mingled with dislike, and he lost no opportunity of saying, every now and then, a word or two which he thought might injure that good officer in the opinion of the king. Louis, however, notwithstanding all his vices and his many weaknesses, had good sense enough to know those who served him well and zealously; nor would any slight cause induce him to withdraw his favour from persons who showed honesty and wisdom in his service. He was pleased with every appearance of devotion to himself, whether it took the form of depraved subservience to his will, or any courtly shape of respect; but he would often bear opposition, and even rudeness, with the utmost patience, if it were proved to proceed from disinterested motives, and from a real zeal for his good or that of the country.

This peculiarity of his character was strongly shown in the present instance; for, as soon as the *valet-de-chambre* had done justice to the words of Pierre Morin, he went on, in the true spirit of his class, to do the commissary as much disservice as it was possible.

"Indeed, sire," he continued, "I cannot help

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thinking that Monsieur Morin must have a great animosity towards Monsieur de Cajare, from the way he spoke of him."

"Indeed," said the king; "do you know any cause he has for disliking Monsieur de Cajare?"

"Not exactly," replied Lebel; "but, of course, it is very easy, your majesty, to see when a man hates another, by the way he speaks of him. He said that Monsieur de Cajare was a dangerous person to trust; for that, whatever he did, he always had his own interest in view; and, in short, he seemed to think very ill of him indeed, and not to conceal it."

"That may be, very well, Lebel," replied the king, "without his acting with any degree of malice or animosity. I may think you a vast scoundrel, Lebel, and not hate you either."

"Your majesty's too good," said Lebel, bowing down to the very ground, as if the king had paid him a high compliment; "but yet, sire, it was surely very saucy of this Monsieur Morin to go to Michy at all. What business had he there?"

"You do not understand what you are talking about, Lebel," replied the king: "these men chose to play the fool, and to pass themselves off for the police when they had no occasion to do so, and which, moreover, is quite against the law and my pleasure. Morin asked Monsieur de Choiseul if they had authority, and finding they had none, he of course proceeded to arrest them. He went a little beyond what was right, perhaps, in regard to Monsieur de Cajare, but still that person was very imprudent; and we have proof positive that he was inclined to betray the trust reposed in him."

"Well, your majesty," replied Lebel, "I have nothing to say against Monsieur Morin, of course; but I cannot help thinking that he did not act with due respect."

"Hush, hush!" replied the king; "say no more upon the subject: I have not a more faithful servant in this realm than that same Pierre Morin; and, since he has been at the head of that office, an immense improvement has taken place in the police. Let the men be set free from the Chatelet, and see that the order I gave for Monsieur de Cajare not to present himself at Versailles till farther orders be properly notified to him. I would have all who have been employed in that business be warned to be careful, if they would not find their way into the prison again."

The orders of the king were duly obeyed. Notice was given to Pierre Morin to set free all the persons who had been taken at the chateau of Michy; and, summoning them one by one to his presence at his own bureau, he gave them a careful admonition as to a discreet use of any secrets that they possessed, and in regard to their future conduct in their various avocations. Pierre Jean was the last whom he thought fit to speak with; but not even the Chatelet had been able to diminish, by a shade, the brazen impudence of Pierre Jean.

"My dear friend and counsellor," he replied to the warnings of Pierre Morin, "it is all no use; I could not be an honest man if I would: nature is against me; I was born to roguery as my inheritance; and I do declare that I have often tried very hard to behave like an honest man without being able. Why, in this very business that I was put in here for, I vow that twenty times, when I looked at the girl, and she said a kind word to me, I was tempted to give her a hint of the whole matter; but then Satan himself, or some of his imps, always whispered in my ear, in the most insinuating tone possible, 'Two hundred louis, and all expenses paid.' It was not possible to resist that, you know."

"Hardly, indeed," replied Pierre Morin, "especially as, I suppose, my good friend, you expected protection even if you were caught."

"No, no, no!" replied Pierre Jean: "do not do justice to my prudence at the expense of my wit; I never expected protection at all. If it had been a shopkeeper or a poor man that had employed me, I might have expected something of the kind; but the higher the person the less the security. No, no, no! Solomon, or some of those great people wrote, put not your faith in princes; and he who said so knew more of his own race than most people do of their kidney."

"Well, Master Pierre Jean," replied Morin, "all I have to tell you is this, if I catch you at any such tricks again, especially with regard to this same lady, I shall deal with you in a different way from what I have done present; for, instead of arresting you for a minor offence, I shall have you apprehended for that business on the other side of the Seine, where robbery and an attempt to murder were in question; then we should see you swinging in the Grève to a certainty, you know."

"No, no, you would not do that," replied Pierre Jean; "I know you better, Monsieur Morin."

"And why not?" replied Pierre Morin. "You are deceiving yourself altogether. I will do it, as I live."

"No, no," answered the man; "but I will tell you why not. First, because you know that I never wanted to murder the man, or tried to murder him; and, next, because you would never have a hand in hanging one of the oldest friends and acquaintances you have in the world."

"Friends and acquaintances!" said Pierre Morin, gazing on the man steadfastly; "what do you mean, sir? take care what you say."

"Ay, ay," replied Pierre Jean; "twenty years does make a difference, and fortune changes favours; but I knew you well enough when I was a shopboy to old Fiteau the goldsmith. Ay, and I could tell you more about that business if I liked: something that might astonish you to hear."

Whatever might have been the feelings of Pierre Morin—whether he had or had not previously recognised Fiteau's *ci-devant* shopboy—cannot be told, but he had by this time learned to conceal all emotions, and not the slightest trace of any such thing as surprise could be detected on his countenance.

"I wonder, Master Pierre Jean," he said, "that you, who have been so long trading among the sharp people of Paris, do not know that there is nothing at all takes place which we are not aware of here. For yourself, I will give you your own history in two minutes if you like to hear it. Here," he cried aloud to one of the clerks within, "give me folio five hundred, letter P. J."

As soon as the huge volume was brought to him, he turned to the words Pierre Jean, and that worthy beheld two or three long columns filled with his own good acts and deeds.

"Ay," continued Pierre Morin as he read over the first part, "I see what you tell me is true, though I never looked to that part of your story before. You were shopboy to Fiteau at the time he was murdered, and were strongly suspected, I find, of having purloined some of the articles you were sent out to deliver."

"Upon my honour," cried Pierre Jean, "I never stole a thing for three years after that."

"That is to your credit," replied Pierre Morin; "you caught the vice in the army, I suppose; for here I find you were drummed out of the tenth regiment, and then again you were confined for three months for swindling, and then were charged with robbing the royal courier, for which Corvant was hanged, and then—"

"Ah, Monsieur Morin, Monsieur Morin," cried Pierre Jean, "stop, in pity's name! I see there is no biography like that of the police-office."

Pierre Morin smiled, and, pointing to the end of the voluminous article headed "Pierre Jean," he showed him a long line of small crosses made in red ink, and asked, "Do you understand what that means, my good friend?"

"No, sir," replied Pierre Jean, who by this time was very much inclined to call him monseigneur; "pray what may be the interpretation thereof?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," said Pierre Morin, counting the crosses, "that means hangable upon seven counts! But come, come, Master Pierre Jean, don't be downhearted; there are one or two others that have got more crosses than you have. Why, the fellow I had executed on Wednesday week had ten, and you may escape yet if you choose to make yourself serviceable, keep yourself quiet, and, above all things, hold your tongue when you are not told to speak."

"Oh!" cried Pierre Jean, "I will be as silent as the grave; my tongue shall never carry me to the gallows, if I can help it."

"No," replied Pierre Morin, "but you must always tell me what I want to know."

"Oh, I am ever at your honour's feet," replied Pierre Jean.

"Well, then, continued Monsieur Morin, "be so good as to tell me now what it was you said would surprise me."

"I don't think now," replied Pierre Jean, "that anything would surprise you; but what I meant was, that on that night when Fiteau was murdered, I saw three men instead of two coming down the street. Two of them were those who were broke on the wheel; but there was a third, who is still living, for I saw him not many days ago."

Still Pierre Morin showed no sign of astonishment. "Did you speak to him?" he demanded.

"Oh! not I," answered Pierre Jean; "he is a great man nowadays, and was going into the court when I saw him."

"You were wise," replied the commissary, "and will be still wiser if you hold your tongue about the matter to every one."

"Oh, that I will," answered Pierre Jean; "I never thought of mewtoosing it—one hawk does not kill another, you know—but I did think that I might make use of the secret some time, for I was just then going down to Castelnean; and I fancied, if I were caught, and they tried to punish me, I would stop them by threatening to tell what I knew."

"You would only have got yourself hanged," replied Pierre Morin, "and done him no harm."

"Ay, how so?" demanded Pierre Jean, with some surprise.

"Because," replied Pierre Morin, "when a scoundrel accuses a gentleman, he must either

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prova his accusation or prove his honesty; now I take it, Master Pierre Jean, that you could neither do the one nor the other. There was no word but your own for the matter, and you know well what your word is worth in any court throughout France. Be a wise man, Monsieur Pierre Jean, and do not meddle with hot pitch without a long spoon."

"I never thought of doing anything but frightening him," replied Pierre Jean; "and as to the long spoon, I do not know where that is to come from."

"Nor I either," replied Pierre Morin, "unless I give you one; but go along just now. You are free, you know, for the time being; you may be safe enough if you like; but, if you interfere with things that don't concern you, you will have a hempen cravat before the week is out."

"I will take care, I will take care," replied Pierre Jean, who, to say the truth, had been a good deal more frightened by the conversation of the commissary than ever he had been in his life before, and with a very low reverence he quitted the room, and was suffered to issue forth at liberty.

The next person who appeared before the commissary was introduced with some sort of secrecy, having been led, from a back door which opened into a distant street, through various long and tortuous passages to the office of Pierre Morin. He was a dark, coffee-coloured man, with hair frizzed and powdered, sharp, keen, gray eyes, a skin somewhat marked with the smallpox, a waistcoat of very gay embroidery, and a snuff-coloured coat with plain buttons. He bowed reverently before Pierre Morin, while the latter, as had become somewhat customary with him, looked at his visiter from head to foot for a moment or two without uttering a syllable. At length the commissary opened his lips, saying, "You are the valet of Monsieur de Cajare?"

The man laid his hand upon his heart and bowed to the ground, shrugging up his shoulders till they almost contrived to swallow up his head between them. "You have received the message I sent you?" continued Pierre Morin: the man bowed again; "and are willing to agree to the terms?" added the officer of police, liking him all the better for his taciturnity.

The man, in reply, gave the same kind of affirmation; and, looking upon that bow as a part of the sentence, he connected it with what was to follow by a conjunction, saying, "But I fear I cannot do so much as you expect."

"Why not?" rejoined Pierre Morin. "You would say that the baron is not communicative; that he does not talk to you as some gentlemen do to their valets; that he keeps his secrets to himself. I know all that already, my good friend. But what you have to do is this: to report regularly twice or three times a day everything that you hear from your fellow-servants, where the baron breakfasts, dines, and sleeps, who are his companions, what he loses or wins at play, and, in short, every particular that you have to tell, with all that you suspect; and leave us to do the rest. But you must never confound suspicions with facts."

"I will do all that you tell me, sir," replied the man, "and nothing you tell me not."

"Is the baron yet free?" demanded Pierre Morin.

"He is free, has dressed himself, and, when I came away, was talking with his sister," said the valet.

"Where does he go to-night?" demanded Pierre Morin.

"He goes to play at piquet," the servant answered, "with the Count de Royan and the Abbe de Verdun."

"He will lose money to them," rejoined Pierre Morin.

"I don't know, sir," replied the valet; "he is improved lately."

"But he is not equal to them," said Pierre Morin: "let me know what he loses, if you can find out."

The man promised to obey him; and all this matter being settled, the valet was suffered to depart, and Pierre Morin turned to other business.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It is now high time to turn to Annette de St. Morin; but still we need not pause upon all that took place at the chateau to which she had been conveyed, before she again left it from an apprehension which, as we have seen, was very just, that the course of her journey had been watched, and that means would be taken to pursue and bring her back to Michy.

It was in a small plain *chaise de poste*, then, with none but one servant on the outside thereof, and containing within no one but Annette herself and the lady whom she only knew by the name of Louise, that Mademoiselle de St. Morin was pursuing her journey through some woods which lie in the neighbourhood of Chartres. Donnine, Annette's maid, and another woman servant, with two of the men, had been sent upon another road nearly parallel, and were ordered to direct their course every day towards the same point as the *chaise de poste*. Two servants on horseback followed the carriage at the distance of about three miles, and another mounted attendant preceded it by nearly an hour's journey. Thus many precautions were taken; but these were not all; for the lady, in speaking with Annette during their first day's expedition, endeavoured to remove all anxiety from her mind by saying, "Fear not, my sweet child, fear not; we have a good friend actively employed in our service, who has greater means than any other man in France of baffling our pursuers, and misleading them as to our course."

The journey of the first and second day passed over quietly, and Annette's fears began to subside, and her heart to beat less timidly at every sound she heard and every new face that she beheld upon the road. Her companion was all tenderness and kindness; but, even had she been less so, there was something in her very countenance, in the tone of her voice, in the expression of her eyes, which would have made Annette's bosom warm towards her, and taught her to trust and to confide. But in the long and thoughtful conversations which took place now as they sat side by side, in the occasional outbursts of feeling which poured forth from the lady's heart, in the deep and solemn comments which from time to time found their way to her lips upon the manifold subjects that they discussed—comments breathing of deep, long, earnest thought upon all the great and important points of human life, and man's strange destiny —in all these things Annette found fresh cause every hour to admire and love the fair being with whom she was brought into such close communion. There was an interest, too, in the very mystery of their mutual connection; a warm and thrilling interest, which made Annette feel differently towards her than to any other human being. The very questions that she asked her own heart concerning that connection awoke all the tenderest and sweetest sympathies of our nature in favour of the stranger.

"What," Annette would ask herself, "what could be the meaning of that long, earnest, tender gaze with which the lady regarded her from time to time? What the secret emotions which caused the tears suddenly to rise into her eyes? What the warm and overpowering feelings which every now and then would make the lady cast her arm around her, and press a kiss upon her cheek and brow."

Sometimes she would think that some of the nearest and dearest ties must exist between them, and her own heart beat at the idea with sensations nigh to ecstasy. But the sweetest of all the dreams—a dream which was nourished by the lady frequently calling her "my child"—was soon dispelled. Not only was there no ring upon the finger—for that in France and in those times might very well take place even in the case of a married woman—but the servants from time to time called her mademoiselle, a token which was not to be mistaken. What, then, could be the tie between them? for tie there evidently was. What could be the motive of all that lady's conduct? What the deep, heartfelt interest which was the secret of the whole.

Such inquiries set Annette's fancy roving through tracts which she had never ventured upon before. Up to that period she had asked herself but few, if any, questions concerning her previous history; she had rarely demanded, even of herself, who were her parents; she had never thought of why and how she had been left an orphan in the world, without any kindred tie that she perceived around her. This indifference, indeed, proceeded from no degree of apathy; but none of the circumstances in which she was placed had tended to awaken such thoughts. The love of the Abbe, Count de Castelneau, seemed fully to supply that of a parent; and in the secluded life which she had led, no events had hitherto occurred to conduct imagination on the path of inquiry. Had the child which the abbe had adopted been a boy, the case, of course, would have been very different. At each step, then, in life, some circumstance would have occurred to excite investigation. The prattle and inquiries of schoolfellows, the companions of the camp or the field, the continual sight of all the ties of the world, the affections seen in other families, and kindnesses required and received by the individual, would all have made him ask long, long before, "Who, who, and what am I? Where are all the dear relationships, the sweet bonds which surround our childhood and our youth? Where are the kindred faces and the kindred names? Where the father's hand to guide and to protect? Where the mother's care to watch, to comfort, and to soothe? Where are the brothers, the sisters, the relations, the family friends, the sweet ancestral home, and all the bright associations of the past linked with the present?" Such questions would have suggested themselves at every turn to the mind of the boy or the man; but woman's nature is to concentrate her affections within a smaller circle; to pour them more intensely on fewer objects; to give all lesser ties a lesser hold, and to be satisfied with limits that will not satisfy man.

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Thus had Annette's life proceeded, contented with that which was, without looking into that which might be. A father's kindness could not exceed that of the Count de Castelneau, and she was satisfied with that love without feeling a craving for more. She saw no happy homes around her, or but few, and those among the lower classes; and she was too little conversant with the joys of kindred to think thereof except when her attention was forced towards them. Once awakened, however, the whole tender and deep emotions of her heart—a heart well calculated to entertain every affection in its most ardent and lasting form—prompted her to inquire, "Where was the family from which she had a right to expect such feelings as those which the lady evinced towards her?" and often as they went she would fall into deep reveries, from which she was only roused by some new caress, which seemed to speak that the subject of her thoughts was comprehended.

Still, however, the lady not only gave no explanation herself, but when Annette approached the topic of the kindness which she had shown her, and the interest she took in her, her reply was turned in such a way as to intimate that all farther inquiry at that time would be painful to her. On other points, however, she spoke much more frankly, telling her fair companion in what direction her apprehensions had pointed, and explaining to her—as far as such a thing could be explained to the ears of purity and innocence—the character of the king, and the infamous acts which were from time to time perpetrated in France for the gratification of his licentiousness. The fears of Annette, indeed, had not before assumed any distinct and tangible form; and even now, though they took a definite direction, she shrunk from hearing more, and speedily, on her part, changed the conversation to subjects which certainly affected her actual situation less, but which were also less painful to her ear.

In this manner, as I have said, passed two days, and the evening of the second was coming rapidly on, when the carriage, making its way through the wood not many leagues from Chartres, was suddenly stopped and nearly overturned by the fore axle breaking and one of the wheels coming off. The country around, though beautiful, presented not the slightest appearance of a human habitation, and the embarrassment of the whole party was new extreme. No chance existed, the driver said, of finding any one capable of repairing the damage within the precincts of the forest, and it extended for at least two leagues farther.

After all the manifold consultations which generally follow such accidents, it was at length determined that the two ladies should set out with the coachman, as he knew the road better than the other servant, who was to remain in charge of the vehicle, and that they should proceed on the road to Chartres until they met with some habitation where they could either find shelter for an hour or two till the carriage could be repaired, or lodging for the night.

The road was sandy and difficult; and although the soft, calm, yellow light of the autumnal evening rested beautifully upon the mossy banks and silvery roots of the old beech trees, though many a picturesque and enticing spot presented itself for repose, yet Annette and the lady hastened on, for both had by this time known enough of danger and sorrow to feel apprehension even when no actual peril appeared. Not more than an hour of daylight could be reckoned upon; and Annette strove to make herself believe that on a road so near a large city, and in a royal forest, one might wander safely long after the great luminary himself had sunk to repose; yet still she gazed eagerly forward at every turn of the road, in hopes of seeing some house or cottage where shelter could be obtained before the last look of the sun was withdrawn from the earth.

Both the lady and Annette were somewhat fatigued from the wearing effect of agitation and from several days of hurried traveling, which at that time was by no means so easy a process in France as at present, and the act of walking through the loose sand or over the rough gravel of a forest road soon tired them still more, so that it was with feelings of great delight on every account that at length the young lady exclaimed, "There is a house!"

As they approached nearer, they saw that it was not only a human habitation, but one of some size; and by the tall pole and garland before the door, it appeared to be a house of public entertainment. All was calm and silent, too, about the place, which pleased Annette the more, as it was not to be expected that the company, if there had been any, in *cabaret* in the forest would be very choice or agreeable; and the profound stillness of the whole scene, the sweet, low sunshine pouring over the open sandy space before the house, and shining in at a door where sat a drowsy cat enjoying the last rays, afforded a promise of tranquillity which was very soothing.

Advancing together, then, with their apprehensions of a long walk through the wood by night now dispelled, the two ladies entered the door of the little inn. They found the interior less inviting than the outside, indeed, for the first room that presented itself was the ancient well-smoked kitchen, at the farther side of which, with her back towards them, was an old woman busily engaged in cooking. She was not very cleanly in her apparel, and by her side was a girl of about ten years old, still less neat. The face of the latter was turned towards the visiters as they entered, and presented a sadly unwashed aspect, while a fearful squint in the left eye gave a disagreeable expression to features which might otherwise have been pretty.

"Oh, dame!" exclaimed the girl, as she saw the two strangers, "here are ladies, and one has got—"

But the old woman stopped the girl from announcing what part of the ladies' apparel excited her admiration, by turning round and giving her a push which drove her against the side of the chimney; and then, advancing towards Annette and her fair companion, she asked in a civil tone what she could do to serve them.

Their situation was speedily explained, and the good woman then informed them that about four miles farther on there was another house, where there was a blacksmith's shop. Somebody would be found there, she said, who could immediately repair the carriage; but, at the same time that she offered the assistance of her little girl to show the coachman the way to the next *carrefour*, from which place the road was direct, she expressed a hope that the ladies would stay at her poor house all night, as it would take a long time to mend a broken axle, and the distance to Chartres was nearly twelve miles. The countenance of the old woman was not very much more prepossessing than that of her daughter or granddaughter, whichever she was, and Annette felt a strange reluctance to remain in the place of shelter which they had now found. She argued down her prejudices, however, and said nothing in opposition to the proposal, though her companion turned to her with an inquiring look.

"We have better and cleaner rooms up stairs, madam," said the woman, seeming to divine at once part of the objections which might suggest themselves to the minds of her guests against remaining, "and everything is quite clean and nice there. I will get you a good supper ready in a minute, too, and I'll warrant you will be very comfortable."

The lady, without farther question, agreed to stay, and the coachman was immediately sent off with the little girl. Before the latter took her departure, however, the old woman gave her various directions, some of which were in a low and indistinct tone, while others, Annette could not but think, were spoken with affected loudness. Notwithstanding all that she could do to combat apprehension, she did not feel at all easy on seeing the man depart.

She remained below, thinking over her situation and looking out upon the placid forest scene sleeping in the evening sunshine, while her fair companion, with Annette, went up with the old woman to look at the rooms, the superior neatness of which she had boasted. As Annette paused and gazed forth, a tall deer bounded across, and took its way down the road which she and her companion had been themselves pursuing; and she was still watching his graceful form as he rushed onward, when suddenly, to her surprise, the noble animal fell forward and rolled upon his side, struggled up again as if with a last terrible effort, took a staggering step or two along the path, and then again came down, with his slender feet beating the ground in the agonies of death. No sound accompanied the fall of the deer; no report of firearms followed; but an instant after three or four men rushed forth from the neighbouring thicket, and sprang upon the prostrate body of the animal, one holding him by the horns and another by the feet. Annette instantly drew back, and, by the impulse of the moment, closed the door of the house.

She had reached the foot of the stairs which led directly out of the kitchen into the rooms above, when she heard the steps of her friend and the old woman beginning to descend. At that moment, however, the sound of voices and feet were heard without; and, nearly at the same instant, the other lady re-entered the room, and the men whom Annette had seen without threw open the door, one of them exclaiming, before he discovered who it was that now tenanted the inn kitchen, "What the devil did you shut the door for, you old fool!"

The man who spoke was in the act of dragging in the deer, aided by three others, and at the moment, as he was pulling the animal violently on by the horns, his back was turned towards the spot where Annette stood. The faces of those who followed, however, were in such a direction that they instantly saw the two strangers with the old woman, and the look of consternation which this produced instantly caught the attention of their companion, who seemed also to be their leader. Dropping the head of the beast which they had just slaughtered upon the floor, he turned fiercely round, and gazed at Annette and the lady for a moment or two in silence, and then poured forth a torrent of invective against the old woman for admitting anybody to pry into what they were about.

"Lord bless you, my boy," cried the old wo-

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man, in a coaxing tone, "the ladies will never mind your taking a little bit of venison, nor tell about it either, I am sure."

But the man only seemed the more irritated in consequence of her endeavours to soothe him, and abused her with language such as had never before met Annette's ear.

"Oh! don't, don't," she cried, in horror at what she heard; "we will never say a word about it. We will pledge our word never to tell anything; but pray do not speak to her so."

The old woman's spirit, however, was by this time aroused, and a bad and a violent spirit it was; for she now returned the abuse of her son with far more acrimony and vehemence than he himself could command; and, as is very often the case in such encounters, overwhelmed and crushed, as it were, his rage by the fierceness and volubility of her tongue. As soon, however, as this was accomplished, and she saw that the day was her own, she went close up to him, and, taking him by the arm, spoke a word or two in a low tone, which instantly seemed to attract all his attention. He listened to her eagerly, gazing at Annette and the lady with a sharp and inquiring look, and a knitted, heavy brow; and his eyes fixed particularly upon the large gold watches, with innumerable seals, and pendants, and little jewels, which both the ladies wore, as was then customary with every person of rank and station in France.

"Ah! that is different, that is different," he said. "Come, let us pull the buck in;" and this was accordingly done, so that the door could be closed. As soon as it was shut, the man who had hitherto spoken exclaimed, addressing one of his comrades, "Look it, look it;" and the key was instantly turned.

Annette gazed with a look of consternation upon her companion, and the lady at the same moment asked, "Why do you lock the door?"

"To prevent any one coming in that we don't like," replied the old woman, somewhat sharply; while her son added, in a jeering tone, "And to prevent any one from going out whom we would rather have stay here."

"Come, what are you going to be about?" said one of the other men, addressing the last speaker. "The lady does not seem inclined to do us any harm."

"No," said the other; "but those watches are mighty pretty things. I should think well worth fifty louis a piece; and it's more than likely there may be purses worth three or four times that sum; so I don't see, as we must risk our necks for this venison business, why—"

"But how will you keep them from telling, then?" said the other man.

"I don't know," answered the one who had spoken first. "We can think of that afterward. They must stay here all night."

Annette's heart had sunk from the first words which had been spoken, and the lady who was with her shook very much, and was deadly pale. But Annette's courage rose with the danger, and she took a step forward towards the men, saying, "The watches are worth more than fifty louis each; I have at least as much in my purse as you suppose; and we will give you the whole freely, and without your asking for it, if you will let us go on at once to Charires, or, rather, as a reward for showing us our way thither. If we give you the money freely, there is no robbery in the matter, and therefore there will be nothing to tell; and, besides, we will promise—nay, we will swear—never to say one word of what has happened to any one."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old woman's son; "they would call it robbery all the same; and as for oaths, what are oaths good for? People swear so help them God! Who cares for God nowadays? We have too much philosophy in France for that stuff now."

The sky had been getting darker for some time, and at that moment there was a long, low peal of thunder; but the ribald went on with a scoff, exclaiming, "There, do you hear that? There was a time when the old fools would expect God to strike one dead; but I shall go on my own way, for all that grumbling."

"For heaven's sake do not," said Annette. "We have never injured you in any way. We are willing to—"

"Who is that at the door?" exclaimed the man. "Some one shook the door."

"Oh! it is only Tim, and Henri, and the other fellow," said the old woman: "I told the girl to fetch them quick."

"Stop, stop; do not open the door," exclaimed her son. "Let us be sure first."

But at that moment Annette turned her eyes to the window, and a loud cry of joy burst from her lips. The looks of all were turned in that direction also; but, before any one could advance, the casement was dashed violently in, a man sprang into the room, and Ernest de Nogent stood by Annette's side. A second followed with his drawn sword in his hand, and Ernest brought round the hilt of his own weapon, demanding, "Dear Annette, what is the meaning of all this? Who are these men? Why are you so pale?"

"Give me the crossbow," said the old woman's son, stretching out his hand to one of the men behind him, but keeping his eyes still fixed on Ernest de Nogent and the servant. "We must have no folly now, or we shall all swing. Give me the crossbow, I say: what are you about?"

"I left it under the tree," replied one of the others. "I thought the beast would get away if I were not quick."

"You fool!" exclaimed his companion. "Fetch it! fetch it! fetch it for your life!"

The man turned to the door, but Ernest de Nogent exclaimed, "Stop! stop! you will bring destruction upon yourselves: if you will pause you are secure, but if you act violently you will bring certain death upon yourselves."

"Fetch me the crossbow," replied the other man, furiously, "or I'll drive my knife into you. Will you stay and hear such trash as that?"

The other man still paused, but a third, who stood near the door, instantly turned the key and threw it wide open."

"Hear me," cried Ernest de Nogent, "hear me, for your own sakes if not for mine, for nothing can save you but instant flight. Quick, up those stairs, dear Annette," he added, rapidly, and in a lower voice; "leave me to deal with them."

"No," she replied, in the same tone, "no: I cannot quit you now."

"Listen to me," continued Ernest, again addressing the men. "You suppose that you are all alone here—"

"No we don't," cried the old woman's son, with a grin, looking over his shoulder and seeing through the open door the heads of two more men whom he knew. "Ha! Tim, my boy, is that you? and you've got a pistol, too! Right, my boy, right! Give it to me quick! I will soon settle the account with this young man."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As the man spoke whose words we have recorded in the last chapter, there was a loud blast of a horn in the open space before the little *cabaret*, and at the same moment the old woman's son perceived for the first time that the countenances of such of his companions as had just arrived were deadly pale and full of apprehension.

Instead of giving him the pistol, the man he had called Tim only exclaimed, "Quick, you fool, quick! Out of the back door into the wood, or we shall be taken, every one of us. There is the king and the whole hunt come up here after the buck you have been dolt enough to shoot."

Consternation instantly seemed to take possession of the whole party within; and the old woman's son, snatching the pistol violently from his comrade's hand, was the first to rush towards a door by the side of the stairs. Now, however, Ernest de Nogent cast himself in the way, with his drawn sword in his hand, exclaiming, "You are too late!"

The villain turned his eyes fiercely from him to Annette; and, as if he could read at once the feelings that were in the young officer's heart towards her, it was at her he instantly leveled the pistol, exclaiming, "Not too late for this!"

Ernest, with a single bound, sprang upon him, and caught him by the arm and the throat. A short and vehement struggle followed, in the very first efforts of which the pistol went off; but the next moment, after a reel hither and thither, the villain was thrown to the ground, and Ernest de Nogent put his foot upon his chest and held him down. The villain received no aid from the companions of his wickedness, for nothing is so selfish as vice; and each, with the instinct of self-preservation strong upon him, made his way towards the door which led out the back way into the wood. All were not successful, however, in reaching it; for before the struggle between Ernest and his opponent had continued half a minute, a number of servants, and huntsmen, and guards, with several of the king's officers and gentlemen, poured into the house, and two of the men were caught and secured with very little resistance.

By the time that this was completed, Ernest had triumphed over his adversary, and those around were gazing on him as if for explanation; but the eyes alone of Annette perceived that the blood was flowing from his right side.

"Oh! you are hurt," she cried, springing forward and laying both her hands upon his arm. "You are very much hurt, I am sure."

Ernest de Nogent made no reply, but pushed back the curls of hair from his face, and tried to answer with a smile. He felt, however, that he was wounded, and that, if the struggle had continued a moment longer, he must have given way. The room swam giddily round with him, and all he could utter was, as he withdrew his foot from his prostrate adversary, "Seize the villain, seize him! Ah, dear Annette!"

Annette took his hand in hers, and supporting his arm, while one of the officers caught him as he was seen to stagger, guided him to the nearest chair. "The king's surgeon is in the carriage," said one of the officers, addressing Annette. "Call him, call him instantly," he continued,

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turning to some of the guards; "tell his majesty we have fallen upon a fine nest of villains here, but scarcely in time to prevent murder, I fear."

The other lady now advanced towards Ernest's side, and water was hastily sent for; but before it came Ernest de Nogent had fainted, and the blood still continued pouring from his side. A moment after two gendemen entered, the one clothed in black and the other in a rich hunting suit, and instantly the space around the wounded man was cleared.

"What is all this?" cried the first. "Why, this is Monsieur de Nogent: is he dead? How has this happened?"

"I scarcely know whether he be dead or not, sire," said one of the officers; "but it seems that in arresting one of these villains, whom he found slaughtering your majesty's deer, Monsieur de Nogent has been shot by that scoundrel you see there. The pistol was discharged after we entered the room. You see it is in his hand now."

The man, who seemed to be unconscious that he had hitherto retained the weapon in his grasp, instantly dropped it when he heard it named; but that only made the fact the more apparent, and the king motioned the persons who surrounded him to remove the person they had captured.

Annette's heart was aching as it had never ached before in life; but her eyes were tearless, and she only said in a low voice, addressing the person in black, who, she clearly saw, was the surgeon spoken of, "Oh! help him, sir, if it be not too late."

"No," said the surgeon, in a mild tone, "no, he is not dead, mademoiselle, he has only fainted; but that will do no harm; we shall the more easily stanch the blood and examine the wound. You two ladies had better retire: indeed, all had better do so, if such be his majesty's pleasure, except one or two of you gentlemen to give me a little assistance."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the king; and naming two or three gentlemen, whom he ordered to remain with the surgeon, he continued, addressing the latter, "I shall leave you here, my good friend, with the wounded man; but one of the coaches shall stay for you, and if he comes to himself again, let him be taken whithersoever he wishes. In the mean time we will go out, and hold the pleas of the gate before the door here, if this thunder has not brought rain with it. Allow me, mademoiselle, to conduct you from this place; there is a second carriage here at your disposal, for I suppose that you two ladies are those to whom we were told the *chaise de poste* belongs which we saw but now broken in the wood."

Annette merely bowed her head coldly, and the other lady replied, "The same, sire."

These words first called the attention of the king towards Annette's fair companion, and he seemed more struck with her appearance than with that of Annette herself.

"This is strange!" exclaimed the king. "Why, beautiful lady, am I right or wrong? Surely this is a face well known to me in other days as that of the coldest and the cruellest of all the court of France; who, with all hearts breaking for her, has remained so many years in vestal seclusion?"

"So many years, sire," replied the lady, "so many years, that even the nine days' wonder has gone by with the little beauty that your majesty so flatteringly remembers. I can assure you, sire," she added, with a faint smile, "that the suiters whom your majesty alludes to are not very importunate nowadays, and find it very easy to forget. But I will beseech your majesty to suffer one of the royal carriages to convey myself and this young lady on our road to Chartres, whither we were going when we were stopped by an accident to the carriage."

"May I ask the young lady's name?" said the king, leading Annette onward into the open air; "to judge from finding her here, in such close companionship with my young friend, Ernest de Nogent, I should suppose that this was that Mademoiselle de St. Morin of whom I have heard so much."

"Monsieur de Nogent," replied the lady, unwilling to come to the point, "has not been with us at all till within these five minutes, sire. Passing the inn, he found us attacked by these men, with the intention of robbery, and, I believe, murder, and he came to our assistance like a gallant gentleman. His servant, there, can tell you more of the facts."

"But is this or is this not Mademoiselle de St. Morin?" said the king, who was not to be led away from his object.

"That is my name, sire," said Annette, coldly but decidedly; and thinking more at that moment of Ernest de Nogent than even of her own situation, she cast down her eyes upon the ground and remained silent, taking no farther notice of the king, nor even displaying any of that sort of agitation from his presence which she might have experienced under other circumstances, and which, more than any thing else, would have excited the interest and caught the attention of the monarch.

Louis was anything but pleased; but he determined, at all events, to bring her to Paris, whether she would or not; and he therefore replied to the other lady, that he would send them to Chartres by saying, "I fear, mademoiselle, that I must alter your destination. The trial of these men will immediately take place; your evidence must be given, and that of Mademoiselle de St. Morin; I must therefore beg you to remain under your sister eyes upon the ground and remained silent, taking no farther notice of the king, nor even displaying any of that sort of agitation from his presence which she might have experienced under other circumstances, and which, more than any thing else, would have excited the interest and caught the attention of the monarch.

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The lady replied at once with an air of decision and dignity, which had its effect even upon Louis, "As it is absolutely necessary, sire," she said, "that Mademoiselle de St. Morin should not be left without a proper female companion, I shall accompany her till she is safe under the care of Monsieur de Castelneau, and then proceed to my own hotel in Paris."

The king bit his lip; but he knew that the lady spoke according to the rules of that court etiquette and propriety which he had strangely and inconsistently endeavoured to keep up, together with the utmost licentiousness of morals and horrible depravity in himself and in his courtiers. He therefore merely bowed his head, saying, "So be it, madam; you are quite right;" and a few drops beginning to fall from the clouds at that moment, he took advantage of the fact to break off any farther conversation by saying, "It rains; we had better betake ourselves to the carriages. See that those men be brought with all speed to Paris, and lodged in the Chatelet. Some of those gentlemen must ride who were promised places in the coaches. Monsieur Antoine, see these ladies to the second coach. The hunt has led us so far, we must drive for an hour or two by night, though the storm seems coming on rapidly."

Thus saying, the king advanced with a slow step towards his own carriage, and took his seat therein, while Annette and her fair companion—led through the crowd of men, horses, and equipages which always followed Louis XV. on his hunting expeditions, and which now surrounded the house and filled the little space before it—approached the side of the vehicle that was destined to convey them on their way.

The king had by this time perfectly forgotten the wounded man, but so had not Annette de St. Morin, and her heart yearned at that moment to go back into the inn. To do so was indeed impossible; and there were feelings in her bosom which made her voice tremble and her cheek burn while she said, in a low tone, to the gentleman who accompanied them, "I would fain know before we depart what is the situation of Monsieur de Nogent."

It was an old man to whom she spoke, with all the habits and airs of a court about him; with the habitual courtesy of the body and the tongue, but without that real courtesy of the heart which gives life to the other. The moment he heard Annette's question, he put on a look of interest which he did not feel, and assured her, in a sweet tone, that the young gentleman was better, although he knew no more of the state of Ernest's wound than she did.

The other lady, however, with a woman's clear-sighted eye, saw more of the feelings which were pouring in her young companion's bosom than Annette suspected, and she instantly said aloud, in as easy and courtly a tone as that of the courtier, "But we would fain have the last intelligence. This young gentleman has been wounded in a generous defence, and Monsieur Antoine is too gallant and polite a nobleman to refuse two ladies, who beseech him to go back to the inn and bring them the surgeon's report."

Again Monsieur Antoine bowed low, and looked sweet, and shrugged up his shoulders, but at the same time he pointed to the royal carriage; and as he never did anything that was not agreeable to him, replied, "But the king, madame! the king! It is impossible to detain his majesty."

"I will go!" said a young gentleman who stood near, and in whose bosom—though perhaps it contained the seeds of many a vice—yoshuh still kept alive some sore of kindly and generous feelings. "I will go, madame, and will overtake you in a moment if you will proceed."

There was no possibility of farther delay, and Annette entered the carriage with a heavy heart. Her fair companion followed, and endeavoured to console her by a few whispered words. Monsieur Antoine and another old courtier filled up two places more, and the vehicle moved forward in the royal train. The moments seemed long to Annette: but it was, indeed, a marvelously short time that elapsed ere a horseman rode up to the side of the carriage, and, putting down his head, the young officer who had undertaken the inquiry said, in a tone of interest, "He is better! he is much better! They have extracted the ball, stopped the bleeding, and he is better."

"I told you so, mademoiselle," said Monsieur Antoine, as if Annette should have believed his empty reply at once. "I told you so, but you would not credit me."

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Both the gentlemen had addressed Annette, and not her companion; for both felt instinctively that in her bosom there was a deeper interest towards Ernest de Nogent than that which had actuated her companion in urging the inquiry. But the tidings which were now given proved so great and happy a relief to the poor girl, that she heeded little the discovery of her feelings. She refrained, indeed, from shedding tears till the sun went completely down, which took place not long after; but to weep was the strongest inclination that she felt at the moment when hope was rekindled in her bosom by the young officer's report. When darkness did cover the earth, she gave free course to the silent drops of many mingled emotions, and felt soothed and relieved by the indulgence. No one saw that she wept; but both the old courtiers, who occupied the other side of the carriage, perceived that she was grave and sad, as well as the lady who accompanied her, and they strove by idle chattering to amuse and interest her. Both soon found that the attempt was vain; and Monsieur Antoine, to whom his own ease was everything, gave himself up to a quiet sleep, while the other, whose tongue nothing could hold in bonds, went on to the end of the journey talking, with no one attending to him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was nigh ten o'clock when the royal carriages stopped at the king's private entrance to the chateau of Versailles; and after the monarch himself had entered, the door of the vehicle in which Annette had been placed was opened, and the two gentlemen descending, offered their hands to assist her and her companion.

Annette knew not where she was, but still an instinctive dread of the court of Louis XV. made her turn towards the lady who accompanied her, saying in a low voice, "Pray, pray, do not leave me!"

"I would sooner lose my life," replied the other, in the same tone. "I know not whether it will be necessary to alight at all. The king said that we were to be conveyed to the house of Monsieur de Casteleau," she continued aloud, "and perhaps we may be permitted to go there at once."

"The king waits you, madam, in the first saloon," said a gentleman advancing from the palace; and knowing well that there was no possibility of resistance, the lady led the way, followed by Annette. The two old courtiers conducted them forward with a grin; and in the second of the long suite of rooms occupied by the monarch they found Louis himself, surrounded by a large body of gentlemen and attendants, who, at a sign made by the king, as he saw the two ladies approaching, fell back on either side, and left open for them the space before him. The room was full of lights, and to the eyes of Annette the worn and enfeebled expression of the monarch's countenance was ghastly and revolting; and certainly the fatigues of the chase, and the long and dusty ride which he had undergone before he betook himself to his carriage, had not served in any degree to diminish what was disagreeable in his appearance.

On the other hand, Annette was pale with agitation, fatigue, and fear. She was closely wrapped up in a traveling dress, which all that she had gone through after the accident to the *chaise de poste* had soiled and discomposed, and, moreover, the traces of recent tears were apparent on her cheeks, so that every circumstance combined to take as much away as possible from her natural beauty.

Louis gazed upon her as she approached with no slight surprise; his lip turned down at the corner, and he gave a glance to one or two of those who stood around him; but still, when not moved by passion, the king could display, at least, the manners of a gentleman, though there was always a cold and icy repulsiveness in his demeanour, which characterised the monarch who is said never to have entertained a sincere affection for any one.

"I have given you the trouble of alighting, ladies," he said, "to know if I can do anything to serve and assist you; or if you will take some refreshment before you proceed on your way."

Annette suffered her companion to speak for both, and remained gazing coldly and thoughtfully upon the ground. The other lady acknowledged the king's kindness, and replied, "I believe the only assistance your majesty can give us is to suffer the royal carriage which brought us hither to convey us on our journey's end; and as repose is more necessary to us than refreshment, we will retire as soon as you will graciously permit us to do so."

"I have given orders that fresh horses should be provided to convey you to Paris, mademoiselle," replied the king: "the house of Monsieur de Casteleau is quite the other side of Versailles—such is his horror of the court—and as you pass you can deposite this fair lady there. I dare say the carriage is by this time ready."

The lady did not venture upon another word, but with a low reverence quitted the royal presence with Annette. They had scarcely left the anteroom, when the king turned to those around him with a dull, sneering countenance, saying, "What think you, gentlemen, of this marvelous beauty, who has stolen the hearts of so many people in Quercy? They must be very inflammable people there to be so easily alight!"

A loud laugh, of course, followed the king's remark; and as his opinion of Annette's beauty was very clear, every one hastened to cry it down. One declared that she was positively ugly; another remarked upon her being as white as a sheet; another said that her eyes were red; another, that she was awkward; another, that she had no form or symmetry; another, that there was no life in her. There was many a dull jest, spoken, and many a coarse or blasphemous expression used; and when the king, who stood coldly by and heard the whole, had sated his apathetic mind with ribaldry, he gave his courtiers an intimation that he wished to be alone, but beckoned his valet Lebel, who had been standing behind him, to follow him to his cabinet.

"Well, Lebel," said the monarch, as soon as the door was closed, "what think you of this wonderful piece of perfection that we have had so much trouble in bringing to Versailles?"

"That she certainly is not worth the trouble," replied Lebel.

"Why, she is positively ugly!" said the king.

Strange to say, however, this was one of the subjects on which Lebel made it a point of conscience to speak truth.

"No, sire," he said, "by your majesty's leave, she is handsome, but she is as cold as a piece of adamant! She is a statue of ice."

"Then, by my gracious leave," said the king, smiling, "she may be handsome for me; for I never wish to see her face again."

"Oh! her beauty is nothing very extraordinary," answered Lebel, "even if she were as warm as the first of August. She is in no respect worthy to tie the Lange's shoe."

"Ay! by-the-way," exclaimed the king, "I had forgotten what you said; remind me to-morrow."

"And, in the mean time," said Lebel, "I suppose your majesty does not care how soon this lady goes from the court?"

"Not I!" replied the king; "but what is it to you, Lebel? What have you to do with it?"

"Why, sire," replied the valet, "I can see that Monsieur de Choiseul fancies that all the business at Michy was my doing, and is very angry with me on that account, because his nephew is in love with the lady, though I cannot but think that Monsieur de Choiseul might do better than meddle where your majesty is concerned."

"He might," answered the king, with a cold smile; "and where you are concerned too, Lebel; but, still, Monsieur de Choiseul is too valuable a man to part with, even for a *valet-de-chambre*."

"Oh! fai be it from me, sire," replied Lebel, "to dream of such a thing, or to wish any harm to Monsieur de Choiseul, who is certainly one of the greatest ministers that ever appeared; but I only thought, if your majesty permitted me to notify to Monsieur de Choiseul that the Count de Casteleau and family might depart, it would turn aside the duke's indignation from me, and make him look upon me more favourably."

"He shall do thee no harm, Lebel," replied the king; "and as to the rest, you may do as you will. I care not about the count's stay, now that the girl has been brought to Versailles in spite of his opposition."

"I thank your gracious majesty," replied the valet; "it may do me a great service with the duke."

"Why, you do not seek to be a financier, do you?" replied the king; "but come, I must to bed, for I am tired. Bring me a cup of coffee, and roll one of the pages to read me to sleep."

"Will not coffee heat your majesty?" said Lebel; "chocolate is more nourishing."

"Well, then, let it be chocolate," replied Louis.

While this conversation was passing in the palace of Versailles, and while Lebel, who had, in fact, entered into a regular compact with the Count Jean du Barry and the infamous Mademoiselle Lange to raise the latter to the station of a royal concubine, was adroitly removing from her path all chance of rivalry—for thus are kings managed and deceived—Annette and her fair companion were conveyed on their way towards the dwelling of the Count de Casteleau; and a brief but eager conversation took place between them.

"Dearest Annette," said the lady, "for reasons that you will one day know, I should wish you to say as little about me to your kind guardian as possible; and, indeed, unless it be absolutely necessary, not to give any account of the course we have pursued upon our various journeys."

Annette was startled and surprised. "Oh! dear lady," she exclaimed, "you surely would not have me conceal anything from one who has ever been more than a father to me?"

"It is because he has been a father to you,

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Annette," replied the lady, in a sad tone, "that I would have you be cautious in what you say. For his sake, and for yours too, it would be better that he should not drive inquiry too far; but still, Annette, I will not tell you to conceal anything; for God forbid that I should teach you to forget the noble frankness which he has inculcated. All I mean is this, that with regard to me and mine, and you also in many respects, dear Annette, the less Monsieur de Castelneau knows the better for us all, at least till some change has taken place in this court and country. Act, then, as you will."

"I have so little to tell," replied Annette, after a moment's thought, "that whatever I say I suppose can do but little harm. I know you, lady, by no other name than Mademoiselle Louise. With regard to our journey, I am only acquainted with the names of two places on the road, Meulon and Houdain; though I knew, indeed, that we were going to Chartres when we were stopped."

"That can do but little harm, my dear child," replied the lady. "So now, my Annette, farewell. Remember me! love me! for I trust I am deserving of your love."

"Oh! that I will ever," cried Annette, throwing her arms around her, "that I will ever, most truly and most sincerely; for, though I cannot tell why, I felt from the first moment I saw you that I could love no one else so well."

The lady smiled, though Annette perceived it not; but she replied, "The time will come, my Annette, when you will find some one to love better. Here we are, however, and I must bid you adieu."

As she spoke the carriage drove into the court of the hotel, and Annette asked eagerly, "Can I not hear from you?"

"Oh yes," replied the lady, "oh yes; I could not live without that myself now."

"But how shall I find poor Donnine, and the other servants?" said Annette.

"I will take care of that," replied the lady; "and now farewell, my sweet girl, farewell!"

By this time the bell had been rung, and servants with lights had come forth, gazing with no small surprise upon the apparition of a royal vehicle in that place. When, however, the door of the carriage was opened, and, after one more embrace from her companion, Annette herself alighted, the surprise and the joy of the servants at the sight of that well-known and well-loved face exceeded all bounds. They pressed round her to kiss her hand and welcome her home; and then one of them darted away before her to the Count de Castelneau, exclaiming, "Oh, she has come, my lord! she has come!"

The count asked not who, for his heart told him at once; and in another minute Annette was clasped in his arms.

"My dear, dear child!" he cried, "my own sweet Annette!" and he kissed her with a tenderness and warmth which he had not ventured to indulge in for many a day before he quitted Castleneau. But at that moment of joy and thankfulness for her safety, every better principle was awake in his heart, and he felt towards Annette more than ever as her father. No other image was present to his mind, no remembrance of aught else on earth, but that the dear child—the well-loved nursling whom he had fondled in her infancy—was there beside him, after many perils and a long separation; and in the presence of such feelings even the habitual aspect of cold stoicism which he had worn for many a long year melted away like snow beneath the sun. His eyes actually filled with tears, and he gazed in her face as if he could never behold her long enough.

"You are pale, my Annette," he cried, at length, "you are fatigued, and you have been weeping too. Oh! tell me, tell me if you are safe, and well, and happy."

"Oh yes!" she cried, with one of her bright smiles; "I am well, only very weary; and both safe and happy, because I am with you; though I own I am very anxious for a gentleman who has risked his life to save mine, and has been terribly wounded in so doing."

"What is his name! what is his name?" demanded the count. "I shall be ever grateful to him."

"He is the son of the Baron de Nogent," replied Annette.

The count cast his eyes down upon the ground, and mused for a moment or two in silence. "Fate," he murmured to himself at length, "there is certainly such a thing as Fate! Well, my Annette," he continued, casting off the cloud again, "you shall not tell me your tale to-night; I see weariness in those dear eyes and that pale cheek; and some slight refreshment and some good repose must precede every thing else. I will master my curiosity and impatience until then; but I shall be up early to-morrow to hear the whole; and as it may be necessary, perhaps, to take some sudden resolution of much importance, I will have every thing prepared for whatever course it may be requisite to pursue."

Notwithstanding the count's determination to bridle his curiosity, as usually happens in such cases, much more was told ere he and Annette parted for the night. It was told, indeed, in a desultory manner, while she was taking some refreshment, of which she stood in great need; but, to say the truth, though her communication was out of all form and order, there was very little left to add on the following day. That Annette had seen the king, and had been brought by him to Versailles, grieved and perplexed the Count de Castelneau. The story of the lady who had rescued her from the chateau of Michy afforded him another subject of deep and intense thought. The share which Ernest de Nogent had taken in the matter also affected him in a different manner, but not less profoundly; and for many hours after Annette had retired to rest, the count remained in the saloon, either leaning his head upon his hand and gazing at vacancy, or walking up and down the room with slow and irregular steps, asking himself the ever-recurring question of "What next?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was about six on the following morning when Annette awoke from a sweet and refreshing sleep, with sensations which such a sleep should entirely have cleared away. They were sensations of apprehension, of vague and indistinct alarm in regard to some terrible occurrence. Starting up, she looked wildly around her, and it was some time before she could recollect where she was or what had lately taken place. Though she still felt somewhat fatigued from her journey, the aspect of the strange room in which she was lying, and the memories that crowded fast upon her mind, prevented her from falling asleep again, and she soon after rose and began her toilet.

She had scarcely commenced, however, when the sound of feet hurrying hither and thither attracted her attention, and in a moment or two after, some one knocked at her chamber door. When she opened it she found a servant, whose face expressed great consternation, and who informed her that the count had been just discovered still sitting in his chair in the saloon, in one of those terrible fainting-fits which had first attacked him at Castelneau.

Annette instantly hastened down, and found him just recovering some degree of consciousness, under the care and skill of the faithful old servant who had accompanied him from Quercy. In a few minutes afterward the surgeon, who had remained also in attendance upon him ever since his first illness, joined the party likewise, and proceeded with the greatest promptitude to apply remedies which soon restored his speech.

An order was immediately given by his medical attendant to carry him to his bedroom; but the count raised his hand, saying, in a low voice, "That is needless, my good friend, for I must depart as speedily as possible for Castelneau."

The tone in which he spoke was firm and determined; and the surgeon, who was not unaware of the many anxieties which had lately been pressing on his mind, gazed in his face with a look of apprehension and inquiry, but read there a resolute purpose that was not likely easily to be shaken.

"My dear sir," he said, speaking low, "I can comprehend your motives; but if you persist in going directly, your life will be the sacrifice. Give me five hours, and I think I can so prepare you that you may set out at the end of that time in comparative safety. If you go now, you die; and then Mademoiselle de St. Morin is without any protection."

"But that of God," said the count. "Five hours, however, my good friend, may render the whole too late. What o'clock is it now?"

"Not yet seven," replied the medical man; "the king rarely, if ever, comes forth till twelve, and while we are doing the best for you that we can, everything may be made ready. You must feel, sir, that it is impossible you should go at present."

"Perhaps it is," said the count, faintly, "perhaps it is;" for the very exertion he had made in speaking had wellnigh exhausted the little strength which had been regained.

He was accordingly borne to his chamber and placed upon his bed, although he would not suffer himself to be undressed; and there the surgeon, knowing how strong were his determinations when once taken, applied himself by every means to restore bodily powers, even of an artificial kind. In about four hours a great improvement was manifested, and the count sent Annette away from him to hasten the preparations for their journey. She had scarcely reached the saloon, however, and was speaking with a servant at the door, when another domestic came up in haste, announcing the Duc de Choiseul.

Annette turned very pale, for she knew nothing of that personage except that he was the king's chief minister, and was considered all powerful in France. The carriages, she was well aware, were all ready in the courtyard, and the servants busy in packing them for departure; and, at the same time, she had gathered from various words which had lately passed that the king had prohibited the Count de Castelnean from quitting the court, and had never recalled that prohibition. She was not a little alarmed,

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therefore, at the announcement of the duke's visit; but she had no time to think; for, with the usual rapidity of all his movements, Monsieur de Choiseul came close upon the servant's steps, and the moment after his name was pronounced he was in her presence.

He addressed her not only with courtly grace, but with a tender and kindly tone, which relieved her greatly, taking her hand as if she had been an old friend, and raising it with respectful gallantry to his lips.

"I see carriages preparing in the court," he said, after a few preliminary compliments had been spoken: "may I ask if they are for your departure or for that of the count?"

Annette was silent for a moment, but it was not because she contemplated anything like equivocation, although the words of the duke might seem to throw an evasion in her way. It was, in fact, from a feeling of reluctance to speak at all that she paused; but when she did speak, she spoke the plain, straightforward truth."

"They are for the departure of all," she replied; and, when she had uttered the words, she gazed with a somewhat anxious and inquiring expression in the face of the Duc de Choiseul, expecting to see surprise and anger manifest themselves at once.

The duke, however, merely smiled, with a shake of the head, saying, "I have been forestalled! I suppose the count has had a message from the count this morning?"

"No, my lord," replied Annette, "there has been no message. Monsieur de Castelneau has been very ill this morning, so as to give me serious alarm, and he is even now lying down to gather strength for his journey; but I can convey to him any communication that you may think fit to make."

"This is strange," said the duke, in a musing tone; "but the truth is, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, in order to merit the reputation of a good politician, whenever there is unpleasant news to be communicated to a friend, I send a messenger for that purpose; but when the news is pleasant, I sometimes carry it myself. In the present instance, knowing very well that the count has a strong disinclination to remain at the court, and a still stronger disinclination that you should remain here, I thought it might be agreeable to him to receive the king's permission to return to Castelneau; and, consequently, as soon as the intimation reached me, I hastened to convey it to him in person."

Annette's whole countenance beamed with joy, and she exclaimed, "Oh! let me tell him immediately: it will make him so happy to hear it, for he was resolved to go at all events; and when you asked me about the earrings, I—I—"

"You were afraid of doing mischief," said the duke at once, "and yet were too sincere to attempt to deceive me! Dear lady, you are both the worst and the best politician in the world."

Annette blushed deeply at his praise, which she felt to be praise of no slight value; and the duke added, "Go to the count, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, present to him my best wishes, give him the king's permission, and say that I will not intrude upon him just now, as he is both so ill and so eager to depart. I must write to him, I suppose, though I would have preferred a few moments' conversation. You must come back to me, however, fair lady, yourself: for I cannot forego the pleasure of your society for some little while longer before I go to the dull business of the cabinet."

Annette made him a graceful reverence in return to the compliment, but she did not blush at it as she had blushed at his former praise, for it seemed to her that his words were now merely those of courtesy; and she accordingly left him to convey the tidings she had received to her guardian.

When she was gone the duke took two or three meditative turns up and down the room with a quick, long step, and murmured to himself, as if he had just come to an important conclusion, "Yes, she is very beautiful, and very charming, and very good also; I do not wonder at the boy being in love with her. Well," he continued, "it is no bad thing either, if she be wealthy as they say, for Heaven knows I have no wealth to give them, and the house of Nogent sadly wants recruiting in its finances. It were no bad thing, indeed, if all the rest be right; but it is strange I cannot recall the name."

Again he mused, and again he traversed the room in the same manner as before; but, whatever was the result of his reflections, he did not give voice to it in the present instance, but remained silent till Annette returned. When she did appear he advanced kindly to meet her, saying, "Well, sweet lady! what says the count?"

"He thanks you most sincerely, my lord," replied Annette; "but farther I must give his reply in his own words. He says, as the king has graciously permitted him to go, he will stay a little longer—"

"Although," added the duke, interrupting her, "he would doubtless have made the more haste to go if the king had not given him permission. It is seemingly a very reasonable paradox, my fair friend, which, nevertheless, I understand better than you do."

"But he added a condition," said Annette, "which was as follows: He would stay a little longer, he said, as the surgeon thought it absolutely necessary for his recovery, if you would kindly undertake that the permission to go should not be withdrawn."

"I think I can manage that for him," replied the duke; "but, in order to do so, my dear young lady," he added, taking her hand, "I must exclude you altogether from our gay court."

"Indeed, my lord," replied Annette, "I have not the slightest wish to mingle with it, and shall esteem it a privilege to remain away. It cannot love me less than I love it."

"Nay," answered the duke, "it is for fear that it should love you too well that I would keep you from it."

"Or for fear that *I* should like it too well?" asked Annette, with a gay smile.

"No!" answered the duke, gravely; "no, my dear young lady, I fear not that at all; but you must recollect that I understand these things from long practice and somewhat sad experience; and I think that if you were to appear there often, ay, even once, you might be more appreciated than you were last night, and might be obliged to stay when you would willingly be away. I do not know whether I make myself fully understood."

Annette looked gravely down upon the ground, and remained for a moment or two in thought. She then answered, "Perhaps I do not fully comprehend, my lord; and it may be better for me not to do so. It is quite enough for me to rely implicitly on your good judgment, and to feel not the slightest inclination whatsoever to set my foot within a palace walls again."

"I really do believe, dear lady," replied the Duc de Choiseul, "that the two people who of all France can most sincerely make that declaration are in this room together."

"You must add a third, my lord," replied Annette; "for I am sure with my guardian it is the same."

"True," answered the duke, "true; he has proved it by nearly twenty years' absence, which has seemed strange to us all; for there was a time when no man loved better the court, the crowd, the city. He enjoyed them all, I have heard, much, though in a philosophical spirit; but then suddenly he abandoned them altogether, and plunged into the retirement of the country."

"He must ever have been fond of rural pursuits," said Annette; "and I, my lord, have been educated so much in the same taste, that, being but little of a philosopher, I fear I could never find sufficient amusement in speculating upon the characters of my fellow-creatures to compensate for the enjoyment of nature."

The duke laughed, and replied "I am afraid that my taste differs somewhat from yours: I love the country, and can enjoy it much; but I love society also. I am fond of frequent and continual intercourse with the intellectual portions of nature. They, in fact, afford me a peculiar sort of the picturesque; I can see mountains and valleys in one man's mind; sweet meadows and calm places of repose in another; torrents and cataracts in the eloquence of a great preacher or statesman; soft-flowing rivers and bright and sparkling rivulets in the conversation of a fair lady, or the table-talk of a man of wit. These are what I may call the landscapes of a great city, and in these I take much delight."

Annette paused and mused for a moment without reply; and the duke, who was in truth examining into her character while he was himself seeking a moment or two of relaxation in the society of a lovely girl, after waiting an instant or two, demanded, "You differ with me: is it not so?"

"No," replied Annette, "not exactly: but I was thinking that the enjoyments you speak of are better suited to a man than to a woman. To see these landscapes which you mention, my lord, you must examine closely, and probably may make many important discoveries. This is all very well for men; but for a woman's own happiness, and for the happiness of those around her, it is better to take a great deal upon trust."

"You said you were no philosopher," said the duke, "and yet, Mademoiselle de St. Morin, you show yourself a very profound one; for depend upon it, that to comprehend what to know and what to leave unknown is one of the strongest proofs of a philosophical mind. Every station and condition of life has a sort of knowledge peculiarly fitted to it, and a sort peculiarly unfitted. It is for God alone to know all things, and everything perfectly; and man can by knowledge undoubtedly render himself unhappy as well as happy."

"I believe it fully, my lord," replied Annette; "and I have often thought that I would not possess those mystic powers of discerning things that are usually concealed from us, even if the fairy tales were true, and some supernatural being were to offer me the privilege; although," she added, with a deep sigh, "there are some things which I would give a great deal to know at this moment."

The tone in which she spoke, the sadness which suddenly came into it, and the anxious

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expression of her countenance, interested the duke.

"May I venture to inquire," he said, "what these things are? A prime-minister of France is a great magician, young lady, who can conjure up more spirits than you imagine to answer any questions he may put to them; and, let me add, that in your case he will do so with pleasure."

"Perhaps you may tell me one thing, my lord," replied Annette, with an eager look, but with a faltering voice and somewhat blushing cheek, "I am very anxious, indeed, to hear tidings of the health of the young gentleman who risked his life to save ours last night, and was wounded—so terribly wounded. They would not let me stay to give him that assistance which he so well deserved at the hands of one whose life he has twice saved."

The tears rose in her eyes as she spoke, and though she suffered them not to roll over upon her cheek, the duke marked the bright drops with some pain, not having heard the details of the preceding night's adventures, believing that Ernest de Nogent was by that time in Quercy, and doubting whether such emotion on the part of Annette might not prove unfavourable to his nephew's suit.

"You shall have an answer very soon, fair lady," he replied; "I have not been to the palace yet, and have heard but few particulars of last night's transactions; but if you will give me the gentleman's name who has thus suffered in your defence, I will send you a report in half an hour."

A servant had entered even while he was speaking, and, before Annette could reply, he placed a note in the duke's hand, saying that it had come by a messenger express from Chanteloup, on matters of life and death.

The duke instantly recognised his wife's hand, and tore the letter open eagerly. There was a very slight alteration took place in his complexion; and, as was customary with him when much moved, he shut his teeth firmly, as if to prevent any undignified expression, either of grief or anger, issuing forth through the prison doors of his lips.

"This is indeed sad news," he said, "and concerns both you and myself, mademoiselle. It is my poor nephew, it seems, who has had the honour of being wounded in your defence."

"He is worse!" exclaimed Annette, clasping her hands together: "he is dying! the servant said it was a matter of life and death."

"No, no," said the duke, taking her hand and pressing it kindly in his own; "it is not so bad as that, my dear young lady, nor was it his life and death that was talked of. Ernest and Madame de Choiseul are both very anxious respecting you. We have all heard of your being subject to great grief and annoyance—nay, I must speak plainly—to danger, and to the risk of much and horrible discomfort, and Ernest feared that what had taken place last night might place you in a situation most terrible and trying to you. He knows that I am the only person who could deliver you from such a situation if you were in it; and he knows, too, that I would deliver you from it, if you wished deliverance, ay, though it cost me life as well as office. Ernest has been moved to Chanteloup, poor fellow, and makes Madame de Choiseul write by his bedside; but he is better, and the surgeon does not apprehend any danger."

Annette's lips moved for a moment or two with words of thanks towards Him who protects the good and the virtuous, and she then added aloud, in a calmer tone than before, "I did not know that Monsieur Nogent was your nephew, sir; but I owe him such a deep debt of gratitude, that you will easily understand why I asked even a stranger to satisfy me with regard to his situation."

"I do understand it all, my dear young lady," replied the duke, with a look of kindly meaning, which brought the blood in a moment into Annette's cheek, "and I thank you most deeply for the kind interest you take in Ernest. He is not absolutely my nephew, though I feel as much affection for him as if he were, both on account of his own good qualities, and because he is the nephew of one I love better than myself—I mean Madame de Choiseul. However, I will write him a note from the palace, whenever I arrive there, to tranquillise his apprehensions regarding you; and let me beg you to set your mind at ease also regarding him. The surgeon positively says that, though badly wounded, there is no present danger, and you know he is well and kindly tended. I will now leave you, and will only add that, in case anything should happen to annoy or distress you, in spite of my best precautions, I not only authorise but beg you to make use of my name at once, be the person who offends you be who he may. Say that I have positively promised to protect and defend you so long as you remain here, and that my honour is pledged to you, as a French gentleman and a soldier, that you shall be neither subjected to restraint nor insult; require my presence and assistance loudly, and that demand must soon bring about an issue which I do not think, at this moment, there is any one in France would wish."

"How can I ever thank you, my lord," said Annette, with deep gratitude beaming in her eyes; "you are, indeed, all that I have heard. There is one thing more, however, which I could much wish—"

"I understand you," said the duke, with his quick perception; "I can easily conclude that, as Ernest has been wounded in your behalf, you would wish to hear of his health from time to time. You shall have a daily report, dear lady, while you remain here; and now farewell, with thanks for a very pleasant hour."

Thus saying, he left her, and entered his carriage, remarking as he did so that there was an ill-looking, though well-dressed personage, with one eye, examining the equipage with no slight attention. Common proverbs come into the mind of the great and small alike upon almost all sudden occasions of no great importance. They are, in fact, as it were, nearer at hand than any other reflection; and though the duke did think the unflinching stare of that one eye somewhat insolent, he muttered to himself something tantamount to "A cat may look at a king," while the carriage rolled away towards the palace.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For several successive days a servant on horseback, bearing the livery of the Duke of Choiseul, was seen to stop at the gates of the house inhabited by the Count de Castelneau. In a court such as that of France, where everything was despotic, and all men were ruled either by the absolute power of the monarch or the tyranny of fashion, such a small thing as this could not pass without observation, and produce its effect upon many of those who bowed the knee to the one idol or the other. Previous to this time the Count de Castelneau had been regarded merely as an original, not sufficiently extravagant to be worth cultivating for the sake of notoriety, but now he immediately rose into a person of some consequence. That the prime minister should visit him in person, that he should send a servant to him every day, argued no ordinary consideration. *Bizarre* had been the term they had hitherto applied to him; but now there seemed to be a prospect of the epithet being changed, and of the Count de Castelneau becoming *à la mode*. The courtiers called upon him, and were told that he was ill; but that was nothing to a people who, in those days, were always accustomed to die in company. So much so, that one might have fancied the Emperor Augustus was but a prototype of the whole French nation, though his last words were (according to report), "*Nunc plaudite*," and those of the dying French courtier to the society assembled to witness his end, "*Pardonnez-moi si je fais des grimaces*."

To their surprise and consternation, however, the gentlemen who called were refused admittance on account of the count's illness. This was received as a new proof of his absurd eccentricity, and they generally shrugged up their shoulders as they quitted the courtyard, saying, "*Il a voyagé en Angleterre, pays d'originaux ou on meurt presque seul*," which, being interpreted, means, "He has traveled in England, that land of originals, where people die almost in solitude."

Female women, however, soon get tired of anything that is unsuccessful, and the Count de Castelneau was not destined to be long troubled by the importunity of visiters at his gate. The tidings, however, of the frequent appearance of the Duke of Choiseul's servant in his courtyard spread farther, and produced other results than those we have already displayed. There was no exception, as we have seen, to the perquisitions of the police; everything was reported there that was done, either by the king or the artisan, if it could be discovered, and learn, by the unsleepy eyes of that unsleeping Argus. The news, therefore, of these frequent courtesies reached Pierre Morin, who, during the long-protracted illness of the lieutenant-general, which took place about this time, carried on the whole important functions attributed to the superior office.

To him it was not in the least degree difficult to combine such pieces of knowledge as explained to him the whole affair. He had been, of course, informed at once, with a view to the most legitimate exercise of his powers, of everything that had taken place in the forest near Chartres. He divined to small part of the feelings which existed between Ernest and Annette; and he concluded, from these frequent messages, that the Duke of Choiseul himself was anxious a union should take place between them. Of this position he was as well convinced as if he had seen the inside of the notes which were sent from time to time instead of messages.

It may be necessary, indeed, to say that he did not see the inside of these notes, otherwise we might naturally suppose that he did, it being well known that every letter of any importance that passed through the French postoffice was opened and read, as well as many which were of no importance at all; for it is wonderful into what minute things that searching police condescended to pry, instances of which, equally absurd and disgraceful, might be given were it requisite or even decent to do so. The postoffice might, indeed,

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be considered as one great branch of the police; for there every letter, the contents of which were judged of sufficient consequence, was transcribed and sent to the lieutenant-general or his deputy, to deal with as might be judged expedient.

The couriers, however, of a cabinet minister could not be stopped and interrogated, though such of his letters as passed through the post might not be more respectfully treated than those of other persons. Thus the actual notes of the duke to Annette de St. Morin—for it was to her he addressed them—were only divined by Pierre Morin; but about the tenth day a letter was sent to him from the bureau of the post, which bore immediately upon the subject, and interested him not a little. It was addressed to the Duke of Choiseul, and was written in a hand carefully disguised, but which could not escape the keen eyes to which it was now subjected. A brief examination of the contents and the formation of the letters convinced him whose was the pen from which it proceeded; and he smiled as he read the following words: "The Duke of Choiseul is hurrying on to commit a folly. Before he compromises himself so far that he cannot retract, it would be well for him to inquire what is the birth and family of the person calling herself Mademoiselle de St. Morin."

This was all that the epistle contained; and Pierre Morin's only comment upon it was, "Ha! ha! is it so, monsieur? We will frustrate you as before;" and thereupon he sat down and wrote a brief note, which he kept carefully by him till one of his most prudent and trustworthy agents returned from some errand in the city.

It may be necessary, however, at this point of our tale, in order to show the reader the whole secret machinery of what was taking place, to remove the scene for a short time from the police-office, and lay open a suite of five very handsomely furnished rooms in the Hotel de Cajare. They were those appropriated to the only son of the marquis, who, as we have shown, had received distinct orders from the king not to approach within ten leagues of the court, but who nevertheless thought fit to slight these commands, and to seek all the pleasures of Paris if he could not enjoy those of Versailles.

Objects, too, of very great and deep interest to himself kept him in the capital, although he knew that it was at some risk; for, as we have shown, under a calm, quiet, and polished exterior, the Baron de Cajare concealed passions deep, strong, and terrible, which, when once roused into activity, overbore at once every habitual restraint and every consideration of his own security. Two of those passions were at that moment leagued together, and added additional virulence to each other. They were love and revenge. Love the baron had never felt before, or anything even approaching to it; and, now that it had made its sway known, it was, of course, all the more strong and overpowering. Revenge was not an uncommon guest in his heart; and though of a cruel and egregious appetite, had generally been hospitably entertained and fully satisfied.

The baron was—at the moment when we must bring him back to the reader's view—seated at a table, with an extremely white hand and an extremely white ruffle, writing a note, without any very great appearance of attention, or the slightest shade of trouble, sorrow, or anxiety on his countenance; and yet there was scarcely a man in Paris, from the garret to the cellar, whose situation was not in some respect preferable to his. He had just finished writing, when his father entered the suite of apartments which were especially appropriated to the baron. The marquis advanced, smiled, bowed low, and went through the whole manual of graces and courtesies, which he never failed to practise upon all persons, even members of his own family. The son rose, bowed with courtly dignity, and pointing to a chair, begged his father to be seated.

The conversation then began by the marquis saying, "The servants told me, *monsieur, mon fils*, just now, when I returned home, that you wished to speak with me, and I have come immediately to know what are your commands, trusting that you may, by your last night's party, have re-established your finances, and be desirous of repaying me the twenty thousand livres which I lent you last week."

"You are too good, a great deal, Monsieur le Marquis," said the son; "but you have made a slight mistake. Every card went against me yesterday, so that my object is the exact reverse of what you suppose. It is, in short, to request that you would lend me ten thousand livres more."

"Impossible, my son," cried the marquis; "I am in the most desperate need of the twenty thousand I spoke of but now, for I have a party to play to-night with the Duke of—"

"But, my most respected father," interrupted the baron, "there is not the slightest use in telling me who you are going to play with, when, or how; for I cannot contribute a livre to your game, even were it to save you from bankruptcy."

"The same, my dear son, is the case with me," replied the marquis; "I am very sorry, but it cannot be."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the Baron de Cajare; "let us reason over the matter quietly, and I will soon show such motives for lending the money that you shall not say a word against it." The marquis twisted his face into a peculiar expression, which might well be interpreted to mean that nothing could change his resolution upon the subject.

"Well, well, listen," said the baron; "you yourself told me the fortune of Annette de St. Morin: you yourself first urged me to seek her hand. Circumstances have, indeed, hitherto gone against me, but she is now almost within my grasp; and if I can proceed for one month longer, I shall obtain her to a certainty."

"Pho, my dear son," replied his father, "I tell you that's as low a card as any in your hand! The girl does not like you—will not have you; and her idiotical guardian will let her have her own way."

"I will have her or die!" cried the Baron de Cajare, in a tone which somewhat startled his father, who was ignorant that his son had a single strong feeling left. He replied, however, as he had done before.

"Nonsense, my good son, she loves another; and as she is to marry whom she likes—"

"She shall never marry him," muttered the baron, in a low tone.

"Tush!" exclaimed his father, impatiently, "you know nothing about it. In the first place, she loves him; and, in the next place, the whole interest of the Duke of Choiseul is employed to obtain her for him. There are couriers coming and going between the two houses every day."

"He shall not obtain her!" said the baron; "I have means that you do not know of. I have never yet failed in my determinations. Have you ever known me fail?"

"No, indeed," replied his father, "I never have, my good son, and perhaps you may not in the present instance, after all; but still I cannot help you. In one word," he added, speaking in a lower tone, "I wish you to be prepared for what may happen before long. Cajare is pledged for my last night's sitting: I am certain that there was unfair work on some part; and if I cannot make a good hit to-night, everything must go—do not look surprised—this house and everything in it."

"That is bad," said the son; "but you are foolish if you cannot stop that. Play at hazard; do not play at piquet. Then the cards cannot go against you. It is what I intend to do to-night."

"But still the luck may run cross with both you and me," answered his father; "we may throw threes or deuces when we would fain throw six."

The baron did not reply, but walked quietly to a little cabinet, unlocked it, and took forth some of those fatal pieces of ivory which have produced the death and ruin of more men than pestilence or the sword. He carried some eight or ten of them in his hand, and laid them down before his father.

"Well," said the marquis, "what of that? I have seen dice before."

The baron smiled. "What shall I throw for you?" he asked.

"Size ace," replied his father; and immediately the son placed two of the dice in a box, shook them well, threw, and size ace appeared upon the table.

"They are loaded," cried the marquis.

"Not they," answered the baron. "I will stake my life that, let them be split to-morrow, not a lead nor quicksilver shall be found within them."

"But are they of one piece?" demanded the marquis, examining them closely.

"Entirely," replied his son. "Use them as you will, no flaw will be found in them."

"Do it again," said his father; and the same trick was performed with the same success.

The Marquis de Cajare had looked on with eager eyes, as if anxious to detect the way in which his son performed this feat, but all seemed perfectly fair.

"Come, come, my dear boy," he said, at length, "explain it to me, explain it to me. Why, we may both make our fortunes if we manage rightly."

"Yes," answered the baron; "but I must have something to begin upon. In short, you must give me one half of what you have in the house; you shall then know the history of these dice, and have as many as you want for present use."

"On my life and honour," said the marquis, "I have not two thousand livres in the world."

"Then give me them for my secret," replied the baron; and the marquis having left him for a moment to fetch the money, he remained with his brow leaning on his hand, and an expression of dark and moody discontent upon his countenance.

The business of the money being soon settled, the baron pushed over some of the dice to his father, saying, "There, with those you can throw any numbers you like; the only thing is to put strength enough in throwing. With a good firm jerk, so as to give them their natural

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roll, they will each come up one certain number. When you want to vary the matter and lose a little, throw them more gently, and you will find the result uncertain."

The marquis took the box, and tried several times with such perfect success, that he again felt sure the dice were loaded, and he boldly expressed that opinion to his son.

"No," answered the baron, "I give you my honour they are not loaded. The facts are these: When I was with the army in Piedmont last year, I was quartered in the house of an ingenious turner in ivory, who showed me some of these dice of his own making. Now in every tooth from which they cut these little cubes, there is one part harder and heavier than the rest; I believe it is the outer part, but that matters not. By soaking the other side in some particular acid, which he would not divulge, the ivory is rendered pulpy and light. I have seen it almost as soft as a piece of leather. It hardens again when dried, but never recovers its heaviness; and thus one side of each of these is not heavier than a piece of porous bone, while the other is three times the weight. I bought these things from him in case of need. I have never had occasion to use them until now; but I intend to win back to-night from Melon and the rest the money they won from me last night, by some trick of the same kind, I dare say."

"Oh dear, yes," replied his moral and honourable father; "with such fellows as that I should stand upon no ceremony. You may be quite sure they do the same sort of thing; so it is only diamond cut diamond if we get a better way than theirs. But as to Annette de St. Morin, my good son, you had better give that up. You will only get yourself into trouble there, depend upon it!"

"It is to win Annette de St. Morin," replied the baron, sharply, "that I use these dice. I want nothing but money: give me money, and I will find such means to use it that she shall be mine, even if she stood at the altar with another man. Do you think, sir, that I will suffer an inexperienced girl like that to foil me? or a romance-reading, sentimental fool, like Ernest de Nogent to stand between me and my object? No, no: I will have her or die, if it were only to triumph over the coldness she has shown. These dice shall be employed to some purpose, depend upon it, and she shall be mine before a month is over."

"Well, my worthy son," replied his father, "I wish you all success; but neither you nor I must have recourse to these little gentlemen too often or incautiously. Pray recollect that it is necessary to lose a little sometimes."

"Oh yes," answered the son; "and if we see that the roll of the dice is becoming suspected, we must be among the first to cry out upon it, and have them split in our presence: I have plenty more in that cabinet."

The father and the son smiled at each other, and then parted; the marquis returning to receive some company below, the son remaining in his own apartments to wait for the arrival of one whom we have seen before in companionship with him. It wanted, however, about half an hour of the time appointed, and the space thus left was employed by the baron in practising a little piece of sleight of hand very necessary to gentlemen following the pursuit in which he was now engaged. This was the rapid passing of the dice up and down his sleeve, and the concealing them in the hollow of his hand, even when it appeared to be stretched fairly out. He had brought this manœuvre to a high state of perfection, when one of his own servants opened the door which led from the anteroom, and quietly introduced our old friend Pierre Jean, who came forward with his usual look of cool effrontery, treating the baron with scarcely more reverence than he would have shown towards his own companion.

"My father has just been confirming your account, my good friend," said the baron, as soon as the door was closed: "there are couriers from the Duke of Choiseul there every day, and we must stop this matter before it goes too far."

"There is but one way of stopping it," replied Pierre Jean.

"I have written the note!" said the baron; "but, by my life, if you are deceiving me in this matter, Master Pierre Jean, your ears will not be very safe."

"Come, come, now, baron," said Pierre Jean, in his usual tone of jocular familiarity, "did you ever know me to deceive anybody in your life? Do they not call me simple Pierre Jean because I am as innocent as a dove? The baron bit his lip, and the man proceeded. "Come, as I see you are doubtful, however, I will tell you more about it. This girl is the daughter of nobody greater or less than that respectable officer, Pierre Morin, the chief deputy of the lieutenant-general. Now there are a couple in Paris who know who Pierre Morin originally was. I was an old acquaintance of his, however, many years ago, and can tell you that he was nothing but a poor, dirty filigree-worker, very often pinched for his supper. In one of those fits of poverty, his wife and two children lived at that time, seeking money. My master, old Fiteau, was too wise to give her any; but this Count of Castelnean, who was then Abbe de Castelnean, and a great customer of my master's, was then in the shop, and hearing her say that neither her husband nor herself minded the hunger, but it was for their child they cared, took compassion on her, and went to visit them in their garret. I saw him give her money myself in the shop, and heard him say to some of his companions that he would go. He was at that time one of these wild, half-cracked fellows who do foolish things with a grave face, and call themselves philosophers. It seems he wanted a child to try experiments on in matters of education, as he called it, though nine times out of ten he was as poor as a rat in those days, and had seldom money to provide for himself. However, I heard him talk about all this one day, and I am sure that this is Morin's child that he took and brought up, because, on the very night old Fiteau was murdered, I was sent with some money—it was but a livre—to Pierre Morin's wife; and I sat there with her for some time. The child was gone, and when I asked her what had become of it, she said a gentleman had adopted it as his own. She did not tell his name, indeed, but—"

"Oh, it is clear, it is clear," said the baron, "St. Morin is very soon manufactured out of Morin; there can be no doubt of the fact: how shall I send the letter?"

"Through the post," replied Pierre Jean, "through the post. They open all the letters, we know well; but they will not dare to stop that. If you have put the thing rightly, so as to make the duke inquire, and if he be such an ass as to value birth, and rank, and all that flummery, her marriage with Master Ernest de Nogent is stopped, depend upon it."

"There is not a greater stickler for noble birth in France than the Duke of Choiseul," replied the baron. "He was so when he was Count de Stainville, and depend upon it, being prime minister has not lessened his pride. The marriage is stopped, that is clear; the next question is how to lead or drive her to a union with myself!"

"That I can do for you, too, Monsieur le Baron," replied Pierre Jean. "I can manage the Count de Castelnean, and, through him, I can manage her."

"You, you!" exclaimed the baron: "what do you know of the Comte de Castelnean?"

"More than he would like any one else to know," replied the man, drily.

"I think you are mad," said the baron: "you wish me to believe that you possess power, which you certainly would have made use of long ago to enrich yourself if it were really yours."

"Why, Monsieur le Baron," replied Pierre Jean, "a man may have power, and yet be like a peasant that I once heard of, who found a diamond in the rough, but, not knowing what it was, kept it in a cupboard, and was a poor man all his life, though he had a treasure in the house. I never knew what I am now aware of till the other day, when I found it out accidentally. Since then, I have had some thoughts of marrying the young lady myself! I should make a capital son-in-law for the chief commissary of police; for, thank Heaven, I know every rogue in Paris, and could help him marvellously in his vocation!"

"You impudent scoundrel!" exclaimed the baron, unable to believe that the man was really capable of doing what he pretended: "if what you say be true, why do you not, as you say, marry her yourself, with the large fortune which she must possess, instead of offering to aid me!"

"I have at least three good reasons, Monsieur le Baron," replied Pierre Jean: "in the first place, I am a moderate and unambitious man, and I can content myself with having always a good suit of clothes to wear, a good horse to ride, two or three good meals and two or three good bottles in the day, and some half dozen crowns over and above for my *menus plaisirs:* that is the first reason, and whoever marries Mademoiselle de St. Morin shall furnish me with means for this way of living. In the next place, when I look in the glass, I sometimes think that mademoiselle might not like me for a husband, and certainly I should not like her for a wife so well as the little sempstress up four flights of stairs in the Rue St. Antoine. Moreover, I have another reason, which, to say truth, is stronger than all the rest; there is but one man in Europe for whom I feel anything like fear. That is good Master Pierre Morin; and it does not do, baron, you know, to be afraid of one's father-in-law. Indeed, I do not think it would ever come to that; for I believe, if he found me pretending to the hand of his daughter, he would take care that, before the priest could tie the marriage-knot, the hangman should tie one of a less pleasant kind about my neck. Oh! he is a desperate fellow, that Pierre Morin; a determined tiger as ever existed. He always was. I declare I would sooner fight five Hussions, sword in hand, than feel the up of his forefinger upon my shoulder. It gives me a strange feeling of strangulation about the throat."

There was so much truth in what the man said, that the baron's doubts gave way in a considerable degree; and he mused for a moment or two, till he was at length roused by an application which he certainly might very well expect, but which he was not thinking of at that moment.

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"In the mean time, Monsieur le Baron," said Pierre Jean, "you will be pleased to recollect that you promised me a hundred crowns for this other business: I mean, for stopping the marriage with Monsieur de Nogent. Have the kindness to pay me that; and, whenever it comes to the time for arranging her wedding with you, we will make our bargain upon that in proper form."

"Why, my good friend," said the baron, "the marriage is not stopped yet!"

"Oh yes it is!" replied Pierre Jean; "and, besides, I am in desperate want of the money."

"So am I," replied the baron; "and I do not choose to pay for things beforehand."

"Well, then, I will tell you what," replied Pierre Jean, "hang me if you shall have her. I can give her to whomsoever I like, and nobody shall have her without paying for her. I am not one of those to be used as a ladder, and then kicked down when you have done with me. Here have I told you the way how to stop this marriage, you make use of it, and then you will not pay me."

"Come, come," said the baron, who saw that the man was really angry as well as insolent, "we must not quarrel, my good friend; all I want is to have some assurance of success. You may tell me this plan, or that plan, or the other plan will succeed, and I may find, a day or two after I have paid you, that the whole thing is flummery. For the present business, I will give you fifty crowns at once, and fifty more when I find that the marriage is really broken off. As for all that is to come afterward, we must devise some scheme by which we shall be both so bound that neither can take advantage of the other."

"Well, sir, well," replied Pierre Jean, in his usual easy tone, "we are two great scoundrels, that is certain, so it is necessary to have something of the kind between us."

The baron bit his lip and looked at the hilt of his sword, as if he had a very strong inclination to pass it through his saucy companion; but Pierre Jean went on without noticing these signs of indignation. "The matter will be easily settled, Monsieur Cajare," he said; "you shall draw me up a little promise some time or another, that, if you marry Mademoiselle de St. Morin in consequence of the information I give you, you shall bestow on me, immediately after the marriage, the sum of five thousand louis; not a denier less, monsieur. If her fortune be as much as you say it is, you can easily do that. I know nothing about what she has got, for my part; but I suppose the count will give her a good deal, and our friend Monsieur Morin himself has had the picking of too many bones not to be worth five Jews and a French peer!"

"I know very little of what she has," said the baron, in a somewhat surly tone. "My father's notary told me the other day that she had herself bought the little estate of St. Aubin on the Lot. But that is not worth more than seven hundred louis a year."

"Well, be her fortune little or great, the sum I have named is what I must have," replied Pierre Jean; "but you have time to consider of it. Give me the fifty crowns, and let me go now; for I have some friends to dine with me at Renauld the *traiteur's*."

"Where the fifty crowns will disappear in no time," replied the baron.

"Then I shall come to you for the other fifty to-morrow," rejoined Pierre Jean, whose impudence, like the Greek fire, could not be put out, whatever was cast upon it.

"Well," said the baron, "I shall then be more ready to give them to you: to-day I am very poor. I will have the paper drawn out you talk about too," he added, with a sigh, at the idea of parting with so much as five thousand louis. "It is impossible to be too quick in this matter, for fear anything should occur to derange our plans."

"I am at your service," replied Pierre Jean, "quite at your service, whenever you like. As soon as the paper is signed, I will let you know my plan, and you will not doubt that it will succeed entirely as soon as you hear it. I would not say so unless I were quite sure. Why, I am the honestest man in the world."

While the last few sentences had been passing between the two, the baron had pushed over the sum of fifty crowns to Pierre Jean's side of the table. The other took them up, put them into his purse without counting them, and with a hasty and unceremonious adieu, left his companion.

As soon as he was gone, the baron started up, walked hastily to and fro for a minute, and then swore, with a dreadful imprecation, that he would try all other means ere he put himself into the power of that scoundrel.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The attack of illness which seized the Count de Castelneau on the morning after Annette's arrival proved more tedious than he expected. He went on recovering, it is true, day by day gaining a little strength, and losing the sensation of faintness which in this, as in the former attack, came upon him for some days whenever he attempted to move. His mind was now easy regarding Annette, who never quitted his hotel, and never received any of the persons that called with the exception of the Duke of Choiseul, who came once to visit her for a few minutes about six days after the count had been taken ill. The heart of Monsieur de Castelneau was still farther tranquillised in regard to the base pursuit of the king, by tidings of his insane passion for the low and infamous woman lately brought to his court, which was by this time a matter of notoriety. It may be easily conceived that such a relief to his mind greatly tended to facilitate his recovery; and it is not at all impossible that the fact which soon reached his ears, of Ernest de Nogent being unable to present himself at Versailles on account of his wound, might also contribute to his restoration to health.

On the seventh or eighth day he was able to come down and walk about the room for a short time, and he soon after began to speak of preparations for immediate departure. Annette had quitted Castelneau with regret; she longed to return thither, to its calm and quiet shades, and the fresh aspect of nature; but yet, when the count spoke of leaving Versailles, she fell into a deep revery. Her mind turned towards Ernest de Nogent: she thought that she might not see him before she went; that she might have no opportunity of thanking him for all he had done for her, no means of satisfying herself regarding his health, of marking with her own eyes how he looked, of hearing how he spoke. She fancied that it might be long, very long—months, years, perhaps—ere they met again; and the thought was very heavy to her, though she would not ask herself why. The surgeon, however, in acting wisely towards the count, acted kindly towards Annette, for he strongly opposed too early a departure; and the tenth day arrived before he even suffered Monsieur de Castelneau to go for a few hours to Paris to settle some necessary business previous to his journey. On that day, however, the count departed for the capital, leaving Annette at Versailles.

He had been very thoughtful during the whole morning; for during the preceding day he had questioned his adopted child, and had heard, for the first time fully, all that had taken place from the day of her leaving Castelneau. He had made no comments, no observations whatever; and, to say the truth, had endeavoured not to meditate upon the subject at all, knowing and feeling that it was the struggle with his own heart which produced those deadly fainting fits which so shook a constitution naturally strong. He could not help thinking, however: and, though he bent his resolutions firmly to resist every inclination to wrong, to stop the first suggestions of the evil spirit, and to listen to nothing but what was right and just—so that the contest was less fierce than it had been—yet the idea of ever parting with Annette, of seeing her love another more than himself, of even sharing her affections with any other person, was in itself sufficiently terrible to make him sad, and grave, and meditative.

He had been gone about an hour and a half; and Annette, after having employed herself for some time in various little preparations for her journey, aided by Domaine and her maid, who had recalled her some days before, had given way at length to the importunity of thought, and had seated herself at the window of the saloon which looked over the lower ground towards the Seine. There were various moving figures in the distance, but she saw them not: there was the sound of the carriages and horses rattling along the roads close by, but she heard it not; and, shut up within the sanctuary of her own bosom, her heart was communing with itself, and trying to overcome the sort of longing and eager desire that she felt to see, if it were but for a few moments, the man who had twice so gallantly come to her deliverance, ere she placed many a wide league between herself and him.

As she thus thought, she suddenly heard a step nearer to her than she had yet heard, though the servants were working in the adjoining room; and, turning round quickly, she beheld Ernest himself within two steps of her. He was much thinner, and very pale; his lips bloodless, and his step less firm than before; but his eye was bright, and full of clear, high feeling, and his whole countenance sparkled with joy, which in itself was beautiful.

There may be clumsy merriment, but joy is almost always graceful.

The gladness of his heart was certainly not at all diminished by the sight of the radiant smile which beamed over her whole face, as giving way at once to the impulse of her feelings, she sprang forward to meet him.

"Oh! is it, is it you!" she cried. "How happy, how very happy it makes me to see you!" and then she blushed at the eagerness of her own words; but still she would not stop them in their course, adding warmly and gracefully, though with the blood still glowing in her cheek, "I was just thinking of you, and fearing that I might not see you before we went back to Castelneau."

Ernest had taken her hand in his, and having done so he retained it, leading her back to her seat, and saying, "I too feared that it might be so; and the surgeons became convinced at length that to let me visit you would do me less harm than continued impatience and apprehension. Oh!

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Annette," he continued, "I could not let you go from me without—"

Annette's heart told her plainly the words he was about to speak: it told her, too, that those words would be words of joy for her to hear; but yet she shrunk from listening to them, and even tried to stay them, saying, with a trembling and agitated voice, "But you are pale; you have suffered very much, I am sure; you must not stand by me: here is a seat."

Ernest understood it all as if by instinct. "Nay, nay," he replied, "I must remain standing, if, indeed, you would not have me actually kneel before you. Listen to me but for one instant, dear Annette, and forgive my calling you by that name; for I used it towards you on a night, the remembrance of which is most dear to me, though it was a night of danger and pain to us all; and if ever you bid me call you by a colder name again, Ernest de Nogent will never dream bright hopes in life any more."

"Oh! call me so, call me so, if you like it," replied Annette, looking up in his face with the glittering drops in her eyes, but with none of the world's guile or reserve in her heart. "Why should not you call me what you please, when I twice owe you life, and when you have suffered so much for me!"

"If I may indeed give you what name I please," exclaimed Ernest, eagerly, and with his whole face glowing with joy and hope, "I will call you my own Annette, my dear, my beloved Annette, my promised bride: may it be so, dear one! Oh, speak, speak! for I can bear no suspense."

Annette bent down her head till her fair clear forehead rested upon the hand that clasped hers. She felt that hand tremble, however; and, even in the confusion of her own feelings and the agitation of her whole frame, she thought of his sensations, of his emotion, and looking up the instant after, she said, "Yes, Ernest, yes, if you wish it."

"Wish it!" he exclaimed, clasping her to his heart. "Do I wish for heaven, dear Annette! for next to the hope of serving and pleasing God is the hope of guarding, protecting, and dwelling ever with thee. Where is your guardian?" he continued, eagerly. "I must speak with him at once, lest I indulge a dream of happiness that may be blighted in a moment."

"He is absent," replied Annette; "he is gone to Paris; but you need not fear, Ernest. He has always told me, in fact, that he would leave me entirely to make my own choice, if there be not some strong and overpowering objection; and that cannot be the case with you, Ernest."

"I think not," he answered, "I think not. Yet I would fain see him; but, as that is not possible, let me enjoy the present."

They did enjoy the present to the very full; for the sensations which they experienced were new to both of them, and a fresh world of enjoyment and delight was open to the hearts of each. To Annette those feelings came in all their first freshness, with none of the bloom of youth and affection brushed away; and all the sensations which she had hidden from herself, all that tenderness, and regard, and admiration towards him who now stood by her side, which she had so long imprisoned in her own bosom, now that the gates were thrown open, rushed forth and almost overpowered her.

With Ernest de Nogent the emotions were indeed different, but not less sweet. He had mingled in the world; he had acted a part in the great drama of life; he had seen love in many shapes, though he had never known it himself; and, to say truth, what between the examples of the passion he had beheld, and the perversions of the name he had witnessed, he had long shrunk from the very idea of subjecting himself to feelings which he had never beheld in their purest and their highest form. But all that he now felt taught him for the first time what love really is; and the difference between that which he had fancied it to be and that which he now experienced was so bright and beautiful as fully to equal in delight the nuvelty, the entire novelty, with which it came upon Annette.

To dwell upon all they said would occupy too much time, and, perhaps, would not be very interesting to others. Suffice it that the candour and truth in which Annette had been brought up did not fail at that moment, and that the freshness and high tone which were peculiar to Ernest's mind proved now a blessing to himself as well as to her. He remained there for more than an hour in such sweet discourse; and neither of them ever dreaming that there could exist any obstacle to their union, talked of the future, the bright, the happy future, with all the fond confidence of youth, and hope, and love. An accidental word or two, however, from Ernest de Nogent, discovered to Annette that he had promised to make his visit but a short one, in answer to the earnest remonstrances of the surgeon; and, as soon as she heard that such was the case, she pressed him eagerly to go. It was long ere he would consent, however; and when he did bid her adieu, he smilingly gave her a note from the Duke of Choiseul to her guardian, saying, "I am not acquainted with the contents, my beloved, but I know that it refers to us; and from my uncle's generous kindness, I am sure it is calculated to make us happy."

When he was gone, Annette covered her eyes with her hands, and tried to still the tumult of her thoughts. It was scarcely possible to do so, however, for all was a wild and whirling dream of happiness, such as she had believed it scarcely possible to feel. The words, the looks, the tones of Ernest came up before her eyes without order or arrangement, troubled all her ideas, and left her no power of calm reflection. When she did recover a little, however, her mind turned towards her guardian; and, for the first time in her life, her heart beat somewhat anxiously at the thought of seeing him again. It was not that she feared any opposition, that she apprehended blame, or dreaded even that playful jest which sometimes startles though it does not wound. She felt convinced from long experience that her guardian would be happy in her happiness; she repeated to herself again and again that she knew him too well to suppose that he would not rejoice in anything which gave her so much joy. She repeated this often, very often; so often, indeed, that there may be a doubt whether some circumstance which she could not clearly define—some of those slight traits which cannot be grasped, but which seem to convince the heart without passing through the brain—it may be doubted, I say, whether some of these had not created a suspicion that her marriage with any one would inflict some pain upon her guardian, and did not produce a feeling of timidity which she would not otherwise have known. Certain it is that she did feel in a degree uneasy; certain it is that, for the first time in life, she calculated how she should behave towards him; certain it is that she fancied beforehand all she would say to him, and all that he would reply.

As time passed on she became still more apprehensive; and when at length she heard the carriage roll into the courtyard, she called one of the servants, and, in order to lessen the burden of all she had to tell, bade him give the Duke of Choiseul's note to the count, and inform him that Monsieur de Nogent had been there. She then ran lightly away to her own room, paused thoughtfully for a moment or two, summoning all her resolution to her aid; and then, conquering her reluctance, she went back to the saloon with a downcast eye and a glowing cheek, to tell the tale at once.

She found the count leaning upon the table, with the surgeon who had accompanied him to Paris standing beside him. The note was open on the table; and when she entered, the pale countenance of the count, though with a shade less colour than ordinary, seemed full of high and calm determination. His eyes were raised towards the sky, and his lips close shut; but he heard Annette's step the moment that she entered, rose, advanced slowly towards her, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"Be calm, my dear Annette," he said, feeling how she trembled: "do not agitate yourself. I can comprehend all and understand all without your speaking."

Annette burst into tears, and the count, turning to the surgeon, continued, "Leave us, my good friend. I am calm, I can assure you. It is a struggle that agitates as long as it lasts, and not when the victory is won—and it is won! You can remain in the next room if you are apprehensive; my dear child will call you should it be needful."

The surgeon withdrew, with an anxious look towards Annette; and the count then led her to a chair, and seated himself beside her. "You need tell me nothing, my Annette," he said, after a momentary pause, "for I read it all in your countenance. You have heard the words of love, you have heard them for the first time, perhaps, and you have been much agitated. That agitation has left its traces behind, but they are the traces of happy emotions; for the tears of grief and of joy are as different, even to the sight, as the dew of the summer morning and the heavy drops of the thunder-storm. You have been happy, my Annette, and so far I am happy too; but I fear lest that happiness may have its alloy. I fear that it may be followed by pain and disappointment."

"Oh! why, why, why?" cried Annette. "You surely cannot doubt that Ernest is—"

"All that is good, and generous, and noble," replied the count. "I know he is so, my sweet child; but yet, dear Annette, this world in which we live is not the holyday place that young hearts think it. It is a sorrowful school, where sad lessons are taught every hour, and I fear you have yet much to learn. I have just studied perfectly a painful task, and I am going to tell you what it is, Annette; for it is a part of my duty both to punish myself for the past and to guard myself against the future. With you, my dear child, I have striven to deal without selfishness; but, alas! that sin is as subtle and general as it is base; and, even when we think that it is most surely conquered, it finds its way in through some unguarded portal, and takes possession of the whole heart. I have brought you up from infancy, loving you for yourself. In your education I can fairly say I dealt generously with

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you, for I denied you many indulgences which would have indulged myself to grant; and I studied my own faults, as well as those of others, in order to preserve your character free from errors; but, while all this was going on, Annette, I learned to be selfish in another way—"

"Oh! do not say it, do not say it," cried Annette; "you have never been so with me."

"Yes I have," continued the count: "selfishness, I say, took another form; I learned to love you for myself as well as for yourself; you became indispensable to my happiness, to my peace, to my tranquillity. It became necessary to me that the love which you had learned to feel towards me should be undivided and entire. The very thought of your leaving me and uniting your fate with another was to me as death; and, though I struggled much to overcome it, such was the rebellion in my heart that the effort has twice nearly cost me life."

Annette covered her eyes with her hand and wept.

"Nay, dear child," continued the count, "weep not. Have you not heard me say that the struggle is over, and that I have triumphed? It is so, my Annette, and I am only telling you now what has been, not what is. That you should stay with me, my dear child, ever stay with me; that you should never quit me to become the light of another home, to bring sunshine to another roof, was not, indeed, an expectation, but it was a longing, ardent, eager, selfish wish, to repress which, to trample which down, and to supply its place with better things, has been now the effort of many months. I might never have conquered it, Annette, had I not lately felt and seen that, for your happiness, it must be overcome."

"But why need I leave you?" exclaimed Annette. "Why may I not be always with you? Why may not Ernest, by his presence, add to your happiness rather than take from it? Why may he not love you as well as I do, and you love him, both for his own sake and because he loves me?"

The count shook his head. "I trust it may be so, dear Annette," he replied; "because I hope—nay, from the calm manner in which I can contemplate all, because I am sure that I have conquered at last this selfishness of which I spoke. But if, a month ago, Annette, you had asked me that question, why I could not love him both for his own qualities and because he loves you, my answer must have been, *because you love him.* I have triumphed, however, Annette, and I have completed the conquest this very day. From the moment you told me that he had again had an opportunity of saving your life, I saw that it was destined you should love him, and then began the struggle; but I must not think of those hours. Each day since, when the Duke of Choiseul has sent to tell you of his health, it has been to me as a warning. This morning, when I set out for Paris, I felt an impression that all must be accomplished now and at once; and as I went I made the last effort, and cast the viper from my heart. Henceforth, dear child, I live no more for myself; I live for you; in your happiness shall be my joy, and that which blesses you shall bless me also."

Annette cast her arms around him and wept upon his bosom. The count suffered her to do so for a moment, but then gently removed her, saying, "Now nerve your heart, my dear Annette! I have spoken to you of myself and my own feelings; I am going to speak to you of yourself and your situation. All seems happy, Annette, and fair in your eyes; but in some far western countries, which I once visited in the wild wanderings of my youth, I have seen the sky more bright and glorious than you ever beheld it in these climates; the sea calm and glassy as a mirror, and blue as the heavenly arch that hung above it; scarcely a breeze stirring the foliage of the trees, and everything tranquil as the thoughts of heaven. On the edge of that radiant sky, on the very far, far horizon, I have beheld a cloud, like that seen by the prophet, not bigger than a man's hand, and in half an hour the sky has been covered with storms and tempests. The waves have risen in mountains, the trees have strewed the ground, and all has been devastation and destruction where everything had promised brightness and prosperity. Such, my Annette, such a cloud there is, I fear, in our own sky; and now let me tell you whence it comes. We people in France are as gross idolaters as any of those which were smitten by the Hebrews; every one worships anything he can meet with but the true God. Among the old nobility of France, my Annette, high birth and long descent is the parchment deity they adore; to it they would sacrifice everything kindly and tender affection of the heart; to it they would offer up every virtue, talent, grace, or quality that can adorn human nature; ay! for it, when called upon, would they slay their sons and daughters, and, as in this court, make their children pass through the fire of hell. Now, dear child, although in every other respect a generous-hearted man, Monsieur de Choiseul is one of these. So is also the old Baron de Nogent; and with them, I fear, we have not the resource which we might have with some others: for mammon is the only deity which can tame pride, and here mammon would be of no avail. Having spoken thus, Annette, you will easily understand what are the fears I entertain, when I tell you that over your own birth there is a cloud, and that this note from the Duke of Choiseul contains inquiries on that very point."

Annette had turned deadly pale, and she remained so, sitting in perfect silence for several minutes, as if unable to speak. The count gazed on her anxiously, and at length he asked, "What shall I say to him? How shall I deal with him?"

"Oh, in truth and sincerity," replied Annette, "if it cost me my life, if it cost me more than life. Deal with him in all sincerity, my dear father; let me never think that by me or for me one word was spoken which could deceive."

The count's eye fixed upon her with a glittering moisture in it, but still firm and eager. "Annette," he said, "I ask you on my own account; and in making your reply, you must remember all that I have told you of my own heart. None can judge but yourself; for I, alas! may deceive myself as to my own motives. If there were a possibility of concealing anything—of leaving anything untold which is not absolutely necessary to tell—ought I, can I leave it unsaid?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Annette; "say all, say everything—everything even that you think; let there not be one single point to be told or to be suspected hereafter. Oh, my dear father, it may be God's will to deprive me for a time of happiness, but it can never be God's will to deprive me of honesty and truth."

The count caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, exclaiming, "Nor will God abandon thee, sweet child!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was late in the evening of that day when another note was put into the hands of the Count de Castelneau. He was alone, for Annette had gone early to her chamber. The impression on the wax made him start; but, after pausing for a moment, he opened it with a firm hand and read. The words which it contained were these: "The Count de Castelneau is required, by one whose seal he will recognise, to answer, when he is questioned concerning the birth of Mademoiselle de St. Morin, that he has every reason to believe she is of a high and pure family."

The count held the paper in his hand, and gazed at it sternly for several minutes. He then tore it to atoms and cast it into the fire, saying, "I am nobly taught by that dear girl, and I will follow her example, be the result what it may."

At an early hour on the following morning a servant ran up to announce that the carriage of the Duke of Choiseul was entering the court. This was very customary in those days, when the visit might be considered in some degree a ceremonious one: a running footman preceding the carriage, and giving the name of the visiter a few moments before he actually arrived.

The count, willing to do all accustomed honour to the high rank of the minister, immediately rose, and descended to the foot of the stairs to receive him, while Annette hurried to her chamber to pass the time in tears. Scarcely had she raised the cup of joy to her lips, when it seemed dashed away by the hand of fate, and she felt at that moment as if she had tasted of joy but to know sorrow. In the meanwhile, the count and his guest had entered the saloon; and, after a few of those courtesies which may partake of ceremony, but which still have great influence in preserving the amenities of life, the Duke of Choiseul entered upon the subject of his visit.

"I find, Monsieur de Castelneau," he said, "that my nephew Ernest very wildly and rashly, for as yet he is by no means well, made himself yesterday, while I was absent, the bearer of a note to you, which I intended to have been sent by a servant. He had a long conversation, too, it seems, with your sweet ward, you being yourself from home at the time; and he has certainly returned more in love than ever, which may very well be, as I never yet beheld a person so completely formed to turn the heads and win the hearts of old and young alike."

The count bowed his head gravely, replying, "There is no one like her in France, my lord duke; she is, indeed, a treasure, which might well make the house of any man rich in the best sort of wealth. She has also fortune of another kind, however, having already a very noble dower, and in certain prospect everything that I leave, the county of Castelneau dying, as you know, with myself."

"That will indeed give her the dower of a princess," replied the duke.

"It will," answered the count; "but I very much fear, my lord, from the tenor of your note to me, and from my knowledge of your views, that my fair ward, with all these high qualities and all this great dowry, may not be the bride of your nephew, Monsieur de Nogent."

"I grieve to hear it," said the duke, in a tone of real concern, "I grieve most sincerely to hear it, for to him it will be a most dreadful disappointment—let me add, to me a great disappoint-

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ment also; for I never in life beheld a woman so likely to make an honourable man happy."

"You do her mere justice, my lord," replied the count; "but I am afraid it cannot be."

"May I ask the particulars?" said the Duke of Choiseul.

"Most assuredly," replied the count. "I explained to Annette last night circumstances with which she was not acquainted; I told her the contents of your note, and I asked her to decide how she thought I ought to deal with you. Her reply, my lord, was, 'Deal with him in all sincerity and truth: conceal from him not one point of all that you know or that you suspect;' and now, my lord, I am ready and prepared to act according to her wishes, which are founded upon principles that I glory in having instilled into her mind."

"She is, I am sure, most noble and most sincere," replied the duke; "I needed no proof of that, sir. The objection, then, refers to her birth: am I to understand so?"

"It does, my lord," replied the count: "but, if you have time, permit me to explain the whole."

"I have time, my dear sir," answered the Duke of Choiseul. "I have come at an early and unceremonious hour, because I do not feel at all certain that, after I have this day presented myself at the palace, I shall ever set my foot in Versailles again. That, however, sir, will not make my heart ache. I fear what you have to tell may ab so severely. Let me beg you, however, to proceed."

The Count de Castelnesu took up the history of Annette from the time he had first beheld her; he told how he had found her, adopted her, and educated her; and he saw by the pained and sorrowful expression of the Duke of Choiseul's countenance the changes which that tale was producing in all his feelings and sensations. When he had concluded that part of what he had to say, he paused for a moment, and the duke played thoughtfully with the hilt of his sword.

At length the latter replied, "Though it was undoubtedly a generous and kindly act, Monsieur de Castelnesu, I cannot help believing that it was a pity so to withdraw this young lady from her natural station. The situation in which we are all placed by this circumstance will excuse my commenting upon what you have thought fit to do; I regret it deeply, most deeply, for my own sake and that of poor Ernest. I will not add for that of Mademoiselle de St. Morin, because I hope and trust that her happiness may be in no degree affected by this unfortunate circumstance."

"My lord, you have every right to comment," replied the count, "on anything that you or yours may suffer; and I so far agree with you in your views, that perhaps, had I been situated as I am at present, I might not have acted as I did. I was then, however, merely the poor Abbe de Castelnesu. I had been reckless and extravagant, and all I could ever hope to save for the child's dowry might amount to some few thousand crowns. I explain this to you," he added, somewhat proudly, "because I feel that an act of mine has remotely and accidentally affected the peace of a very noble and highly respectable family. You must be very well aware, however, from the life we have led in the country, that I have never tried to force Annette upon any house of high rank, although I believe her qualified to adorn the most elevated station. Still I have something more to tell, my lord; my tale is not done; and you will receive what I now say, not as any effort to satisfy delusively your pride of birth, but as the truth simply spoken, in accordance with the wish of Annette, that I should tell you all I suspect as well as all I know. I do not believe her, my lord, to be the child of the persons in whose house I found her; and I do believe her to be the child of two persons both of high rank. I do not imagine, however, that her birth would be mended in your opinion, even if the fact could be proved."

"If I understand you rightly, sir," replied the duke, "it certainly would not; and I will confess, my dear count, that in all the many transactions which I have had to go through in life, I have seldom, if ever, spent a more painful hour than that which has just passed. I had hoped, rashly hoped, that it would have been very different. I fancied that the young lady might be the daughter of some of the many members of our nobility, who, either in troublous times or in the rash days of their own youth, had lost the fortune which ought to accompany high blood; and I do assure you most sincerely, that, had she been the child of a gentleman or gentleman in all France, I would have courted her hand for Ernest as if she had been a princess. As it is, I am sorry to say, my opinion is fixed and cannot be altered. I know that the judgment of the Baron de Nogent will be the same. You must feel, sir, that this thing can be."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," replied the count, drawing himself up, with a slight degree of the sarcastic bitterness which formerly characterised his countenance appearing in the curl of his lip, "I beg your pardon, my lord; each man's feelings are his own property, and ours are as different as our estates. I know that in accordance with the prejudices of society it cannot be; but I feel also that there are men who could trample upon those prejudices. Excuse me, too, my lord, if I say that I could look upon no man as worthy of the hand of such a being as Annette de St. Morin, unless for her sake he could tread under foot a worse devil than family pride."

The duke's cheek grew a little warm, and one of his usual brilliant but biting repartees rose to his lips; but kindly feeling triumphed, and he merely replied, after a moment's pause, "Do not let us say angry things to each other, Monsieur de Castelnesu. This interview has been more bitterly painful to me than you are now willing to believe; and I have another to go through this day, nay, this very hour, which must be very grievous to me also. I have, sir," he added, in a grave, stern tone, "I have, sir, to risk offending past all forgiveness a king whom I have loved and served through the greater part of my life, in order to save him from committing an act which will cover his name with disgrace forever. I beseech you, then, Monsieur de Castelnesu, to let us part in peace, and to believe, when the Duke of Choiseul is no longer prime minister of France, that he only acted as he judged sincerely to be due to his family and to the respectability of a French gentleman. It is very likely I may be wrong; it is very likely that, as you say, I may be prejudiced; but those prejudices have been so early and firmly instilled into me, that I believe from my very heart I am doing nothing but what is right."

The duke held out his hand; and his tone was so earnest, so sincere, that the Count de Castelnesu could not refrain from taking it and pressing it in his own, saying, "We have both cause for grief, my lord duke. You, more than you know of, more than you will ever know, for you lose that which France cannot parallel. But no more of this; fare you well; I am sure you will do your duty as a statesman well and firmly, and that in the cabinet no prejudices of any kind will affect the enlightened minister and the generous and noble-hearted man."

Thus parted the Duke of Choiseul and the Count de Castelnesu. The duke betook him to the palace; and all France soon rang with the news that the famous minister, for opposing the introduction of a common prostitute to the court of France, under the name of the Countess du Barry, had been dismissed by the king he had served so long and well, an exile to his house at Chanteloup. On the following day and for many a succeeding week, a spectacle was beheld which Europe had probably never witnessed before: it was that of a large body of courtiers grateful and devoted to a disgraced minister. Versailles was deserted, and the road from Paris to Chanteloup was covered with the carriages of the highest nobility of the land.

These tidings reached the ears of the sad inhabitants of the house which we have seen the Duke of Choiseul leave. They produced little, if any, effect upon the hearts of either Annette or the count, for both had many a painful thought to deal with, which left them little room for the consideration of merely political things. It was a terrible task for the Count de Castelnesu to communicate to Annette the result of his conference with the duke; but, as he usually did in every difficulty, he proceeded to execute it at once, and sent a servant to tell her that he was alone.

She came immediately, with a pale cheek and an anxious eye. Her first glance at her guardian's countenance showed her that there was deep grief in his bosom, and she instantly understood the cause. Her heart sunk, her steps wavered, and she had nearly fallen before she reached the spot where the count stood. He caught her in his arms, however, and pressed her to his heart, saying, "Oh! my Annette, often have you consoled me, be it now my task to console you, beloved one."

Annette understood what he meant at once, and for a moment or two she wept bitterly, but she soon recovered herself. She thought of her guardian, of his feelings, of his happiness; and, wiping her tears from her eyes, she said, in a low tone, "I must feel it at first, but it will soon be over. Do not grieve, my dear father: this is one of the lessons, you know, that you told me I had to learn."

CHAPTER XI.

Hope, never-tiring hope, still sung her song in Annette's ear. She asked herself, "Will the good Baron de Nogent, he who has treated me in every respect so like a father, will he take the same cold view of the case which has been taken by the Duke of Choiseul?" She demanded still farther: "Will Ernest, will he who but one day ago stood by my side with looks and words of the deepest and tenderest affection, will he so easily resign one whom he vowed he would love forever?"

She would not believe it; and, though she did not go on to calculate either what line of conduct Ernest himself would pursue, if he retained his purposes and affection towards her in despite of his father's opposition as well as that

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of the Duke of Choiseul, or what her own course ought to be under such circumstances, yet she thought that certainly Ernest would write to her; certainly he would give her that consolation, at least, even if he could not find means to see her.

Four days elapsed, however, and yet no letter came, no message, no tidings. It was a terrible time for poor Annette: there was all the wearing pain of expectation, and suspense, and hourly disappointment. She strove to banish from her face the care that was preying upon her heart: she tried to smile, to look contented; for she saw the eyes of the kind and affectionate friend who sat beside her gazing upon her from time to time with looks of sad and sorrowful inquiry. The count, however, was not to be deceived; and now, now in the moment of her affliction, he felt how truly he loved her more than himself, and would have given his right hand to wed her to the man of her choice. Still, however, the count made no proposal to hasten their journey back to Castelneau; he delayed it, on the contrary, for he was not without some hope of hearing more from Chanteloup. He fancied that Ernest might have written to Cassel Nogent; that the Duke of Choiseul himself might be pausing to inquire the sentiments of his nephew's father; and in that hope he waited, resolving to let the necessary time expire for a messenger to go to Querey and return.

At length, on the fifth day, while Annette was dressing, her maid, who had been absent for a moment, returned with a note in her hand and a look of importance upon her countenance.

"A page, mademoiselle," she said, "gave me this for you, and told me to deliver it in private."

Annette took the note, opened it, and read. It was merely signed Ernest, but the words were these:

"I am in despair: the opposition that I have met with nearly drives me wild. Can I hope that you feel the same? If so, there is but one course for us to pursue—to fly. They will prevent our union in France, but a few leagues will bring us to the frontier of Flanders. There we can be married, and may set at defiance anything that all the world can do to separate us. I beseech you, I entreat you, if you would not drive me to some unpardonable act, follow this course immediately. Say not one word to your guardian or any one else, for that would be destruction; but meet me to-night in the park, close by the gate of the Trianon. You can come out as if for an evening walk, half an hour before nightfall, and can tell Monsieur de Castelneau you will be back speedily: I will find you there as soon as it grows dusk. A carriage and horses shall be at the gates in waiting, and ere to-morrow night Annette may be my bride."

She dropped the note upon the table, and covered her eyes with her hands. Was it possible? she asked herself; were such the first lines that Ernest de Nogent ever addressed to her? Was such the proposal that he ventured to make to one who had never given him reason to believe that concealment or artifice was in her nature? Oh! how had she been deceived! Oh! how bitterly, how terribly had love, and confidence, and inexperience cheated her! What, was the first thing that he asked her to do to wrong the trust and affection of one who had been more than a father to her through life? Was this the man upon whom she had fixed her whole hopes, her whole tenderness? Bitter and terrible as had been her disappointment before, it was all as nothing to this! Dark indeed was now the void left in her heart; for confidence was gone as well as hope, and all seemed night around her.

She wept not; but after gazing for some moments in silence on the note, she hastily concluded her toilet, and, snatching up the paper, hurried with a rapid but agitated step to the saloon, where she found the count seated reading. He raised his eyes the moment she entered; and seeing at once that something had greatly moved her, he exclaimed, "What is it, my Annette? What is the matter, my dear child?"

Annette did not reply for the moment; but, still advancing towards the table where he sat, she sunk upon her knees at his side, and laid the note before him, saying at length, in a low and trembling voice, "Read, read, my dear father! and, if it be possible, give me consolation for that!"

The count took up the note and ran his eye hastily over it.

"Yes, my dear Annette," he said, when he had read it, "I can give you consolation. That is not the writing of Ernest de Nogent."

"Oh! are you sure, are you sure?" exclaimed Annette, starting up, with tears of joy. "I could bear anything, anything but that. I could bear to lose him, but not to love him less. Oh! are you sure?"

"Quite, my Annette," said the count, "quite sure. First, those lines on the sentiments of Ernest de Nogent: he has never acted on such ideas through life; and a man's past deeds are the best witnesses in his favour. In the next place, that is not his handwriting; for before you arrived I saw much of him at various times, and have seen him write. It is not even a tolerable imitation of his hand."

Annette looked up with hope and joy once more, and the count proceeded to say that, so convinced was he the whole note was a forgery, he would send it instantly to the Duke of Choiseul, and Annette should see the reply.

"Who the villain is who has committed this act," he said, "and what is his purpose, I may suspect, but cannot be sure. I am even afraid that we must let him escape unpunished, though it would be easy to take him at the gate of the Trianon; but it is necessary, on every account, my dear child, not to call observation upon ourselves."

The note was accordingly enclosed to the Duke of Choiseul, and sent off by a servant on horseback. He returned in the afternoon, bearing a reply from the duke, which, after some few words of compliment, went on to say, "Mademoiselle de St. Morin only proves herself to be all that those who know her are well aware she is. She must not doubt that my nephew, however sad and grieved in heart, will behave otherwise than all his conduct through life has promised. It is, moreover, impossible that he could have written the note which has been sent, and given her so much pain, but which bears not the slightest resemblance to Ernest's hand. He is at the present moment more than a hundred leagues distant from Versailles, having quitted Chanteloup for Querey, notwithstanding all remonstrance, on the day after I saw you. That he went there at once, without any alteration of his intention, is proved by Madame de Choiseul having received a letter from him by the ordinary courier from Limoges. Let me trust that Mademoiselle de St. Morin continues in good health, and that she will not withdraw her esteem from the Duke of Choiseul or any of his family; for the regard of one so generous, sincere, and high-minded is too valuable a possession to be lost without deep regret."

Such was the reply of the Duke of Choiseul; and it was sweet and consoling to Annette to know that she was respected and appreciated even by those who would not take her to their hearts as they might.

The day passed over with her in greater tranquillity than it had begun; for the apprehension of a greater evil seemed, now that it was dispelled, to have lessened the load of that which went before. The count, however, remained in a meditative mood himself; and, though he continued to read during the greater part of the day, yet he often laid down the book and thought for many minutes. When he took it up again he would appear to pay but slight attention to its contents.

At length, as evening began to close, Monsieur de Castelneau called one of the servants, who had been with him for many years, and gave him some directions, which the man instantly hastened to obey. Annette was sitting in the room at that time, but at some distance, and did not hear what passed.

In about three quarters of an hour the man returned, and immediately addressed his master, saying, as if in answer to a question gone before, "Yes, sir, he came as soon as it was dark, and walked about gazing round for a little while; but when I came up, and, looking him full in the face, made him a low bow, he walked away as fast as he could, taking no notice of me at all."

The count mused for a moment or two, and the man seemed to wait for further orders. At length Monsieur de Castelneau inquired, "Now tell me, Jocelyn, truly and candidly, as your duty to your master should be greater, in your eyes, than any other consideration, have you seen your fellow-servants, or any of them, holding any communication with strangers lately; for it is clear to me that information of what passes in this house must be given to persons without."

The man paused and looked towards Annette, and the count added, somewhat sternly, "Speak without hesitation!"

"No one, sir," replied the man, "except mademoiselle's maid, Toinette."

The count was more susceptible of anything affecting Annette than if it touched himself, and he immediately replied, "If you refer to her interview with the page this morning, I know that already. She told your mistress, who told me."

"No, sir," replied the man; "I have seen her twice before speaking with a man with one eye. Old Jerome was talking to me about it; for he saw her once, also, when she did not know it, and he said it was very wrong of her to do so, for the man was that scoundrel who cheated mademoiselle into coming away from Castelneau."

"It was very wrong indeed," replied the count; "I had hoped that there was not one servant in my house who did not love their master."

"Sir," said the old servant, "if you say that to her you will break her heart. The girl is not a bad girl, but somewhat foolish."

"Well," answered the count, "I must trust to you and Jerome to send her back to-morrow morning early to Castelneau. She must not remain here any longer. Say nothing to her about it to-night, lest more evil should occur, but let

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her removal be carried through quietly and calmly to-morrow. Annette, my love, you must do without assistance from any one but good Donnine till our return home, which will now be soon."

"Oh, I want but very little," replied Annette, "and indeed none. This conduct, too, of Toinette's grieves me. I have something more to tell you, my dear father; but I will do so in a moment or two, when we are alone."

The count made a sign to the servant to retire, and Annette then told him that she feared her maid must have heard her whole conversation with Ernest de Nogent, and must have revealed it to some one else. "The girl was in the next room," Annette said, "when he came. The door I had left ajar when I sat down to read, in order that she might ask me any question that she wished to put concerning those things she was packing up. Whoever wrote that note must certainly have had full information of all that passed between us then;" and her cheek began to burn at the thought.

"Yes, but neither a knowledge of your character nor of his," replied the count; "however, dear Annette, it will be better for us to go to Castelneau at once, for this man will evidently not quit his pursuit easily; and here I have not the same power of protecting you and punishing him as I should have there."

"But oh! my dear guardian, recollect that Ernest is there; and if we go immediately after we have heard that such is the case—"

"I understand you, dear Annette," replied the count; "we will wait a day or two, at all events. He cannot accomplish much mischief in that time. You know, of course, my dear child, who is the man that has done this thing!"

"I suppose the Baron de Cajare," replied Annette.

"The same," answered the count. "He has been seen waiting at the place that he appointed. What rash and daring act he would have committed, and how he might be protected in the commission of such treacherous baseness, I cannot tell; but I grieve to say that, since the fall of Monsieur de Choiseul, he has dared to present himself again at court, from which he had been banished. He has, too, I understand, been well received."

"Oh! let us go," said Annette, alarmed at the news she heard; for her dislike and fear of the Baron de Cajare had grown every hour with her affection to Ernest de Nogent. "Oh! let us go as soon as possible. We can proceed slowly; we need not arrive at Castelneau soon; and anywhere we shall be more safe than here."

The count smiled at her fears. "Nay, nay, my Annette," he said, "he cannot do us much harm for a day or two; and, in the mean time, I will write to Monsieur de Choiseul, and tell him why we intend to return to Castelneau so speedily."

Annette's feelings of alarm still continued, and they were more just than the count's feelings of security. But to show how such was the case, we must once more for a time change the scene.

CHAPTER XLI.

"So, Monsieur le Baron! So!" cried the fat and saucy voice of Pierre Jean, "you have been trying to work with your own tools, and have not succeeded! You thought to get off without giving me my due, but you can't do it. She is too shrewd to be tricked by such as you; and you had better come to my plan soon, for if you don't I will hand the secret over to some one else, who will pay me better. I'll warrant. It was but a shabby trick of you to try to walk in by another door, while I was holding one open for you."

"It was a very natural trick," replied the Baron de Cajare, who had listened, while the other spoke, with an unmoved countenance. "You don't suppose that I will meddle more with filth than I can help, or that I will deal with such dirty tools as you when I can find cleaner instruments to work with."

Pierre Jean, to do him justice, liked straightforward dealing; so that this reply of the Baron de Cajare pleased him, perhaps, more than anything that could have been said.

"Upon my soul," he cried, "you are nearly as impudent as I am myself. You are a hopeful disciple, truly; and, if you go on at this rate, and keep company with me much longer, you will be fit to cheat a pickpocket out of the snuff-box that he has just filched from somebody else. What! You call it dealing with cleaner tools, do you? Forging another man's name! say, and sending a little puny swindler of a boy to take advantage of what I told you of the *soubrette*, and make my pretty Toinette believe that the urchin was sent by me. Come, come, baron, this will not do any more; you shall either sign the paper within three minutes, or I will go upon my plan, or I will lay another dog upon the track, and you may whistle for the game."

This sort of language the Baron de Cajare did not certainly like at all; and, indeed, during his latter conferences with Pierre Jean, his mind had been in a state of constant vacillation between a strong inclination to run his sweet companion through the body, and a politic disposition to be exceedingly civil to him. He was frequently even obliged to pause for a moment, in order to decide between these two very opposite alternatives. Such was the state in the present instance; but Policy put off the satisfaction of anger till an after period, and Revenge took possession of the offence as a thing belonging to her, and handed it over to Memory, to be accounted for at some future time. The oscillations of the mind between two such temptations generally make it overshoot the exact point, and in the present instance the baron carried his civility too far.

"Nonsense, Maître Pierre Jean," he said, "let us be good friends, and work together wisely. You cannot deny that it was natural enough for me to wish to do what I could for myself without help; as I find I can't succeed, however, I will show you in a minute that it was not alone to save my money. I have been a lucky man since last I saw you, and have made my good friend Melun's purse somewhat lighter than, I believe, it ever was before; so here are a hundred crowns for you to begin with, and now we will sign the paper at once; I am quite willing to give you any security in my power."

"Why, the paper I talked about will do," replied Pierre Jean. "It is true, the secret itself is worth something; but still, as you cannot work it without my help, and it must succeed with my help—for no man will like to put his neck into a halter if he can avoid it—I have a good hold upon you in all ways. This is something like doing business, indeed," he continued, sweeping up the money; "and now let us set to work heartily. You draw up the paper, and then let me look at it."

The paper, being accordingly written by the baron, proved satisfactory to Pierre Jean in all respects; and, having safely deposited it in an inner pocket, he sat himself down, for hitherto he had been standing, and proceeded: "Now let us arrange our plans. You see you are to perform, of course, the part of the lover in the farce."

"I suppose so, of course," replied the baron, "as you modestly decline taking that part upon yourself."

"Why, I never like to stand in a friend's way," answered Pierre Jean, with his usual effrontery; "however, your plan, then, in pursuit of your purpose, is to call upon the old gentleman himself, and, making him a low bow, request the honour of his fair ward's hand."

"Upon which," replied the Baron de Cajare, "he will make me a low bow, and request me to do him the honour of walking out of his house; adding, perhaps, that I am as impudent a scoundrel as a man called Pierre Jean."

"Which, of course, you will take as a compliment," rejoined Pierre Jean; "but you will then, in reply, say that you are extremely sorry, but that you are obliged to do so, your only refuge, after leaving his house, in the state of disconsolate attachment into which his refusal throws you, must be either the River Seine or the central bureau of police."

"Come, come," exclaimed the baron, somewhat angrily, "no jesting upon this subject; I am, indeed, attached to this young lady, and—"

"To her fortune," replied Pierre Jean; "but, nevertheless, you will do as I say, Monsieur le Baron; and, moreover, you will be kind enough to inform him"—and she spoke slowly, and with a marked emphasis—"that you feel yourself bound to give information at the police office in reference to something about the murder of Gaultier Fiteau, the old goldsmith, for which Count H. and the Chevalier M. were executed many years ago. Tell him that there is one person still living who can prove that, having discovered the fact, you are under the necessity of naming him to the police, and of bringing forward your proofs, not being in any way connected with him by blood or marriage."

"Ah!" said the baron, thoughtfully, "ah! is it so, Monsieur Pierre Jean? But how can I be certain that this will produce any effect? I must not threaten anything which I am not sure of being able to perform. You must give me the proofs, my good friend, you must give me the proofs."

"That would not exactly suit me," replied the villain. "When I ride I still like to have the curb thrown over my little finger, even though I do not use it, and I will give you the proofs as soon as I find occasion for it. Till then they must rest with me. I will be my own witness, my good friend; but, if you think this is not enough to satisfy the worthy gentleman, and he asks any saucy questions about the matter, inquire if he recollects his walk with the Count H. and the Chevalier M. on the night of the murder of Fiteau, and all that happened afterward? Give him a day to think of the matter, if he likes it; I can trust to the effect of thought in his case. It never yet made a man who has something to be afraid of more bold to have time to think over it."

"Perhaps not," said the baron, in a thoughtful mood, "perhaps not. Conscience is the worst of bugbears, after all."

"Conscience or no conscience," replied Pierre

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Jean, "the expectation of being broken on the wheel does not tend to nerve a man's sinews. Tell the count what I say: the prospect will be unpleasant to him, you may be sure; and if he do not consent himself, and make the girl consent too, I am very much mistaken. If he do act foolishly, the first appearance of Pierre Jean on the stage, and a word or two whispered in his ear by me, will alter the whole complexion of the affair, depend upon it, and very soon bring him to his senses."

The baron paused for several minutes, thinking deeply over all the man had said, weighing every probability, and calculating every result.

"It is a hopeful scheme," he replied, at length, "the most hopeful scheme I have yet heard of; and if I could be certain that you have sufficient evidence to convict him, or even to cast a grave suspicion upon him, I should not in the least doubt of success; but the story is improbable. Unless, in the very first instance, there were strong proof, the accusation would not be listened to. He himself may take a high tone, and laugh it all to scorn; or, with one of his cold and cutting sneers, tell me to make what use of my information I can."

"Conscience, as you say, my dear sir, conscience!" exclaimed the rogue; for the greatest villains upon earth know better than any other people, because they know it by experience, that particular effect of conscience, at least, which more or less makes cowards of us all. "Conscience, my dear sir, conscience! that is the thing which will prevent him from either laughing you to scorn, or from knocking you down with a sarcasm; and as to my having proof, rest satisfied that I have evidence enough; for there is another man in Paris besides myself, who seems to me as much afraid of my telling the story as if the case were his own, because he knows that he will be called upon to bear witness when he would rather not. He thought to bully me about it; but he is mistaken, and only showed his own game when he was thumping my card. I should have a pleasure in repaying him a part of all I owe him some of these days; but no matter for that; go you to the count without fear. Why should you not go at once? It is a fine day, and no time like the present."

"I should not be back in time," replied the baron. "I am to be with Melun and Rosenval, and several others, by eight o'clock, to give them their revenge, they call it, but I say to take mine. I have not forgotten how Melun laughed when he thought I had not a crown left in my purse; but I will see him in the livery of a valet or the rags of a beggar before I have done with him."

"Quite right, quite right!" answered Pierre Jean; "but, nevertheless, there is plenty of time between this hour and eight o'clock. Think what a glorious prize she would be! Why, I understand that estate of St. Aubin, which you call so pitiful, is worth two thousand louis of rent. Then, if she have all the count can give, what a mighty fortune that will be. Come, come, Monsieur le Baron, make quick work with it; put on a new suit, a bold face, a stout heart, and a cool head, and go down and win the lady without more ado."

The baron smiled. "What must be done some time," he said, "may as well be done at once; so I will e'en try my fortune without more delay, especially if I am to give them time to consider of it; but I cannot help thinking that part of the plan is bad, Master Pierre Jean. The rapid decision, in the urgency of the moment, would be more in our favour, I should think. She will only hate me for forcing her inclinations, and hatred is a thing that does not diminish by reflection."

"Pho, pho!" answered the other, "that may be with a bungler; but, my dear baron, with a sweet man like you, the good impression may be easily given instead of the bad. Why, you can teach her to believe anything you like. Tell her that you are urged on solely by the deepest and most passionate love; that her coolness has driven you to despair; that you care not what rash act you commit, so that you win her; that you would ruin and destroy yourself and the whole world sooner than not obtain her; and that she is answerable for all the sins that you commit, and the misery that is brought upon others, if she do not marry you, now that all chance of marrying the other is done away with. Woman! woman! You have but to do with a woman!"

The baron had smiled at the first part of his companion's speech, amused to find how the playing upon the weakness of human nature was brought to a complete science, which every law villain could practise; but his feelings towards Annette were in reality too vehement for him to bear calmly any allusion to Ernest de Nogent. He bit his lip, then, till he left the marks of his teeth in it; and merely muttering to himself, "She shall be mine!" he rose from the table at which he had been sitting, locked up the papers with which it was covered, and the drawer with money which he had opened, and then saying, "Well, my good friend, I must lose no time if this is to be done; come to me to-morrow about this hour, and I will tell you more of my success," he prepared to set out upon his journey.

Pierre Jean lingered a little in the room; but the baron, knowing that he cultivated the various talents which he possessed for small pilfering and other methods of appropriation in aid of his grander schemes, took care not to allow him any opportunity, and sent him out of the apartment before he quitted it himself.

Bidding him adieu, Monsieur de Cajare set out with all speed for Versailles. It was not long ere he entered the court of the house inhabited by the Count de Castelneau, and boldly asked for that nobleman. The servant who appeared in answer to his summons knew him well by sight; and—as in all houses, however carefully the masters may conceal them, all the suspicions and animosities which they experience very soon make their way to their domestics—the man now replied boldly and somewhat rudely that his master had ordered no person should be admitted.

"Nevertheless," replied the baron, calmly, "you will be obliged to admit me."

"Indeed!" and the man, somewhat startled, "I certainly cannot admit you, sir, without further orders."

"Then go and obtain those orders," replied the baron, "and inform the count that I come upon business of importance, which will admit of no refusal or delay."

The servant obeyed, and left him at the door; but in a few minutes he returned with an order to usher him into the presence of the count.

It was seldom that the nerve of the Baron de Cajare failed him; for he was a man of determined courage, great self-confidence, strong resolution, and much impudence. But on the present occasion various things oppressed him; the business which he had in hand also was somewhat obscure even to his own mind. He had hurried on into it with an insufficient portion of information to satisfy himself fully, and he followed the servant slowly, laying out the line of conduct he was to pursue. As the best general rule he could adopt, in a case where his information was vague, he resolved to make his language vague also, and not to enter into any particulars till he had again seen Pierre Jean. Having formed this resolution, and seeing that the attendant waited at the door of a room, he hurried his step, and entered the saloon where the Count de Castelneau was seated.

CHAPTER XLII.

Although Annette had quitted the room on the announcement of Monsieur de Cajare's approach, yet the Count de Castelneau was not alone. The surgeon, at his request, remained with him, and this increased, in some degree, the embarrassment which the baron felt. No one could have perceived, however, the slightest trace of hesitation or emotion in his countenance, as he advanced, with a cool air and a graceful bow, to salute the Count de Castelneau. That gentleman himself certainly did rise to receive him, but with so cold an air, and so stern a brow that his feelings towards his visiter were not to be mistaken. Little cause as he had to expect courtesy or kindly greeting on the part of the count, the Baron de Cajare thought fit to look upon this reception as rude and insulting; and the pugnacity of his disposition rising with the occasion, soon overcame every sort of distaste to the business before him, and he commenced the conversation at once, without waiting for any farther welcome than the mere cold bow with which the count noticed his entrance.

"Good morning, Monsieur de Castelneau," he said: "I am happy to see you looking so well; rumour taught me to believe that you were ill."

"For once rumour was right, sir," replied the count. "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"Certainly," answered the baron; "you shall be informed thereof in one moment. But what I have to say had probably better be said to yourself alone."

"I cannot conceive that such a thing is necessary, sir," rejoined the count: "one's surgeon and one's confessor may hear everything, I believe."

"In this instance," said the baron, "you will find, in a few moments, my good sir, that your general rule is not applicable. I must request, distinctly, a few minutes' conversation with you alone, though I think they might have been conceded at once out of common courtesy."

"The courtesy, sir, that you have shown to me and mine," replied the count, "has been of so *uncommon* a kind, that I might consider myself very well justified in denying your request. It shall be granted, however; and my friend here will leave us for a moment or two."

The surgeon left the room, and the count paused, knowing that silence at such a time is the most embarrassing thing that can be inflicted upon an impudent man who has to begin an awkward conference. The baron, however, commenced without the slightest hesitation.

"I have requested that our communication should be private, count," he said, "as many things may occur in the course of what we have to speak of which had better be heard by no other ears but our own."

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"I cannot see why, sir," answered the count. "As you yourself have sought the interview, which, I confess, I grant very unwillingly, you must lead the conversation in what line you like, and can therefore avoid anything that is disagreeable to yourself."

"Oh! it is not that I fear at all," replied the baron; "it is not to spare my feelings, but your own, that I am solicitous."

"Indeed!" answered the count, drily; "pray go on."

"Well, then, sir," proceeded the Baron de Cajare, "let me inform you that I come to demand the hand of Mademoiselle de St. Morin, knowing the circumstances of her birth and everything concerning her."

"You come to demand the hand of Mademoiselle de St. Morin!" said the count, repeating his words with a sarcastic turn of the lip; "may I ask upon what grounds this great claim is founded?"

"I will tell you in one moment, sir," replied the baron; "it is better founded than you are aware of. Every principle requires us to give up to judgment persons who have been guilty, at any period, of great and terrible crimes, or who have taken part therein; and there can be but one excuse for not doing so. That excuse can only exist when we are connected with the criminals by near and dear ties, and when the voice of nature and affection may be supposed to overpower a sense of justice. Now, sir, looking upon Mademoiselle de St. Morin as your adopted child, I think the person who marries her may consider himself exempt from the duty of doing anything that may injure you, although the strict law of the land may require him to pursue a contrary course: do you understand me?"

"Not in the least, sir," answered the count; "if you come here to play the part of the Sphinx, with a riddle on your lips, you must even assist the character of Œdipus also, and solve it yourself."

"I think, sir, it can be solved in one moment," said the baron, "and by one word. Turn your thoughts back into the past, count, and tell me if you recollect the name of Gaultier Fiteau!"

The count sat down, for he had hitherto been standing, and the deadly paleness which came over his countenance showed the baron at once that he had touched a tender spot. "I see, sir," he continued, "that you do recollect the name. I will beg you to make a still greater effort of memory, and tell me whether you remember where you were, and how employed, on the night and at the moment when Gaultier Fiteau was murdered?"

The count made no reply, but remained in deathlike silence, with his eyes fixed firmly on the ground. The baron, too, added nothing more for several moments, leaving what he had said to work its effect. Judging from all that he saw that the words already spoken were enough, he determined not to show the acuteness of his information by attempting to create any greater alarm; and a few minutes' reflection confirmed him, not only in acting thus prudently, but also in soothing and softening the way for concession.

"Pray be calm, Monsieur de Castelneau," he said. "I seek not to pain or to injure you; very far from it, I assure you. I deeply and devotedly love Mademoiselle de St. Morin. I would do anything on earth to obtain her, and have, perhaps, been led by this passion into rash and unjustifiable acts; but still she must be mine; and all I now ask is, that you would behave in this business, not according to the wild and somewhat inappropriate notions which you have imbibed from that mad nation, the English, but as every other parent or guardian in all France would, and give her to the man whom, all circumstances considered, it is best that she should marry."

"I cannot, sir, I cannot force her inclination," burst forth the count. "I have promised her her free choice, and were I to the to-morrow, I would not retract from my word."

"But doubtless," said the Baron de Cajare, "Mademoiselle de St. Morin herself will not drive the matter to such alternatives, if she be left to judge for herself. May I be permitted to plead my own cause with her for a few minutes alone?"

"Ay, and tell her this whole tale," exclaimed the count, "false as it is, and baseless altogether, to make her abhor one whom she has loved from infancy, and—"

"Your pardon, your pardon," said the baron. "I have told no tale at all; and if any thing said be false or baseless, you cannot have the slightest occasion to fear it."

"Nay, nay," replied the count, "that follows not at all. There may be circumstances—nay, I deny not that there are circumstances—which give to the most innocent the appearance of guilt. Do we not all know how often, upon full and legal proof, the innocent head has been brought to the block, while the guilty one has escaped?"

"We do, indeed," answered the baron; "and therefore, of course, I never dream for one moment of entering into any particulars with Mademoiselle de St. Morin. I only wish to plead my own cause, and to add, in order to show some slight claim upon her attention, that your life is in my power, without in the least degree intending to make use of the means in my hand. May I do this?"

The count smiled bitterly, repeating, "Slight claim! Well, sir, I cannot refuse, but you must not ask me in any respect to urge her. You must not expect that I will make it my request even, that I will express a hope or a wish."

"No," replied the baron; "all I will ask is, that if she comes to you for confirmation of my words—if she says to you that I have told her that your life is in my power—you will reply that I have told her true: ask nothing, demand nothing of her; leave her own heart to decide; and I call Heaven to witness, if she do decide in my favour, that I will make her the best and most devoted of husbands."

The count paused without reply for a minute or two; and never did a more terrible or painful struggle take place in the breast of man than that which raged in his during his silence. It was not one feeling singly opposing another; it was not alone that apprehension for himself combated his love and tenderness for Annette; but it was that various feelings and passions took part against each other in his breast at once, and fears of disgrace and shame, affection for Annette, hatred and contempt for the baron, repugnance to sink himself in the opinion of the person he loved best on earth, and high and noble principles of what was just, and right, and dignified, all arrayed themselves on the one side or the other, and maintained for those few minutes a fearful conflict in his heart.

Apprehension, however, triumphed, more by its old and rooted power in his mind than anything else. That fear had been the bugbear of his life, the specre which haunted him, the incubus which crushed down all his joys, and he found that he had no power to resist it now.

"It must be as you wish," said the count, at length; "but I have your promise, your plighted word, your pledge, that you will say nothing of this matter to her; that you will give her none of the particulars; that you will never, never call up a suspicion in her mind against me."

"Never," replied the baron; "never, if she consents to be mine. I will say but what I have told you: I will tell her merely that your life is in my power."

"Well," thought the count, "well, I can but leave it to herself: it is a sacrifice I will not ask, I will not demand; but if she decides for herself, why should I oppose? Let her judge: it were cruelty to her to deny her the power of judging where the life of one whom she loves as a father is at stake."

Did this reasoning satisfy him? It would seem not; for, in the end, a sort of sarcastic smile came upon his countenance, as if he scorned himself for using such sophistry: and then a look of deep melancholy succeeded it, of bitter, dark, remorseful sorrow; and pressing his hand upon his brow, he slowly left the room.

"Pray call Mademoiselle de St. Morin hither, my good friend," he said, entering the cabinet in which the surgeon was seated. "I wish to speak to her for a moment or two alone."

Annette came quickly, and the count was glad that she did so, for every instant of expectation was terrible. Her eyes instantly rested on his countenance, and she exclaimed, "You are ill, my dear father! Oh! what is the matter? That base man has agitated and offended you, I am sure."

"No, no, my Annette," replied the count, shrinking from the terms of condemnation by which she designated him to whom he seemed driven to compass her life, "no, my Annette, no; perhaps he may not mean—But, no, I will not say a word more in his favour," he added, more firmly. "Go to him, my Annette: you will find him in the saloon. Hear what he has to say to you, and then decide for yourself. Let no other consideration but the feelings of your own heart affect you my child. It is right that you should have the power of judging; but oh, Annette! oh, judge wisely and well!"

"But tell me," she said, in an agitated voice, "tell me, my dear father—"

"Nay, nay, my dear child," said the count, "ask me no questions; go, decide for yourself. No one can decide but you, no one can decide for you. Would to God that I could."

Annette stood and gazed at him for a moment or two in painful silence; then turned, and, summoning all her resolution, with a slow but unwavering step she sought the saloon in which the Baron de Cajare awaited her.

For a few moments after she had left him, the words which he had spoken, exhorting her to a firm and wise decision, gave some comfort to the mind of the Count de Castelneau. For a time he persuaded himself that he had done his duty, that he had acted as he ought to act towards Annette; but his judgment was too keen and clear, his heart too much accustomed to self-examination, for such a delusion to continue long. A brief, a very brief space thought, showed him that he was sacrificing her to himself; that he was consigning her to the arms of a man whom she hated and despised; a man who, he himself was confident, would render her miserable for life. He could not deny to his own conscience

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that to accomplish this purpose he was employing, even while he seemed to leave her free, the most terrible means of compulsion: the compulsion of her heart's best feelings and principles, the compulsion of her affection for him. He felt that it was base; he felt that it was degrading; he felt that he had fallen more than ever in his own opinion; and, burying his eyes in his hands, he shut out all external objects, and the predominant sensation was hatred of himself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As soon as Annette entered the saloon, the Baron de Cajare advanced towards her, with a countenance from which he had banished every trace of bad passion. It is not to be denied that he was a handsome and a graceful man, and that in his whole address and appearance there was something highly courtly and distinguished; but yet Annette could not behold him without sensations of dislike and apprehension, which certainly were not diminished by the short and unsatisfactory conference she had just held with the Count de Castelneau. She bowed gravely as he approached, but withheld her hand, though he seemed about to take it, and, seating herself in the chair which the count had before occupied, she said, "Monsieur de Castelneau informs me, sir, that you wish to speak to me."

"You cannot doubt upon what subject, Mademoiselle de St. Morin," said the baron; "it must be evident to you, it must have been evident to you before you quitted Castelneau, that I do, and have long loved you sincerely and dearly."

"From all I have known and seen, sir," replied Annette, coldly, and even bitterly, for the very profession of his love seemed an offence to her, after the events that had passed, "from all that I have known and seen, the method you have taken to display your love has been somewhat strange; but in one word—"

"Hear me, hear me, first, mademoiselle," said the baron; "hear me before you make any decision."

"I have none to make, sir," replied Annette; "my sentiments were fixed long ago; but go on, if you think fit."

"Your opinions may have been formed upon wrong grounds," replied the baron; "not that I intend to deny anything that I have done; for every strong passion, if it be not a madness itself, produces a temporary insanity. Mine has certainly done so; for the strongest proof of insanity is the choice of such means as are most likely to defeat the object."

"You reason too calmly and too well for a madman, sir," replied Annette; "but whether it were so or not could make no difference to me now."

The baron bit his lip, but he still replied in the same deferential tone. "I think it might, if you would hear me to an end. In seeking your love and endeavouring to obtain your hand, I have committed many acts which were calculated, I acknowledge, at once to deprive me of your affection and your esteem; but many other things that I have done have been mistaken, and others have doubtless been misrepresented. All, however, have been prompted by love; by that deep, intense, overpowering attachment which can never be conquered; which will endure through life, and which must eventually produce some return. It is for you to direct that love as you will for the future. It is for you to address it to the best objects; to make it the means of recalling me from anything that is evil; of leading me to all that is high, and noble, and great; of turning me, in short, from wrong to right, and saving me, by the power of affection, from all the vice, and crime, and sorrow, into which, perhaps, disappointment and despair may hurry me."

Annette was now in some degree interested; not touched, not shaken in the slightest degree, for she loved another, and under no circumstances could she ever love him; but she felt grieved for him; and his language had so much the air of truth, that she hoped he might be led to better things.

"Oh! Monsieur de Cajare," she said, in a milder tone, "let me beseech you to think what ought to be the result of disappointment, especially when that disappointment itself may have been, in some degree, brought about by the very errors and evils into which you now talk of plunging again. Ought it not, oh, tell me, ought it not to chasten and correct? Ought it not to make you abhor all that is wrong, and seek all that is right? Alas! I can give you nothing like hope if you do indeed love me as you say. I wish that it were otherwise; I wish from my very heart that it were otherwise; but it cannot be. I do pray and entreat that you would urge me no more, for it is quite impossible."

"I must still urge you, Mademoiselle de St. Morin," replied the Baron de Cajare, somewhat sternly; "for many results that you know not of depend upon your answering my love and becoming my wife."

The altered tone in which he spoke was to Annette rather a relief than otherwise; and she replied, "To end all in one word, sir, then, I have but to tell you that, whatever be the case, you never can or will have my hand; nor can you obtain my love, for it is already given to another. Thus, whatever may be the consequences of my reply, that reply is made."

"Let me first tell you what does hang upon you decision, Mademoiselle de St. Morin," said the baron. "First, there depends upon it the life of the Count de Castelneau; next, his honour; next, his property; next, the fame and name of his whole family and relations."

Annette started up from her seat, and gazed on him with a look of wild incredulity.

"It cannot be!" she exclaimed; "oh, no, it cannot be!"

"It is!" answered the baron, firmly and sternly. "I would not urge this plea till every other argument had failed; but I now tell you that it is so; and if you doubt me, ask the count himself."

"I will, I will," cried Annette, wildly; and darting from the room like a bird escaped from the hand which has striven to grasp it, she flew to the cabinet where she had left her guardian. She found him, as we have shown, with his eyes buried in his hands; and although he heard the step which, though still light, was now quick and impatient, he raised not his head; he felt that he dared hardly look that pure innocence in the face.

She paused, and gazed upon him mournfully; she read in that downcast aspect—she remembered in the words that he had spoken to her, and in much that she had seen—dark and terrible signs corroborative of the tale she had just heard. There was a deep mystery, indeed, for her mind in all that she beheld; but if she asked herself what it could be, what was the meaning of all the strange and unaccountable changes which had taken place in the feelings and demeanour of her guardian, it was with no touch of curiosity; it was with the simple, straightforward purpose of judging what it might be her duty to do, and with the resolution to do that duty at any sacrifice.

She paused, then, and gazed upon the count, scarcely trusting her voice to speak. She knew that the tone thereof, that the very first look would betray, in a moment, to the eyes of her guardian, the terror, agitation, and despair which were already in possession of her heart.

The moment of decision was, however, now come; and in that awful moment the high principles and the high soul were not wanting. She called up resolution, she nerved her heart, she determined to dare all boldly, to hear all calmly; and if, by the utmost sacrifice that woman could make, she could save him who had devoted so much of his life to the task of rendering her what she was, she resolved to make that sacrifice, should death itself be the consequence. Ay! death itself; for now she conceded nothing from her own mind; and very often, within the last few months, she had thought not only that the grave would be preferable to a union with a man whom she did not love, but that the grave must follow very rapidly upon so terrible, so horrible a fate. She now felt most acutely that such anticipations were not fallacious; that death might anticipate such a union, and could not follow far behind. For that she was prepared; for that she was ready; and the only thing which she miscalculated were her powers of going through calmly the terrible scenes which were to precede that event. She thought that resolution could master every thing; and in that belief, after remaining for several minutes in sad and agitated silence, she said, "My dear guardian, my dear father, will you not speak to your Annette?"

The count looked wildly up. "Yes, Annette, yes," he said. "Do not do it, my child! Do not think of it! Reject it at once! Hear not of it!"

"Listen to me, my father," said Annette, "listen to me, I beseech you."

But, while she strove to speak calmly, her voice shook, the hand which she had laid upon his arm trembled violently. "Listen to me, I beseech you, for I am somewhat agitated, somewhat surprised. He tells me—he tells me, that if I refuse to wed him, your life will be the sacrifice."

The count paused for a moment, gazing in her face, and he then answered, solemnly and slowly, "I must not lie, even for you, Annette: he has said true; my life is in his power. Let me tell you, my dear Annette, let me tell you how all this happened. So help me Heaven! I am as guiltless as the child unborn."

"Hush!" said she, "hush my dear guardian; tell me nothing. With me you want no exculpation; I am satisfied of all. Nothing can shake my faith in you. Have I not known you from my infancy? There be proofs, my father, small, silent proofs, in the daily intercourse of confident hearts, that not the most bitter and condemnatory evidence, and a harsh course of law, can ever outweigh, even by a hair!"

The count started up and clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, "Bless thee, my Annette! bless thee, my sweet child!"

"Oh! do not move me," she said. "I am too weak, too much agitated already. Give me, oh, give me calmness to think and act as I ought.

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He has your life in his power. Do you think, my guardian, that he will use that power? Do you think that it is quite sure he will attempt to use it?"

"He will, my child," replied the count; "but make me answer no more such questions, my Annette. Since thou hast left me, I have reproached myself bitterly, most bitterly, for subjecting thee to any such painful decision. The moment of feebleness is past. I thank thee, my child, for thy bright and beautiful generosity towards me! I thank thee, not only for thy willingness to save me at a sacrifice of more than life, but I thank thee, also, for having given me back myself, and taught me what is right to do. Dearest Annette, thou shalt make no such sacrifice! Thy fate and fortune, thank God, are already secure: I will meet mine as may best befitde me; but I will not pass my child, the beloved child of my adoption, through the fire, as an offering to such a demon as this who demands thee."

"Nay, nay," said Annette; "can you suppose that I will suffer such a thing? Listen to me, my dear father. Seat yourself there, and listen to your Annette, while she pours forth her whole heart towards you. It is but once in her life, perhaps, that she can do so. Nay, let me kneel; and, as the count sunk back into the chair, she dropped upon her knees beside him.

"Hear me out," she continued, "hear me out: my conduct is determined fully and resolutely. You know that my heart is already given to another, and not this man, and on that point I will never deceive him; but if he chooses to demand and receive, as the price of your safety and your peace, this cold and lifeless hand, it shall be his. Of Ernest I must not and I dare not speak. His conduct I must not but I ought not to blame. He has done his duty, doubtless, to his family and to his station. God provides mitigations for our sufferings even in our griefs; for had Ernest been as devoted to me as I would have been to him, this moment might have been tenfold more terrible than it now is. Hear me, nay, hear me; for in this brief moment, when all is to be decided forever, with scarcely the slightest pause for thought, it is necessary that I should consider all things—ay, my father, and prepare you for all things. Much agony may perhaps be spared me; for neither must I, nor must you suppose, that it is likely I should ever wed this man. Long ere that—if we can so form our plan that the terrible day may be delayed—long ere that, Annette will be wedded to a sterner lord, but one more calm and true. Nay, fear not, my father: I have no rash thoughts; but I trust in God, and know, that when in yonder room I pledge myself to be his *if I live*, at that instant the fiat goes forth which shall save me from lengthened torture, if it do not relieve me altogether from the obligation of that vow. I know it, I feel it, and I bless God that it is so; for, even while He is pleased to afflict me, He gives me the highest and noblest of consolations, the power of showing my love and gratitude towards you. Nay, nay, a few words more; and I pray you do not weep, for I could weep too, and I would fain resist those tears; but let us now speak of things more important. My resolution is taken. Now to secure that, it leads to good and not to evil. Let us remember that my hope is in death, not life; and if I die before the day, this man—this false, base man—may still betray you. We must have sureties, we must have bonds, that this terrible thing is not done for nothing. Oh! my guardian, I am too inexperienced in such matters to know what will be security enough; you must judge of that. Come with me, come with me, and fix him firmly to some engagement from which his craft and subtlety cannot escape, otherwise, through life, you will be his slave after Annette is gone. Come with me, for I have not wisdom to deal with things so important; and, to say truth, I feel faint, and somewhat dizzy with this agitation."

The count rose from the chair in which, during the last few minutes, he had been seated, with his hand shading his eyes. He had evidently been moved by various emotions; sometimes he had trembled violently, and once the tears had rolled slowly down his cheeks. Lately, however, he had been very calm, and had made no movement whatsoever.

When his hands were now withdrawn, however, the drops were gone from his eyes, though his face was deadly pale.

"Sit down, my Annette," he replied, in a calm tone; "rest here till I return. I will settle the whole matter with the Baron de Cajare."

Annette, who felt her strength and courage failing—whose heart, now that all was said and done, that the decision was made, and the energy of action passed away—was sick unto the death; Annette did as he told her, and the count took two steps towards the door. In that brief moment, however, the truth flashed upon her mind: she started up, sprang forward, and caught him by the arm. "You shall not refuse him!" she cried, "you shall not refuse him! Did I know that for my sake you suffered, I should die a thousand and a thousand times in one. Oh, no, no! you shall not refuse him!"

"My child," cried the count, vehemently, "as help me Heaven! as, with my consent, you shall never be his. Death is an empty name; within ten short years that must be my portion, beyond all doubt; and as for the disgrace, none that the hissing lips and pointed finger of popular error could direct at me would be equal for one moment to this. Oh, the burning shame, that I now feel in having for one instant thought of sacrificing thee to save my worthless existence. Let me go, my child, let me go, to quench this fire that is at my heart."

"Never, never," cried Annette, clinging to him; "never, never, my father! this is my task, this is my duty. Hear me, hear me, oh! I beseech you, hear me. I am willing, I am ready: if you die, I will die with you."

The count unclasped her arms and broke away, but as he did so Annette fell at his feet upon the floor. The count gazed at her for a moment, but she lay there insensible: and he hesitated whether to leave her and fulfil his purpose at once with the baron, or to stay and endeavour to recall her to consciousness. Tenderness, however, for Annette prevailed, and, stooping down, he raised her from the ground. She had become so pale, however, so ghastly was the expression of her countenance, the fainting fit into which she had fallen was so like death itself, that the count became alarmed, and called aloud for assistance.

Good old Dorinne hurried quick at her master's voice; some other servants followed; and the loud lamentations which were now made soon called to the chamber not only the surgeon, but the Baron de Cajare himself. The count, at the moment he entered, was holding Annette in his arms, and the eyes of the two met. But every thing like fear had left the countenance of Monsieur de Casteleau, and he exclaimed aloud, "Get you hence, demon, get hence! You see what you have done. Get you hence, and never let me see your face again."

"I fear you must *hear from me* though, Monsieur de Casteleau," said the baron, with a bitter sneer upon his lip; "I fear you must hear from me, and that you shall do right speedily."

"Play what game you will, sir," replied the count, "but only rid me of the presence of a villain."

The baron raised his finger with a menacing look, and without more words quitted the room.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Baron de Cajare sat in his dressing-room some few hours after the period of his visit to Versailles. He was not by any means so calm and sedate as usual in his demeanour; and the valet who was attending upon him remarked that there was a degree of irritability and impatience in his whole conduct which was very uncommon with him; for to say the truth, and to do him but justice, in his every-day commerce with the world he was of a very tranquil and even temper, reserving the display of violent passions for great occasions alone, and even then guiding them with a sufficient degree of power to prevent them from rouiling his manner, or disturbing his voice and look. Such, however, as I have just said, was not the case at present, and the reason was very plain. There were two passions active in his breast, not one; neither loved to give way, and they irritated him by the struggle between them. These two were the same we have before noticed: two of the most violent, if not the most powerful in the human breast—love and revenge; and they were also the two most strong in his own nature and character, however strange it may seem to say that such a man was capable of love. Still, so perverse a thing is human nature, so strange and so wild are the alliances which take place between different passions in our breast, that his interview with Annette during that morning had increased both his attachment to her and his determination by some means to obtain her. Vanity aroused herself in the same cause as love; and pride, unconquerable pride, only bowed the head for the purpose of triumphing more completely.

Towards the Count de Casteleau, however, his feelings were very different. There, unmitigated hatred and the thirst for vengeance were predominant; and sooner or later to work his destruction, and take a terrible account of every sarcastic look, and cutting word that the count had directed towards him, was his firmest and strongest resolution; still, how to gratify both these passions was a question of great difficulty, which troubled him sorely to solve. The desire of revenge, however, was, if anything, the stronger of the two; and he pondered in his mind, with bitter pleasure, the thought of giving up the Count de Casteleau to justice, and of making his sufferings and his shame a means of driving Annette to his own purposes. Perhaps there might even be a dark expectation and desire in the bottom of his heart of obtaining her hand by holding out the hope of saving her guardian's life, and then of punishing her for her coldness by disappointing that hope and leaving him to his fate. Such, there is reason to suppose, were the purposes which he longed to accomplish; and though the complication of feelings from

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which those purposes arose were most strange, yet it is no less true that hatred, and revenge, and love were all mingled together, and that in his evil heart there existed a passion for Annette de St. Morin which we are forced to call love, combined with the desire of wounding and grieving its object. To accomplish such things, however, it was necessary that he should possess more information than he already had obtained, and that he should win the dark, low scoundrel, from whom he had derived his first intelligence of the assailable point in Count de Castelneau's character, and render him a mere tool in his hands. To do so was most difficult, however, for the desperado was as shrewd and keen as he was unprincipled and base. Bribery, indeed, was the only method to be employed with him; but then no reliance could be placed on him when he was bribed; no one could reckon for an hour that some superior temptation would not lead him to betray any trust reposed in him; and though the Baron de Cajare, to obtain his object, would have made any sacrifice of mere money that could be made—though he would have invited cupidity, and glutted the desires of the ruffian in his service—yet he well knew that the wealth of the Count de Castelneau enabled him to command far greater means; and that, therefore, if Pierre Jean chose to apply to him, and to extort from that nobleman large sums as the price of silence, vengeance and love might both be disappointed. His first object, therefore, was to bind the ruffian to him by such ties as it would be his interest to keep inviolate, and his next, to prevent any actual communication between Pierre Jean and the count. For this double purpose he had already sent for him; and he now sat waiting with an eager and impatient mind, revolving all his dark schemes, and giving himself alternately to the one and the other of the tempestuous passions which struggled in his bosom.

In the mean while, his valet sided to dress him with scrupulous exactness; for the money which was to be the bribe of his base agent was yet to be obtained, at least in part; and the means which he had to employ in order to win gain it led him naturally into that society where luxury and ostentation were carried to the highest possible pitch. Before he was completely dressed, Pierre Jean himself appeared; and although the valet was, in his master's opinion, one of those cold and tried servants of his will who might be safely trusted with many a delicate secret, yet the baron dismissed him on this occasion, and proceeded with his toilet unaided.

As he went on, he detailed to Pierre Jean all that had occurred at Versailles; but, to his surprise, he found that his companion's view of the progress he had made was very different from his own. Pierre Jean declared that nothing could be more favourable than the result; asked whether he could expect the count and the young lady to yield all at once; and as revenge, for the mere sake of vengeance, without anything to be got by it, was to the eyes of the sharper mere vanity and folly, he could not at all understand why the baron dwelt so much upon the bitter and insulting conduct of the Count de Castelneau.

"Why it seems to me," he replied, to some angry observations of Monsieur de Cajare, "it seems that the old gentleman did as much as could be expected on the first trial. Fear is a thing that one must not make too much of in one's dealings, for, if pushed too hard, it cures itself. A man gets angry and forgets his fear altogether; but it has one great advantage over every other sort of means, for it does not wear out, and may be used again and again every day; each day driving on the matter you aim at a bit more and a bit more, till it is all accomplished. Now you see this morning you pressed the count somewhat too hard, and made the man angry, as well he might be; but just let me go to him to-morrow, and I'll bring the matter round, I'll warrant ye."

This proposal, as we have already shown, did not at all accord with the baron's views, and he therefore answered, "No, no, my good friend, I have determined upon a different course; I will punish this Count de Castelneau, and marry the young lady too; but if we can arrange our matters properly, before to-morrow at the hour the count shall be in the Chatelet."

"That may suit your views, Monsieur le Baron," replied Pierre Jean, "but I do not see how it would agree with mine. Now the money is to be paid to me, you know, when you marry this pretty Annette; but if you put the count in the Chatelet, you will never marry her at all. As long as this little business of the count's is a secret, we have some influence over him; but the moment that you have made the charge public, you lose your power, for you have done your worst. No, no, my good friend the baron, that's a bad card: don't play it till you have got no better."

"But suppose," replied the baron, "it should be as pleasant to me to punish this Count de Castelneau as to marry Mademoiselle de St. Morin, what say you then?"

"Why, I suppose such a thing is possible," said the man, "though it's very foolish; but, at the same time, that wouldn't make it suit me a bit the better."

"I am not quite so foolish as you think," answered the baron, "and I will show you in a few minutes; and as for your part of the transaction, I can make it suit you just as well; for if I pledge myself to pay you the same sum on the condemnation of the count as I was to pay on my marriage with the lady, the matter will, of course, be equal to you."

"I do not know that exactly," replied the man; "I do not want to hurt the count. The girl was very civil to me when I was bringing her up from Castelneau, and had such a winning way with her that she had almost turned my head, and made me do a very silly thing. So I would rather show her a kindness than an unkindness; and though it is no great kindness, indeed, to marry her to you, yet I suppose she would not be much worse off than most women—poor devils! we lead them hard lives of it, my how. But let me hear your plan farther, my good friend the baron. You spoke just now as if you intended to marry her, after all; now how is that to be brought about? I must see my way clearly, you know."

"Why thus, then," said the baron; "I will tell you the general points, Master Pierre Jean; but, having done so, remember, I intend to have the whole management of the matter in my own hands, if you are to have your reward at all. In the first place, I purpose to lodge my information against the count with the police to-morrow. You are, on your part, to keep yourself quiet and out of the way till the proper time, and to obey my directions in everything. Having, then, shown the girl that I am in earnest, I will tell her that the count's life depends upon me; that if she will immediately give me her hand, I will set the count free."

"Stay, stay, stay," cried Pierre Jean; "how will you manage that?"

"By suppressing your evidence and sending you out of the country," replied the baron.

"It is a pleasant place, Paris," said Pierre Jean. "I am not fond of travelling, for my own part. I am a domestic man, and fond of my own home, and never like going abroad except upon matters of business."

"I understand you," rejoined the baron, bitterly; "but you do not, of course, suppose that I am such a fool, in dealing with a rascal like you, not to calculate his price to a farthing beforehand."

"You are a wise man, baron," answered Pierre Jean, "and not a fool; but between buyers and sellers, you know, there may be a difference as to the price. Now what do you think I should require for going abroad?"

"I do not know," replied the baron; "but I know what it will suit me exactly to give; and, in order to make no mistake, I have put all the items upon this scrap of paper beforehand, that we may come to the point at once. If I require you to go abroad, you know it will be when my marriage with Mademoiselle de St. Morin is secure; so you will then have, in the first place, your five thousand louis: now what do you demand more?"

"Ten thousand crowns," replied the scoundrel.

"There," said the baron, pointing to a line in a paper which he held in his hand, "you see I have put down that sum beforehand."

"I am delighted to find," answered Pierre Jean, "that you have a just appreciation of my abilities; and now for the other articles, Monsieur le Baron."

"Well, then, at once," replied the baron, "I am ready to give you the five thousand louis if the count is condemned or if I marry the young lady. Ten thousand crowns in addition if I am obliged to send you from the country, and one hundred crowns each day that the business is going on, from the period of my laying the information till the whole is settled one way or the other; but solely upon condition that you obey my orders to the letter; that you go nowhere but where I permit you to go; and that you give me full and complete information as to all that you know."

"For which I am to have," added Pierre Jean, "the sum of five hundred livres to spend this night in a grand carouse with my friends."

"So be it," said the baron. "Are we agreed?"

"Why, I have one slight objection left," replied Pierre Jean. "That Monsieur Morin—that troublesome Monsieur Morin—gave me notice the other day that I had better not interfere with things that do not concern me; for that there was a noose round my neck which might soon be jerked up. He was speaking of this very affair at the time, and it was that that he aimed at, I am sure."

"Ha!" said the baron, "then we must be on our guard against him. What! you think he warned you not to impeach this man? That might be a severe charge against Monsieur Morin himself."

"Meddle not with him, Monsieur le Baron, meddle not with him," cried Pierre Jean. "No man ever meddled with him yet that did not repent it. There is but one man in all France whom I fear, and he is the man."

"Nevertheless," replied the baron, "we must have that charge of partiality behind our hand, in case he interferes in any way with our

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proceedings. In the first place, however, you will see my plan already answers well, for I intend to make the charge in my own name, and not in yours, reserving my witnesses till the cause is tried. Should it be necessary to bring you forward at all, the first part of your evidence will show, if I understand you aright, that you have already spoken with this Pierre Morin on the subject, and that he has neglected his duty in not instituting immediate inquiry."

"Why, bless you, my good friend the baron," exclaimed his saucy companion, "Pierre Morin knows the whole business as well as I do. There's nothing takes place in France that he does not know, indeed, and of that affair, of course, no one knows so much; for it was upon his evidence that two of the men were convicted and executed. He shut them both into a room, and kept them there until the police came. How he happened to let the other one out I cannot tell; but certain it is, that there was a third man with them as they went towards Fiteau's house at the very time and hour the old man was murdered. I cannot doubt that the third man went to the very door with them, for I saw him; and it is not less sure that that third man was the Abbe de Casteineau. The reason of his letting him off is clear enough. Before that time the abbe had adopted his daughter."

"Ay, and that is the reason, too," said the baron, "why he now attempts to screen him from justice! But, if I have my will," he muttered in a low voice, "the sword of justice shall fall on his own head. I will to the lieutenant himself, and tell the whole story to his private ear. I will go thither directly."

"The lieutenant-general is ill," replied Pierre Jean; "he has been ill for a long while now, and everything passes through this man's hands."

"He is not so ill as to refuse to see me," rejoined the Baron de Cajare: "I will go to him immediately. I would give this right hand to break that Pierre Morin on the same wheel where the Comte de Casteineau shall perish."

"You will be too rash, my dear baron, you will be too rash," replied Pierre Jean; "you will ruin us all, if you don't mind, by giving way to your temper. However, do not start up in such a hurry! Remember, you have two little things to do for me before you go. First, to draw up a certain paper embodying all the particulars upon which we have agreed; for all must go on safely, my good friend. I must have all my rewards and recompenses written clearly down; and you may put anything you like into the agreement, on your part, which you may think will bind me up tight. Come, my good friend, it must be done before we part, so it may be as well to do it at once; for, until that paper is signed, I shall consider myself as free to do what I like."

The sort of freedom, however, was not at all that which the baron wished Pierre Jean to enjoy; and, hurried on by the eagerness of passion, he would have consented to anything rather than forego the opportunity for revenge which seemed now opened before him. He accordingly sat down to draw up the paper, but, notwithstanding his hasty eagerness, it occupied considerable time; for the baron strove hard to avoid entering into particulars, and Pierre Jean would pass nothing whatsoever that was not distinctly specified. The promised reward for every act to be performed was marked with perfect exactness; and it cannot be denied that the passions of the Baron de Cajare, with all his wit and cunning, led him to draw up a document which placed him greatly in the power of the man with whom he was dealing. "And now, Master Pierre Jean," he said, "before I give you these five hundred livres, you will recollect that you are to return to this house before midnight. I will have a room prepared for you, where you can remain with comfort and convenience. Thus you must continue, well taken care of, during the whole of each day, and never go forth without my permission. If you put your foot over the threshold, you lose your hundred crowns for that day."

Pierre Jean consented without the least hesitation; but it must be thence inferred that he had any intention whatsoever of keeping one of the promises he made a moment longer than was pleasant and expedient for him to do so. The baron certainly had the strongest tie upon him which he could have, which was that of mercenary interest. By it he thought he could do everything, indeed; but he had yet to learn that there is no bond that is binding upon a man without principle. Suspicion, indeed, which sad experience forces even upon the virtuous and the good after long commerce with the world, is never absent from the wicked and the base; for their own hearts supply the most convincing proof of that treachery and deceit which they guard against in others. Thus, nothing like confidence could ever dwell in the bosom of the Baron de Cajare, and he did, of course, entertain the most lively doubts of the low companion of his iniquity; but he was obliged to content himself by taking the best precautions that he could; and the moment Pierre Jean had received the money and departed, the nobleman called his valet, and ordered him to have the man followed, and all his actions watched. The valet bowed low, in his usual grave and silent manner; but the baron thought that he perceived the slightest possible smile curling his lip, and from that moment he suspected him also.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I am afraid," said the surgeon, as he bent over Annette, "that I must open a vein. This seems to me to be no common fainting fit, but the stunning effect of some terrible agitation. It can do no harm to take a little blood, and must, at all events, relieve the heart."

"Hush!" cried the count, who supported her head upon his arm, "she revives;" and, as he spoke, a sort of faint shudder passed over the fair form that lay pale and deathlike before their eyes.

"Who is that ringing the great bell so furiously?" demanded Monsieur de Casteineau the next moment, speaking in a low voice to one of the servants. "Go to the porter and see; and if that villain, the Baron de Cajare, be returned on any pretence, drive him forth with blows, and say I made you. My Annette, my sweet Annette! See, she opens her eyes. Be comforted, my beloved child; all will go well."

Annette raised her hand faintly to her head, and looking languidly round for a moment or two, then suddenly fixed her eyes upon the door, and clasped her hands together with an expression in which joy and pain were strangely mingled. At the same instant there was a quick and hurried step in the room, and Ernest de Nogent rushed in and cast himself on his knee beside her.

"My Annette!" he exclaimed, catching her hand, and pressing his lips upon it again and again; "my beloved Annette! they have wounded and grieved you: they have well-nigh killed you; I see it, I see it, my own, my beloved bride. But the grief and the pain are over, my Annette; the agony that we have both suffered is past. I have found my father, as I knew I should find him, eager, anxious that you should be mine. He bids me tell you, dear one, that if he could have chosen from the whole world for his son's happiness, he would have chosen none but you. He bids me say that there is no obstacle, no hesitation, not a shade of doubt. Nay, dear Annette, nay," he continued, "why do you turn towards the count with such a look of agony and grief? What has happened? Surely, surely Monsieur de Casteineau will not object?"

"Far from it, Ernest," replied the count, taking Annette's hand and placing it in his; "she is yours, she is ever yours!"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Annette, in a faint voice, withdrawing her hand. "I promised—I promised but now! Oh Heaven! this is terrible!"

"You promised nothing, my Annette," said the count; "all that is at an end, and forever. I myself have terminated all that, and he is gone."

"But you—but you!" cried Annette; "but you, my father! what will become of you?"

"Mind not me," replied the count. "What is done is done, Annette. Before this time it is all beyond recall; and were it not, I would make it so even now."

Annette covered her eyes with her hands and wept, while Ernest de Nogent gazed alternately upon her and upon the count with a look of grief, and surprise, and disappointment.

"I had hoped," he said at length, "to have communicated to you, dear Annette, part at least of the joy that I myself felt. It is very, very sad that this my coming seems to give you more pain than pleasure."

"Oh, say not so, Ernest, say not so," cried Annette, clasping his hand in her own eagerly. "You cannot, cannot tell what it is I feel; you cannot tell how I am circumstanced."

"Will you not give me some explanation, then?" asked Ernest de Nogent.

"I fear I must forbid any such thing at present," said the surgeon, interfering: "it is only too requisite that Mademoiselle de St. Morin should be kept perfectly calm and tranquil for a time."

"Nay, nay," rejoined the count, "nothing will calm her so much as a full explanation with Monsieur de Nogent. Let us but pause for a few moments, till she has recovered some strength. Now, my good friends," he added, speaking to the servants, "now all but Dominic had better leave the room."

His orders were obeyed, and all that the surgeon thought necessary for the purpose of restoring Annette completely was done as speedily as possible. The moments that intervened, indeed, were moments of deep anxiety to all except the Count de Casteineau, whose resolution was by this time taken, and who watched Annette's looks eagerly, till at length her natural colour returning, though but faintly, to her cheek and lips, he said, "Now, my dear Annette, can you bear this explanation?"

"Oh yes," she answered, "if it may be given, if it ought to be given; it would relieve me more than anything; for Ernest would counsel, and assist, and support us. But think, my father, oh think! can you give that explanation to any one?"

"I can, dear Annette," replied the count; "for it will soon be given by others, if not by

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me. My mind is made up also; my conduct is determined. I will shake this weight from my heart which has rested so long upon it, which has been my burden through life, and has well-nigh pressed me down into the grave. It is but right, too, my Annette, that he should know all, and the sooner it is told the better. Are you prepared, my beloved child?"

"Oh yes," she said; "nothing can be such anguish as to think that Ernest may doubt or suspect me."

"Doubt or suspect you, dear one!" said Ernest, pressing her hand in his. "Who that knows you could do so for a moment? I see that something terrible has occurred that I do not understand, and the suspense has been very painful to me; but still, my Annette, if there be anything that you would prefer unsaid, let it not be told on my account; nor suppose for one moment that suspicion, or fear, or doubt of any kind will linger in my heart."

Annette extended her hand to him, and looked towards the count with a glance that seemed to ask, "Is he not worthy of my love?"

Every one having left the room except the three persons most interested, the count paused for a moment, looking down fixedly on the floor, and then, raising his head, he detail d to Ernest de Nogent, with his usual calm tone, and clear, perspicuous brevity, the principal points of all that had occurred during the morning. He did not conceal Annette's willingness to devote herself for him; but he connected it at once with her belief that Ernest himself had forsaken her; and he added a few brief but powerful words, displaying the agony of mind which she had suffered, and the certainty she had felt that death would terminate her sufferings before the sacrifice was completed.

Ernest de Nogent listened with painful interest, and Annette's tears flowed fast at the recapitulation. At length, however, at the allusion made to his silence, Ernest exclaimed, "I have been foolish, very foolish; I ought to have written at once; but I wished to bear to my dear Annette immediately the assurance that my father's willing consent was given. I knew he would give it; I was confident that he would not hesitate for a moment; and therefore it was I set out at once for Castel Nogent without writing, that I might not pain and agitate her by long expectation. But now, Monsieur de Castelneau," he continued, "may I be permitted to know what is the terrible secret possessed by this base man, in order that we may judge how to deal with him?"

The count gazed upon him with a melancholy smile, and replied, "Your appearance and coming hither this day, my young friend, has relieved my mind of part of its load. Whatever befalls me, the happiness of this dear girl will be secure. To you I give her, to you I trust her! It is a precious and a sacred charge; but I know that you will never fail me, and therefore I repose in confidence on you. As for the rest, my conduct was determined before you came, and it is now more firmly fixed than ever. I will tell you what is this secret; for I am resolved, when this villain makes his charges against me, to relate the whole tale simply and truly, and then to abide the consequences, be they what they may. I know my own innocence, though I cannot prove it; and God knows my innocence too, who may better make it appear.

"It is now more than eighteen years ago that the circumstances occurred on which this man will found his charge. I was then, Monsieur de Nogent, in the prime of life; past the first rash epoch of youth, in the full vigour of body and mind, and without one faculty or feeling in the least decayed. According to the usual acceptation of the word, I had been well educated, for I had been instructed in various sciences; I had acquired much knowledge of different kinds, and I was as learned as most men, be their profession what it may; but in the true and real sense of the word I was ill educated, for I had been taught no moral restraint, I had gone through none of the discipline of the heart. I was sent forth, in fact, to educate myself. It was as if arms were put into my hands, and I were bidden to use them without being told how. Cast upon the world, and holding many of those rich benefices which are most scandalously given to men who are not, in fact, churchmen, the means of various sorts of gratification were open to me, and life was one great experiment, which I hastened forward to make without experience and without fear. I visited many countries, went through many scenes, and did many acts, on the details of which I need not dwell. I had strong passions, and I indulged them in various ways; but the indulgence was not altogether merely for the sake of vicious gratification; it was rather in pursuit of something higher, better, nobler, which I had not yet found. I was seeking for happiness, in short, but my search was without a guide, though I fancied that philosophy was leading me. I believed that the only real way to discover in what happiness consisted was to taste all enjoyments, to endeavour to separate the ingredients of every pleasant cup, and to take from each the elements which satisfied me most. You may judge yourself what was the result, both upon my character and my fortune. At the end of a few years, the first was deeply injured, the second ruined altogether. The effect upon my mind and heart alarmed me more than all the rest. I felt that the state of false and unsatisfactory excitement in which I lived was productive of ills that I could not cast off; a craving for the same stimulating food stronger and stronger every day. I struggled against it; I made efforts to free myself; I proposed to my spirit calmer pleasures, gentler, more virtuous enjoyments. Some of these schemes I even put in practice; and, among the rest, for my earthly blessing and my eternal salvation, I adopted this sweet child, the softener of my heart, the purifier of my mind, the sanctifier of all my feelings to nobler and to holier things. But while God granted me a blessing, he also gave a warning and a punishment. I have said that my fortune was ruined: I was endeavouring to retrieve, to save some small thing out of the wreck of all, to give me the means of educating and providing for the child of my adoption. There was a prospect of success; but ever, when a man is poor, the world presses on him the more hardly, and adversity, like a dog who has hunted down a deer, seizes him by the throat every time he tries to struggle up. My creditors pressed hard upon me; and those to whom I had lent sums of money were rarely found in circumstances to repay them. Among other claims against me was a debt to a man named Fiteau, a hard, cold-minded old man, who suddenly called for his money, and I was obliged to pay him, though it left me penniless in the world. In that evil hour I encountered in the street two old acquaintances, of no very high or pure character. They were both men of rank, and had once been men of fortune, but were now as poor as myself in purse, and, I may venture to say, much poorer still in principle. One of them, the Count H., owed me a considerable sum, but I was quite hopeless of his ever discharging the debt. He had given me a bond for it; but I knew him to live, as so many other men do live in Paris, solely by the exercise of the gaming table. I met him, however, and the Chevalier de M., just towards dusk on the evening of a bright April day, sad, in the pain and anxiety of the moment, I told them what had just occurred with this Gaultier Fiteau. When I came up, I had remarked something peculiar in the manner of both. They had been talking vehemently and eagerly together, but in low tones, and, as soon as I approached, became silent at once. The count seemed to fancy that what I said regarding Fiteau had for its object to make him pay me the sum he owed me; and he replied, with a peculiar smile that I shall never forget—

"'Well, well, my dear abbe, wait till to-morrow, and perhaps I shall be able to discharge the whole.'

"'Nonsense, count,' I answered; 'why, you are well nigh as poor as I am, and, of course, I do not expect any payment.'

"'Ay, but I expect to receive a large sum,' he said.

"'From some lucky hit to-night?' I asked.

"'Perhaps so,' he said, with that same peculiar smile; 'but it is a very sure hit too.'

"'I declare,' I replied, 'I would try my luck once more myself, but this rascally goldsmith has not left me a louis.'

"My two companions spoke a few words to each other in a quick, low voice, and then the count turned to me and said, 'come with me, my dear abbe, come with me, and I will pay you a part of what I owe you to-night. I am going to old Fiteau's myself to make him give me some money on my diamond snuff box, and you shall have a part.'

"'A thousand thanks,' I answered, 'a thousand thanks! It will, indeed, be of great service.'

"We then walked on together, and, as we went, my companions more than once spoke to each other apart. The count seemed to propose something, but the chevalier still replied, 'No, no, it would ruin all.' When we had crossed over the bridge and were approaching the old goldsmith's shop, to my surprise the count and his companion turned back, saying that it was not dark enough; but they afterward explained the matter by adding that they did not want to have any one in the shop when they offered the snuff box. Shortly afterward we returned; and, as we were going down the street in which Fiteau lived, we saw his shopboy, whom I knew well by sight, come out; and the count, saying 'That is he,' crossed immediately to the other side. We now proceeded very slowly up to the door of the shop, which was closed; and the count, muttering 'This is a disagreeable business; I hope there is nobody with him,' paused for a moment as if in hesitation. I laughed at his scruples, and offered to go in and get the money for the box myself; but he said, 'No, no, I will do it, if you will just stay here; and, if you see any one coming, call me immediately, for I should not like to be caught pawning my snuff box.'

"I replied, 'Very well!' and he then turned to the chevalier, saying, 'Go you in first, and see if there is any one there.' Perhaps the old man is gone home himself.' But the door was

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not locked. The chevalier went in, and I heard him speak to the old goldsmith. The count followed a moment after, the door was closed, and I remained upon watch. I took a turn up the street, which was now dark; and though I thought the conduct of my two companions somewhat strange, not a suspicion of any evil purpose crossed my mind. At that moment I happened to clasp my hands together, thinking of my own situation, and wishing I could get out of Paris. In so doing, my left hand rested upon the seal-ring which I wore upon my right, and which was richly set with diamonds. 'I will sell this,' I thought, as I touched it; 'it is worth fifty louis. I will sell this, and quit Paris at once.' I drew it from my finger with the intention of doing so immediately, for the thing had never struck me before, and I turned towards the door of the shop. As I came near, I suddenly heard a noise of struggling, and then a sound as if some heavy weight had fallen, and then a shrill cry, almost instantly stifled. A horrible suspicion now, for the first time, crossed my mind. In the agitation of the moment, and with my whole brain reeling, I dropped the ring which I had taken from my finger, but, without seeking it, darted towards the door. At that instant, however, a man rushed forth, and I eagerly asked what had happened, thinking he was one of the two who had just left me, when suddenly, to my horror and astonishment, I saw that he was a stranger, and in the first impulse of the moment I fled at full speed. When I reached my own dwelling, I recollected the ring, but I dared not go back to look for it, and I passed some time in a state of apprehension and suspense that it is impossible to describe. Nothing, however, took place to increase my fears. The trial passed without my name being mentioned. I found that the man whom I had seen come forth from the house where the murder had been committed, and who, by his gallantry and determination, brought the assassins to justice, was the very Pierre Morin, the reputed father of my Annette. But he never mentioned my appearance throughout the whole course of the affair, and the two murderers suffered the horrible sentence of the law without any one having whispered a suspicion against me. On the very day of the execution, however, I received a letter sealed with the very seal I had lost, commanding me, in terms which left no doubt that the writer possessed my secret, to quit Paris without delay; but, at the same time, that very letter enclosed the means requisite for obeying the injunction. More than once since I have received a letter so sealed, and in every instance except the last I have obeyed to the letter the directions given me. On the last occasion, those directions implied that I was to say to the Duke of Choiseul words which I thought might deceive him concerning the birth of my dear Annette. I determined not to utter them; and it is clear that, in consequence of my setting, as I thought, justly and rightly, this Pierre Morin, who is now, I find, chief commissary, has given over the secret to the Baron de Cajare."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed both Annette and Ernest de Nogent at the same moment, "it can not be; he would never do that."

"Ay!" said the count, "how can you judge, my dear Annette? What can you know of this Pierre Morin? Ay, now I remember," he continued, "the gentleman you saw in the wood! but still no one else could have done it, my dear child; for no one could give such information but himself."

"We cannot tell that, Monsieur de Castelneau," said Ernest de Nogent; "but sure I am it is not Pierre Morin: I know him well; and, although he is generally held to be strict and severe in his dealings with the villanous crew of this metropolis, I have always found him generous and kind, and one who weighs a man's motives as well as his actions. However, the conduct of this Baron de Cajare is base and shameful; and if it can be shown that he has used such threats for such purposes, it will go far to destroy any charge that he may bring. He cannot long have left you, Monsieur de Castelneau!"

"Scarcely an hour," replied the count, pointing to a clock on the mantelpiece.

"Well, then," continued Ernest de Nogent, "I will hasten after him with all speed; and, seeing the commissary of police, myself, I will endeavour to discover what share he has had in this business."

The count shook his head. "Alas! my young friend," he replied, "I fear your experience is not sufficient to render you a match for the shrewd and veteran director of the Parisian police."

"Perhaps I may not be able to discover all," replied Ernest, "but I may discover something; and, at all events, I shall weaken this bad man's testimony, by charging him directly with having threatened you with such an accusation, for the purpose of driving you, against your inclination and here, to give him the hand of my dear Annette. My horses are fresh; I shall reach Paris almost as soon as himself. Were it not better," he added, addressing the count in a low tone, "were it not better for you, my dear sir, to order your carriage at once, and put the frontier between you and Paris ere daybreak to-morrow? The accusation is false, but the result of such things is always uncertain. Justice does not always in France, alas! hold the scales very even. You have no protection at the court now, Monsieur de Castelneau. Were it not better, I say, to be absent—to be beyond the reach of enemies?"

"No," answered the count, "no. As I have said, my young friend, my determination is taken. It is too late to-day to set out for Paris, but early to-morrow I will myself go to the lieutenant-general of police. I will tell him of the threat which this trader in human hopes and fears has used against me, and relating the whole facts as I have now told them to you, I will show him that I am ready to answer the charge whenever it is brought before him. Thus there can be no use of your going to Paris this night. Stay here with us, Ernest, and pass this evening at least in one of those happy dreams whereof this stormy life has but few; stay to console and comfort Annette, for she has needed consolation this many a day, and has not found it."

Ernest de Nogent gazed fondly at Annette for a moment, and pressed her hand in his; but he answered, "The best consolation I can give her is in aiding you; nor, indeed, could our dream be a happy one under such circumstances as now surround us. Dear Annette, I might to go to Paris; I ought to go immediately, without hesitation or delay. I am concerned as well as the count, for this man has striven to rob me of love and happiness for life. I must go, I ought to go."

He rose as he spoke, but Annette rose also; and, laying her hand upon his arm, detained him for a moment.

"Ernest," she said, in a sad tone, "there are some things, on which, I am told, men consider themselves privileged to deceive women—the most innocuous and honest men, Ernest. You are going to fight this man: is it not so?"

"No, I can assure you, dear Annette," he replied, "winter may be correctly the result, such is not my purpose at present."

"Promise me, then, promise me," said Annette, "that you will avoid a quarrel with him—that you will not draw your sword upon him."

"Not so, dearest Annette," replied Ernest de Nogent, firmly. "Believe me when I tell you, as straightforwardly and truly as you yourself could speak, that I go not with the slightest intention of seeking any quarrel with this Baron de Cajare; that I will rather shun it if possible. Of this I assure you, my dear Annette; and I am sure that, after having said thus much, you will not seek to bind me by any such promise as you have just asked. Rash promises have but too often sealed a man's sword to the scabbard when honour should have made him draw it, and have brought down imputations upon him which nothing but the sacrifice of life itself to wipe away. I will seek no quarrel with him, Annette; and pray, my beloved one, be satisfied with that assurance."

"I will," said Annette, "I will; for I do not think, Ernest, that, however rashly you might hazard life in moments of joy and bright happiness, you would willingly leave me forever alone in a time of such misery and danger as this."

Ernest de Nogent cast his arms round her and kissed her cheek, and the Count de Castelneau turned away, and walked with a slow step towards the window. He instantly returned, however, and, taking Ernest's hand in his, he said, "I thank God most sincerely, that, whatever may happen to me, she has such a one to protect her; and now farewell: act well and wisely; for wisdom and truth together will win the day against all odds."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Pierre Morin sat alone in his own house, but the fate of ambition had been his; though, to say truth, he as little deserved that fate from any ambitious feeling in his own mind as any man that ever lived. Greatness, however, had been thrust upon him; and, as I have said, the fate of ambition had been his. Domestic life was gone; it was no longer by his own fireside he sat; it was in a small office, with the word "*Étude*" marked upon the outer door, with two other entrances on either side, a bell upon the table before him, and innumerable reams of written papers piled up in shelves around, ticketed and marked within view, but closely secured by wire-work screens, of which no one had the key but himself. There he sat, then, reading attentively, by the light of a lamp, a long report, written in very close characters, while ever and anon he laid it down and seemed to think over the contents, and then again took up the paper, and went on with the same attention as before. When he had done he marked a small note of the contents on the outer leaf, put it aside, and turned to a list of memoranda; after looking through which he rang his bell, and a clerk appeared after knocking at the door.

"Has the person I told you of been here?" demanded Pierre Morin.

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"Yes, sir, and left this paper," replied the man.

Pierre Morin took it, and examined the contents attentively, making a sign at the same time for the clerk to remain in the room.

"He!" he said, "ha! He has, has he? Well, we will see! Send for an exempt—any one will do—and three archers; and let an exempt and the same number of archers be here at ten o'clock. See who that is ringing the bell."

The clerk went out into the office beyond, and thence into a little vestibule which communicated with the street by a door well secured. There was a small grated wicket in the door, as in the doors of prisons, through which any one within could hold whatsoever communication he wished with those without, and yet be able to put a stop to the conversation whenever he pleased by closing a wooden shutter over the grating.

Through this wicket the clerk now spoke for a moment to a man in the street, and then returned to tell Pierre Morin that the ringer of the bell was a person calling himself Monsieur de Nogent, who wished to speak with him on business of the utmost importance.

"I know his face, sir," continued the clerk; "he was one of the king's pages of honour a good many years ago, and has since been on service in Flanders and on the Rhine."

"Let him in," said Pierre Morin, "but admit no one else, for I have much fresh business on hand to-night."

The clerk retired, and a minute or two after Ernest de Nogent entered the room.

"Good-evening Monsieur de Nogent," said Pierre Morin. "Pray take a seat for a moment or two. I have very little time to speak with any one to-night, a load of fresh business having been cast upon me unexpectedly."

"I should have been here an hour ago," replied Ernest, "had not one of my horses fallen. But the cause of my coming, Monsieur Morin, is of deep importance to me and others, and of some consequence to yourself, perhaps."

"Oh, yes," answered Pierre Morin; "I know all about it, Monsieur de Nogent, though one in my life something has taken place which I did not know, that is, your arrival in Paris. However, I am aware of the affair that brings you here, and it is all in proper train."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent. "I think you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no," answered Pierre Morin: "the business is, that our good friend the Baron de Cajare has been threatening the Count de Castelneau with charges of a very serious nature, if he do not choose to give him the hand of Mademoiselle de St. Morin."

Ernest de Nogent looked astonished, and, after a momentary pause, demanded, "Then have you really been the person to furnish this information to the Baron de Cajare? I offered to pledge my life that you had not."

"You did quite right," replied Pierre Morin. "I gave him no information at all; nay, more, within the last three hours he has gone and charged me to the lieutenant-general with conniving at Monsieur de Castelneau's escape from justice. Is it possible that there can be such a fool as the Baron de Cajare?"

"It does appear to me that he is less foolish than malicious," replied Ernest; "if he thought you would say anything in favour of the count, it was, of course, his best plan to charge you as an accomplice."

"It is really curious," said Pierre Morin, with a smile, "to see how simple you men of the world can be. Why, did the fool think that the lieutenant-general would bring discredit on the whole office by listening to the tale of a notorious swindler and *intriguant* like himself, against one of the oldest and most tried servants of the police! Why, he would not sacrifice the lowest *mouchard*, that, dressed up as a waiter, listens to the conversation in a low coffee-house, to the enmity of such a villain as this Cajare. Besides, what could the fool expect, when he roused a man full of gout, and rheumatism, and gravel, and Heaven knows what besides, from a nice little supper in his own bedroom, to come and listen to an unpleasant charge against a person without whose assistance he could not keep up his office for an hour? Why, of course, that the good lieutenant would send the whole tidings to me, and bid me deal with the matter as I might think fit."

Ernest de Nogent had smiled at the commissary's method of reasoning, and, from the tone in which he spoke, concluded that all would go right for the Count de Castelneau; but Pierre Morin, who was a great decipherer of the transient expressions of men's countenances, read in a minute what was passing in the young gentleman's mind, and hastened to undeceive him.

"Notwithstanding all this, Monsieur de Nogent," he said, "I must not lead you into a belief that the situation of the Count de Castelneau is not a very dangerous one. Here is a grave charge made against him; a charge in regard to which my evidence must be demanded, and not only must I speak the truth, but I have spoken the truth nearly twenty years ago."

"If so," said Ernest de Nogent, "how happens it that the case was not investigated at the time?"

"It is all according to the routine of the office," replied Pierre Morin. "As soon as I was sworn into the duties of the station then conferred upon me, I informed the lieutenant-general of those days of certain facts concerning Monsieur de Castelneau, which, perhaps, he may not have communicated to you."

"He has told me all," said Ernest de Nogent; "all, I am quite sure, without the slightest disguise."

"Well, then," said Pierre Morin, who, notwithstanding this assurance, did not choose to speak more plainly, "you know what I allude to. I made the communication of all I had seen and heard to the lieutenant-general himself. He took a note of it, which still exists; but nothing farther was done, our ordinary rule being never to proceed against any person whose guilt is not clear. If we think that this individual or that is going on in a course dangerous to government or society, we may arrest him, and keep him quiet for a time; but we never proceed to the scandal of public trials and examinations till we are quite sure that a man has committed a crime; unless, indeed, some impertinent fool like this Baron de Cajare, either from private enmity or mere intrusive folly, forces the matter upon us by a public charge. Such was the case of Monsieur de Castelneau. We could not prove that he was guilty at that time; it was my own private opinion that he was not, and such is still my belief. The lieutenant-general left me to keep my eye upon him, and if I found that there was fresh cause for suspicion, to act as the case might require. Still, I must tell you, the affair is very dangerous for him at present. Here is a new witness come forward in the business, who is not only a villain, but a very cunning villain, and what he may say no one can tell. Neither the king nor his ministers are at all well disposed to Monsieur de Castelneau, and the turn which these things may take can never be ascertained beforehand. Now tell me, Monsieur de Nogent, what does he intend to do? I give you my promise that, if you tell me sincerely, I will not use the information against him in any way."

"He intends," replied Ernest de Nogent, "he intends to come to Paris to-morrow morning, to inform the lieutenant-general of the threats which have been used against him, to give every explanation, and to submit himself to whatever may be judged necessary by the police."

"That looks like innocence," said Pierre Morin, after a moment's thought.

"Oh! can you doubt for a moment that he is innocent?" exclaimed Ernest de Nogent. "After a long life of beneficence, kindness, and honour, can you doubt that he is unstained by such guilt?"

"I do not doubt it myself," replied Pierre Morin; and as he pronounced those words, and marked the enthusiastic eagerness of his young companion, a smile came upon his lips: the grave and melancholy smile of sad experience, which brought in sudden contrast with the freshness of youthful confidence. "I do not doubt it myself," he repeated, "but there may be others who will doubt, and it is that which made me glad he should take a course which looks like innocence; for in this good world it is very often better to look innocent even than to be innocent, whatever it may be in the next. Let him come, but yet with no unseemly haste, as if he feared: I will take care that he shall not be sent for before he appears, so that it may be a voluntary act; that is to say, if I am assured that he will present himself."

"Oh! that you may be quite certain," answered Ernest de Nogent; "but can nothing farther be done to discover how this Baron de Cajare intends to proceed, and to take the sting out of his malice? Oh that it might rest upon me alone to do so! but sooner or later it may come to that, for I have many a long arrear to settle with him already."

"Hush, hush!" cried Pierre Morin, laughing, "you must not speak of such violent proceedings here, in presence of the police, or I must send for an exempt. But leave the Baron de Cajare to me; depend upon it, I shall prove a more terrible combatant to him than yourself. I rather suspect, Monsieur de Nogent, that if you will have the kindness to wait till I have settled my accounts with him, and after that wish to arrange his affairs with you likewise, you will have to seek him either in the colonies, or else in the galleys at Toulon. The man is a fool, sir, the man is a fool; not simply for offending the chief commissary of police—for that many an honest man has done, and been none the worse for it—but for offending the person who has the chief power of punishing rogues, when he knows himself, as well as I know him, to be one of them: there is the folly, Monsieur de Nogent. I have a great mind, however," he added, "to let him go on a little while longer; for there is something I would fain find out, which, perhaps, I may not be able to lay hold of unless I let him discover it himself, and yet I think it may be done, too; but I must consider of the matter, and speak, in the first place, with the lieutenant-general of police. It is time that I should go thither, however," he said, looking

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at his watch, "for we have just three quarters of an hour before his bedtime. It may be as well if you go with me too, for this business has annoyed my worthy superior, and it will be better to soothe him and send him to bed quiet, that he may rise in good humour to-morrow. I will soon tranquillise him, and you can then return to Versailles, if you think fit. All you will say to the lieutenant-general is to confirm my words in regard to the intention of the count to present himself willingly to-morrow, and you will inquire what hour will be most agreeable for the interview."

Ernest de Nogent willingly agreed to accompany Pierre Morin, and the commissary accordingly took his hat and sword, and led the way through the office where the clerk was seated into the little vestibule beyond. In that chamber were now standing four men in military habits, to one of whom Pierre Morin spoke a few words as he passed out, and the archers—for such they were—followed him at once into the street. The commissary, however, took no farther notice, but went on; and the archers, with the exempt at their head, pursued a different course. A short walk brought the chief commissary and his young companion to the hotel of the lieutenant-general of the police, where the appearance of Pierre Morin immediately procured admission: and in a few minutes they were introduced into the dressing-room of that powerful officer, who was, perhaps, more feared for fifty miles round the capital than even the king himself. He was at this time not very far advanced in life, but appeared, as Pierre Morin had said, to be eaten up with gout and various diseases. His countenance was anything but pleasing, though probably it had once been handsome; but the irritation produced by wearing sickness was evident in every line, and his first salutation, even to Pierre Morin, was, "Psha! why did you not come sooner Monsieur Morin? and who have you brought with you here?"

"I could not come earlier, monseigneur," replied Pierre Morin, "because I wished to obtain such satisfactory information, in the first place, as would set your mind perfectly at ease. In regard to myself, monseigneur, I take it for granted that you are satisfied; at all events, if to-morrow you will look in the volume and at the folio I mentioned, you will find my full deposition regarding this business twenty years ago."

"I am satisfied, I am satisfied," said the lieutenant-general, peevishly. "I sent for the volume, and saw the whole thing. I leave it all to you to arrange."

"Nay, monseigneur," said Pierre Morin, "it will be necessary for you, I am afraid, to go into the business yourself to-morrow morning, as I must give evidence, and cannot both bear witness and conduct the inquiry. It will not, however, take half an hour, for everything shall be prepared by me beforehand; and I think you will find, in five minutes, that this charge has been arranged by two swindlers, the chief of whom is the Baron de Cajare, for the purpose of frightening Monsieur de Castelneau, and extorting something from him. At all events, it will be satisfactorily shown to you, whenever may be your judgment in regard to Monsieur de Castelneau himself, that this Baron de Cajare is little better than a common cheat; and his chief witness, if I divine rightly who he is to be, I propose to hang as speedily as possible, if you have no objection; unless, indeed, he does something to merit a little longer license."

"Oh, I have no objection," replied the lieutenant-general; "do as you please, Morin, only be certain of what you are about, you know."

"Oh, I am quite sure, sir," replied Pierre Morin: "we shall have him to-night; can hear what he has to say upon this business to-morrow; he may be interrogated upon any of his own affairs—there are six or seven of them—on the day after; his trial can come on upon Saturday, and Tuesday will be a very good day for hanging him, if you have no objection."

"None in the world," replied the lieutenant-general. "Any day you like; it is quite the same to me. But who is this gentleman, Morin?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, and his also, sir," replied the commissary; "this is Monsieur de Nogent, formerly page of honour to the king." The lieutenant-general rose up in his seat and made a low bow to Ernest de Nogent, while Pierre Morin continued, "He has come to wait upon you regarding this business of Monsieur de Castelneau, who sent him immediately to give information of the threat used towards him by the Baron de Cajare, and to inquire at what hour you will be willing to give him audience, that he may meet any charges boldly and at once."

"That is favourable," replied the lieutenant-general, "that is very favourable. As to the hour: what time do you think everything will be ready, Monsieur Morin?"

Pierre Morin approached somewhat closer to the lieutenant-general of police, and said, in a low voice, "You had better name any time you like, sir: your health must be cared for before all things; and you should be guarded against the rawness of the morning air. Perhaps the hour of noon might suit you? I will be responsible that no escape shall take place, though I am sure such a thing is not intended."

"No, not noon, not noon," replied the lieutenant-general; "that is too late. I am always up by ten, and can be dressed at the furnaces by eleven. No, no; we must do our duty, Monsieur Morin, we must do our duty. Let us say eleven o'clock, if you please."

"The count will be quite ready to wait upon you then, sir," said Ernest de Nogent. "He is prepared and willing to give every explanation of the only circumstance on which any charge can be founded against him, knowing that such a charge must be false, and that, the more it is investigated, the more clearly will his innocence appear."

"I doubt it not at all, sir, I doubt it not at all," said the lieutenant-general; "for this same man who has accused him has had the impudence to charge our faithful and excellent friend here, Monsieur Morin, with conniving at the crime, when the registers of the police show, on the contrary, that he made his declaration of all the circumstances affecting Monsieur de Castelneau between eighteen and nineteen years ago. Thus one part of the charge is evidently false, and a malicious motive is very clear."

Ernest de Nogent bowed his head, replying, "I doubt not, sir, that to-morrow still stronger motives will be displayed; and I am sure that so wise and experienced a magistrate as yourself will take the character of the accuser and the accused into consideration."

"Assuredly, assuredly," replied the lieutenant-general. "Good night, Monsieur de Nogent; good night, Monsieur Morin: my hour is come for going to bed, and I must have a calm and quiet night, that I may wake with a clear mind to-morrow."

Pierre Morin and his young companion took their leave and withdrew; but the commissary of the police made no comment upon the interview which had just passed, merely saying, "I will see you on your way, Monsieur de Nogent: where do your horses stand?"

Ernest de Nogent told him; and they proceeded with a quick pace through various streets, lanes, and passages, with all the intricacies of which few persons in Paris, except Pierre Morin, were thoroughly acquainted, and which not many could have traversed with safety. He walked on, however, with a calm step, a thoughtful countenance, and eyes fixed upon the ground, without saying a word to his companion, and only raising his face every now and then, as if instinctively, at particular spots, where his glance was sure to meet with some other person, apparently quite idle, whom the commissary sometimes saluted with a nod, sometimes with a "Good night," and sometimes with the question of "Anything new?"

The answers were generally as brief; and, after passing through a number of narrow streets and turnings, the two gentleman entered the Rue Tirechapes, which, at the moment, was apparently quite vacant. Here Pierre Morin looked around him, but nothing was to be seen except a light streaming from one or two of the upper windows, where, far above the street—which was at that time the Monmouth street of Paris—were innumerable receptacles of every sort of vice, known under the familiar name of *tripots*. At the corner of a cross street, where there was a greater blaze than ordinary pouring forth from the high casements, and shining on the houses opposite, Ernest de Nogent observed a party of three or four men, apparently in a very gay mood, issuing out from a doorway; and pause to laugh and blaspheme a moment or two before they went on.

At that very instant, however, about an equal number of men darted across from a house of the same kind on the opposite side of the way, rushed into the midst of the group, and seized one of the most prominent talkers by the throat. The words "*De par le roi*" were just heard, and the rest of the merry party scattered in every direction, making the best use of their legs out of the way of the police. The man, either hot with wine or courageous from despair, made a momentary effort to cast off his captors; but he was overpowered in an instant, and struggled no longer.

Ernest de Nogent had passed; but Pierre Morin walked on without even stopping to look, and only noticed the proceeding by saying to one of them as he passed, "To my house!" He then led the way forward as before, saying, "That is one bird springed. I must take another to-night, but perhaps I may have to see to that myself. This is but inferior game. Now, Monsieur de Nogent, I will wish you good-bye; for there, before you, is the place where your horses stand, and we must be both about our business. I shall see you, I suppose, to-morrow with Monsieur Castelneau?"

"If I may be permitted to come," said Ernest de Nogent.

"Oh yes, come—come by all means," replied Pierre Morin. "Good night, good night!" and he turned away.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

We must now change the scene from the dark, gloomy, and narrow Rue Tirechapes; and, although the transition may dazzle his eyes, must bring the reader to one of the gayest and most brilliant saloons in the capital city of France. Everything was gold, and glitter, and ostentation; lights innumerable appeared in every part of the three rooms; looking-glasses of large size and the finest polish reflected the blaze; and it was difficult to say which was the most splendid, the clothing of the walls, or that of the personages assembled within them. The company consisted entirely of men, indeed; but the fashion of that day permitted every sort of gaudy colour and shining decoration in male habiliments, and certainly none had been spared on the present occasion. The suite of rooms was so divided that one was appropriated to cards alone, and in it were no less than five tables, each of which was surrounded by players. Another room had a faro-table and a hazard-table, and at the latter were seated several of the most courtly and libertine of the French gamesters. They were not, indeed, of that class of professional sharpers who make their living entirely by the cards or by dice, but they were those with whom gambling was both a passion and a mode, and who were perhaps sometimes the dupes and sometimes the cheats, as the various circumstances in which they were placed required. At the hazard-table, engaged with the Count de Melun, the master of the house, and betting with several of those around, sat the Baron de Cajare. He had a large pile of gold by his side, and nothing could appear more graceful, free, and open than his demeanour, while sometimes he jested upon his own luck, sometimes observed that this was to compensate for the long run of evil fortune which had befallen him previously.

"Very handsome compensation indeed," said the Count de Melun; "why, what between the gold you have there, and the notes you have got, you must have won a hundred thousand livres."

The Baron de Cajare looked at a card by his side, and replied with a tone of quiet triumph, "A hundred and fifty-five thousand livres, my good friend."

"Well, one more throw," replied the count, in a somewhat angry tone; "and if I lose that I shall give it up."

He threw accordingly, but the dice were as much against him in his own hand as they were in that of the Baron de Cajare.

"Come, St. Paul," he said, "sit you down and try your luck with him. You have won one bet from him to-night, and perhaps may have a better chance. I am sick of it, and will go and try my hand at piquet."

Thus saying, he walked away, and his friend, sitting down at the table with the baron, actually did win from him two or three thousand livres. In the mean time, the Count de Melun passed into the neighbouring card-room, and looked for a moment at some of the piquet-tables; but, finding that there was no place for him, and, to say the truth, somewhat out of spirits with the course of his fortune during the evening, he walked on into a third chamber, which was quite empty, and took up a glass of sherbet from a table covered with refreshments. An instant after a servant entered, and put a very small note into his hand, which the count opened carelessly, but read attentively, and apparently with some surprise. He then raised his eyes, and saw the attendant who had given it standing at the door waiting for an answer. Advancing with a quiet step towards him, the count said in a whisper, "Are they below?"

"Yes, sir," said the man; "there are four of them."

"Then bring them up," replied the count, "by the back stairs into that cabinet. Keep the door in the smallest degree ajar, and let them come when I call."

The man withdrew instantly, and the count re-read the note attentively. Then folding it up and placing it under one of the dishes on the table, he sauntered quietly into the card-room again, and leaned against the mantelpiece, where he could see through the open doors all that passed at the hazard-table in the third chamber.

"Now will you take my place, Melun?" said one of the piquet players.

"No, I thank you," replied the count; "I am out of luck to-night, but I shall go back presently and have another throw with Cajare." Thus saying, he continued gazing into the other room towards the table where the baron and St. Paul were still playing at hazard. Sometimes, indeed, he turned away and stared, it seemed listlessly, into one of the large looking glasses behind him. Still, however, if in averting his head he sought to escape the sight of the growing wealth of the Baron de Cajare, whose fortune had only wavered for a moment to return with brighter smiles than ever, the Count de Melun was not successful, for the looking-glass presented just the same scene as he beheld when he turned the other way, and in it were seen the back of the baron, with a pile of gold and notes increasing every moment, and the face of Monsieur de St. Paul expressive of no great satisfaction in his game. After this state of things had continued for about a quarter of an hour, the Count de Melun sauntered slowly up to the hazard-table, and placed himself by the side of Monsieur de St. Paul.

"I wonder if my luck is changed by this time," he said. "I should think it is, for in four trials I have drawn three long threads out of the table-cloth, and only one short one."

Now let not the reader be surprised at either of the two extraordinary points which this speech presents for consideration. It is certainly very wonderful that men of sense and education should argue upon such grounds as the drawing threads out of a tablecloth, and draw auguries from such irrelevant things where their fortunes and greatest worldly interests are concerned; but it is nevertheless true that they do so daily, whenever they are under the influence of the temporary insanity called gaming. In the next place, let not the reader be surprised that the Count de Melun said that he had done a thing which he had not done, although, as we have related his whole proceedings, it must be very evident that he had drawn no threads out of the tablecloth at all. It was a falsehood, it is true, which an honest man would not have spoken; but the count was not one of those scrupulously honest men who hesitate to tell what is called a white lie even when it suits their purpose, and on this occasion he certainly had an object.

"Well, Melun," said Monsieur de St. Paul, taking the hint, "try your luck now. I have had throws enough for the present."

The count acceded, and, passing round to that side of the table, whispered a word to St. Paul, and took his seat and the dice.

As upon a former change of opponents, the baron again lost for a minute or two, but his success returned as speedily as before; and he was in the highest career of fortune, and shaking the dice-box gaily above his head, when the Count de Melun suddenly started up, overthrew the table with all its riches upon the ground, and caught the hand and arm of the baron rigidly in his iron grasp before he could bring the box down again.

"Now, Cajare," he exclaimed, at the same moment, "you shall cut my throat if you have not dice up your sleeve."

He was a stronger man than the baron, but Monsieur Cajare struggled free from his grasp. As he did so, however, the very effort produced the proof against him. Two dice dropped from the box in his hand, and two more from his sleeve; and furious rather than confounded, he instantly drew his sword upon his adversary. The Count de Melun was not slow to meet him in the same manner; but, before two or three passes had been exchanged, the weapons of both were beaten up, and two strong hands were laid upon the collar of the Baron de Cajare.

"Is this like gentlemen?" cried the baron, fiercely, turning round to see who it was that interfered; but the moment he did so his eyes fell upon two archers of the Chatelet, with an exempt and another archer standing close beside them.

"Pray, for what am I arrested?" he exclaimed, endeavouring to keep up the show of daring effrontery which he had assumed. "What is the charge against me?"

"The being a common cheat and swindler," said the exempt, coming forward; "the playing with Italian dice, and plundering at the gaming-table."

"Of which here is proof sufficient," exclaimed Monsieur de St. Paul, who had caught up the dice from the floor; "and doubtless this has been going on very long."

"No, sir," replied the exempt, "not very long: there are many other charges against the baron, but this particular practice of his has only lately begun. Take him away!" and Monsieur de Cajare was accordingly removed from the room.

As soon as he was in the vestibule below, he turned with a bitter expression upon his lip to the exempt, and said, "I suppose I am to be taken before Monsieur Morin. This is, of course, his handiwork?"

"Oh no, my dear sir," replied the exempt, who was somewhat of a wag; "we have a nice little lodging for you in the Chatelet already prepared; and as I believe you have some business at the police-office to-morrow, it will be all convenient."

The baron bent down his head with that conviction coming upon him which seizes upon most bad men towards the end of their career, that honesty, after all, is the best policy; and that in the very cunningest schemes of knavery there is still some mortal ingredient which ultimately proves fatal to their success. A *fiacre* stood ready at the door, and into it he was now placed, with the exempt and two archers, while the third jumped upon the coach-box with the driver, and the vehicle rolled rapidly to the gates of the Chatelet.

The baron found everything ready for his reception; a tolerable room was allotted to him, better, indeed, than most of those that the building contained; but still it was a horrible and a sickening abode. The sallow walls secured themselves a picture and a memento of the sickly

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looks of those who, scrawling their names upon them, had recorded for future tenants the period of their own sojourn in that place of guilt and misery. The air of the room smelt faint and confined; and the window, far up near the ceiling, showed the massy bars crankered with rust, but still too strong for human efforts. A table and a chair, and a bed of loathsome aspect, were the only furniture afforded to the proud and the luxurious; to him who had grown hard-hearted in prosperity, and who had built up vice and wickedness upon pampered success and untamed indulgence. The baron gazed upon it, and felt as if his heart would have burst at that moment; but his was a heart that might be smitten without being humbled, punished without being chastened; and the first effort was to shake off the oppression of circumstances, and to struggle rather than repeat.

He walked quickly up and down the room as soon as he was left alone, seeking courage and powers of endurance from any source, and finding it only in the fiend Pride, who counseled him still to resist, even when resistance was vain. But thought was torture to him, and reflection added horror to horror; for he had to remember that he was now not alone frustrated, but he was detected and disgraced; that his guilt was clearly proved against him; that he could no longer pretend to honour and to innocence; that reputation and character, as well as wealth and station, were gone; that he must lose his rank as a soldier, as well as his character as a gentleman; that he had no resource but the society and the habits of low sharpers and impostors. Suddenly the names upon the walls struck his eyes, and lifting the pitiful lamp, which afforded the only light allowed to him, he read three or four which seemed to be the freshest. They were those of persons whose trials he well remembered: the first had been broken on the wheel; the two next had been hanged some three months before; the fourth had been sent to the galleys, and in a spirit of miserable mirth, which the baron had not yet learned to feel, had written under his name, in anticipation of his coming fate, "*Vogue la galere.*"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

As the hour of eleven struck from the clock of Notre Dame, the carriage of the Count de Castelneau, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by two or three servants, drew up at the principal door of the bureau of police. Everything about the equipage was plain, but everything was rich; and the aspect of the count himself, though still dressed in the black habiliments which he had never laid aside, was that of a nobleman of high rank and wealth. Nobody could doubt or mistake it; and, as he alighted from the vehicle, and walked with his usual calm, slow, firm step into the building, the officers of the police themselves, though none knew better the emptiness of fortune than they did, or were more accustomed to see high birth in humiliating situations, were impressed with the air and aspect of the man, and led him forward with reverence to the private room of the lieutenant-general. That officer had seen the count's arrival from his window; and, having a great opinion of wealth and station, shared fully in the feelings of his inferiors, and received the count at the door of the room with all tokens of deference and respect. He watched the countenance of Monsieur de Castelneau, it is true, with that habit of scrutiny which had been engendered by years of dealing with the cunning and the wicked, but he perceived no trace of agitation: all was calm; though grave, not downcast; though serious, not sad.

The count was followed into the room by Ernest de Nogent, who certainly was the most agitated of the two. Him also the lieutenant-general welcomed with much courtesy and affability; and he begged both to be seated, while he himself took his place near them, leaving room at the table in the middle of the chamber, at which there was but one chair, for a secretary to write, should his assistance be required. There was no fourth person present, however; and the Count de Castelneau began the conversation at once, as soon as the first ceremonies were over.

"I have ventured to intrude on you, sir," he said, "although I had heard that your health, unhappily for the country, has suffered from the duties of your arduous office, to inform you that a person named the Baron de Cajare yesterday used threats towards me which no French gentleman can endure, and which I am sure the police of the realm will not tolerate, unless it should be found that the crimes with which he himself he would charge me are satisfactorily proved. In order, sir, to afford you the opportunity of at once deciding whether his accusations are just or not, I come to give you my own plain, straightforward account of those events on which it seems he intends to found his accusations, and that you may compare my statement with such other information as you may possess on the subject, and thence draw your own conclusions."

"Very proper and honourable conduct indeed, sir," replied the lieutenant-general. "May I ask what was the particular crime with which the baron threatened to charge you?"

Ernest thought that he perceived some slight inclination, either from habit or otherwise, to entangle the count, and he looked anxiously for the coming of Pierre Morin. No one appeared, however, and Monsieur de Castelneau replied with perfect calmness, "The threat, sir, was vague; as I suppose is always the case where persons wish to excite greater apprehensions than the nature of the danger justifies; but from what he said, I was led to infer that he would accuse me of having had some share in the murder of an unhappy man named Piteau, who was assassinated nineteen or twenty years ago."

"How long?" said the lieutenant-general, "I was not in office at the time. How long ago?"

The count paused. "I can tell you almost to a day," he said, after a moment's thought, "for I did not quit Paris till after the execution of the murderers. The assassination, now I think of it, must have been committed towards the latter end of April, in the year —."

"Good, good," replied the lieutenant-general, who had only asked the question in order to see whether the count would show any unwillingness to answer. "It was the end of April. I now recollect it. It was the end of April, nearly nineteen years ago come Lady-day. But, pray, what was the alternative, Monsieur de Castelneau? When men use threats of this kind, they always give them they mean some choice."

"It was simply, sir," replied the count, "that I should give him the hand of my adopted child, I having told him previously that she could never be his."

"The young lady has wealth, I presume?" said the lieutenant-general.

"Considerable wealth at present," replied the count; "and it is well known that I intend to bestow upon her all that the law will allow me to alienate, which, having no relations or heirs, is very nearly all that I possess."

"Very ample motive indeed," said the lieutenant-general. "This brings the accuser, if his charge prove false and malicious, immediately under the arm of the criminal law. I will tell you, Monsieur de Castelneau, fairly, that the accusation was made by this very Monsieur de Cajare last night. He has been beforehand with you, but may, perhaps, have overshot his mark, as many other very clever people do. However, I must now hear what you have to say regarding the period of the murder itself, and your own circumstances at the time. Speak freely, Monsieur de Castelneau, speak frankly, and it shall not turn against you."

"So much is it my intention to speak freely, sir," replied the count, "that I am ready to relate openly every circumstance affecting myself at that time; but I think that it would be better for some person to be here to take down what I say, that it may remain on record either for me or against me, as the case may be."

"As you please," replied the lieutenant-general, "as you please:" and, ringing a table-bell, he nodded his head to a person who entered, saying merely, "Monsieur la Caux."

The attendant retired, and a moment after a secretary appeared, seated himself at the table without speaking, and prepared to write. The count then began, and repeated the same statement he had made to Amiette and Ernest de Nogent on the preceding day, without any other variation than the curtailment of several details regarding his own motives and feelings, which to them he had dwelt upon at length. The lieutenant-general listened attentively to all that was said, and suffered the count to proceed to the end uninterrupted. He then asked suddenly, "Pray, Monsieur de Castelneau, how soon did you leave Paris after the day of the murder?"

"I remained, sir," replied the count, "till the trial had taken place and the murderers were executed."

"Pray, did you live openly as before," said the lieutenant-general, "or did you conceal yourself?"

"I lived as I had previously done for nearly a month," replied the count. "The fact is, that finding myself, as I have said, somewhat embarrassed for money, and many sudden calls coming in upon me, I sent the child that I had adopted out of Paris almost as soon as she had been consigned to my care, giving the nurse who was with her the greater part of the money that I had. I then retired to the precincts of the Temple, to shelter myself from personal inconvenience. There I continued to live without any farther concealment than before."

"This is all, then, that you have to depose?" said the lieutenant-general.

The count assented; and the chief officer of police ordered the declaration to be read over to him, and tendered it for his signature. The count found it accurate, and immediately signed it; and the lieutenant-general, then rising, said, "With your leave, Monsieur de Castelneau, we will now remove to another room, where we shall find your *party*,* and several other persons

* By this name the lieutenant-general intended to designate the accuser of the count, such being the legal expression.

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who are concerned in this business, either as witnesses or otherwise. Be so kind as to follow me."

He then led the way through a door on his own right, and a long and narrow passage, closed by another door, which, on being opened, gave admission into a much larger chamber or hall, where was collected a considerable number of people, comprising five or six clerks, and as many archers and exempts. A large table was at the end near the door by which the lieutenant-general and those who accompanied him came in, and at one side of it was seated Pierre Morin. He was writing busily, and apparently attending to nothing that was passing in the room except a few words which were addressed to him from time to time by a gentleman in the robe of an advocate who sat near, and who proved to be one of the commissaries of the Chatelet. At the farther side of the hall, which in length might be about forty feet, appeared the Baron de Cajare, with an archer on each side, and a number of other persons near. On his countenance appeared a stern lour of angry defiance; and he gazed upon each person that entered the room with a flashing eye and frowning brow, as if he would willingly have risen from his chair to insult or assail them.

The opening of the door and the entering of the lieutenant-general of police caused Pierre Morin to lift his head, and he then rose and bowed low, to which salutation his superior officer returned a familiar inclination, saying, "Good-morning, Monsieur Morin; good-morning, Monsieur Rochebrune. Gaultier, place chairs for Monsieur de Castelneau and Monsieur de Nogent. Give me the declaration, La Caux. Be seated, Monsieur Morin; pray be seated, Monsieur Rochebrune. Now tell me, Morin, what is before us this morning?"

"Chiefly the case of the Count de Castelneau," replied Pierre Morin, "if you think fit to give it a preliminary examination here, in order to see whether there be grounds for sending it before other judges."

"*Coquin!*" cried the Baron de Cajare; but the lieutenant-general turned his eyes sternly upon him, and then replied,

"We will investigate it here, of course, first, Monsieur Morin, as it appears to me a mere matter of police in the present instance, Monsieur de Castelneau being an accuser as well as an accused, and charging the Baron de Cajare with using threats and menaces for illegal purposes. But it seems to me that you have put the gentleman under some restraint. What is the cause of that?"

"Why, sir," replied Pierre Morin, "though, in obedience to your order, which no one here is entitled to disobey, I have ordered Monsieur de Cajare to be brought hither, he is at present, I am sorry to say, a prisoner in the Chatelet. The police have long been looking after him as a notorious *pipeur*, who has taken in one half of the court. We have long known some of his habits, and more especially that he is in possession of a number of those Italian dice, which, though solid and of a single piece, are lighter on one side than on the other. He was detected in the trick last night, at the house of Monsieur de Melun, where he won, by one trick or another, nearly two hundred thousand livres in a few hours. The dice were found up his sleeve, and the matter was quite clear."

"It is a lie!" said the voice of the Baron de Cajare; "the whole is false throughout."

"Silence!" exclaimed the lieutenant-general, sternly; "bring forward the Baron de Cajare. Stand there, sir, and, having first been sworn to speak the truth, make your declaration and charge against Monsieur de Castelneau, or any other person or persons, clearly, distinctly, and without prevarication."

"I shall do so, certainly," replied the Baron de Cajare, "although I see that the cause is predetermined, and that it is resolved not to do justice, whatever may be proved or disproved."

The face of the lieutenant-general assumed no very placable expression; but the Count de Castelneau, who perhaps felt that there really was some degree of prejudice existing against the baron, interfered, saying, "I beseech you, sir, do not suffer this gentleman's rash conduct to make you treat his testimony lightly. Should you do so, my exculpation will not be half so clear as if you give him patient and full attention."

"He shall be heard in his statement, Monsieur de Castelneau," replied the lieutenant-general, "and shall be punished for his insolence. However, it is our custom here to take into account the character of the accuser as well as the character of the accused; and, of course, when a swindler brings a charge against a man of reputation, we give it no great heed, unless other circumstances add weight to it. It is a natural conclusion that a rogue does not make a denunciation from a pure and simple love of justice, and we generally seek for some secret motive, such as revenge or cupidity; on the discovery of which, we deal in a very summary manner both with the charge and the accuser. Now, sir, make your declaration, and take care of what you say."

"My allegation is," replied the baron, "that in the month of April, in the year 17—, the person now called Count de Castelneau, but then known as the Abbe de Castelneau, did conspire to murder the jeweller and goldsmith Gaultier Fiteau, and kept watch at the door while the actual deed was perpetrated by the Count de H—— and the Chevalier M——, who were executed for the offence; and I moreover declare that Pierre Morin, the person who bore witness against the two murderers, was well aware that the Abbe de Castelneau was so watching at the door, but that he has always concealed the fact; thus frustrating the ends of justice, from favour and affection towards the Count de Castelneau, because the said count had taken and adopted as his child the daughter of the said Pierre Morin; and this I will undertake to prove as soon as the count is put upon his trial."

"Will you swear to the truth of this declaration?" demanded the lieutenant-general; "and that it is made without deceit or fraud, and upon no motives of favour, enmity, or interest whatsoever? Give him the oath."

The oath was accordingly administered, and taken without scruple by the Baron de Cajare. The lieutenant-general then looked towards Pierre Morin, and said, "You hear, Monsieur Morin, that you are yourself a party accused in this affair."

"For which reason, sir," replied Pierre Morin, rising from his seat, "and because my testimony will be absolutely necessary in any proceedings regarding Monsieur de Castelneau, I will beseech you, in the first place, to examine into that part of the charge which affects me, that the credibility of the different witnesses in the business may be ascertained."

"I demand," exclaimed the Baron de Cajare, interrupting the reply of the lieutenant-general, "that the case be remitted to the proper judges."

"As soon as we are satisfied," said the lieutenant-general, fixing his eyes sternly upon him, "as soon as we are satisfied that there is a case at all. You are to understand, sir, that it is not allowed in France that every villain who chooses should put an honest man to the expense, shame, and pain of a public trial. Be silent, sir, and do not interrupt the proceedings of the court. We shall follow the course that you have proposed, Monsieur Morin; that is to say, we shall inquire into the credibility of all the witnesses who are likely to bear testimony in this affair, beginning with yourself; and, in the next place, we shall hear their evidence and declarations. We shall then consider the character and the credibility of the accuser, and ultimately, having heard any explanations or defence which Monsieur de Castelneau may think fit to make, shall send the cause to be tried before the proper judges, or dismiss the charge altogether, as circumstances may require. What witness have you, Monsieur le Baron de Cajare, that Monsieur Morin, here present, did commit the offence of which you say he is guilty?"

"I will produce my witness at the trial of the Count de Castelneau," replied the Baron de Cajare.

"I might demand that he should be brought forward at once," said Pierre Morin; "but my exculpation is so easy, sir, that I will not take up your time by enforcing the common course of proceeding, and will at once justify myself. The act and the motive attributed to me by the Baron de Cajare are equally false. In the first place, the young lady known under the name of Mademoiselle de St. Morin is not my child, but the daughter of two persons of high rank and consideration—"

"The legitimate daughter!" exclaimed the Count de Castelneau, starting up.

"Silence," exclaimed the lieutenant-general; "Monsieur de Castelneau, do not interrupt the witness."

"The legitimate daughter," said Pierre Morin, "of two persons of high rank and consideration; and, next, in regard to the act of concealing anything I knew, I beg leave to call for the volume of reports and declarations for that year and month in which the murder of Fiteau was committed, and to request that my last declaration concerning this affair may be publicly read. Let the register be brought."

"It is here," said one of the secretaries; and, on a sign from the lieutenant-general, he proceeded to read.

"Pierre Morin, &c., &c., deposed, this —— day of the month of April, 17—, that when he came out of the house of Gaultier Fiteau, shortly after the murder had been committed, he perceived a man standing, dressed, he thinks, in an ecclesiastical habit, and wearing a long, dark-coloured coat, whom he believes to be the Abbe de Castelneau. That the said man came up to him apparently in haste and fear, and seemed to mistake him for some one else, asking him, in a tone of great terror, 'What was that cry? Was the old man there? You have not killed him?' That the said Pierre Morin feels quite sure, from the manner in which this person spoke, that he did not know, and was not consenting to, the murder beforehand; and that, when the said ecclesiastic found that he was mistaken in the person to whom he spoke, he fled as fast as possible; and that the witness, being convinced by

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his words that he was not a participator in the crime, did not pursue him."

"Is there any note upon the declaration in the hand of my late predecessor, Monsieur Bertin?" said the lieutenant-general; "if so, read it."

"There is a note, my lord," replied the secretary, "to this effect: 'No proof of guilt, but the contrary, against Monsieur de Castelneau; nevertheless, secret surveillance ordered.—N. B. With caution.'"

"I beg leave, sir," said Pierre Morin, "to rest upon this testimony, which cannot lie, as to my having done my duty in the affair, and I claim to be received as a witness without imputation, in the case of Monsieur de Castelneau."

"Beyond all doubt," replied the lieutenant-general, "you are perfectly held clear of the charge against you. Now, Monsieur de Cajare, what is your evidence against Monsieur de Castelneau?"

"I will not bring it forward at present," replied the baron. "Upon the trial I will produce it. If you choose to dismiss the cause, you must."

"We will not dismiss the cause yet," said the lieutenant-general, with a very sinister sort of smile; "such accusations as these are of a very serious nature, Monsieur de Cajare; and the law says, 'in criminal matters the proof should be reciprocal,' and what is brought against you must be investigated, as well as what you bring against others. As you will not call your witnesses, we must see to your own character, in order to ascertain what credit is to be given to you, and whether you have been moved by motives of justice and propriety or not."

The baron remained sullenly silent, and the lieutenant-general, turning to Pierre Morin, said, "We will now go into the charge against the baron, to see how far his unsupported word should lead us to give attention to his accusation. You say that he was arrested last night as a common swindler, in the house of the Count de Melun. Have you any depositions upon that affair?"

"One from the count, one from Monsieur de St. Paul, and one from Monsieur Michaud, gentleman all present," replied Pierre Morin; "the substance of which is as follows: The count declares that, warned by the police, he watched the proceedings of Monsieur de Cajare for a quarter of an hour, while he was playing at hazard with Monsieur St. Paul, and that several times he saw him clearly, when he was about to throw, take up the dice provided by the house, and, while pretending to put them into the box, contrive to slip them up the sleeve of his coat, substituting others in their place; that he, the count, remarked, moreover, that generally, in passing the dice over to Monsieur St. Paul, the prisoner contrived to change them again, but could not always do so. The count further declares, that, having taken Monsieur St. Paul's place at the table, and seeing the baron practise the same trick, he started up and caught his hand, while two of the dice were in the box and two up his sleeve; the baron then struggled to free himself, and the four dice now lying before you, sir, dropped to the ground. Messrs. St. Paul and Michaud confirm these facts, and moreover, say that Monsieur de Cajare was never previously suspected, though his success was extraordinary, and though people wondered why he had lately given up playing piquet, and addicted himself entirely to hazard.

The lieutenant-general had held a copy of the depositions in his hand while Pierre Morin briefly recapitulated the substance; and, as soon as the commissary had done, he asked, "What say you to this Monsieur de Cajare?"

"That it is a conspiracy," replied the Baron de Cajare, "planned by three knaves to escape paying the money they had fairly lost, and probably devised, as well as taken advantage of, by another knave here present, for the purpose of screening Monsieur de Castelneau by retorting the charge upon me. There were no dice up my sleeve; there were none but those in the box which I found in the house. When the Count de Melun overset the table and scattered the money, I had won just the floor, St. Paul threw down two other dice—I saw him—and then pretended to pick up four. Most likely those he did throw down were loaded, for certainly the persons present would omit nothing that might condemn me."

"These dice seem to me to be sound enough," said the lieutenant-general, taking them up, and shaking them in the box with a sort of taste for the amusement which few Frenchmen of that day were without.

"Throw these two, sir," said Pierre Morin, pointing to the table; "and I will call them before they come out."

The lieutenant-general did so, with a smile. "Size quatre," cried Pierre Morin, and size quatre appeared upon the table.

The lieutenant-general threw more than once, and still the result was the same; nor can it be told how long he might have gone on in the sort of frivolous torture which he was inflicting upon the baron, had not Pierre Morin interfered, saying, "To put the matter beyond all doubt, however, sir, I ordered a domiciliary visit to be made this morning to the apartments of Monsieur de Cajare, and beg to present you, sir, with four-and-twenty pairs of fine Italian dice, with the aid of which you may throw any combinations you may think fit. These were taken from the private cabinet of the baron himself."

"Now, Monsieur de Cajare," said the lieutenant-general, "having ascertained the credibility of your own testimony, will you produce your witnesses, or will you withdraw your charge?"

"I will never withdraw my charge," replied the baron, fiercely, and he fixed his eyes, full of hatred, upon the Count de Castelneau. "No, no, he shall go down to the grave with the doubt upon his head. Men shall point at him, and shall say, 'That is the man who helped to murder Fitesu.' I know what suspicion can do; it can poison the food, and turn the cup to gall. It can now the pillow with thorns, and make the heart ache forever: and such shall be his fate. I accuse him still of the deed. You have proof before you that he was watching at the door when the murder was committed; and now I tell you that the shopboy of the murdered man saw him one the very spot in company with the two assassins who actually committed the murder. He himself has sworn to me that he beheld it. After this, let all the vain excuses of my bringing an unfounded charge, either from revenge or any other motive, be done away. The accusation I urge is reasonable and just, and no one has a right to attach to my conduct wrong motives, in the unjust manner in which they have been imputed to me this day. I call upon that honest magistrate, Monsieur de Rochebrune, to defend me and to do me justice."

"I must say," said the Commissary Rochebrune, who had not yet spoken, "if Monsieur de Cajare can prove that such information has been communicated to him, it will greatly alter the question."

The lieutenant-general quietly pushed across to him a copy of the declaration which had been made that day by Monsieur de Castelneau; but Rochebrune, after having read it through, replied, "And the charge against Monsieur de Castelneau must be considered at an end. It cannot be sustained for a moment; but still, as far as affects Monsieur de Cajare, if he can prove that such an accusation has really been made to him, it not only must take away the suspicion of calumonious intent and interested motives, but must show that he only did his duty in making the charge; that he was moved by zeal for the public welfare; and that the state is, in fact, indebted to him for his conduct, and should suffer his behaviour on this occasion to be taken as a balance in some degree for any little fault he may have committed in regard to the dice."

The lieutenant-general looked at Pierre Morin, and the latter smiled, well knowing that, although Monsieur de Rochebrune, thus called upon to defend the baron, felt himself bound to do so, he did it with great skill, he was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of the person whose cause he advocated, and might, also, only plunge him into greater difficulties, if suffered to proceed in ignorance. Pierre Morin replied, therefore, "What my learned friend says, sir, is worthy of all attention; but can Monsieur de Cajare show that he has received such information? Where is this shopboy that he talks of? and what is his name? He may be merely an imaginary personage, for aught we know!"

"His name, sir, is Pierre Jean," replied the baron, "but where he is to be found I cannot tell. I thought he might have been met with in my own apartments in my father's house; but, from what has been said of the visit of the police, I take it for granted that he is no longer there."

"It is, of course, an absolute conclusion," said Pierre Morin, coolly, "that he should not be there now, unless he have escaped the eyes of the police; for if he saw them coming, there can be no doubt that he would run away; and if they found him there, no doubt can exist they would bring him with them; but, to relieve the mind of Monsieur de Cajare, I will tell him that we have got Master Pierre Jean quite safe. There is no fear of our being at a loss for his evidence, such as it is; he was arrested last night coming out of a house in the Rue Tirechapes, and some very curious little documents found upon him, one of which is in the handwriting of Monsieur le Baron de Cajare to all appearance, and is signed with his name. This is it, I think;" and he took a paper from the table. "But first let us have evidence of this having been found upon him: come forward, Monsieur Nicholas, the exempt: Did you search the person named Pierre Jean last night, and mark the articles found upon him?"

"I did, sir," replied the exempt.

"Was this one of the things taken from him, and is that your mark?" demanded the commissary.

The exempt again replied in the affirmative, and Pierre Morin went on, with his eyes upon

* See the cause of the Duc de Aiguillon and Monsieur de la Chalotais.

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the paper, saying. "By this curious agreement, monsieur, you will perceive, that the Baron de Cajare agrees to pay to Pierre Jean the sum of five thousand louis, either if the Count de Castelneau be condemned for the murder of Gaultier Fricau, or if he, the Baron de Cajare, marries Mademoiselle Annette de St. Morin. Moreover, the baron is to give the sum of ten thousand crowns to this worthy and respectable person in case it should be necessary to send the said Pierre Jean out of the country. The reasons are not stated, but you may divine them; and—lest Monsieur Pierre Jean, who is somewhat in the habit of making mistakes, seeks as taking other people's property for his own, forgetting his own name and writing that of another man, and similar little errors, should commit any blunder in this delicate affair—it is agreed that he shall put himself entirely under the care and direction of the Baron de Cajare till either the Count de Castelneau is condemned and executed for the crime with which the two friends proposed to charge him, or till the baron be married to Mademoiselle de St. Morin. Now, sir, when it is shown that Monsieur de Cajare used these threats towards the count yesterday, that the count refused him the hand of Mademoiselle de St. Morin in spite of the menaces; that Monsieur de Cajare immediately made his declaration against the count; that, at the same time, to get rid of my evidence, he made a false accusation against me; that he is himself a sharper; that the man with whom he deals, and on whose testimony he rests, is stained with every crime, and has been punished for several infamous offences; when it is, moreover, proved, by his own handwriting to this unlawful and most criminal document, that he hires and bribes a notorious villain to bring a charge amounting to death against a respectable nobleman, who for twenty years has devoted himself to works of benevolence and charity—I say, sir, when all this is established, it is only fit and proper that the culprit before you should be sent immediately to take his trial and abide the punishment awarded by the law to such dark and infamous offences; unless, indeed, by great humility and contrition he moves your compassion, or from some other cause best known to your own wisdom, you think right to exercise the power intrusted to you by the law, and judging the case in a summary manner, send him either to the galleys or the penal colonies in America. But perhaps," he added, "in the first instance, you would like to see this bosom friend of Monsieur de Cajare, this pleasant companion of a gentleman in the first circles of Paris, colonel in a royal regiment, and—"

The Baron de Cajare could bear no more, but, darting from between the two archers, who had kept by his side when he advanced towards the table, he rushed towards Pierre Morin like a wild beast in its spring. Luckily, he was unarmed; and before Ernest de Nogent, starting forward with his hand upon his sword to defend the commissary, could reach the spot, the baron had passed the end of the table and was within grasp of Pierre Morin.

Several other persons hurried on at once to the same point, but no one was in time to interfere; and Pierre Morin sat calmly with a smile, which only enraged his adversary the more. When the baron was within a foot of him, however, he suddenly rose from his seat; and, notwithstanding the difference of age, with agility and presence of mind which went far beyond the energy and vehemence of his opponent's hatred, he eluded his first fierce attack by stepping a little on one side, then caught him by the collar as he was recovering himself, and threw him thundering back upon the pavement. The next moment he resumed his seat as tranquilly as if nothing had happened, and turning to the lieutenant-general, he said with a laugh, "I think we have not seen any thing of this kind, since David's business; but he was a strong man, and this is a baby. Bring in Pierre Jean: the man's head is cut; let him bleed, let him bleed, it will do him good."

Confounded, nearly stunned, with his whole senses bewildered, frustrated, humiliated, and despairing, the Baron de Cajare sat in the chair which they placed for him without proffering another word, while Pierre Jean was brought to the end of the table and interrogated regarding the events of the last few days.

The face of that personage was now remarkably pale, leaving a certain degree of redness which had settled in his nose to shine out through the dim mass of white around, like a beacon in a stormy sea. All his impudence, in truth, was gone; for, although he attempted once or twice to smile with his old air of careless freedom, yet that smile deviated into a painful grin whenever he tried it; and, to say truth, he seldom, if ever, ventured even to look around; for he had been now taught fully not only to taste the sorrows and discomforts of imprisonment, for those he had known sufficiently long before, but to feel to his very heart, which he had not hitherto felt, that he had committed great crimes, and was within the grasp of the most unsparing of all powers.

Had the Baron de Cajare looked in the villain's face for a moment, it would have been enough to take from him any little remnant of hope which he might have preserved; but the few first interrogatories that were spoken, and the answers that were given to them by Pierre Jean, showed him, as soon as he had in some degree recovered his senses, that his base confederate, as might well have been expected, was quite willing to betray him, now that it was clear he was unsuccessful. Pierre Jean, in fact was ready to say anything that he was asked to say, for at that moment there was the spectre of a rope and gibbet before his eyes, from which he would have done anything on earth to escape. The baron had now no resource but silence; for he could reply to nothing that was said, and he felt that he had already uttered too much. The sensations in his bosom were at that moment a punishment wellnigh sufficient for the crimes that he had committed; but, of course, the retributive operation of the law could not rest there.

It is not necessary to dwell longer on a scene so painful and so humiliating to the character of man; for, in truth, there is nothing degrading to our nature but wickedness in all its forms and aspects. When the examination of Pierre Jean was over, the lieutenant-general ordered him to be removed, and then, after consulting, with Pierre Morin and Monsieur Rochebrune, he addressed the Counde Castelneau, saying, "Monsieur de Castelneau, the charge against you is not only dismissed, but you quit this place completely freed from all suspicion. The Baron de Cajare, on the contrary, having been charged by you with using threats, and calumniating you falsely for designs and purposes of his own, has not only been proved to my satisfaction guilty of that charge, but appears criminal of a most detestable conspiracy with a person named Pierre Jean, for the purpose of procuring your condemnation to death in the event of your persisting in the rejection of his suit to Mademoiselle de St. Morin. That he is guilty of barefaced swindling also is beyond a doubt; and if you choose to demand it, I will immediately hand him for trial to the proper judges. It is my own opinion that, under such circumstances, his life itself would be affected; but it seems to me that, for the honour and credit of the French nobility generally, we should deal with this case more quietly, and subject him to a less severe infliction, such as the law allows me to impose, without recourse to an ordinary trial. What say you Monsieur de Castelneau, do you demand his trial or not?"

"By no means," replied the Count de Castelneau. "I have no revengeful feelings against him; deal with him as you think fit; but I ever pray he may be warned by what has just occurred never to seek his objects by such means as he has now employed!"

"He will never have the opportunity," replied the lieutenant-general; "for it is my intention immediately to ship him off for the colonies, and he too will know the punishment of evasion to attempt to return to France."

"It matters not, it matters not," cried the Baron de Cajare, as he heard his sentence; "my time will yet come."

"For the gibbet or the wheel?" said Pierre Morin; but the baron did not hear or did not mark his words, and went on in a low tone, as if speaking to himself. "Ay, a new country, and a new name, and new objects, and new fortunes."

"And a new life, and a better spirit, and regained happiness, and a tranquil end," said Pierre Morin. "Follow such a course, sir, follow such a course, and there may be yet peace for you on earth and rest in heaven!"

"Not if you be in the one or in the other," said the Baron de Cajare, shaking his clinched hand at him. "Hell would be heaven to me if I could see you there."

"I trust that you may enjoy it alone, sir," replied Pierre Morin, calmly; "you had better take him away, Nicolas: his case is over, I imagine, and he grows abusive."

"The first three years me to be passed in hard labour at the port," said the lieutenant-general, as the baron was hurried away by the exempt and the archers. The criminal turned round and glared upon him, but the potent magistrate who spoke only returned his glance with a look of contempt, and offered his hand to Monsieur de Castelneau with various expressions of courteous congratulations on the result of that day's proceedings. The count replied gravely, but politely, and took his leave. Ere he left the hall he paused to speak with Pierre Morin, his countenance relaxing into a warmer and brighter smile than usual as he did so.

"It is many years, Monsieur Morin," he said, "since we have met, and I find that you have done justice to me in my absence as well as to yourself. Accept my best thanks for both; for in your changed fortunes I have found my security, as well as in your true and honourable dealings with my name and character. You are core, I know, who will forgive my reference to your former situation; for an honourable man, who raises himself high by wise, good, and generous actions, renders a greater benefit to society than to himself."

"I am prouder, sir," replied the commissary,

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"of what I have been than of what I am. To have been a poor half-famished filigree-worker, and to have preserved my integrity in some circumstances of difficulty, I thank God is all my own; but to be here now, chief commissary of police, I owe to the bounty and kindness of others," and he turned with a bow to the lieutenant-general.

"To your own good conduct, Monsieur Morin," replied that officer.

"And to *your* discernment, sir," said the count; "but, Monsieur Morin, there is a subject on which I would fain speak with you. May I ask you to visit me at Versailles?"

"I fear, sir, that can hardly be," replied Pierre Morin. "But you are about to return to Castelneau. I have business there ere long, and I will wait upon you as soon as the health of monseigneur the lieutenant-general replaces me in my proper state of insignificance. I trust that it may be soon. When I come, all that you wish to inquire into shall be fully explained."

"I have been patient for nearly twenty years," said the count: "will you be patient for as many weeks, Ernest?"

"I seek no explanations, my dear sir," replied Ernest; "none could add to my happiness at this moment!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

Some months had passed since the events related in the preceding chapter. Various changes had taken place in the great world. In France, a king had died and another had succeeded, and a softer and more virtuous rule reigned in the court; when, in the evening of a sweet spring day, a carriage with six dusty horses stopped at the small but pretty inn of a village in the Limousin. A *chaise de poste* followed, and the landlord of the *auberge*, who seldom saw so much good company arrive at his humble abode, began to calculate how he should accommodate the whole; though, with the easy confidence of a Frenchman, he doubted not that the matter might well be managed. As soon as the carriage paused, the doors of both were opened, and a young gentleman, advancing with a quick step from the *chaise de poste*, approached the side of the other vehicle, and assisted the Count de Castelneau to alight.

A great change had come upon Monsieur de Castelneau; the few months that had passed seemed to have added many years to his age. His hair was now almost quite white, and he was much thinner than he had previously been. He appeared, indeed, to have been suffering from severe illness, and such was the case; for during several months after those scenes which he had borne with so much firmness, he had hung upon the very verge of the grave. Anxious for the fate of Annette, he had more than once pressed her eagerly, in moments when his own life was utterly despaired of, to give her hand at once to Ernest de Nogent; but Annette for once was disobedient, and Ernest did not doubt her affection, although she would not mingle joy with sorrow and sorrow with joy, suffering her bridal wreath, perhaps, to be covered with the veil of mourning.

To the Count de Castelneau, throughout his illness, Ernest showed all the tenderness and affection of a son, and he now saw fairer days and sweeter hopes appear, and looked forward to the arrival of the whole party at Castelneau as the moment that was at length to make him happy in the possession of her he loved. The count had borne the journey well so far as they had hitherto gone, and, proceeding with short stages from place to place, in fine weather and through beautiful scenes, though Ernest might be a little impatient for their arrival, yet the journey had been but as an excursion of pleasure; and bright dreams and dear imaginations had risen up in the hearts of the two lovers as they had gazed upon many an object of interest and many a lovely sight.

They were now within less than a day's journey from Castelneau, and a fairer spot could not have been chosen for the passing away of the few evening hours, while waiting for an event that was to make them all happy. The clean little inn, seated under its high wooded bank; the clear stream flowing on before the doors; the bridge covered with ivy, and shadowed by its group of spreading chestnuts in the fresh green of the spring; the tender blue of the sky; the soft white clouds that skimmed along low down in the air, as if seeking to sport with the branches of the trees; the sweet voice of the nightingale, just beginning to pour forth the rich song of his love, all spoke to the hearts of people wearied and sick of crowds and cities, and whispered hope and peace.

The count, though still not strong, looked gayer and brighter than he had done for many a day; and Annette, as she followed him from the carriage, and gave her hand to Ernest to assist her in descending, gazed in her lover's face with one of those looks of love, and hope, and tender confidence, that made his heart thrill with a longing to press her to his bosom at that moment, and pour forth again and again all the depth of his affection towards her.

"Come," said the count, after pausing and glancing round for a moment, "it wants yet an hour or two of night; we will sup here, my good host. Put me a chair under this tree, and let me drink in the calm fresh air."

All was done as he proposed; but, before supper could be spread upon the table, another carriage, coming at full speed along the road, dashed up, as if going on to a town some miles beyond. It was accompanied by several servants; and, though the equipage was plain, yet in form and appearance it was as handsome as the taste of that day permitted it to be. It had passed the spot where the count was seated, with Annette by his side and with Ernest de Nogent standing near, when suddenly a gentleman thrust his head forth from within, and called loudly to the postillions to stop. The horses were brought up in a moment, a lackey descending opened the door of the vehicle, and Pierre Morin alighting, approached the Count de Castelneau.

"I am on my way," he said, "to visit you, Monsieur de Castelneau; but I come not alone; there is a lady in that carriage who owes you much, and who is anxious to express her gratitude to you. Perhaps, mademoiselle," he continued, turning to Annette before the count could reply, "perhaps it might be better for you to speak with her for a moment first."

Annette had risen, and she now ran gladly forward to the side of the carriage, for the lady herself was in the act of alighting, and that graceful form and beautiful countenance were not to be mistaken for a moment. There were many people around; but the sensations which were in the bosom of that lady were too powerful to be restrained by any of the small considerations of ordinary life. Once more she cast her arms around Annette, once more she held her to her heart, once more her eyes gushed forth with tears, and deluged the fair neck on which she pressed her lips.

"My Annette," she murmured, "my dear, dear Annette; my child, my own sweet child!"

"I thought so!" replied Annette, in the same low tone, returning the embrace, and mingling her tears with her mother's. "I was sure it was—I felt it must be so!"

The count had arisen, with his eyes fixed upon the lady, and, passing Pierre Morin without reply, he advanced eagerly towards her. "Good heaven!" he said, as he came up, holding out his hand; "Mademoiselle d'Argencerre! Now then, now: Who is this? Is she not—is she not your niece?"

The lady shook her head mournfully, and then again clasped Annette to her bosom, exclaiming, "No, ah no! She is my child!"

The count gazed in her face for a moment or two with a thousand questions struggling to his lips, but then the kindly and gentlemanly feelings of his nature overcame all other sensations. He took the lady's hand and led her towards a seat, saying, "I will not agitate you by seeking for further information now, for you are too much moved already. Sit down by me, dear lady. You were one of those who were always kind to me, and defended me when others slighted or condemned me. I have ever loved you as a brother."

"And well may I love you as a sister," replied the lady, "for you have been a father to my child."

"It is strange," said the count, "most strange! but it matters not; let us all pause here for the night, and to-morrow go on to Castelneau together. Monsieur Morin, there is no one here who does not owe you much, for, by some strange fate, you have been mingled deeply with every event affecting us."

"I thank God, Monsieur de Castelneau," replied Pierre Morin, "that he has given me power to serve those I love, and show my gratitude to my benefactors. To this lady, to her sister, and to her father, I owed everything. He took me as a peasant boy, gave me education, and caused me to be instructed in a trade, which I chose for myself, and which promised to put me in possession of ease, if not of wealth. They—when I sometimes misused his goodness and his bounty towards me; when, with the careless thoughtlessness of youth, I spent the money which I should have reserved against the hour of need, they interceded for me, and obtained for me fresh assistance; till at length kindness overcame thoughtlessness, and I formed such resolutions as must have led me to ease in any pursuit. You may judge, therefore, Monsieur de Castelneau, how I have watched and prayed for such benefactors—"

"And how you have rewarded them," said the lady. "Nay, sit beside us, Monsieur Morin, sit beside us. You are a nobleman such as no king can make."

Annette's eyes—still ready from past agitation to overflow at each new emotion, though they were no longer actually tearful—had been fixed for several moments upon the countenance of him she loved, who stood near, not mingling at all in the conversation, but neither unheeding it nor himself unnoticed; for more than once the lady had gazed upon him with a look of solemn interest, well knowing how entirely the happiness of her child depended upon him.

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There was a pause at this moment, and Ernest instantly took advantage of it, crossing before the little group, and saying, as he approached the lady, "I have a blessing to ask, and I ask it fearlessly, for I am sure you are already aware of all that has been promised me here," and he took Annette's hand in his own.

"She is yours, Ernest, she is yours," replied the lady. "Your kind and excellent father, my best and noblest friend, is the only one, except this good gentleman, Monsieur Morin, acquainted with the sad secret of this dear child's birth. Let me compose my thoughts a little; let me think of how I shall tell my tale in the shortest words, and you shall all know it."

"It shall be told at Castelneau," said the count, with a smile. "We will repose and refresh ourselves to-night. We will depart early in the morning; we will sup to-morrow, in the gray evening, by the little cross where Ernest and Annette first met. There, dear lady, you shall relate the history, as if it were some old legend; and though the past which it recalls may be painful, the present by which you are surrounded must be sweet."

It was arranged as the count had proposed, and we may pass over the intervening hours. The journey had been more rapid than was expected: everything had been prepared beforehand by a messenger from the count: supper was spread on the green bank where Annette had been seated when she well attended her, and servants had been sent away, that no ears but those concerned might listen. It occupied a considerable time, and was broken by many a question and many an exclamation; but the substance was this:

The families of Argencerre and Castelneau had been united by frequent alliances through many generations, and, somewhat more than twenty years before the time to which we have now conducted the reader, a marriage had been proposed between the elder sister of the lady who spoke, the heiress of Argencerre, and Henry, the son of the then Count de Castelneau. They had often met, and both the sisters were extremely beautiful; but the eldest had felt in her bosom, from a very early period, the seeds of a disease which ultimately brought her to the grave. The impression was strong upon her mind that she was destined to die young, and she never suffered one worldly thought to take possession of her mind. She shunk from every tie of earth; and human love, in her own case, would have seemed to her a robbery of heaven. She grieved not, then, when she saw that the heart of the young Lord of Castelneau turned towards her sister rather than herself, and she speedily resolved upon her conduct. The family of Argencerre paid their annual visit to Castelneau, and there explanations took place which changed the views of all except Mademoiselle d'Argencerre herself. She told her determination to retire for ever from the world, and to resign her rights and claims to her sister. The Count de Castelneau gladly consented that upon such conditions his son should marry the younger sister, than the elder sister, thereby bringing the fortunes of both into the family of Castelneau. The Count d'Argencerre was not so well pleased, indeed, but he did not refuse his consent; and the contract of marriage having been drawn up, in order to bind himself firmly, he signed it with the Count of Castelneau, though he himself was obliged to return to Paris before the union could be completed, to make the necessary arrangements regarding his estates. The young Lord of Castelneau, too, was obliged to join his regiment in a month, and in these circumstances it was agreed that the marriage of Louise and her lover should be delayed till after the campaign. The two ladies, however, remained at Castelneau, while their father proceeded to Paris. The contract was left in the hands of the young lord: nothing was wanting but his signature, with that of Louise and the benediction of the church, to complete the marriage; and love triumphed over prudence. They signed the contract in secret: in secret the religious ceremony was performed, and Louise d'Argencerre became the wife of Henri de Castelneau a week or two before the hour of departure for the army. To the grief and anxiety of his parting with his bride were added the unexpected pain and embarrassment of hearing that the Count d'Argencerre now sought to withdraw the consent he had given; that a proposal had been made for the hand of Louise by a lover allied to the blood royal of France; and that angry letters were passing between the two fathers on the subject. The young husband was obliged to go, however; and, ere he had left her for many days, his bride was secreted away from Castelneau by her father, between whom and the old count broke forth a violent feud. The contract which both had signed was sought for, but could not be found: no suspicion was entertained of the, private marriage, and the Count d'Argencerre returned to his estates, determined to give his daughter's hand to another. He could not do so, however, till the contract of marriage was formally annulled; and being called to command a division of the army on the Rhine, he wrote in a peremptory tone to the young Lord of Castelneau to send him back the contract, enclosing, at the same time, an authorisation, and even injunction, from the old Count de Castelneau so to do. He himself marched with his regiment to Saare Louis; but the first letter that he there received announced to him the death of the young husband, and the loss of his daughter's hand had been promised; and the heart of the Count d'Argencerre, which was, in truth, kind and affectionate, was painfully struck and touched. One of the fellow-officers of the young lord informed him that Henri de Castelneau having certainly exposed himself unnecessarily, had been killed evidently in consequence of such rashness; and the count was led to believe that his death might be owing to disappointment and despair. He became apprehensive of seeing his daughter; he remained with the army for months after his presence was no longer wanted; and the only returned when he heard that Louise had been extremely ill, and that the health of her elder sister was now failing rapidly.

In earlier and happier days, Louise had never imagined that the absence of her father could be anything but sorrowful to her; but circumstances had altered those feelings, and she had many an occasion to think Heaven that he was away so long. The death of her husband, the birth of her child, even if the actual facts could have been hidden from her, would have produced emotions and were succeeded by consequences which must have been discovered. Grief and apprehension, and agony of mind wellnigh deprived her of her senses, and it was long ere her sister could teach her to put a needful guard upon her lips. At length, however, her father returned; and as he was prompt and decided, though not, in reality, severe or unkind, on finding the health of both his children so greatly impaired, he caused them to be removed from Paris with a degree of unnecessary quickness, which agitated poor Louise much, and gave her no opportunity of communicating with the wife of good Pierre Morin, under whose charge her sister had placed the child. Agitation, apprehension, and sympathy for poor Louise had shaken Mademoiselle d'Argencerre, and accelerated the disease under which she suffered. She bore up well, indeed, for her sister's sake till the arrival of her father, but from that time her health rapidly declined, and in less than two months she was no more.

It was during this latter period that the events occurred which have been narrated in the commencement of this book, and which placed Annette under the charge and guidance of the Abbe de Castelneau. It may be sufficient to add that both Pierre Morin and his wife had deceived themselves in regard to the real mother of Annette. The rumour had at first been so strong that the elder sister was to be married to the young Lord of Castelneau, that it had even reached the ears of the good artisan and his family, as well as those of the Abbe de Castelneau; and when the filigree-worker was told vaguely of a secret marriage, and the absolute necessity of concealing the birth of the child, he naturally supposed that Mademoiselle d'Argencerre was the mother. When he heard of her death, he hesitated not, as we have shown, to confide the infant to the care of the Abbe de Castelneau, finding that the money which he had received was all spent, and that the poor child was likely to suffer the same penury which had fallen upon himself and his wife. He was soon undeceived, however, after the return of Annette's mother to Paris; but, far from reproaching him, she applauded what he had done, having known the abbe well in happier days, and having discovered, amid many failings and many errors, traits of a strong mind and a noble heart. Directed by her, Pierre Morin made inquiries into the circumstances of Monsieur de Castelneau; and she felt that it was fortunately in her power to put the means of paying his most pressing debts and quitting the capital.

"And now, my dear friend and relation," she said, laying her hand upon that of the count, "again accept my thanks, my deepest and most heartfelt thanks, for the care you have taken of this beloved child, and for the wisdom you have shown in her education. I must henceforth claim my rank as Countess of Castelneau; but Annette, so long as you live, will never demand anything but the dear name of your adopted daughter. Till the death of the late king, of which event you, of course, have heard, I ventured not to avow my marriage, because he had strongly interested himself in one who had sought a hand which could not be given to him, and had resented my refusal so vehemently that he forbade my presence at the court. A week ago, however, I presented myself to the gentle and kind-hearted monarch who now rules over us. I showed him the contract, which had lain concealed for many years in my chamber at Castelneau; and I produced some mystery of the marriage, which had been procured for me by my good friend Monsieur Morin here. The whole was at once recognised as legal by the king, and I hastened towards this place with all speed, to set the mind of every one at rest. Say, Annette, say, my dear child, whether you do not feel as I do, and whether it will not be joy to you to see Monsieur de Castelneau, who has been a father to you, still acting as a father to all around him?"

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"My dear lady," replied the Count de Castelneau, "I never was ambitious; I never was avaricious; I must not say that I never was unjust; for every man who acts ill and unwisely in life is doubly unjust to others and to himself. But I cannot retain what is not my own; these fair lands and lordships belong to my Annette. They are hers, not mine, and must go willingly—"

Annette rose up from her seat, and, gliding quietly up to him, dropped upon her knees and laid her hands on his, looking up in his face with a glance of tenderness and affection unspeakable. Ernest de Nogent advanced likewise, and bent one knee beside her, saying, "We entreat you, we beseech you, never mention such a thing again."

The count grasped their hands in his, and lifted his eyes towards heaven as if thanking God for some intense delight.

At that instant, however, as if some wild and sudden emotion had seized him, he started up, cast himself between Annette and the wood on the opposite side of the water, and threw his arms partly over her, partly round Ernest. At the very same instant there was the loud and ringing report of a carbine. The count staggered forward, reeled up again, and fell back upon the grass. Annette clasped her hands, gazing almost frantic in his face; but the sword of Ernest de Nogent sprang from the sheath in an instant; with one bound he was across the stream, and ere Pierre Morin could follow, his blade was crossed with that of the Baron de Cajare. Stern and deadly enmity was in both their faces, and the play of their weapons one against the other seemed like the quick glances of the lightning.

Pierre Morin paused, for they were two men not to be separated with life; and at the fifth pass the sword of the Baron de Cajare glided over the shoulder of Ernest de Nogent, while Ernest's lilt struck against his adversary's side, and the bright blade shone out under his left arm.

Ernest de Nogent shook him from his weapon, and cast him back upon the ground, exclaiming, "Base villain, thou wilt do no more wrong."

"Curses! curses! curses upon you!" murmured the Baron de Cajare; and, with those words upon his lips, the fierce eyes lost their eagerness and swam in death.

Ernest gazed upon him only for a moment, thrusting his sword back into the sheath; and, while Pierre Morin moralised in his peculiar manner, saying, "This is the consequence of kings interfering with the punishment of criminals," the young gentleman sprang across the stream again, and joined the horrified group around the Count de Castelneau.

He slightly raised the dying nobleman in his arms, and the count recognised and thanked him by a pressure of the hand; but life was ebbing fast. "It is over, Ernest," he said, in a low voice. "Annette, dear child, I am happy, most happy. I have died for thee, dear one, I have died to save thee. Let me lean my eyes upon thy shoulder; there they will close in joy, to open again, I trust, on my Redeemer in heaven."

He bent his brow; it rested on Annette's bosom; the weight became heavier and more heavy; his grasp relaxed upon the hand of Ernest de Nogent, and the young nobleman gently laid the corpse back upon the grass.

THE END.

Family Secrets,

OR

HINTS TO THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

(LATE MISS STICKNEY.)

Continued from page 26.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIONS OF A MANIAC.

From my well-known interest in all establishments for the protection of the insane, I had no difficulty in obtaining admission to that of ——. I had already inspected many of their apartments, in company with the matron, when she was suddenly called away, and I was left to pursue my observations in a manner better suited to my taste.

Amongst other interesting objects, my attention was attracted by the countenance and manners of a middle-aged female, who strongly reminded me of the picture of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse. This lady—for a lady she certainly was—beckoned me towards her; and told me with a look of great meaning, that she wished to relate to me her history. She complained bitterly of her confinement, and added, that, when she had told me all, I should judge whether the mode of treatment in that institution was not the worst that could possibly be adopted in her case.

These complaints, with the prevailing idea so frequent amongst the insane, that the body rather than the mind requires to be restored to health, convinced me that there was more of malady in her case than met the eye. There was, however, at the same time, so much intelligence in the expression of her face, such evident superiority in her manners and appearance, and traces still so striking of what had once been beauty of the highest order, that I felt strongly tempted to listen to her story. The consequence was, I found myself, on the following day, by permission of the authorities of the place, seated in her little apartment, while she opened the narrative, (which would doubtless have been told to any other listener as attentive as myself) in the following simple manner:—

We lived in a pleasant habitation in the midst of a lovely garden, my sister Lillah, and I. My mother died when Lillah was a baby; and my father, who had nothing else to love, thought we were the best and the prettiest children in the world. And so perhaps we were. At least I may speak of Lillah, for the wild rose on its waving bough was not more delicate or fair. For myself, "men said that I was beautiful;" and the people of our village, and the strangers who came to our house, paid me the most marked and flattering attentions, I can well remember—but these things have all passed away, and it behoves me now to be silent in the dust.

My father took great pleasure in our education, especially in mine; for I had talents to lay hold of every branch of learning, and a thirst so insatiable for every kind of knowledge, that often, when I ought to have been attending to my domestic duties, I was buried in the pages of ancient history, or occupied by the investigation of some disputed point in philosophy or science. Nor were the lighter accomplishments of female education forgotten. Music was the amusement of my father's leisure hours. With me it was a passion; for nothing else seemed to satisfy my soul. Music, however, though it satisfied me for a time, was apt to leave me melancholy and depressed; and the result of my various pursuits was only this—that all was vanity.

To my sister, the aspect of the world, and the tenour of life, were as opposite to mine, as if we had lived in two different planets. Tormented by no aspiring dreams, but simple in her tastes, domestic, quiet, meek, and pleased with little things, she was uniformly cheerful; and her happy voice used to be heard in the house and the garden, singing as gaily as a young bird.

Lillah was five years younger than myself, it was therefore my duty, and sometimes I fancied it was my pleasure, to attend to her learning. My system of instruction, however, was too fitful and capricious to be attended with any striking results, and she was too happy in her partial ignorance to feel any thing like ardour in the pursuit of greater knowledge.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, my sister was so loving, so gentle and so kind, it was impossible not to regard her with feelings of the utmost tenderness; and my father and I, though she occupied but little of our attention, would either of us have defended her from danger at the peril of our lives! Besides this, I know not how it was, but Lillah, in her own little sphere of usefulness, was accustomed to accomplish more than I ever did in mine; for such was her love of order, and the simple and direct application of such talents as she had cultivated, to whatever end she had in view, that she became, as she advanced in years, the support of our domestic comfort, without losing any thing of her refinement, her gaiety, or of that indescribable loveliness, which seemed less to be a part of her nature, than to shine like a halo around her wherever she went.

These were our days of happiness. Every one has some such point to look back to, that seems in the distant past like a green island of rest, in the troubled ocean of life; and this was mine: for we lived together so harmoniously, and yet were all so different. Perhaps it was from that very reason, that we never interfered with each other's sphere of action; but all seemed rather to supply what might otherwise have been found wanting in one.

Such was the tenour of our lives, when my father's failing health rendered it necessary for him to engage a curate; and a gentleman accordingly came down from Cambridge, with the highest recommendations to my father's confidence and esteem.

We had expected to see a youth whose education was but just completed; but we found a man of nearly thirty, whose serious turn of thought, and studious habits, had combined with his religious impressions, to induce him to choose the life of a clergyman; and as he was not in want of money, and preferred residing in the country, he was perfectly satisfied with the humble sphere of action which my father's offer opened to his choice.

"What do you think of his appearance?" asked Lillah, the first time we were left alone together, after he had made his call at the parsonage. And without waiting for an answer, she went on—"He frightens me to death. I am sure if I were to make the slightest blunder in the use, or even the accent of a word, it would offend his ear. I am determined, however, not to care for him; but to talk on in my usual way,

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the same as if he was not present; and if he thinks my conversation too trifling for his notice, he may turn to you. But tell me what you think of him, Flora?"

She repeated the question, and looked anxiously for my answer; but neither on this occasion, nor on any subsequent one, was I able for a long time to make up my mind. I had been accustomed to admiration, both from my equals, and from those who could neither understand nor appreciate me; but this man seemed quite insensible to my superiority. I had been accustomed to flattery; but the tenour of his conversation, though it could not be called rude, was calculated to rob me of all false pretensions, and reduce me to the scale of an ordinary woman. I had been accustomed to take the lead in conversation—to be drawn out, and made way for, as if my opinion was law to the society in which I moved, but now I often felt myself involuntarily shrinking back, as if I possessed not a single sentiment worth uttering.

I will call our new acquaintance Emile, for it is of no consequence to you or to me, what was his real name. Suffice it, that he became associated, not only with our domestic arrangements, but with our pleasures, our studies, and with all things in which my father had been accustomed to take a part. Indeed, we became more than ever dependent upon such a companion, for, as I said before, my father's health failed rapidly, and he had an affection of the head which disqualified him for all literary pursuits.

My sister, unlike me in this, as in all other things, soon recovered her self-possession in the presence of our new friend. She even talked to him with the utmost composure, about such trifles as I felt sure must excite his contempt. Yet she did this with so much simplicity, that he smiled, and replied to her as kindly as he would have done to a sweet child.

To me his behaviour was very different; for while he candidly expressed his disapprobation of the manner in which I spent my time, he was solicitous to lead my thoughts to subjects of more vital importance; and I learned, before he had been long associated with us, that the reason why he treated my sentiments and opinions with so little respect, was that they were not founded, strictly speaking, on religious principles. I had, it is true, a kind of sentimental religion of my own; but it was chiefly against this specious kind of delusion that he levelled that severity of judgment, which I felt but too keenly in his general behaviour towards me. It was to me an entirely new idea, that by becoming religious, I should become more interesting. Yet no sooner had it taken possession of my mind, than I read, and talked, and acted in a different manner from what I had ever done before; and if I did not altogether feel religiously, it was what few would have discovered, who listened to my conversation, or examined the volumes of theology with which my library was stored.

I had before been a Greek scholar, and I now took up the study of Hebrew, under the idea so common amongst ladies, that by dabbling in these languages I should be able to understand the Bible better. As if the labours of learned and holy men, devoted through their whole lives to this one study, would not have thrown greater light upon the subject than I was likely to enjoy; or as if, in the lapse of centuries, the critical examination of contending parties would not have discerned more errors than I should be able to detect.

To Hebrew, however, I turned my attention, and Emile was my instructor. He found me an apt scholar, and he was evidently pleased with the task; for if there was one occupation he preferred to all others, it was that of imparting knowledge.

While we were employed in this manner, Lillah sometimes sate quietly beside us, engaged with her needle-work, and sometimes she playfully rallied us upon the depth and the gravity of our studies; but she never joined us; and one day, when I asked her why, she replied with a look of more than common seriousness—"Why, to tell the truth, I find in my Bible already, so much more of what I can understand, than what I am willing to practise, that I should be afraid to know more, lest my condemnation should be greater than it is."

"I believe you are right," said Emile; and he fixed upon her a long earnest gaze, under which she blushed so beautifully, that a man less wise might have been forgiven, had he studied no more Hebrew for that day.

It was on this occasion, the idea first struck me, that young as Lillah was, she might possibly be romantic enough to entertain a feeling of more than friendship for our new acquaintance; and I was confirmed in my fears a few days after, by finding that she had carefully preserved a rose he had presented to her in our walk.

"Lillah," said I, "why have you kept that rose with so much care?"

The child—for such I had been accustomed to consider her—blushed deeply, while she answered me with her accustomed simplicity and truth, "Emile gathered it for me; and as it was the first he ever gave me, I thought I would try how long I could keep it alive."

"Take care, Lillah," said I, "take care. Those who gather roses, are not always so considerate as to present them without thorns."

She did not appear to understand my meaning, and the suspicion which had glanced across my mind, passed away, for I had so much to occupy me in my new pursuits, that I thought little of my sister, or the state of her young heart.

The fact was, that with my newly acquired religious views, I had taken upon myself the patronage of village schools; and instead of poring over the pages of ancient divines, I was yet more frequently seen in my way to the school-house, with a packet of books in my hand, and a troop of children following me to the place of rendezvous. In the Sunday school, as well as in other institutions connected with the church, I was a zealous and indefatigable agent; for it was a part of my character to prosecute whatever I undertook with all the energies of my mind. It would have been a puzzling question, had any one asked me what was my real motive: my ostensible one, was that of doing good in the sphere of action to which Providence had called me.

Pleased as Emile had been with my study of his favourite authors, he was evidently more so with the new turn my energies had taken; and as we went together hand in hand with our charities and good works, by degrees I became reconciled to the humiliating influence he had exercised over me in the correction of my false sentiments, and ill-founded pretensions. I was even pleased to be corrected, when he did it with gentleness and candour; but my highest reward was the expression of his approbation, when I had been particularly solicitous for the good of some of his humblest parishioners. Perhaps I should, with more propriety, have said, that these were our days of happiness; for when I look back to the times when I used to come home tired from my village rambles, when my father smiled to see me thus occupied, when Lillah welcomed me to her social and well-spread teatable, when Emile used to join us for the evening, and I afterwards took my harp, and sung to them some of the melodies we loved to listen to.—Oh! where are those blessed moments fled? I thought I was again in the old parsonage house—that my youth had come back to me—my innocence and my peace; and, behold! I am here, within the walls of this dungeon, a companion to the gibbering idiot, and the raving madman.

But I forgot to tell you about Lillah. She was not indifferent or inactive in my benevolent occupations, but she was one of those who think their first duty is at home; and as my father's malady increased, and he could not well be left alone, she was his faithful companion in the house, and often accompanied him to meet me on my return from the village school.

My father's illness had commenced with a slight paralytic seizure. It was followed by many symptoms of relapse, and in a short time he was reduced to a melancholy state of imbecility, and helplessness. My sister's strength was consequently much tried; yet while I saw her suffering, and would gladly have relieved her, I could not believe myself called upon to renounce the high station I had assumed, as patroness of the poor.

Emile was the first to remind me, that it is possible, with the best intentions, to mistake our sphere of duty.

"We act, too frequently," he said, "as if we thought we were necessary to God, from the assistance we render him in carrying out his benevolent designs. And in order to convince us of this error, and to prove that his own power is all sufficient, we are often called away from public usefulness, to fill a place so humble, that it would seem, to human wisdom, better calculated for another, and a far inferior agent.

"Do you think then," said I, "that my sphere of duty is in my father's chamber?"

"Certainly I do."

"But you know he is so changed—so lost to himself, and others, that a common nurse would wait upon him, and probably please him better than I could."

"Lillah does not reason thus."

I said no more; but renounced my schools: at least so far as related to my personal influence, and determined from that moment, that my sister should not be before me in devotedness to a parent who so justly merited every kindness from us both: I might add, especially from me, for I had ever been the pride and the joy of his heart. From Lillah he expected all those little feminine attentions which it is the part of a daughter to pay, but he looked upon me as a superior being, whose talents and capabilities were mis-directed in so humble a channel. The being in the world who held the next highest place in his admiration, was Emile, and I could easily perceive, from the time of his first becoming intimate with our family, that my father in his own mind, believed us destined for each other. The poor people of our village, as well as many of our friends, thought the same; and I must myself have been more or less than woman, had I not been sensible of the adaptation of character which seemed to fit us equally, for enjoyment, and for usefulness.

I may surely acknowledge now, that I had

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had my share of admirers; but for none had I ever felt sufficient respect for him to exercise over me the slightest influence, either for good or for evil. With Emile the case was widely different. Whatever I was to others, to him I was submissive, gentle, and meek; and he had only to express his disapprobation of any particular habit I had formed, for me to renounce it altogether.

But to return to my story. During a whole summer, while my father remained in the helpless state I have described, Lillah and I took it by turns to sit with him, while the other enjoyed the benefit of the fresh air, during an evening ramble, in which Emile was our frequent companion; and I could not help remarking that my sister calculated upon her evening's walk with more than common interest.

Knowing, as I did, the influence of Emile's conversation, and the indescribable charm of his kindness, I sometimes trembled for my poor sister, lest the calm of her simple life should be disturbed by the stirring of a feverish dream, which she could never hope to see realised—the misery of an unrequited attachment.

I would have warned her of this danger, but feared to wound her delicacy; and so we went on, until one night, when it was my turn to sit up with my father, and I went to bid Lillah good-night after she had retired to rest.

I found her in tears, the cause of which I could but too well divine, for she had had a longer walk with Emile that evening. I kissed her more affectionately than usual; but still I could not touch upon the state of her heart, for I felt what a wretched thing it must be to make confession of an unrequited attachment. And, for Emile! I desired to encourage her by my manner to speak for herself, and this she seemed about to do, for she hung with her arms around my neck, and only wept the more when I attempted to leave her.

"Don't leave me yet, Flora," said she, "I have a secret to tell you: only I cannot tell how to begin. I think if you would put the candle out, I could tell you better," and she hid her face in my neck, and I felt her tears; but still they did not seem to me like tears of sorrow.

"Poor child," thought I, "it is meet that thy shame, and thy blushes, should be buried in a sister's bosom; yet how shall I find words to tell her that she loves in vain."

"Flora," she began again, "we have long loved Emile."

"Yes, as a friend."

"You, Flora, have loved him as a friend; but to-night I have learned that he has been something more than a friend to me."

"Dearest Lillah," said I, "you pain me to the heart. It is not yet too late. I entreat you to rouse yourself from this delusion."

She started from my shoulder. "From what delusion?" she exclaimed. "You surely do not suspect me of being guilty of bestowing my affections unasked. No, Flora, I have heard this night what I could not have believed from lips less true—that Emile loves me."

"Beware, Lillah," said I, "the heart is deceitful. You must have misunderstood his meaning."

"No, Flora," she answered firmly, "do not think so meanly of me. Emile is not a man to trifle on such a subject, besides he spoke too plainly; and I have given him my permission to lay the matter before my father, the first time he finds him capable of attending to it. I do not wonder at your surprise. It could not be greater than my own to think that he should dream of such an insignificant being as I am, and you always near him. Oh, Flora, what a happiness it is now, that you have never regarded him except as a friend!"

Like the traveller who has dreamed of leafy bowers and crystal streams, and awakes to find himself in the midst of a wide burning desert; I saw at once my real situation. I sat, I believe, for the space of an hour by the side of my sister's bed, for her secret once told, she grew eloquent on the subject that was next her heart, and fortunately waited not for my reply to any thing she said.

I know not how I attended upon my poor father that night, or any of the nights or days which followed. I know not, in short, how I endured existence; for the sun of my life was set, and from that hour there grew neither leaf, nor flower, nor any pleasant thing beside my path. My religion, like the morning dew, all passed away—my learning, what was it worth—my beauty, I regarded it not. One grain of real faith, one spark of heavenly love, one hour of fervent prayer, might possibly have saved me. But the high station I had taken in the religious world, had been all without foundation in my heart; and I now saw, and trembled at the extent of my delusion. All the benevolent offices, the charities, the good works, in which I had taken so much delight, became to my transformed and vitiated taste as worse than weariness. My schools were an absolute disgust. The poor children of the parish, whom, in the presence of Emile, I had so often stooped to caress, now gamboled in my path unheeded; and the village matrons wondered that I passed their doors without a smile of recognition.

The aspect under which I had seen the world was now robbed of its enchantment by a single stroke. Points of duty which I had before been so solicitous to discover, now stood forth in the great desert which I trod, and, naked, and uninviting, forced themselves upon my sight; while the freshness and the greenness with which my imagination had adorned the Christian's path, vanished from before me, and left not a trace of their beauty behind.

All this, however, belonged only to my own private experience. As for those around me, they were too happy, to discover any change in my feelings, even if I had not had pride enough to conceal it.

As Lillah had proposed, the subject was laid before my father, in one of his most lucid moments. He appeared to understand it fully; and even listened to it as something not altogether new. Nothing, however, could induce him to substitute my sister for me. Pleased with the prospect of one of his daughters being settled so satisfactorily, he entered into calculations about the necessary preparations, only whenever the name of Lillah was mentioned, he nodded his assent, and said, "Yes, I understand you. It is Flora you mean. The whole affair is perfectly intelligible to me. I do not see how it should have turned out otherwise. They were formed to make each other happy."

In this manner we spent the remainder of that summer, when my health began so evidently to give way, that even Lillah, happy as she was, could not fail to perceive it. I had lost the power either to eat, or sleep, and had a constant gnawing pain under one shoulder, for which the doctors recommended me to take a small quantity of brandy after every meal.

I am particular in mentioning this, because you shall see what it led to; for though the medical advice was, that I should take only a tea-spoonful in a wine-glass of water, I soon found that twice that quantity made the dose more palatable, and I fancied also it afforded me more relief. By degrees I discovered that the same medicine might be used to blunt the edge of mental, as well as bodily feeling; and when I had taken more than my accustomed draught, I felt equal to sitting beside Emile and Lillah, and hearing them lay plans for their future happiness.

They were to be married that winter, for my father's was a lingering malady, and there were many reasons why it was desirable that we should be provided with a protector before his death. This event, however, was nearer than we had any of us anticipated. He was seized with alarming symptoms of a new character, and after three days of suffering, we saw that his end was approaching. The last words he said to Emile, were to commend us to his kindness and protection. My sister had left the apartment for a moment, and we were standing by the side of his bed.

"Lillah," said he, "will be to you as a child. You will love her for her sister's sake, and mine, Flora," he added, holding both our hands in his, "will be the blessing of your life. Take her, Emile, as my dying bequest. She is worthy of your choice."

I thought—and I think still, it was cruel of Emile to shrink away as he did, when my father placed our hands together. He might have humoured a dying man in the delusion that possessed his fancy; instead of which, he actually seemed to shudder as his hand touched mine.

Lillah returned, but she was too late to receive my father's blessing. He had fallen back on his pillow, and from that moment he never spoke again.

We had been so long prepared for his death, by the imbecility which had gradually weaned him from us as a companion and a guide, that we could not be expected to suffer from that poignancy of sorrow, which those must feel, who lose a friend in the full possession of his mental powers. Our grief, however, was not less sincere, for never was a father more deservedly beloved than ours.

It may readily be imagined how valuable were the friendship and the kindness of Emile, on this melancholy occasion. He was all that the most affectionate and devoted brother could have been to us, so that the solemn day of the funeral came on, without our having to exert ourselves to perform any of those painful duties, for which the real mourners for the dead are generally so ill prepared.

On the morning of that day, we met Emile as usual. Lillah and I entered the parlour at different doors. It was the first time either Emile or I had seen her in deep mourning; and whether it was the contrast with her dress I know not, but there was something in her complexion so unusually pale, that we both started, and then looked at each other.

Emile kindly took her hand, and asked if she was well. To which she replied with a smile, she believed so, but that she often felt particularly weak in the early part of the day, and now that she had less need for exertion, she thought she felt her weakness more.

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From this moment Emile watched her with more than a parent's tenderness. It was but too evident that her situation demanded all his solicitude. Her appearance underwent a rapid change, though she was still unable to say that she felt any pain.

We sent for the most able physician of the day, and he candidly told us nothing could save her. Emile was incredulous. He sent for another, and then a third; but they all told the same truth. And we discovered at last, that Lillah had been concealing from us some of the symptoms of that insidious kind of consumption, that steals upon youth and beauty like the natural fading of a flower. Perhaps she did not understand it herself, for it was unlike her to deceive. Perhaps she would not believe in the fact they foretold—and no wonder—no wonder life was sweet, to one so circumstanced.

If I had never loved Emile before my sister's illness, I must have loved him then. All that was magnanimous in his nature was called forth, to help him to endure this stroke; all that was generous in his heart, to comfort and support us both; all that was sterling in his principles, to exemplify the virtue of true Christian resignation; and all that was tender in his feelings to soothe, not only the object of his devoted affection, but even me.

I have watched him sometimes in that sick room, and listened to the tones of his modulated voice, until I could not help wondering how it was with Lillah, that she could be so willing to die, and to leave the enjoyment of so much earthly happiness as she might have possessed with him.

She, poor girl, though day by day becoming weaker, was mercifully supported on her sick bed by that holy faith which she had for a long time been cherishing in her meek and quiet soul.

For myself, it would be impossible to describe how my mind was tossed. Wave after wave seemed to roll over me. Sometimes I started with a shudder from strange calculations I had been almost unconsciously making, about Lillah's death. At other times, I am certain I would freely have given my life to save her; for what could I ever be to Emile, even when Lillah was in her grave?

It may easily be supposed that all this while I had an increased tendency to apply to those means of supporting my mental and bodily exertions, which the doctors had so strongly recommended; and having almost entirely lost my natural appetite for wholesome food, and being also kept in attendance upon my sister through the greater part of every night, the habit of recurring to such means for stimulus and support, increased rapidly upon me; until I was sometimes scarcely sensible of my actual situation, and certainly far from being so distressed as I otherwise should have been, at the prospect of a final separation from my sister.

There were times, however, when I felt but too keenly that, by this separation, I should lose the only being upon earth who really loved me. There were times, when I watched the fever burning on her cheek, and wished it could be translated to my own, that she might live a happy peaceful life on earth, and that I might pass away and be forgotten.

Lillah was so beautiful, too, in her illness—so filled with sweet thoughts for those around her, it must have been a harder heart than mine that could have withstood her inexpressible tenderness. She had always been lovely and attractive; but the progress of her disease, with the advancement of her religious experience, not only deepened the lines of her former beauty, but added a spiritual character to the expression of her countenance; so that we could not help feeling, as we sat beside her, as if in the presence of some purified being, about to be translated to its native sphere of peace, and joy, and love.

"Oh, take me with thee, sweet sister, to that better land to which thou art hastening!" was the language of my heart, as I bent over her, singing, as I often did, at her request, those favourite hymns which seemed to soothe her feverish moments; and then she used to fold her thin white hands upon her bosom, and fix, as if upon the gates of heaven, her clear blue eyes, now grown so large, that but for the shadow of their long dark lashes, they would have looked almost wild.

I know not how it was, but her glance became so penetrating, that sometimes, when she turned her eyes suddenly upon me, I used to start; and when I searched my heart to discover why, perhaps I had fallen into some strange reverie about her being gone, and Emile and I being left alone; and then I know a guilty blush used to rush into my face, for once or twice Lillah asked me the reason. Yet I will say, in justice to myself, that I was faithful to her both in heart and hand; and if ever these dark dreams came over me, it was only to be dismissed with as much horror, as she herself would have felt, had she known them.

I have said that Lillah was so beautiful, so gentle, and so kind, that it was our happiness to be near her; and hitherto she had suffered so little pain, that we would willingly have kept her on her sick-bed, rather than witness the breaking of the frail cord which bound her still to earth.

We could, however, no longer deceive ourselves with regard to the change that was taking place. Increase of fever was followed by increase of inflammation, and then came restlessness and ceaseless pain, and frequent wanderings of the mind, which still, however, kept in view the heavenly rest to which it was hastening; for all her delirium was only like a blessed dream, in which she beheld more vividly the wonder and the glory about to be revealed.

I never shall forget the anguish of Emile to see her suffer. It was, no doubt, the means of softening to him the stroke that was so soon to fall; for he seemed as if he would rather part with her for ever, than see her suffer for an hour. And yet, with all our tenderness, and all our solicitude, we could do nothing to help her. The hand of death was heavy upon her, it was fearful to see the frail victim quivering in his grasp.

At last there came a calm; a season of sweet peace. She spoke again in her own familiar tones, and asked to have the window opened, that she might feel the breeze, and see the sun shine in once more. Her pain had ceased. She smiled, and said she felt nothing; but it was an awful calm, and Emile and I kept silence, until we could hear the beating of our own hearts. She took our hands in hers, and, fixing upon Emile a look of intense and holy love,—"I am passing away," she said, "beloved friend of my soul. I know that to you the world will be more desolate when I am gone; but is it not a blessed thought, that when your labours here are ended, I shall be the first to welcome you to our 'Father's mansion in the skies?'"

"My poor Flora," said she, then turning to me, "with all your genius and all your talents, you will be very lonely. But Emile will comfort you. He will be all to you that he would have been to me. Will you not, Emile? Promise me this, before I leave you."

I felt his hand tremble violently as it touched mine. I looked into his face. A slight convulsion passed across his lips, which were as pale as ashes.

"I will be all to your sister," said he, "that your husband can be."

She looked at him again, and smiled; as much as to say, he had evaded her question. She tried to speak, but the tide of life was ebbing, and in a few moments she had ceased to breathe.

After a long and solemn pause, Emile knelt down beside the bed, and poured forth his soul in prayer. We were alone in the world—alone in the presence of the dead—alone in the sight of Heaven. How did I long, in that awful moment, to pour forth my spirit also, through the same channel—how did I long to come, like the prodigal, and to make confession that I was no longer worthy to be called my Father's child. How was it that I hardened myself at such a time, and allowed the day of visitation to pass by?

It was easy to discover that I was nothing now, or worse than nothing, to Emile. He was kind, but so distant; as if he thought I should presume upon my sister's dying request. It was a delicate subject to touch upon; for how could I explain to him that I had neither desire nor expectation that he should act upon my sister's wish. Yet I was determined to make the effort; for existence was heavy enough to me, without the burden of this thought.

"Emile" said I, once when we were spending a long dull evening together; "it is absolutely necessary that you and I should perfectly understand each other. Know, then, that I have no more desire than you, that you should act upon the sisterly suggestion of her, whose wish in almost any other case had been my law. I could not have said this to a man of common mind. You, I feel assured, will be able to understand my motives, and the price at which I would purchase your peace and mine. Besides, you are the only friend now left to me in the whole world, and I cannot afford to lose you for a scruple of delicacy. Do not, then, be afraid to be to me all that common kindness would dictate. Do not regard the inferences which may be drawn. As my father's friend, and my sister's husband, you owe me some consideration, and I have a right to claim it. As I said before, I have not another friend in the world. Do not forsake me because others have kindly wished for you and for me what we have never wished for ourselves."

Emile held out his hand. He even pressed a brother's kiss upon my forehead.

"Thank you, Flora," said he, "Thank you a thousand times. I am neither so vain nor so presumptuous, as to suppose that I could ever be to you what I have been to another; but I own I did fear that my attentions might have been misconstrued; and that you might, consequently, have been reduced to the painful necessity of treating me with coldness. I therefore determined that the pain and the coldness should both be mine; but it seems I was mistaken in my calculations, and that I should have been more delicate, had I been more kind."

The day of my sister's funeral had been one of more than common sadness. Emile and I had walked together to the grave. We were the

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only mourners. The grass had scarcely grown over the turf where my father was laid, when another white tablet was placed within the same enclosure, which seemed already widening with a cold welcome for me.

All things had been arranged by Emile with the greatest consideration for my feelings. There was one shock, however, which he could not avert; and it became his painful duty to tell me, that I must leave the parsonage house; the home where I had first been sensible of kindness; where my sister Lillah and I had played together in our childhood.

It had been entirely owing to the delicacy and solicitude of Emile, and to his representations of my sister's illness, that we had been allowed to remain there so long. But as there was no farther plea for my continuance, and the clergyman who succeeded my father had politely expressed his desire to take possession, I necessarily prepared for a task, which seemed at the time to me more difficult than any of the melancholy duties I had lately been called to perform.

I was left with a very slender income; yet my wants were also proportionably small; for I was alone—alone, without being bound by the ties of relationship or affection to any being upon earth, except one.

Emile was particularly anxious to consult my choice, as to the place of my future residence. Of course I preferred remaining in my native village, for where else could I go? The poor people here, I thought, will be kind to me, for the sake of former services; and every Sunday I shall hear him preach; and, perhaps, that will do me good.

There was one house in the village which seemed exactly suited to my circumstances, and only one. It had been lately built; was of red brick; and perfectly square; standing near the public road, from which it was separated by a row of white paling, and a little space of what the owner called garden ground, containing a bush of rosemary, a wall-flower, and some coarse grass. The house was entered by three plain stone steps, exactly the width of the door, which was green, and narrow, and level with the wall. The passage, was narrow too, and straight through the house, opening at the other end by a similar door, into a continuation of the same enclosure, still called a garden, and at that time planted with potatoes. On each side of the narrow passage, were doors exactly opposite each other, leading into two square parlours, exactly alike, with the recesses beside the fire-places, filled up with cupboards, that were painted a bluish white. It was advertised as a convenient and elegant residence, and ranked next to the parsonage house, and the mansion of the squire.

I ought to have been satisfied; and yet, when I first went with Emile to see it, I felt so sick at heart, that I sat down, and burst into tears.

He continued kindly repeating, that furniture made all the difference—that my harp could stand here; my sofa there—that this was a good light for painting, and that would be a snug corner for a winter's evening; and yet, with all his benevolent efforts, he could not reconcile me to my fate.

"It is of no consequence," said I at last. "It is but like the whole of my future life. The house is good enough for me. I only wish it was a grave."

Emile took up my words. He spoke to me kindly as a Christian friend ought to speak. He thought it was nothing but the natural grief of a daughter, and a sister, that weighed upon my soul. He did not then know the total estrangement of that soul from all the sources of consolation, by which he was sustained.

The day arrived on which I must actually take leave of the parsonage, as my home for ever. Emile had busied himself, even with the arrangement of my furniture, so anxious was he to spare me any painful effort, and to make my new abode look capable of cheerfulness, and comfort; and I began almost to think, that when the curtains were let down, and a cheerful fire was blazing, the little parlour might not be altogether horrible; but of course, this could only be when he came to spend his evenings with me, as I doubted not he often would.

The day arrived when I was to leave the keys of all the doors of the parsonage behind me; to look my last into my father's study; and to tread, for the last time in my life, along the passage to his chamber, where it seemed to me, that I still heard the light step of my sister Lillah.

If I were to study how to picture in one scene, all that imagination conjures up, and all that heart-warm recollections embody in our national word—home, it would be a representation of that old parsonage, within and without; its carved oak, its deep recesses, its wide bow-windows, embowered in wreathing jasmine; and then the garden, with the beds of flowers that my father and Lillah loved so much; the green walk behind the yew-trees, leading to the church; the old steeple, clothed with ivy, gleaming out amongst the elms; and the path to the porch, on which my father never would allow a weed to grow—all enclosed together, like a bower of beauty, and shut in from the public road by a neatly clipped hedge, through which the same gate, open ever to the needy and the poor, led both to the church and to the pastor's door. It was this image to wring the heart of a lonely wretch like me, as I stood outside this gate, leaning my arm upon it, looking towards my home, and knowing that I never more should call it mine!

I wished at that moment that I had chosen another land, another nation, for my residence. But then, how should I have seen Emile?—and to dwell near him; to see him every day; to hear him speak to me; to know when he was ill, or if any thing affected him in mind or body—were the only things that reconciled me to life.

My servant, who waited for me, and who held beneath her arm her own little store of worldly wealth, awoke me from my long reverie, by observing, in the language of her own simple thoughts, that we were leaving the door of the new house a long time open, and that perhaps some idle persons might be tempted to go in.

Happy girl! How I envied the heart that had nothing to trouble its repose, but the safety of another person's household goods.

Emile was standing at the door of my new house, smiling the kindest welcome as I approached. It was a cold day, and he had ready for me a cheerful fire, which he stirred with great energy, after he had drawn for me my favourite chair beside it.

"Here is not exactly the same aspect of things," said he, "as we find at the parsonage; but here is all that is necessary to make a Christian contented; and you, Flora, I am sure, will not wish for more."

I answered with a heavy sigh; for I felt that the contentment of a Christian was not mine to feel.

It was a peculiar feature in the character of Emile, that he spoke rarely, and with apparent difficulty, of his own feelings. He seemed to live for others, not for himself; and thus, though his loss had been so much heavier than mine, he never alluded to his own personal affliction; but assumed a constant cheerfulness of manner, in the hope of imparting it to me.

"I must now tell you," he said, "in plain terms, that I am promising myself the pleasure of spending a long evening with you, if you will allow me to be your guest. I set off on my journey for Cambridge to-night. A chaise will come for me at ten, and I hope to meet the mail at eleven."

I had started too evidently at this intelligence, and I endeavoured to conceal my emotion, by asking, in a tone of assumed indifference if he expected to stay long at Cambridge.

"I am unable to say," he replied, "how long. It will depend upon how and when my future lot is fixed. As soon as I learned that Mr. B——intended taking the whole duty of this parish himself, I made application in two quarters, and at present I have nothing to do but to wait patiently until the line of duty is pointed out to me."

"Then you leave this place entirely!" said I, the words absolutely choking me as I uttered them.

"Entirely," he replied, "except that I hope sometimes to visit the friends I leave behind. And, Flora, you will write to me often, will you not? and tell me all about the schools, and the workhouse, and the poor old people!"

What else he said, I cannot tell. I felt a coldness, like death, stealing over me. In another moment I should have lost the power to escape, and my secret might have been betrayed. Fortunately, I started up, and rushing into my own chamber, gave way to such a violent burst of grief, that my servant came to my assistance. She had lately become expert in administering my favourite remedies, and now entreated that I would take something to support my strength, for that I had had nothing that day.

She brought me my accustomed medicine. It seemed to produce no effect. I took a double quantity, and soon began to feel as if I could hear to look the fact in the face, that Emile was really going to leave me.

My servant carried down a report that I was ill. Emile was alarmed. He sent up many messages of inquiry, and offers of assistance. I should have gone down earlier, but that on turning towards the glass, I saw my face all flushed and heated, and looking any thing but ill. I could not, however, for this reason, afford to lose the last evening I might possibly ever spend in the society of Emile.

He met me on the stairs, with a look of the most anxious solicitude.

"It is all over," said I, "it was a mere nothing—only a sort of faintness I am subject to."

I would gladly have changed the subject; but he stood beside my chair, hung over me, and looked into my face, with an expression of the deepest concern.

"And what do you take for this faintness, Flora?" said he.

"Why, to-day," I answered—"I have taken—my servant brought me a small quantity of brandy. I was almost insensible at the time, and

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should probably have taken any thing else that she might have offered to me."

"Brandy," said he very gravely, "is a dangerous medicine."

"I take so very little," said I, endeavouring to smile off the subject, and at the same time blushing deeply,—"I take so very little, and really I don't know what else would do me good. Can you tell me?"

"I am not much skilled in medicine; yet thus far I dare go; and I repeat, that brandy is a dangerous medicine for you. I will not deny that there are cases where it may do good to the body, if it does not endanger the mind. But do not trust yourself to it, Flora; it is worse than poison to you."

"What can you mean Emile? Do you think I am addicted to intemperance?"

"Far, far from you and me be such a thought!"

"Then what can you mean?"

"I mean, Flora, that your character as well as your circumstances are peculiar. I mean, that you are one whose talents must be employed, whose conscience must be satisfied, and whose affections must have an object; and that you never can know happiness without one or all of these. Yet it has pleased God, as if, for your especial trial, so to place you for the present, that you will have no regular occupations to demand your attention, no relative duties to call you out of yourself, and no object to love.

"Spare me, Emile! in mercy spare me! I knew the horrors of my fate before. Why will you place them before me in this new and hideous form?"

"Think not, dear Flora, that I would willingly exaggerate, what you call the horrors of your situation. Far happier to me would be the task of making the duties which still await you, more attractive than they are. Permit me, however, as a Christian friend, to be faithful to you. Permit me to feel as if you were in reality my sister."

"Then when you speak of duties, Emile, you must tell me as a friend, what you think mine are; for I have looked around, but it appears to me that I have no place in society—no business on the earth—and"—I would have added, but feared to shock his feelings by an exposure of the real state of mine—"no claim to an inheritance in heaven."

"You grieve me to the heart," said he, "when you talk in this melancholy strain, so unworthy of your principles, and of yourself. I entreat you, Flora, to shake off these morbid miseries, and to be again your better self."

"Never! I shall never be again what I was!"

"You will never, it is true, be again the cherished daughter of a proud and happy parent; but there is still between your heavenly Father and yourself, the same relation as before, the same account of responsibilities to render, the same to fulfil. It is not with you, as with many others, who have simply been born within the pale of Christian fellowship. You have publicly acknowledged, and in some respects acted upon, a more especial call to honour your Saviour's name. Your talents, your genius, all increase your influence; and your influence increases your responsibility."

"You forget, Emile, that there is no one now left for me to influence, either for good or evil."

"No, Flora, it would not be easy for me to forget, that you have now no one to cherish with your love, no one to look up to you with partial admiration, no one to be cheered by your coming in, or saddened by your going out, no one to receive from you the kind offices of sisterly affection. I must forget my own existence, before I can forget this. In speaking of your responsibilities, I meant only, that you were still capable of contributing to the happiness of others."

"And how should that be possible, when no one loves me well enough to care what I say or do?"

"Not, as I said before, to contribute to their happiness through the channel of your affections, or of theirs, but by making them familiar with the truths of the gospel, and increasing their acquaintance with the only true wisdom.

"Look at your situation, Flora, and at the situation of those around you; and you will surely cease to ask, where are your responsibilities? You have time, which few of them enjoy; talents, which none of them possess; and attainments, far beyond their reach. Every one who is inferior to yourself, has some claim upon you; for why have you been so highly gifted, but to render your gifts conducive to the general good?"

"Ah! Emile, it is easy for you, who have always been so devoted, to practise what you preach."

"Is it easy for me, Flora? Is it easy for me to go through the same routine of duty, as I did, before the decree went forth against me? 'Behold, I will take away the desire of thine eyes.' Yet I will not complain; for I have lived through what I should once have thought myself incapable of enduring, and never could have sustained by my own unassisted power."

Emile then changed the conversation, for this was a subject on which he never allowed himself to dwell in words, whatever he might do in thought.

"I am anxious to know," he said, "whether the clergyman who now takes charge of this parish, will pay any attention to the schools. Whether he does or not, however, they are in excellent order; and with your superintendence, I have no fear that they will fall away. I have made out a list of the poor people whom I should like to commend especially to your care. I am sure you will visit them often, both for theirs and mine."

He then described to me the circumstances of each—young and old—feeble and strong; and I appeared to listen; but I was in reality counting the strokes of the village clock, which seemed that night to strike the hours almost as rapidly as minutes.

"You surely do not hear the chaise," said he, taking out his watch, and seeing it was only nine, "we have one hour yet," he added, "let us spend it in commending each other to our heavenly Father. Let us part, as those ought to part, who have lately shared such solemn scenes as we have witnessed together."

We knelt together as we had often done before, beneath my father's roof, and with him it seemed as if his whole heart was poured into his prayer—as if he cast himself, wholly and without reserve, upon the mercy he implored; and consequently feared nothing, and felt nothing, but submission, and trust, and holy peace.

The bruise of his spirit, however, that night was for me; and if the prayer of another could have saved me, I should have been snatched from the precipice on which I stood.

For myself, I joined not with that prayer, even in the secret of my heart. It seemed to me as if the heavens were as brass. And this solemn act of worship was ended, and I was spiritually unmoved. A sudden thought then came over me, that I would tell him all—all my sinfulness, and my estrangement from God; and perhaps he could help me. My heart began to beat violently, and the words were already on my lips, when the approaching sound of a carriage warned me that the season of visitation had again passed over, and that I was to be left to myself.

Emile took leave of me with a degree of brotherly affection which surpassed my expectations. I received it, I believe, without any suitable return, for I neither saw, nor heard, nor felt distinctly, until the door was closed, and the carriage had rolled away—and then came the tide of feeling like a flood.

The light of morning gleaming through my lattice, found me in the same position I had assumed, when, after straining every nerve to listen if I could hear no longer any sound like carriage wheels, I had sunk into my solitary chair before the fire. The light of morning found me with my feet upon the fender, and the white ashes lying cold upon the hearth.

CHAPTER V.

CONFESSIONS OF A MANIAC.

That portion of human existence, which appears the most lengthened in endurance, usually occupies in description the shortest space.

It would be impossible for me to say, how days, weeks, and months passed over me, after I was, in every sense of the words, left to myself. I remember nothing distinctly but the evenings—and they were all alike. I might say, in the words of the poet,

"Endless, and all alike;"

for when a day of intolerable length was drawing to its close, and my servant and her happy neighbours thought it all too short, I knew that I had to summon fresh resolution for the lapse of time which still remained, before I could forget myself in sleep.

You will wonder what had become of my benevolence, and my active usefulness, when I tell you that I had no pursuits. Originating as they had done in an entire misunderstanding of my own motives and principles, it was impossible, after attaining a true knowledge of these, to carry them on as I had done before; and having once withdrawn myself from the sphere of action in which I took so conspicuous a part, I felt ashamed to enter upon it again in a manner less creditable or influential.

Thus I had no occupation: with books I had lost my companionship, for they awakened thoughts I was too anxious to forget; and as for music, it was a perfect torture to me; for there was no tone, even of my own voice, nor melody, nor chord, that did not bring back to me the sweet and pleasant past, the old parsonage, my father, and my sister Lillah, and Emile, but, more than all, my own innocence and peace. Then followed the picture of what I had become—my loneliness—my separation from all things pure and holy—my wretchedness on earth, and my unfitness for heaven.

These were the thoughts that used to flow into my heart like a flood, evening after evening, as I sat alone, after the last sounds of the village had ceased, when the lights had vanished from the cottage windows, and the watch-dog had bayed himself to rest. It was then that I used to long for a distant storm to come booming over the hillows, and roaring through the old trees which

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skirted the church-yard—that I longed for any thing, in short, to break the leaden stillness that closed around me like a tomb. And yet hour after hour passed away, and there was neither wave, nor throb, in that great world of space, of which I seemed to be the only occupant—the centre and the soul.

Need I say, that the habit I had contracted of drowning myself in forgetfulness, grew upon me daily, and was confirmed by the lengthened weariness of every night? In vain did I resolve, when morning came, that I would break through the bondage it was imposing upon me. Midnight again found me sleepless, unnerved, and miserable; while, secure that no eye beheld me, I poured out again the fatal draught, and again sank into a feverish and unrefreshing sleep.

During this melancholy season of my life, the only occupation which afforded me any interest, was corresponding with Emile. His letters were brotherly and kind; and, although they related chiefly to the poor people of the village, over whom he thought I still exercised a charitable care, they certainly stirred me up to a little improvement in my way of life, by affording me a motive for visiting my suffering neighbours, in order that I might give some account of them in return.

The time of the year was now approaching when I had lost my sister Lillah; and as the season came again, all things awakened in my mind a deeper sense of the sad changes I had experienced since then. Emile had found a living in a distant county, and though he sometimes spoke of visiting our village again, it was evident he thought with as much pleasure of seeing any of the paupers of the parish, as of seeing me. However, it was something to look forward to; and even had the event been trifling in itself, it was all my future had in store for me to hope, or dream of.

At last he fixed a time, though not a day. He was to come during one particular week, but he did not say exactly when; and the week passed over, and he came not, and my nerves were then in such a state, that I could ill bear suspense. I had waited until tidings came that the mail had arrived at a neighbouring town without passengers, when a fit of desperation seized me, and I swallowed more than my accustomed draught.

What followed I can but indistinctly recollect—a well known step along my garden—a knock that could not be mistaken, at my door—a fluttering thrill of joy and fear, with an utter inability to maintain the balance between both. It was Emile, who had come to visit me in my loneliness—to speak to me again in the kind sweet tones of former days—to sit beside my evening fire, and to make me feel, had I been capable of such a feeling, that I was not quite an outcast.

I have said that I could not recollect what followed; but I can recollect too well, strange fits of laughter seizing me, while Emile was as strangely grave; mistakes which I had the sense to perceive, though not the sense to prevent; and all the while a burning crimson in my face, for which I many times attempted to apologise, without once being provided with an excuse. Above all, I recollect, that, early in the evening, Emile, after looking at me steadily for some time, rose hastily, and bade me good night, without telling me when he should return, or even whether he should return at all.

The next morning I found a letter on my breakfast table, and taking it up, beheld his hand-writing. Was he then gone? I tore it open, and read as follows:

"It can scarcely be possible I should have to remind you, Flora, that yesterday was the anniversary of that on which we followed the remains of your sister to the grave. The season of the year—your own natural feelings of affection—all things must have brought it to your remembrance. Friday, you will remember also, was the day of her death. It was spent by me in solemn fasting and prayer. I had proposed to occupy the day of her funeral in the same manner, but it occurred to me that something was due to the feelings of a sister, and that it might possibly be more profitable to us both, to pray together—to retrace together the events of the past year, to measure our present standing together, by comparing what we are now, with what we were then, and to resolve together, if necessary, that we would begin a new life, letting the pledge of our sincerity be the vows we should make on the evening of that memorable day.

"Such were my feelings, and such my intentions, when I sought your habitation, and found you—I will not, I dare not, say how. Perhaps you had been weeping. Perhaps I broke upon your solitude too suddenly. I confess my fault; and am ready to hear and believe any excuse you may offer me, even the most improbable, only let it be the truth. I was not formed for suspicion. I must know the truth. Either put me out of the torture of suspecting you, or tell me the worst."

I had awoke that morning from a dull heavy sleep, with a dim consciousness that something was wrong—that some calamity was hanging over me, and that I needed more than common resolution to meet the events of the coming day.

These feelings, however, had become so familiar to me, by waking morning, that I endeavoured to drive them away, by persuading myself again and again, that my situation on the past evening, could be known to none but myself; that Emile had only left me on some call of duty, and would come again when I should be better able to converse with him, and to enter into his feelings. What then was my alarm and horror, when I found myself called upon in this solemn manner to reveal the actual truth.

Emile was a man whom no one could deceive, when his suspicions were once awakened; though his confidence, before had been shaken, would carry him to almost any extent of credulity. What then remained for me to do? My resolution was quickly taken. I confessed the whole.

"I am indeed fallen low," I said, in the conclusion of my letter, "when I implore you to come to me, though I know it must be with loathing—when I beseech you not to forsake me, but to bear with me, and to help me; for I believe I have lost the power to help myself."

In the course of half an hour Emile was at my door. He did not take my hand, nor look in my face, nor address me in the common language of salutation. I could see that he was trembling all over, and I trembled too. He spoke directly to the point, for we were both occupied with one thought, and it would have been useless to touch on any other. Although the subject was one of the most gross and repulsive it was possible to contemplate, he addressed me in language as delicate, as it was beautiful and impressive; inspiring me for the moment with something like hope, that perhaps I might yet be restored to the fellowship of the virtuous, and the favour of God. Nor would he leave me until he had laid down plans for my protection for the future.

"Send away," said he, "every drop of this poison, not only from your closet, but from your premises. Let the cravings of midnight solitude find you unprovided with supply. Let the conviction that no eye sees you, come upon you without the means of gratification. We must take care to set a guard upon the body, as well as upon the mind. You will write to me at stated intervals, under the solemn vow you have already made, to reveal to me the truth. And remember this—that your rule must be broken by no plea of illness, of advice of doctors, or of persuasion and example of friends; for what is medicine to others, is poison to you; and it is better, infinitely better, to lose the body than the soul. Above all, keep this in mind, that victory over your besetting sin can only be obtained by watchfulness and prayer. Not by watchfulness at one time, and prayer at another; for when you watch you must pray, and when you pray you must not cease to watch.

"And now," said he, in conclusion, while the tears stood in his eyes, "my poor Flora! you and I must part again; for there can be neither peace nor comfort in our intercourse until some change is wrought."

He took my hand, and solemnly bid me farewell; but did not, as on former occasions, leave me with a brother's kiss. I stood motionless, and speechless, until the door closed after him; and I was left again to feel that I was utterly alone. For the part I had now nothing but repentance: for the future, Emile told me there was hope. As I had been perfectly sincere in the confessions I had made to him, I was also sincere in the vows by which I had bound myself to fulfil, to the utmost of my power, the intentions he had laid upon me; and I commenced, without delay, putting in execution the plan he had proposed for securing me against temptation.

There are, however, two ways of following out a resolution; and of one of these, it is important to observe, that it seldom fails to prove fatal in its results. There is a resolution, under which we set promptly, and without reserve, as if in the sight of God, as well as man; and this resolution God seldom fails to bless. Mine, I need hardly say, was of a character essentially different. It was my desire, as well as my determination, to give up the dreadful practice to which I had become habituated; and, secure in the rectitude of my intentions, as well as the strength of my will, I indulged that very evening to the extent of my wishes, secure that it would be the last time; for the morrow was the day I had fixed for depriving myself entirely and for ever of the means.

The morrow, however, brought its difficulties. I had promised Emile to send away every dangerous kind of stimulant which I had in my possession; but how and where to send it, was a question not easily answered. Besides which, I found on examination there was so little left—so much less than I had expected—that it seemed scarcely worth while taking any pains to get rid of it. If it was dangerous to me, it could scarcely be right to give it to another, but it should prove a means of temptation. It was allowed to be a useful medicine in illness; so I decided at last, to keep it under lock and key, for the purpose of distribution amongst the poor, in their necessities. This was my resolution.

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For many weeks after this, I certainly did abstain scrupulously, if not cheerfully, from all improper stimulus. I did this, however, with a murmuring spirit, feeling all the while, as if I ought to have been rewarded with more peace and more satisfaction, for the self-denial I was practising. Emile wrote to me at stated intervals, and my only moment of enjoyment, was that in which I proudly and clearly answered to his inquiries, "Not guilty."

My hour of trial, however, was not yet fully come. I was seized with a painful kind of indisposition, which kept me wakeful all the night, and weary all the day. My servant, and the gossips of the place, all agreed in recommending brandy. I thought my case a hard one, for I knew that every one around me—rich and poor, good and evil—would take stimulants for such a malady; and it seemed to me, that I alone was condemned, by cruel necessity, to suffer without hope of relief.

I was in this state of mind one day, when my servant brought me a glass of strong brandy and water. I could have resisted the sight, but the smell overcame me, and I swallowed it without a moment's hesitation.

The rubicon being now passed, I sempled not to take more and more, calling it a medicine, and justifying myself by the idea, that neither Emile, nor any one else, would in common kindness, wish me to abstain from a useful medicine, that was free to all mankind; especially as I determined afresh, each time the draught was renewed, that it should cease the moment I was restored to health. In this I felt so secure, that I began by degrees to regard my present deviations from the line of conduct laid down by Emile, as a series of distinct and separate acts, having nothing whatever to do with the promise I had made him, which promise, I still determined, as soon as relief from pain should be obtained, to keep inviolate as ever.

I could not, however, subdue all feeling of uneasiness, as the time approached when I was to render my periodical account to my last and only friend. It was true, I had long been the slave of one particular vice. To the upbraidings of conscience, on one particular subject, I had long been accustomed; but with deliberate falsehood my lips had hitherto been unstained, and I was some time before I could bring myself to write the guilty word.

After a thousand excuses, however, and a thousand imaginary palliations, the deed was done; and though I felt as if by that single movement of my pen, I was sealing my sentence for eternity, shutting myself out from hope here and hereafter, and placing an immovable barrier between myself and all things pure, and peaceful, and holy; the thought that no eye beheld me, still operated as my transient and fatal security. It was in appearance but a trifling act, and soon done; yet being premeditated, and unrepented of, where was my guarantee that it should not be repeated?

It is my firm conviction, that one sin deliberately committed, and wilfully persisted in, has the power to harden the conscience, and blacken the soul, as effectually as if the calendar of guilt was filled up with every crime under heaven. Such at least was the consequence to me.

A falsehood once told, is easily repeated. It seemed to me but little exaggeration of my culpability, to tell Emile, from time to time, that I was not guilty; and I had all the while so many ailments both of body and mind, that the grounds on which I had resumed my fatal habit, grew stronger than ever.

Still I lived constantly in a state of irksome restraint, taking much less than formerly, and thus enjoying neither the reward of self-denial, nor the grosser satisfaction of entire indulgence. Emile was all the while writing more and more kindly to me, touching less and less upon the one hateful theme; until at last he ceased to mention it altogether, believing, no doubt there was no longer any necessity for wounding my feelings on such a point.

Two years had passed away in this manner, when I was surprised one day by a letter from my only friend, in which he proposed paying me another visit; and on examination of the date, I found he would be with me on the following day. For the first time in my life, I felt no pleasure at the prospect of seeing him; for what could his presence bring to me but conviction and shame.

On his arrival, I could see at once that he was more cheerful than usual, and his first words of kindness smote me to the soul. He watched me attentively, and looked earnestly in my face; and I thought I could discover something like disappointment, that I was not able to meet his searching glance with a steady look in return.

Never before in my life had I felt so utterly degraded. More than once I had nearly yielded to a sudden impulse to cast myself at his feet, to make confession of my guilt, and to ask his forgiveness once more. Had I been really desirous of forsaking the evil of my ways, I should unquestionably have done this; but, alas! there remained at the bottom of my heart, notwithstanding all the sensations of shame and humiliation through which I had passed, an unshaken determination still to defy my God—still to shut myself out from his mercy then, and for ever.

It would have answered no good purpose, therefore, had I made confession to Emile. And regarding it as an unnecessary exposure, too painful both for him and for me, I acted my part with tolerable composure, though not without being afresh convinced, of

"What a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

For the questions he put to me, and the false footing on which I had dared to place myself in his esteem, all tended to plunge me deeper and deeper in falsehood; until, when I retired to rest that night, I felt as if earth held not on her bosom a guiltier wretch than I.

In vain I tried to sleep. Spectres of every horrible shape surrounded my pillow, and if I sank for a moment into forgetfulness of the present, it was only to be carried back to more vivid recollections of the past—of my father's house—of the days when I was the joy of his proud heart—of my sister, and our innocent and happy childhood—of all that I might have been to Emile, and he to me; and then to awake to a fresh conviction of what I really was.

In the morning I came again. He took a kind and lively interest in all that he regarded as connected with my happiness. He examined my books, arranged them afresh, and appeared surprised and grieved that I could not speak with pleasure of any thing I had been reading, or doing.

"Flora," said he, "you are not candid—you are not confiding as you used to be, and as I hoped you still would be to me. I fear there is some estrangement on your part—that I have assumed too much the privilege of early friendship, or that you no longer wish your happiness or misery to be in any way connected with me. I am the more sorry for this apparent estrangement, because this is the time I had fixed in my own mind for proposing to you that we should both hold in remembrance the last request of your sainted sister. I pretend to no second love; but for the sake of your father, and of Lillah—for the sake of the memory of the past, as well as for your own virtues—I would rather share my home with you, than with any other woman. It is true it may not be yet; but I am distressed to think of your loneliness; and I want you to feel that there is a home awaiting you, not destitute of comfort; and a friend whose proudest wish on earth would be to make you happy."

And I heard all this, like one who sits in darkness, while the lightning flashes before his eyes. Heaven seemed to be opening before me—far, far away; while hell yawned beneath. I answered not. How could I answer? And he went on so kindly, urging upon me, what I knew too well, that loneliness was not good either for man or woman; that if I lived with him, I should have many pleasant duties, to lead me out of myself; and that if the spirits of the blessed could know the events which transpire on earth, the friends we had loved and lost, would smile upon our union.

This conversation was interrupted by a loud knock at my door. At first I felt a relief, and hoping some necessary occupation would call me out of the room, I awaited the entrance of my servant, who was a country girl, and had not lived with me many days.

Her message came sufficiently soon. She threw open the door of the sitting-room, and said, in a voice particularly audible and distinct, "Here is a boy from the wine merchant's, who says he has brought the brandy that was ordered."

I looked at Emile, for I was in a state of frenzy. His face was flushed with indignation; but he spoke not until the whole affair was arranged, and the door was again closed. He then rose, and fixing his eyes upon me, "Flora," he said, "you are a guilty, a despicable woman. The vice of which I warned you was one to claim my deepest pity, because I believed circumstances rather than inclination, had brought it upon you. I was prepared to learn that you had fallen a victim to it again and again, for I know its insidious nature. I was prepared to bear with you, to struggle with you, to pray with you; and, provided you overcame it, as I believed you had done, I was prepared to live with you and love you: so deep was my sympathy with you, so dear my remembrance of the past, with which you alone were connected. I was prepared for all this, Flora, but I was not prepared for being deceived. I was prepared for all this; but it had never entered into my calculations that it was possible for you to stain your high character with falsehood."

He paused, but again resumed in a tone more sad and less severe.

"Every link is now broken, Flora, between you and me, except that of common kindness, and I trust, of Christian charity. I will serve you still if you desire it, in any way that remains in my power; but you and I must dwell apart. God alone can be your help and comfort now. To his care I leave you. To his care I will not cease to commend you in my prayers. Fare-

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well, farewell, my poor lost Flora. I must not stay to pity you."

There is a long season of my life after this time, which I find it impossible distinctly to remember. When I look into it, it appears like a gulf of darkness, in which spectral forms are flitting. I believe I must have sunk deeper and deeper into humiliation and despair; for I have an impression on my mind, that the boys of the village used to call after me, and that my servant joined in their laughter. At last, after a long, long while, some one brought me to this place. I suppose it was Emile, for no one else had any right over me, or would have cared to exercise it if they had.

I will tell you but one thing more, for I see you are weary. Every one wearies of me, Emile is married. His wife is an excellent and pious woman, and they live together in a pleasant village far away in the north; where they have schools and charities, and are followed by the blessings of the poor. And I am here; and the people around me are howling. 'Hark!'

And she echoed the sound which had struck upon her ear, by a piercing cry, the prelude of one of those dreadful paroxysms of the disorder to which she was subject, and of which the people of the house had warned me as almost invariably following the recital of her story. For this reason I had hesitated as to whether it was justifiable in me to listen. But they said it made no difference, that she would relate it, when the fit was upon her, even to the walls of her cell; her fancy conjuring up some imaginary listener, so that they had frequently opened the door, believing she must have found some strange auditor.

They said that she was at times perfectly sane; so much so, that they had regarded her as not a fit subject for their establishment; and that under this impression, she had many times been sent away; but on returning to her former habits, her head had again become disordered, and the same good clergyman who watched over her with such anxious care, had brought her back to the institution, with fresh injunctions to treat her with the utmost kindness and respect; to pay every attention to her health; and faithfully to transmit to him every change which might take place in her situation, her habits, or her character.

Within a few minutes after the conclusion of her melancholy story, the poor maniac became incapable of any thing like connected thought. Her ravings were then so wild and incoherent, that I could only commit her to the care of her accustomed attendants.

In this situation I left her; more than ever convinced, that every mental malady to which we are constitutionally liable, must necessarily be increased by habits of intemperance; and that the most melancholy ruin this world presents, is that wreck of humanity which is tossed "upon the ocean of excess."

CHAPTER VI.

SOMERVILLE HALL.

There are few things that strike us more, in retracing the course of our past lives, than the changes which have taken place in the situation of the families around us, and in the character and circumstances of the friends of our youth. We never see the effect of such changes so forcibly displayed, as when years of absence have repeatedly separated us from our own home circle; and it might sometimes furnish a subject for retrospection, of no idle or unprofitable nature, to inquire by what moral agency some families have been enabled to rise, while others have fallen in the scale of social influence, and domestic comfort.

With such feelings I would retrace the history of my past life, when, after obtaining an appointment in India, I went into the north of England, to pay a visit to my only sister, who was happily married, and settled at the distance of four miles from Somerville Hall.

Fond of all rural sports, I here amused myself to my heart's content, wishing only it was possible to avoid the visits of the country people, upon whom I looked down from the classic eminence I had recently obtained at college, with no common degree of disdain. In vain my sister told me of this worthy person, and that good family, of singular characters she had met with, and of genius, born and blushing in the shade. I was well for her to be amused and contented with all that surrounded her where her lot was cast; but with me the case was widely different, and I saw no reason why I should be more than barely civil to the society I met at her house.

One day, however, she appeared to be enjoying a premeditated triumph. The Somervilles of Somerville Hall were expected to dinner, and with the only daughter and heiress of this house, she had contracted a close intimacy.

Of the name of Kate Somerville I had already become weary; as well as of the history of her wit, her lovers, her music, her riding, her fortune, and her eccentricity; and I had pictured her to myself an untamed country girl, setting up for a character, proud of her money, flirting with the farmers of the neighbourhood, and quenching it, with a kind of vulgar superiority, over every one she met.

On this idea of my sister's friend I had dwelt so long, that the bare mention of her name had become an offence to me; and yet every one would mention it. The country jockies talked about her pony; the ladies talked about her, the envious about her oddities, the poor about her benevolence, the scrupulous about her extravagance, the extravagant about her scruples, until I knew not what to make of her; but instead of the curiosity which such contradictory reports might naturally have excited, I conceived a sort of horror at the idea of encountering a woman of so many pretensions; and to avoid the long day she was expected to spend at my brother's, I should have betaken myself to the fields until nightfall, had I not been unfortunately confined to the house by a severe cold.

To increase my disgust, other neighbours were expected, so that I was to see this heroine in full play, amongst her humble friends, and admiring satellites. Escape being impossible, I nerved myself for the occasion, and determined, as my last and only resource, to keep the whole length of the room between myself and the object of my anticipated dislike.

All the other guests had arrived, and were sitting in country state around the drawing room, when I heard a loud and not unmusical laugh in the adjoining apartment; and my sister, evidently recognising a well known sound, hastened out to welcome her friend. The laugh still continued, as Miss Somerville entered, leaning on the arm of her father, a most respectable looking gentleman of fifty, with blue coat, white waistcoat, and powdered hair. The lady laughed on, for though she was undergoing the ceremony of being presented to the company, she was all the while telling my sister the history of some droll adventure which had detained them by the way.

"This is absolute rudeness," thought I, as the party advanced towards me; and I consequently condescended to pay no farther regard to my sister's friend, than to notice that she had a profusion of close curling black hair thrown back from a broad clear forehead, and teeth of the most shining whiteness. I afterwards discovered that her eyes were dark and flashing; and though her mouth was rather wide, the bold and beautiful curve of her chin, and the noble line from that to her small classical ear, was such as might have redeemed from vulgarity a countenance more broadly marked than hers.

Miss Somerville was certainly not what I had expected. She was bold, but not vulgar—bold, for she was a spoiled child, and had never known the fear of punishment—bold, for she was a high-minded woman, and had never felt the shame of acting a false part.

Still, I did not like her. She had the manners of one who has been accustomed to be thought droll; and though in my heart I could not accuse her of affectation, there was an arch curve about her lips, and a triumphal elevation of her markedl and meaning eye-brows, that seemed to set me at defiance; so that before I was aware of it, I had assumed the air and tone of one who acts on the defensive. With others she conversed rapidly and flutter; but where ever her opinions and mine came in contact, they were decidedly opposed; and before the evening closed, we were positively rude to each other. On my part, I was piqued that one so young, and a woman, should presume to take the lead in conversation; while she was equally surprised and annoyed, to find a gentleman, and a stranger, insensible to her attractions, and unmoved by her influence.

Once, and once only, I detected myself gazing at her with admiration. She had been talking with the utmost freedom of narrow prejudices, and rigid ways of thinking and judging of the poor; when, forgetting all argument, all reasoning, and all calculation—three things she was rather apt to forget—she burst forth into such an indignant and eloquent appeal to the feelings and sympathies of human nature, that the company became silent, and every eye was fixed upon her. Upon which she appeared suddenly to recollect herself, and, shocked at the prominent part she was taking, as well as at the degree of personal feeling she was exhibiting, a burning crimson rushed into her face, while she bent down her head, silent, and evidently ashamed.

"There is some grace in her yet," thought I, "for she knows how to blush;" and from that moment I regarded her with more complacency, while my sister relieved her embarrassment, by immediately proposing music.

Again I was annoyed beyond measure, for I doubted not this country belle would inflict upon us some old piece of music, with its endless variations and accompaniments, the practice of a whole year of her boarding-school education. I was mistaken in my calculations, however; for Miss Somerville refused to be the first to play; and my sister had to make many journeys round the room, pleading with different ladies before any could be led blushing to the instrument. As usual, when they did come, they came in shoals;

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and the gentlemen then amused themselves with politics, more to their hearts' content. There were still some of the party not so easily satisfied; and I heard my sister whisper to her friend, "My dear Kate, have pity upon my piano, and put a stop to this discord."

Kate laughed heartily at my sister's dilemma; but rose immediately, and taking her humble place amongst the musical group, waited patiently until two young ladies had finished their well known company duet; when the party could not do otherwise than make way for one whose pretensions all agreed to be unrivaled, though her style of singing was by no means popular.

I had watched these movements, and prepared my nerves for what I expected would be showing off in the highest style of country execution; in other words, making as much noise as the piano was capable of producing, when my ear was caught by one of the sweetest of Scottish ballads, sung by the clearest and most musical of voices, with such rapid alternations of playfulness and pathos, that it seemed to come as fresh from the heart of the minstrel, as if it had never been played or sung before—a genuine burst of feelings, sung as the wild bird sings on his native tree. I had heard more powerful voices, and listened to performances more elaborate and complete, but it seemed to me that I had never before listened to such free-born native music; and when the song was ended, I found I had unconsciously placed myself beside the singer, while most of those who previously composed the musical group, had fallen back into their places, and were forming themselves into little coteries of laughter and of gossip around the room.

Miss Somerville rose from her seat.

"You are not tired," I exclaimed with impatience.

"Oh, no," she answered, "but I see my audience is. My style of music is not popular amongst them. They like their own much better; and I must not monopolise."

My sister had now moved away to another part of the room; and I consequently found myself tête-a-tête with the very person I most wished to avoid; and who, unless she would be always singing to me, would, I believed, be nothing but intolerable. Contrary to my expectations, we fell into a most awkward silence, when suddenly the lady turned to me, and said, with a look of grave concern, "You seem to have a dreadful cold, sir. It must be a sad bore to sit in such a room as this, and hear us all talking of things you don't care about; with that ringing in the ear, and throbbing in the temples, which a bad cold produces. I know nothing worse to endure; and in charity to you, I am going to break up the party, by carrying off my father. But, stay one moment."

And she went hastily out of the room, without allowing me time to apologise for my stupidity and rudeness, on the score of that indisposition which she had so kindly noticed. My sister followed her, but soon returned.

"When will these people go away!" I asked with impatience.

"As soon as Mr. and Miss Somerville order their carriage."

"And why don't they order it now!"

"Because Miss Somerville is standing by the nursery fire, making you a nostrum for your cold."

"What an unaccountable creature!" I exclaimed. "Why, I have been positively rude to her."

"That makes no difference with her," replied my sister. "She would cure the malady of an enemy, just as willingly as that of a friend."

"Then there is nothing personal in the matter," thought I, with a slight touch of disappointment.

In a few days this visit was to be returned; and so much were the effects of my cold alleviated by the means above alluded to, that I felt it would be impossible to make indisposition a plea for absenting myself from the party.

Somerville Hall was built in the old English style. It had a square flat front, with octagonal towers projecting a little at each end; and there were turrets, and recesses, and mullioned windows, and winding passages, and all sorts of things to be long remembered about it; but most of all the ivy. Never have I seen such deep, such rich festoons of ivy, as hung over the arched entrance of the eastern tower. And then there was that old-fashioned plant, with its bright red berries, and short green leaves, and the rambling clematis all about the front; while a white rose climbed up to the window of Kate's own room, as if to mark the purity and sacredness of that particular spot.

But I forget; for I was a long time before I thought there was any thing sacred connected with her; and especially on the day I allude to, though she had cured my cold, I felt as if I owed her a sort of revenge, because I could not dislike her as I had intended; and I thought of nothing but how pleasant it would be to bring her down, and humble her.

The avenue of elms through which we drove, did not lead directly to the house, though it commanded a view of it through many openings in the trees; but when we had approached within a hundred yards, the road turned off into an open sweep, along a lawn of the smoothest turf, sloping down to a bright sparkling river, which watered the adjoining meadows, winding like a silver thread amongst the green tufts of ash, and birch, and willow, that fringed its verdant banks. In approaching nearer to the mansion, we passed along the side of a beautiful shrubbery, whose winding walks were scarcely visible amongst the thickly-grouping lilachs, and laburnums, and the weeping willows, that hung over the road.

On reaching this spot, my sister exclaimed with astonishment at the sight of an enormous mound of earth, which several workmen were engaged in rearing, while beside them stood the master of the house, his attention being so entirely absorbed, that he did not observe our carriage pass. It was then I first learned that this excellent man—for excellent he certainly was in all qualities of the heart—was inveterately addicted to the habit of devoting himself to what are commonly called hobbies; and having no public pursuits, nor any thing, in short, to lead him out of the narrow precincts of his hereditary domain, the restless spirit of invention, so often mistaken for that of improvement, had left its traces on many portions of his estate, where sums of money had been sunk sufficient to have cured a man less enterprising, of the fascinating, but dangerous habit of trying experiments on a large and expensive scale. In one part of his grounds, in particular, though happily remote from the house, was a ruinous heap of broken earth, interspersed with deep pits, beside which were scattered a few slightly built sheds, unoccupied, and falling to decay. Here Mr. Somerville had once intended to establish a pottery; but the idea of digging for coal soon afterwards presenting itself to his mind, the latter gained the ascendancy; and another part of his estate presented an equally deserted scene, strewed with the vestiges of a project equally futile.

It was strange, as Kate used often to observe, that her father should allow these things to remain—that he should not employ some of his numerous host of labourers to smooth down the earth, and carry off the rubbish, in order to efface the memory of defeated enterprise. The disease of hobby-riding had, however, the same symptoms and character with him, as with others. The object of the present moment, and the hopes it supplied, so entirely occupied his mind, that he seemed to feel neither the pain of wounded pride, nor that of disappointed effort. To him the future was all; and the past was consequently nothing.

To a superficial observer, Mr. Somerville presented a perfect picture of an amiable, peace loving country gentleman. And so in fact he was. He had not an unkind thought or feeling towards any human being. But at the same time he knew very little what human beings were. On the subject of chemical combinations, and patent machinery, his information was far more extensive, and his attention more easily excited. He would probably have fallen asleep, had any one talked to him of moral principle; and even on the finer distinctions of religious creed and party, he was neither an intelligent, nor a patient listener; although no man could be more strictly moral, as to general conduct, or more scrupulous in observing the religious forms to which he had been accustomed from his youth. Talk to Mr. Somerville, however, on some of his favourite subjects, tell him of some recent invention in mechanism, or discovery in science, and his eyes were lighted up with animation, his whole frame was instinct with another life, and he became for the instant a new and a different man.

Kate Somerville, tempted as she sometimes was to treat with playful satire her father's little peculiarities, still spoke of them with affectionate tenderness, saying they were so harmless, so droll, and they made him so happy. They had, however, two great disadvantages—they wasted his money; and they rendered him, what otherwise his good feeling could never have allowed him to be, at times excessively tiresome.

On arriving at Somerville Hall on the day alluded to, we saw my sister's friend already on the steps. Regardless of those forms of polished life, which would have detained her in the drawing-room until we entered, she rushed out to meet us, and even clasped my sister's hand at the door of the carriage.

Had a painter wished for a personification of all the ideas we are accustomed to embody in a true English welcome—a welcome entire, and hearty, and undisguised, he would have chosen Kate Somerville at that moment; nay, at any moment of that day, for her looks, her manners, the energy with which she stirred up a closely packed fire, inquired after my cold, and drew the most comfortable chairs into the most comfortable places, made us feel at once, that we were making her happy, and ourselves at the same time. It is a nice art, that of making people feel glad they have been at the trouble of coming to see you. Kate Somerville understood it well.

"I have invited no one to meet you," she

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said, "except our good friend the clergyman, for I am a great economist of pleasure and I wanted to have you all to ourselves."

The clergyman, who was a friendly and intelligent man, at that moment arrived; and one of the party then inquired, what Mr. Somerville was so busy with in the garden.

"Pray do not ask me," said the daughter, with evident chagrin. "There is something rising higher and higher every day; but what it is to be, I am at a loss to imagine. Sometimes I have strong suspicions it is to be a volcano; for you must know chemistry is all the rage with us at present—Mr. Ferguson."

"Is Mr. Ferguson here?" asked the clergyman rather hastily.

"Oh, no," replied Kate, "or I should not have invited you. For though yours is an order which ought especially to live in charity with all men, I strongly suspect you, Mr. Forbes, of hating that man."

"I certainly should not choose Mr. Ferguson for my own private companion;" replied Mr. Forbes. "But as to hating him, I hope I hate no man."

"Who is Mr. Ferguson?" inquired my brother, "if it be fair to ask. I never heard of him before as being at all intimate here."

"He is a man of gas, and blow-pipes, and steam-pressure," replied Kate, "and my father has conceived a great liking for him, because he is about to take out a patent for some wonderful invention. But really I pay so little attention to these things, that I am unable to tell you what it is. But here comes my good father, an now we will have dinner; and I hope none of you will require a patent invention for creating an appetite."

Mr. Somerville welcomed his guests with much of the genuine cordiality of his daughter, though he was a man of few words, except when some of his favourite subjects were introduced. Then, indeed, the case became a very protracted one; and my sister proving by experience, the difficulty of treating the good man's constitutional weakness, used to warn us off the dangerous ground with great tact and skill.

"You must not speak of his pleasure grounds," she whispered, as we went into the dining-room; "for though you will have to walk round them before the day is over, the longer you can put off this subject, the shorter your penance will be."

At the head of her father's table Miss Somerville appeared to great advantage. She had lost her mother when a child, and the habit thus acquired of superintending the domestic arrangements of the family, had added, to the many good qualities with which her character was adorned, the peculiar excellence of a thorough knowledge of the practical part of domestic economy, combined with the delicacy and good taste which keeps all display of such knowledge to its proper time and place.

The table at Somerville Hall was covered with what some would call "vulgar plenty," in short, with the best of country fare, and many of the greatest delicacies were of Kate's own making; for she despised nothing, which, as she used to say in homely phrase, "helped to make people comfortable."

"And you never like to make them uncomfortable?" said I: for her manner was one to invite freedom.

"Don't you remember," she replied, "when you were a child and cried for nothing, your kind nurses used to give you a box on the ear by way of something to cry for! Now, I confess, when I see people fastidious, and proud, and dissatisfied with those they cannot understand, it does sometimes tempt me to give them something to dislike."

Had this remark been made with bitterness, it would probably have closed our acquaintance then and there, for I was perfectly aware of its application; but when I looked at the speaker, she was regarding me with such an animated and playful smile, that I could not choose but forgive her. Besides which, she was helping me to the wing of a chicken; so I was compelled to thank her, whether I felt grateful or not.

It seems a strange anomaly in human nature, that so many worthy people of respectable understanding, should, so far as their own practice is concerned, be unable to distinguish between being agreeable, and being tiresome. Poor Mr. Somerville had not the tact to perceive when the ladies had left the room, and the wine had been many times round the table, and he had fairly entered upon his then pet subject—the art of varying the surface of the earth, so as to produce gentle undulations in gardens and pleasure grounds, that his guests were all sitting uneasily on their chairs, looking out of the window, or exchanging glances with each other; until at last, in order to change the scene, if not the subject, my brother proposed a stroll in the grounds, and we gladly rose from the table; for the dinner-hour at Somerville Hall was the same as in the olden time—so early as to admit of a walk before tea.

On reaching the garden, it was a matter of astonishment to us that the master of the house was not ashamed, but actually proud, to show us what eight workmen, two carts, and four horses were doing in his grounds, and in what was once the loveliest spot of all. He had imbibed the notion, however, that this particular part was too flat, and in proportion to the great mound we had seen in approaching, were deep hollows, where the water now stood in pools. The flower-beds, too, on which Kate, and even her father, had once bestowed so much time and taste, were all scooped out and carried away, or else covered over with the mound of earth, which was to be crowned with a Grecian temple, as the finishing stroke of beauty.

But we were all glad to forget these little absurdities, in a man who could lead us back to his fire-side, with the kind and cordial feelings which seemed ever to be glowing at the heart of Mr. Somerville; though he left it to his daughter to express, in a more animated manner, what only could be read in the bland and quiet expression of his cheerful face. Nor was there much to be apprehended from his monopoly of the conversation, when his daughter was present; for she had the art of making the evening pass away so pleasantly, that, contrary to all my calculations, I was really sorry when the time arrived for us to leave the hospitable Hall; and I bade good night to Kate Somerville with a conviction that whatever one's previous impressions might be, it was impossible to dislike her in her own house.

It is true she seemed not always sufficiently gentle, that she was often abrupt, and sometimes pert; but then she was so kindly solicitous for every one's comfort; so forgetful of her own, so quick to perceive every little peculiarity of taste or feeling, and so watchful of every opportunity to afford pleasure to her guests, that the most polished gentlewoman could not have rivaled her in the art of making every one satisfied with the position he held at her father's fireside.

"What happy evenings we always spend here!" exclaimed my sister, as soon as we were again seated in the carriage, where we had offered Mr. Forbes a place; "Miss Somerville leaves us nothing to wish for, either in her heart or her home."

"A little more quiet would sometimes be an advantage," said Mr. Langton, settling himself to sleep.

"It is indeed, a delightful place," observed the clergyman, very gravely; "and Miss Somerville is a delightful girl; yet I own, I never visit the Hall, without feeling that one thing is wanting."

"And pray what is that?" I inquired, not quite satisfied that any one besides myself should enjoy the pleasure of finding fault with Miss Somerville—"and pray what do you find wanting?"

"Religion"—was the startling reply.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Have they really no religion?"

"Do not mistake me," said the clergyman. "They are church going people, and they have a high standard of moral feeling, which I am not aware that they ever violate."

"And what more would you have? Are we not told 'that the tree is known by its fruit?'"

"In prosperous seasons, my young friend, the tree which has but little root, may possibly produce good fruit. The question is, how long will it continue to do so? It is in seasons of temptation and trial that we see the difference between those who have admired religion at a distance and those who have made it a matter of personal concern—between those who have simply acknowledged that they are weak and erring creatures, and those who have felt the necessity of laying hold of the means of salvation."

"But in a home so peaceful and remote as theirs they must be out of the reach of temptation, if not of trial."

"Ah! who shall say into what paradise of earth the serpent may not enter?"

"I think you cannot trace it here."

"Is not the mere fact of living without any definite purpose or aim, beyond the amusement of the present moment, a proof that we are tempted to the sins of omission at least."

"But I have heard that Miss Somerville is both industrious and charitable in an eminent degree; and who can assume her Father of living without an object when improvement is the end he has perpetually in view?"

"I have too much respect for the family," continued Mr. Forbes, "to speak longer in this strain—that is, to speak of them, rather than to them, respecting their faults. I will only observe, in connection with this subject, that few persons are permitted to go on to the end of their lives, in a state of self-deception with regard to their religious foundation. Those who have no belief, and make no profession, too frequently die as they have lived; but a religious professor who wants the vital principle of Christian life, is usually—and I may add, mercifully—brought into some state of trial or temptation, under which he is compelled either to lay hold of the only means of support, or to fall from the false position he has held, and thus exhibit to the world the just consequences of his fatal error. My opinion has always been, that we are too apt to blame the world for leading us astray, and

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to think that if we neither see nor hear what is evil amongst others, we shall escape its influence altogether. Alas! how many wretched beings have fled the infected city, and found they had the plague-spot on themselves! How many more have shunned the companionship of men, to feel in the end that they were only fit for that of fallen spirits."

It appeared to me, at that time, that the remarks of Mr. Forbes were unreasonably strict, and unkindly severe; for I was young and inexperienced, and had not lived to know that our most dangerous enemies are often found within ourselves.

Mine was a delusion under which thousands, and tens of thousands, labour—that of believing it is sufficient, to be kind, and generous, and respectable, and beloved; and that no temptation can reach us, so long as we admire and practise whatsoever is amiable.

Let us look to the end, and see whether the season of trial may not arrive even in old age—whether the tree may not fall before the blast, even when its lofty boughs have blossomed and borne fruit—whether the richly freighted vessel may not be wrecked even on its homeward way, and with the haven full in view.

CHAPTER VII.

SOMERVILLE HALL.

It made a great breach in our enjoyment of the hospitality of Somerville Hall, when Mr. Ferguson joined us, as he sometimes did, that winter. On my first interview with him, I felt surprised that a man so gentlemanly as Mr. Somerville should be able to find pleasure in his society, for he was any thing but attractive in his own person. Yet on further observation I found him possessed of considerable talent; and if not open himself, gifted with the power of unfolding the characters of those around him.

"Will you do me a great kindness," said Kate, one morning, when he had been invited to spend the day with us; "will you watch that man for me, and tell me what you think of him? For I cannot make up my mind whether he is rather good, or wholly bad—tolerably respectable, or altogether mean."

"How long have you known him?" I inquired.

"Nearly four months."

"I should certainly say then, that a man who inspires no confidence in an acquaintance of four months, must, at least, be more bad than good."

"Yet he has some redeeming qualities—he listens patiently to my poor father's stories."

It struck me at that moment, that Mr. Ferguson might possibly have his own interest in doing this; but I watched him through the day, and gave my report in the evening, as I had been requested, without betraying any of the suspicions which were beginning to gain ground in my own mind. My evidence, though confined to subjects of a superficial nature, was far from satisfactory; and, as if by a kind of tacit understanding, we ceased to mention Mr. Ferguson to each other, though his presence had the same effect upon us all; resembling what certain writers have described as operating upon the agents of supernatural power, by that of some being not of their own order.

Much as I now admired Miss Somerville in her father's house, I was not aware of some points of excellence in her still undisciplined character, until one morning, when my sister wished particularly to see her friend, and I was sent, by no means an unwilling ambassador, to the Hall, to request that she would ride back with me, and spend the remainder of the day with us.

I found her in the hall on this occasion in close conversation with an old woman of the neighbouring village, whose daughter lay at the point of death; and so entirely was her attention occupied, that she only bowed as I entered, and waved her hand for me to pass into the dining-room. She soon joined me there, with her accustomed welcome, and when I told her the object of my visit, she willingly acceded to my sister's wishes, endeavouring only to stipulate that I should wait not for her, but allow her to ride alone.

"You must not object to this," she added, "on the score of propriety, for it is what I am accustomed to; and though it may appear to you a breach of decorum for a young lady of nineteen to ride alone, you would find it difficult to convince me, that it is not in reality more safe, and more prudent, for a girl, who, like me, has managed her own affairs from her childhood, to ride a mere bridle-way alone, through a neighbourhood where she is both known and respected, than to be accompanied through highways and byways by a servant with whom she is but little acquainted."

"But a gentleman friend,"

"A gentleman friend!" she exclaimed, interrupting me with impatience, "where is he to be found? A motherless girl cannot be too careful how she yields to the delusion of making friends of gentlemen; and if you were not Lucy Langton's brother, and did not dislike me besides, I certainly should not ride with you."

There was no arguing with Kate Somerville on subjects like this. She knew little, and cared less, about the conventional rules of polished life. Whatever point was discussed, she went directly to the question of its good or evil nature; and acting on the same principle—regarding only what she believed to be essentially right or wrong—she necessarily often did what the world would have condemned; and sometimes even acted in a manner, which, however justifiable to herself, might, on a wider scale of influence, have been injurious to the well-being of society.

"Leaving the argument of propriety then," said I, "entirely out of the question, you will surely permit me to ride with you as a personal gratification."

"I must dispute with you again," said she, "for it would be no gratification to any one to ride with me this morning. I am not going to amble over grassy downs, nor simply to enjoy the freshness of the exercise and the air. I am under the necessity of making several calls in the village; and if you ride with me, you will have to wait for me at the cottage doors, with more patience than I imagine you to possess!"

"And is that the extent of your second objection?"

"It is said that a woman's true reason comes last; and I believe mine is yet untold. But you shall hear it if you wish, for I am not skilled in concealing the truth."

"By all means. I believe I shall like your last reason better than the first."

"Well, then, there is nothing I despise so much as the affectation of what is good. Do you like my reasoning so far?"

"Extremely."

"Now, it so happens that from our position in the country, my father and I have become intimately acquainted with the affairs of all the poor people in the neighbouring village. It was the habit of my mother to associate herself much with the weal and the wo of those around her, and my father has brought me up to do the same."

"And how is it possible," I exclaimed, "that any proof of the active power of such benevolence should operate to your disadvantage?"

"Just because you do not understand me; and if any of these poor people should exhibit their gratitude, as they sometimes do, in a very disproportionate and unreasonable manner, you would look upon it all as a scene got up for the occasion to make me appear in your eyes the 'Lady Bountiful' of the village."

Of course I disclaimed all tendency to such injurious suspicions; but Miss Somerville seemed to have understood the nature of my feelings towards her from the first; and leaving me, as I thought, rather haughtily, to prepare for her ride, I remained in perfect ignorance as to whether my company was really irksome or otherwise.

I had never before that day seen Kate Somerville on horseback. A black pony of uncommon symmetry was led to the door, and the lady soon appeared in her riding dress, which became her more than any other. She was, indeed, the queen of equestrians. The old servant who held her rein, looked proudly at his mistress, then at me, and then at the pony. It had been taught to stand perfectly still, until she was fairly in the saddle, when it bounded from the ground, and danced upon the green sward, in a manner that would have unseated a less skilful rider.

No doubt the lady herself was a little vain of this display; for when she shook back her glossy ringlets from her brow and cheek, I could see that its colour was heightened; and while she stretched her hand amongst the animal's flowing mane, and patted its arched and beautiful neck, she looked aside at me with a merry laugh, which told how completely the subject of our late conversation was forgotten in the excitement of that moment.

Miss Somerville looked both so happy and so well on horseback, that it was with feelings of pride as well as pleasure, I accompanied her in her morning's ride, which, however, turned out to be a very different affair from what I had expected, notwithstanding all she had told me of her intentions. No sooner had we reached the village through which our road lay, than I found my patience put to the test by stopping at almost every door. Even at the auberge, or hotel, as it was called, where a red lion swung high in air—even there Kate Somerville reined in her steed, and striking sharply at the door with her riding-whip, desired to speak with the master of the house.

"The girl is possessed," thought I. "What can she want here?"

"I want to speak with Mr. Giles," said Miss Somerville to the woman who had answered her summons; and immediately the master himself came forward, and asked if she would be pleased to alight.

"No, no," said Kate, "I only want to speak to you about old Stephenson, the gardener. He has joined the temperance society, and I don't want you to be tempting him to violate his pledge. I see you are laughing at what you think his folly. You can do that as much as you please; but remember he has been on the

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brink of ruin, and it is a great thing for an old man like him to begin a new course of life. If, therefore, he falls away again by your persuasion, the sin will lie at your door. So look to it, if you please, Mr. Giles; for we hear of a good deal that passes in your house."

At the commencement of this conversation, just and praiseworthy as it certainly was, I had felt a tremulous nervous sensation creep over me, by no means lessened on observing that we were stationed in the most conspicuous part of a populous village, and on a public road, where carriages were every moment liable to pass. It is true, I was myself too much a stranger in the neighbourhood, to run any risk of recognition; but I was annoyed beyond measure, to be under the necessity of waiting for a young lady engaged in such a conversation, and in such a place. Nor was the spirit of gallantry which inspired me at the commencement of our ride, at all revived by observing the arch smile which played upon the lips of Kate Somerville, as she turned to condole with me on my trying situation. I was even contemplating the possibility of leaving her, as she had originally proposed, when she added, with a total change of look and manner, "You must really have patience with me now; for this is the house where the poor young woman is so ill; and I don't know how long I shall be obliged to stay."

"Well, Peggy!" said she to the afflicted mother, who came out to meet her, wiping her eyes with her apron, "You see I am behind my time; but I hope I am not too late."

"Oh! no, Miss;" replied the woman. And she began again her story of often-repeated sorrows; when Kate suddenly turned back to me, and, with a look of serious concern, requested I would leave her, as she felt really grieved to trespass so much on my time.

Had this request been made five minutes earlier, I should certainly have complied; but the tenderness of her manner, when she addressed the old woman, and the entire change her character appeared to have undergone, interested me too deeply; and dismounting, in order to fasten both our horses with greater security, I sat down on a low bench beside the cottage wall.

The humble tenement which the sufferer within was about to exchange for one of still narrower dimensions, was neater, and more respectable, than many in the village. The window of the sick-room, beside which I had unconsciously chosen my seat, was overgrown with ivy; and the casement being thrown open to admit more air into the chamber of death, I found that in the position I had taken, I could not avoid hearing much of what passed within. What, then, was my surprise to find that Kate Somerville could, when the occasion seemed to demand it, speak in tones of the gentlest soothing; while with her own hand she performed many of those tender offices, which the last stage of human suffering demands.

In this work of charity she was disturbed by the feeble cry of a young child, which seemed to distress her beyond measure; for, drawing the old woman nearer to the window, she said in a whisper loud enough for me to hear, "Why don't you send away the poor baby, just for a few days? It is impossible for you to do your duty both to the mother and the child."

"But where am I to send it, Miss?" said the grandmother. "She pines after it sadly, and I am sure if I was to send it away, the thought of what I had done would disturb her last moments. There, now, she hears it, and points to the cradle; and that is just the little pitiful cry it will keep up till night-fall. If I did but know of any body that would take it, it would be a great mercy to us all."

"Alice," said Kate, returning to the bed where the poor young woman lay, "will you trust your baby with me for a few days? I will take great care of it."

"Oh! yes, to be sure, Miss," replied a low husky voice, that was scarcely intelligible; "it could not be in better hands."

A convulsive cough then came on, and every moment threatened suffocation; but no sooner was the paroxysm over, than the sufferer sunk again into a heavy sleep; and Kate, taking advantage of the opportunity, hastened to the door, with the infant in her arms.

"Give me something to wrap it in," said she; "a cloak—a shawl—any thing will do. There is Jane Butler at the lodge. I am sure she will be kinder to it than any one; and I will bring you tidings of it every day."

"But who is going to take it to her?" asked the old woman; "I dare not trust it to my boy."

"I will tell you who will take it," said Kate Somerville, bounding into her saddle, and stretching out her arms for the child—"I will take it myself, for the sooner it is beyond the hearing of its poor mother, the better."

And so there we actually were again upon the high-road, riding back to the hall, and Kate Somerville with the baby in her lap; yet managing so well both that and her horse, that we reached the lodge without a fold of the cloak being displaced, and, probably, without the young traveller itself being aware of any change from its warm cradle in the cottage.

Had I endeavoured, during this part of our ride, to analyse my feelings, I should have found the task impossible; for, notwithstanding the horror it might have occasioned, had we met any of my college friends by the way, I doubt whether I did not like Miss Somerville the better for this forgetfulness of self—of appearances—of every thing in short, but the nature of the case, and the strong impulse under which she acted.

"There," said she, after placing the child in the hands of Jane Butler, with many charges as to its care and treatment—"there is nothing like transacting one's own business. Had I left it to those old women, they would have consulted about this little affair all day, until the poor mother would have been distracted with their foolish talk. And now we will ride as fast as you please, for Mr. Langton will wonder what has become of us."

It was on this day that my brother first thought it right to warn me against the insidious nature of my growing intimacy with Miss Somerville. Of course I disclaimed all idea, and even all desire, of rendering our acquaintance more than the mere pastime of the moment; yet it was not wholly without some secret satisfaction that I read in his manner, as well as that of my sister, a lurking desire that it should be cherished into something more than friendship. Still it was no part of my plan of conduct to commit myself by any act or word that could be so construed. I only tried the often-practised experiment of drawing on a correspondence, which, as the time of my departure for India was at hand, I felt as if I had a reasonable plea for proposing. In this, however, my hopes were disappointed; for thoughtless and independent as the behaviour of Miss Somerville in some respects unquestionably was, in others there was a guarded caution, of which no man could take advantage.

"Without a mother," she said, "and without a friend whom I can consult about the common affairs of life, I have been compelled to lay down rules for my own conduct; and one of these has been, never to enter into a correspondence with a gentleman. I might have said, never to make a friend of one; but I feel, now that you are on the point of leaving us, perhaps for ever, that I shall miss you in our social circle, almost as much as if you had been the friend of many years. I have every thing in the world I desire, except a friend. You will think this strange when your amiable sister is so near me. But a married woman, and a mother, ought to have, and must have, her own little circle of absorbing interest, within which another cannot enter."

"You will find this friend, most probably, long before I return; when the feeling of friendship will have given place to a happier and closer attachment."

"Never, while my father lives. As he grows older, he will need me more and more; and perhaps a few years will make me a fitter companion for his old age."

It was late in the evening of my last visit to Somerville Hall, when this conversation took place. I was mortified on this occasion to find myself confronted at table by Mr. Ferguson, who took his place on the opposite side with great complacency. I was mortified, too, that I had not succeeded in drawing Miss Somerville into a correspondence; for notwithstanding the prejudice her character and manners had at first excited in my mind, I felt daily and hourly that her society was becoming more essential to my enjoyment. It is true, she was not of the class of women I admired. She was, in fact, of no class. Yet she possessed what so many are deficient in—the power, not only of awakening interest, but of keeping it alive.

As soon as it was possible to leave the table on this occasion, Miss Somerville rose from her seat; and much as I wished to follow her, I was kept back by a feeling of wounded pride, which, however, had its own punishment; for instead of enjoying the last evening I should spend for many years, alone with the woman who of all others interested me most, I sat, as if chained to the table, while the gentleman of the house told long stories about things I neither cared for, nor understood.

For a long time I remained in a sort of stupor, fixed in the same position, filling my glass when the decanter was pushed towards me, and nodding my ready assent whenever Mr. Somerville appealed to me for my opinion. At last the question suddenly flashed across my mind—what can it be that brings Mr. Ferguson here so often, and keeps him here so long? Is it the love of wine? For the lord of the mansion was more than commonly addicted to the old-fashioned hospitality, which pressed wine upon a guest. But, no. This was no solution of the enigma; for Mr. Ferguson was a man upon whom wine appeared to produce no effect.

The case was widely different with the good-natured master of the house; and I now saw, for the first time, the influence that wine was capable of exerting, both over his appearance and his character. His whole manner, in fact, was changed. His words were no longer cautious and well chosen. He was no longer on his guard against receiving a false impression. But while his dark eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre,

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and his movements were quick and restless, touch but upon some favourite project, and all the hidden energies of his nature seemed to rise like an uncontrollable flood.

Was it possible that Mr. Ferguson could be playing upon this kind-hearted old man, for his own selfish purposes; and bending him to his views by this unnatural agency? My feelings recoiled from such a thought; yet what sympathy could there be between this cold-blooded unfathomable man, and one whose heart was warmed in no common degree by the kindest feelings of human nature?

Unable to look steadily at the contrast these two characters presented, or to contemplate the unequal ground upon which they would meet, should the interest of one in any way interfere with that of the other, I rose from the table, and walked out upon the lawn, to enjoy the refreshment of a clear moonlight evening.

The train of my reflections led me back at that moment to the conversation of the clergyman who had regretted the absence of religion in this family; and I began to perceive that there might be temptations within the most privileged and secluded sphere of human life. "After all," said I, "there must be something in the idea of this good man, there must be something to fall back upon in the hour of trial, something to protect us in the season of temptation."

Such were the vague conclusions which my short and superficial acquaintance with human life at that time produced in my mind. I had seen, in the pleasant home in which I had lately been received almost as a member of the family, a combination of all that we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of earthly happiness—health, and wealth, and freedom from anxiety, with a love of rural occupations, and a situation more than commonly calculated to prolong these blessings.

What then was wanting? Not kind feelings, not cultivated intellect, not time or means for the improvement of every good gift which the hand of a beneficent Creator can bestow. Yet that something must be wanting was evident, for the "serpent sin," was already entering this garden of Eden, and threatening to poison the peaceful streams by which its flowery paths had hitherto been refreshed.

Here was a proof, then, that it is not from without that our worst enemies assail us. Here the world—as we are accustomed to understand that word—was in a manner excluded. Society brought no contamination here. The theatre of ambitious hope offered no temptation to enlist in its struggles. Pecuniary privations inflicted no wound upon the goaded spirit. Nor was the rivalry of party feeling known within this peaceful home.

Were all its inmates, therefore, necessarily safe? Alas! no. There are traitors within, as well as foes without, the camp; and the general who would be sure of his resources, should have a talisman by which to try the heart of every man in his army.

Religion is this talisman. Without its test, there is no safety even where the situation is most secure, where danger appears most distant, and protection most certain.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOMERVILLE HALL.

Passing over the seven years I spent in Indis, as having no connection with the family whose history I would trace out, I take up my story again at the time when I returned to repair a shattered constitution in my native land.

The letters of my sister during my absence had been too much those of a domestic wife, and affectionate mother, to be occupied at any great length by affairs that were foreign to her own fireside; and they were, moreover, strongly tinctured with a fault, by no means uncommon in letters that travel far and seldom, for they contained vague allusions to circumstances, which it seemed to be taken for granted, by the writer, I knew perfectly well, but of which I was in reality as ignorant as if they had transpired in the moon. Thus, whatever had been the state of my feelings on leaving my native country, the darkness in which I was kept for the space of seven years, with regard to the real situation of Kate Somerville, would have been sufficient to quench the knight-errantry of a more ardent admirer than myself; while the different scenes into which I had been plunged, with the failure of my health, and other circumstances of an equally absorbing nature, tended greatly to weaken the impression which her society had made upon my youthful fancy.

Revisiting the same scenes has, however, a powerful effect in calling back the associations with which those scenes have been connected; and no sooner had I set foot in England, than my thoughts turned to Kate Somerville; and I recollected with some complacency, that none of my sister's letters had conveyed the intelligence of her being married.

Having no near relative in England, except my sister, and the state of my health rendering it desirable that I should enjoy the advantage of easy and cheerful society, I willingly accepted the invitation of Mr. Langton, to make his house my resting-place for at least some weeks. Late one evening, and weary with my journey, I consequently arrived at his hospitable home, where there was little to remind me of the lapse of time since I had last trod its threshold, except the increased number of little faces, which peeped with much suspicion at the invalid uncle, whom they had so often been charged neither to disturb nor annoy.

Yet, notwithstanding these precautions so kindly meant, there is something which does both disturb and annoy a nervous invalid, in being the object of marked consideration. He likes well enough to have his tastes and feelings consulted; yet, by a strange perverseness in human nature, is irritated by having the peculiarities of his taste and distaste specified and pointed at. I never felt this more forcibly, than when my sister, in her good nature, described to her young brood, how uncle liked this, and disliked the other; until my different fancies became like watchwords amongst them, to warn them off from my displeasure, or entitle them to my good will.

Not many days, however, had passed over, before the little rebels had so won upon me, that I could forgive them this, as well as many other heinous faults; and I had one morning actually gone so far, as to be betrayed into a reverie upon the desirableness of being married and settled in life myself, when the whole pack burst in upon me, with the intelligence that Aunt Kate had arrived, and was going to stay the day.

Now, much as I had wished to see my early friend, and many as had been the indirect inquiries I had put to my sister, about things connected with her, rather than about herself; the idea of actually seeing her then, and there, shook my nerves beyond the possibility of giving me pleasure; and I wished from my heart, she had delayed her visit, if only for another day.

There is, in fact, an awful chasm made in every kind of friendship, by an absence of seven years. For two or three, one goes along with the chain of events that happen at a distance. Even four do not absolutely break the silken cord. But seven!—It is beyond all calculation how any one will look and feel after a lapse of seven years; and a meeting under such circumstances, however eagerly it may have been desired, must at first be fraught with a considerable portion of absolute pain.

Besides all this, I had certain tumultuous recollections of Kate Somerville. The picture my imagination retained of her was altogether without repose. It is true, it had charmed my youthful fancy; but sick, and sated with the vivid colouring of an Eastern clime, I had returned with too true a longing for the coolness and the quiet of my native land, to wish for any thing that would rouse me from the apathy, into which, from a long continued course of failing health, I was gradually sinking.

With such feelings, it is no wonder that I spent an unusual time at my toilette that day; for besides the reluctance I felt to meet any one beyond our family party, there lurked about my heart a secret desire to make the best I could of a faded complexion; and so to arrange my hair, that the few silver threads which already began to glisten about my temples, should not easily be detected.

In these laudable efforts, I know not how far I succeeded; but I remember, that when the second bell had rung for dinner, I was still undecided which cravat was most becoming, and whether I was invalid enough to go down in my embroidered slippers.

When I first saw Kate Somerville that day, I confess my recollection was at fault. She was stooping down amongst a group of children; my eye caught only her profile, and I was at a loss to recognise, in the pale, thin, dark woman before me, the laughing girl I had left seven years before. She started up, however, as I approached; and, advancing towards me, held out her hand in her accustomed cordial manner, when I caught at once the flash of her deep, dark eyes, and the litter of her white teeth, as she smiled, and spoke with that heart-warm vivacity which I had never found in any other woman.

I have said that seven years make an awful chasm in friendship. They make an awful change in youth and beauty too. I could not tell what had come over Kate Somerville, but her smile did away the moment she had done speaking; and though she laughed again, once or twice, during dinner, that wild musical laugh that used to vibrate through us all like an electric spark, her countenance became serious almost before the sound had ceased, and one was tempted to ask from what invisible source that voice of mirth had come.

It was impossible to look at the pale, sunken countenance before me, and not feel, that to one of us, at least, the experience of the last seven years had been heavily laden. Illness had laid its burden upon my frame; but it was too clearly perceptible that hers had been the sickness of the soul, and I felt smitten with grief and shame, that I had not hastened down to offer her the meeting of an old and faithful friend—above all, that I should have bestowed, in connection with

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her, a single thought upon the trifles of my toilette.

Kate Somerville had never been solicitous to please by those means in which so many women place the secret of their power—her dress; and in this respect she seemed now to have forgotten the natural vanity of her sex. She was dressed in the simplest, plainest style imaginable; and had the glossy ringlets of her long dark hair required more than a moment's thought, they would never have fallen in such luxuriant beauty over her brow and cheek.

By my sister's children, Kate Somerville was little less than worshipped; and notwithstanding she both gave the law amongst them, and administered summary justice, they desired nothing so much as to monopolise her whole attention: while, on every symptom she evinced of yielding herself to their caresses, she was enclosed in all their little arms at once.

She had never looked so amiable to me, as in the midst of this little group; and I could not help mentally exclaiming, "Is this the woman who has no one to help her to bear the weight of sorrowful experience? No one to soothe her in affliction? No bosom-friend to shield and cherish her?"

I think she must have read my thoughts in the long earnest gaze I fixed upon her; for, though she suddenly averted her face, and stooped down to attend to one of the children, I could see that the rosy blush of former days had risen to her cheek; and when she looked up, and spoke to me again, there was a glistening in her eyes, like the trace of tears, which had been driven back.

Altogether there was a mystery about Kate Somerville which I vainly attempted to unravel; nor was it until my strength enabled me to accept the invitation of her father to spend a day at the Hall, that I could form any conjecture as to the change which seven years had produced in her character and appearance.

The first mild day of spring weather, I spent in revisiting scenes once so familiar, that I should have believed it impossible ever to forget them; and yet, as we pursued our way, I had to trust myself to the guidance of my companion, to lead me along the nearest path. Perhaps I ought rather to say, to the guidance of her horse, for she herself appeared to be entirely absorbed in her own thoughts; so much so, that she answered me at random when I spoke to her, and for the sake of keeping up the conversation, made the most common-place remarks—a fault which she, of all women, had formerly been least addicted to.

"I am happy," said I, as we stopped, as in by-gone days, to gaze upon a favourite scene, "I am happy to find something still unchanged. Tell me, Miss Somerville, shall I see the old Hall the same?"

"The house," she answered very gravely, "is little altered. It has still a bright fire for a winter's evening, and a warm welcome for an old friend. But how is it, when all the world grows weary with the same thing, that you alone find fault with change?"

"No one likes to meet with changes in their friends."

"Oh, yes! when they grow better. When they turn grave, for instance, after they have been too flippant."

She said this with a look and tone so like her former self, that the barrier of reserve was at once broken between us, and we were Kate and Arthur to each other again, apparently with the tacit understanding that we stood in all respects on the footing of our former friendship.

"Yes, Kate," said I, "you were indeed rather flippant when I was last here. And now I have need to listen to your voice, and hear you call me by my name, to believe you are the same."

"I am not the same," she replied in a voice rendered tremulous by suppressed emotion. "You will be mistaken indeed if you expect to find me so. Yet the change you cannot but observe, is not the effect of any distinct calamity. One affliction, however great, is seldom sufficient to bow down the spirit; especially such a spirit as mine. It is the gnawing anxiety of years, that nature is unable to sustain."

"But you can have no anxieties, Kate. Your father still lives"——

"Let us ride on," said she hastily, "we shall keep him waiting for his dinner."

We pursued our way accordingly, and as we approached her father's house, notwithstanding she had told me it remained unchanged, I could not but observe a want of neatness in the fences, and an aspect of neglect about the grounds, which, however, I accounted for in my own mind, by the circumstance of her father's advancing years, and the probability that he was less accustomed than formerly, to superintend his labourers himself.

On entering the court-yard, this aspect of indescribable forlornness was still more striking. Grass and weeds had grown almost entirely over the stones, and one or two shutters were hanging from the windows of the lower offices by a single nail, while others swung to and fro in the wind. But for the melancholy aspect which pervaded the scene, I might easily have dreamed myself back again, and have said it had been only the day or the week before, that I had trod those stones; for, to my utter astonishment, who should I see but the identical figure of Mr. Ferguson advancing towards us, and looking precisely the same as when I had seen him last. I observed on his first appearance that Miss Somerville's colour rose, and when he took hold of her rein, and attempted to assist her from her horse, she suddenly sprung to the ground, thus leaving him the privilege of calling the groom, or of conducting it to the stable himself.

"You seem to find something unchanged," said she, as I walked beside her to the door, "look at that man!"

On all my former visits to the Hall, the kind and hospitable master of the house had been one of the first to welcome my arrival. The elasticity of his step, the air of ancient gentility which pervaded his whole appearance, but above all, the cordial shake of his hand, were never to be forgotten by those who had been his guests; and I felt on the present occasion a little disappointed, that he did not meet me as before. Nor was this feeling unmingled with a fear that he might be suffering from the decrepitude of age. On entering the drawing-room, however, I found him seated in an arm-chair beside the fire; and, though he then rose to welcome me, I had some difficulty in assuring myself of his identity. It was not altogether age which had wrought the change so evident in his appearance; but a combination of many causes, and especially one, the extent of which I was not then fully aware of. There was something about him which both shocked and grieved me, though I should have been at a loss to say why. He seemed as if, in the full possession of his bodily powers, he had sunk prematurely into a state of mental—or rather moral weakness—so much so, that I felt a difficulty in addressing him on any of the usual topics of conversation.

It was no doubt evident to the quick eye of his daughter, that I was contemplating her father's altered appearance with surprise and sorrow; for she instantly endeavoured to divert my attention, and during the whole time we sat at the dinner-table, she did this with so much tact and skill, that I had no opportunity, even if I had felt the inclination, to pursue my observations farther. She had previously requested me, in a manner half playful and half serious, not to sit long after dinner; and I had no difficulty in complying with her request, for a painful scene presented itself on her leaving the room. Mr. Somerville then grew talkative, and even jocose, and would have entered at great length into some of his favourite schemes for the benefit of mankind, had not Mr. Ferguson checked his garrulity, by exercising over him a kind of mysterious influence, to which the old man appeared to have become but too willing a slave.

It was indeed not difficult for me to tear myself from such society, to join Kate Somerville in the drawing-room. I found her seated by the fire, her head resting on her hands, and her whole attitude and appearance betraying the deepest melancholy. Yet she started up as I approached, shook off her reverie, and endeavoured to converse with her accustomed playful lively manner. I could discover, however, that her thoughts were wandering; and often, during the course of the evening, when I was engaged in answering questions which she had asked for the sole purpose of keeping me occupied, I could see that her attention was turned to the door, as if she was listening for some expected sound.

At last there were sounds from the dining-room; perhaps of the most humiliating and painful description to which the human ear has ever been accustomed—sounds which indicated, but too plainly, the degradation of old age—consisting of fits of childish laughter, of a tremulous and broken voice raised above its natural height; and then of sudden deep low tones of imperious command, as if the victim of his own folly would still assert a sort of dominion over others.

Kate Somerville opened the piano, and began to play a lively air.

"It is not often," she said, "that ladies invite themselves to sing; but here is an old Scotch ballad that I think will just suit your taste; unless, indeed, seven years have altered you as much as they have altered some others."

I disclaimed, of course, all change of taste in this respect; and she began to sing without farther prelude.

I have looked at the faces of what are called good singers, when their voices were in full operation, and the charm of their performance has been instantly destroyed; but with Kate Somerville the case was widely different. She had too much truth, even in her countenance, for it to suffer distortion under the influence of music so sweet and touching as her own; and it was not the least charm amongst the many she possessed, that when she was singing, you might gaze with pleasure, as well as listen with delight.

There was certainly something in her music which exercised a sort of spell over me, for no sooner was her ballad concluded, than I forgot myself so far as to exclaim—"This will not do, Kate. You must not sing to me, unless you are prepared to go back with me to India, to share

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the good and the evil of my wandering and uncertain life."

I never shall forget her manner of receiving this very dubious expression. She neither smiled nor blushed, but looked at me for one moment with a degree of distressing earnestness; then, closing the piano, she walked to the other end of the room, took a chair by the fire, and as soon as I had joined her, began to question me in a very commonplace but determined manner, about some of the customs of the East.

This conversation was only interrupted by the servant bringing in tea, which we took alone, there being no disposition in those we had left at the dinner-table to join our party.

The tea-service had scarcely been dismissed, when Miss Somerville was called out of the room, and such were the confused and mysterious sounds in the hall, which immediately followed, that I unconsciously, and by a sort of natural impulse, opened the door. What, then, was the horror I experienced, on beholding the almost senseless, and deathlike form of Mr. Somerville supported in the arms of his servants, and borne, as quietly as they could carry him, to his own chamber. My attention, however, was chiefly directed to the figure of his daughter, who had placed her arms beneath her father, with his head resting on her shoulder, and his white hair against her cheek, and who in this manner took her part—the most arduous of all—in bearing the helpless burden.

Shocked at having been the witness of such a scene, I still persuaded myself none of the party had observed that I was so; when Kate Somerville, on returning to the room, entered immediately upon the subject by alluding to what I had seen.

"I am little skilled," said she, "in keeping my feelings to myself. And why should I attempt it, when the cause of my disquietude is so obvious. My poor father"——

And as she uttered these words, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

"You know," she continued, as soon as she had partially recovered her self-possession, "that he used to be fond of sitting long at the table over his wine. But I never thought it would come to this! And that man—that cruel man—keeps humouring him up to his bent, and I have no influence with him whatever."

"Have you tried your influence?" I asked. "Have you spoken to him on this subject, kindly and candidly?"

"Why, no. There lies my sorrow, and my guilt. There lies my difficulty too. My poor father, you know, was always so correct, and so precise, that I thought he would be shocked beyond measure, and offended past forgiving me, if I hinted such a thing to him in the beginning of the evil; and then as it grew, and became established, I felt more and more repugnant to act so ungenerous a part, for he had ever been so indulgent and so kind to me, it seemed too dreadful to be thought of, that I should turn upon him with the accusation of so gross a sin. So, as I said, the thing went on: and now it would be of no use, for I believe he has lost the power to resist."

"You might call make the experiment," said I. "That could do no harm; and you would at least enjoy the satisfaction of having done a part of your duty."

"I wish I could," she answered; "from my heart I wish I could. But, strange as it may seem, I want the moral courage. When I first began to see the evil, I thought I should be able to speak, if it increased; and now I think I should be better able, were it only commencing. And, so it is—we shrink from the most obvious duty, until the time to perform it has passed by, and then waste the remainder of our lives in unavailing regret."

"Mr. Ferguson, you say, encourages it?"

"Oh, yes! There is a long history of that man's connection with my father, which you will probably some time become acquainted with. In one way or other they have been engaged in business together almost ever since you left this country. Nothing, however, has answered with them, until the new manufactory, which you must have seen in coming home. Here so many hands are employed, and such mighty wonders done, that the poor people around us think we must be worth a world of wealth. But what would money avail us, if we had the wealth of Crœsus, and my poor father carried up every night, as you have just seen him. It is true, there are days, though few and far between, when he seems to make an effort to be his better-self again; and it was seeing him so well yesterday, and hearing that Mr. Ferguson was away, which induced me to ride over to your brother's this morning, with an invitation which I believed you could not refuse; for I thought it possible, that by securing your company to-day, I might delay your knowledge of my father's actual state. No sooner did I see Mr. Ferguson, however, than I knew how the day would close; for I always observe, that my father is least like himself, when that man is here."

Miss Somerville then added: "You are not one of those summer friends to whom I would apologize for your visit having been made so unpleasant. You remember, I doubt not, the happy meetings we used to have at this fire-side; and if the change is painful to you, what must it be to me?"

"And is there nothing can be done?" I asked.

"Nothing that I know of," she replied. "Night after night I sit by this solitary hearth, brooding over the same subject; looking at it in every point of view, and asking in vain if nothing can be done. Perhaps," and she looked eagerly in my face, as if struck by some new, and forcible idea: "perhaps if I could talk to my father about religion, it might do some good."

"Have you never tried it?"

"Ah! no. I am miserably dark myself. Our good pastor used to warn me, that the time would come, when I should need to realise the hopes I was so fond of speculating upon; but since he left us, no one has ever talked with me on this subject, and by degrees I seem to have lost the little hold of it I once possessed. Can you not help me here?"

"It was silent; and we two friends—friends not only in name, but friends who would each have done and suffered much to save the other from a moment's pain, sat together alone, after seven years of separation—one having known much of the painful experience of sickness, and the other of sorrow; and each met the inquiring glance of the other, with the total blank of fatal ignorance on that one subject, which it was becoming daily and hourly more important for us both to understand.

Oh, who shall dare to call himself by the sacred name of friend, unless he can answer such an appeal as was made to me that night, by the woman I had left so gay and happy—the woman, whom I found on my return bowed down with anxiety and grief—forced even to the verge of premature old age, so much had sorrow worn away the bloom and the vivacity of her youth.

Yet by this sacred name, I scrupled not to call myself; and such had been the effect of affliction on the mind of Miss Somerville, that she seemed, from the very weakness of her unsupported nature, to derive more satisfaction than in former years, from the idea that I really was her friend. In this manner, our acquaintance was renewed, with only one point of difference in our intimacy, which on my part at least, was more felt than understood.

I had been accustomed, in by-gone days, to regard Miss Somerville as something of a coquette; for she had a habit of perpetually leading one's attention to herself, and would rather provoke anger or reproof, than submit to be unnoticed. Thus she had been a little too fond of placing her peculiarities in a conspicuous point of view, as well as of piquing the vanity and wounding the self-love of those who formed her little court, in order that she might enjoy an opportunity of flattering them more effectually by her attentions, and soothing them by her yet more irresistible kindness.

All this, however, had now vanished as completely as if she had never known what it was to be admired. She now seldom spoke of herself, and, even when conversing with me, would always change the conversation as soon as my observations referred to her own character and situation. This I regretted the more, as I found that her feelings, in their subdued and altered tone, her affectionate solicitude for her father, and the difficult and isolated position she held, as the only child of such a parent, were all combining to render her an object of deeper interest to me, than she had ever been before: though the apparent coldness of her manner, effectually repelled me whenever I attempted to give utterance to such feelings.

The time was now approaching for me to decide upon whether I should return to India; and as long illness had exercised considerable influence over my habits, by damping the ardour of youthful enterprise, I will not deny that certain calculations upon the fortune of Miss Somerville did occasionally mingle themselves with my admiration of her character. The possession of such a fortune would enable me with prudence to resign my commission. If, therefore, Miss Somerville would not allow me to introduce the subject in the customary manner, it became necessary to the arrangement of my plans, that I should adopt some other method of bringing the question to a final decision. It was doubly painful to me to have no other alternative, because I knew that her fortune and her position in society had rendered a mere proposal of marriage a circumstance of such common occurrence in her experience, as to be despatched in the most summary manner; yet I trusted to her good sense and generosity for pardoning in me, what she had left me no means to avoid.

Nothing could be more embarrassing to me, however, than the perfect silence with which my proposal was at last received. I could see that she was affected by it—perhaps too much affected for words; but in what manner I was at a loss to comprehend; and I had nothing left but to implore her to answer a question on which depended my happiness here, and perhaps hereafter.

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"Then I will treat you with a frankness equal to your own," said she, "and briefly answer—No! Whether my answer is dictated by duty or inclination, can be of little consequence to you to know. It is as irrevocable as if you were to me the least attractive being upon earth."

There remained little more for me to say, for there was a firmness in the tone and manner of Miss Somerville, which left no doubt as to the strength of her determination. We were, therefore, pursuing our walk in silence, when I perceived with surprise, that while she often turned away her head, as if to look at the plants by the way, or the prospect we were leaving, tears were absolutely streaming from her eyes, so fast, that it was no longer possible to conceal them from my observation.

Encouraged by this evidence of emotion, whatever might be its secret cause, I very naturally resumed the subject of our conversation, to which, however, she only replied with more firmness and decision.

"Do not," said she, "I entreat you, do not mention this subject to me again. The convictions which have already dictated my reply, are not to be set aside by persuasion. One thing, however, I would ask of you, and I ask it in all humility—do not take my answer unkindly—do not let it separate us as friends. I have been endeavouring, by the most scrupulous behaviour, to convince you, that I could be nothing more to you, nor you to me; and I am pained to the heart that you have not better understood me. You understand me now; and I repeat again—do not let this foolish business separate us as friends. I have no brother—I might almost say I have no father now. Do not utterly forsake me in my desolation."

I told her then, for the first time, that I was about to return to India.

She started; but immediately went on—"Let us be like fellow-travellers, then, who know that at the next stage they must separate for ever. Let us part kindly, for the dream of our friendship will indeed have passed, when you leave your native land again."

Of all the different kinds of romance which take possession of the female mind, there is none more unintelligible to man, and few more unacceptable, than that friendship which she sometimes proposes to him in the place of love. Had I better understood the character and situation of Kate Somerville, I should have known, in her case at least, that she both offered it herself, and needed it from me, in no ordinary or trifling degree, and that the kindness she asked of me in this melancholy and humble manner, she had richly earned the right to demand, by the noble sacrifice she was making, as she believed, in my favour.

It may easily be supposed, that after this interview I became a less frequent visiter at the Hall; for I had never, even when a youth, been sufficiently poetical to understand the luxury of cherishing a hopeless attachment. I consequently busied myself with preparations for my return to India, and thought as little of my disappointment as I could.

Kate Somerville, I observed, whenever we met, was much altered. She attempted to be lively, but her forced spirits failed her more than ever; and it was not difficult to perceive that some mental, or rather spiritual conflict was absorbing every thought. My sister often wished that she had some experienced adviser, with whom she might converse confidentially; but, happily for her, she had already begun to feel that there is a consolation beyond what human love can offer—a Friend whose counsels are more salutary than those of any earthly adviser.

Unacquainted with the exercise of a mind thus engaged, and unable to sympathise in its deep experience, I became gradually estranged from the society of my sister's friend. An indescribable feeling that our destiny was tending different ways, seemed to keep me at a distance from her, though whenever we met, there was an humbled and a chastened expression in her features which made my heart ache to think what she was suffering, or had suffered. At times I wished to escape from the pain of seeing her thus altered; and then again, I wished more earnestly that I might stay, and be ever near her, if by this means it would be possible for me to partake of that influence which I could not but be sensible was purifying and elevating her character.

It is often observed, that before the hour of final dissolution, the appearance of the human sufferer undergoes a striking and almost supernatural change, as if preparatory to that great event. And is it not often, to a certain extent, the same, before some of those fearful trials which mark the most important epochs of human existence? And merciful it is to the dispensations of Providence, that so few are wholly taken by surprise. Surprise, indeed, we may feel as to the nature of the trial which awaits us; but do we not often find, on looking back from such events, that there was previously a kind of awe surrounding us—a gloom—a gathering like that which comes before a storm; or a silence still more deeply felt—a suspension of our ordinary being—as if to give us time to call up, from long-neglected sources, the support which our suffering and feeble nature was about to require?

CHAPTER IX.

SOMERVILLE HALL.

The time of my departure for India was still unfixed, and we were all watching one evening with some anxiety the return of the messenger who brought our letters from the nearest town, when a servant from Somerville Hall galloped up to the door, and throwing the bridle over the neck of his horse, walked straight into the hall with a note for my brother.

Mr. Langton tore open the note, and having glanced over the first line, turned quickly to the servant, when they both walked out upon the lawn in front of the house. In a few moments I saw my brother's servant leading out his master's horse already saddled.

"He surely will not go," said Lucy, "without telling us what is the matter." And at the same instant he entered the room.

"I am going to ride over to the Hall," said my brother, in a tone of assumed composure. "Mr. Somerville has been taken suddenly ill, and I must not delay. You, Arthur, can ride after me, and bring back the tidings to Lucy, in case I should be detained."

I did so accordingly, and reached the entrance of the avenue as soon as my brother. We rode to the door in silence. Here we encountered the old housekeeper wringing her hands, and telling us every thing but what we wished to know.

"And Miss Somerville?"—I asked.

"My poor young mistress," said the woman, giving way to a fresh burst of grief, "sits beside him like the ghost of what she was. She neither speaks, nor sheds a tear. The doctor says she must be got away; but she won't listen to any of us, sir."

And there, indeed, she was, too truly like the ghost of what she had been—immoveable, and pale as marble; while, stretched upon his bed, lay the senseless form of her father, whose fixed and death-like countenance she was watching with an earnestness which rendered her blind to every other object.

"He is not gone yet," she whispered, as soon as my brother had spoken to her. And again applying her fingers to his pulse, she repeated, "He is not gone yet."

My brother would have gently led her away; but she resisted his endeavours with an expression of countenance which at once forbade all farther interference. It was not a time or a place to apply to her for information; and all I could gather from the domestics was, that Mr. Somerville had that day appeared to be in his usual health. That after dinner, he and his daughter had spent some time in the library together, when they heard a frightful shriek, and hastening into the room, beheld their master leaning back in his chair, his countenance slightly distorted, and his whole appearance bearing every mark of approaching death. Medical assistance had been immediately obtained; and, though the circumstances of the case afforded little ground for hope, a hint had been thrown out, that if in a few hours the vital spark should not become extinct, a favourable change might probably take place.

In such a situation, Miss Somerville could not be deserted by her friends; and my brother, with his accustomed kindness, remained at the Hall, while I returned to inform my sister, as far as I was able, of all which had occurred.

On the following morning I was early on my way to Somerville Hall; and, musing as I went upon the many circumstances under which I had traced that path, I happened to turn my attention towards the large building called by the country people "Ferguson's Factory." At the same moment I was struck with the fact, that it was not as usual pouring forth its thick volume of smoke to darken and pollute the air. My attention was afterwards attracted by groups of work-people in the village through which I passed, collected into little companies, and evidently talking over some momentous affair of general and individual interest.

Concluding it was the alarming illness of a common friend and benefactor, which very reasonably excited so universal a sensation, I passed on, without any inquiry, from one party to another, until stopped by an old woman whom I knew to have been a dependent upon the bounty of Miss Somerville, and who now eagerly inquired of me, if I thought they knew at the Hall what had happened.

"What do you mean?" said I. "They must know it—they know it too well."

"What! that he is off out of the country, and all the works stopped, and no body left to pay?"

A new idea now flashed upon me. It was but too probable, and but too true. I hastened on to find my brother, and, desiring to speak with him alone, told him all I had heard and seen.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, as the whole truth by degrees presented itself. "We might have foreseen this; a child might have foreseen it. And yet none of us could step forward and rescue this old man from ruin."

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A letter which Miss Somerville was able, in the course of a few days, to write to my sister, will throw farther light on this subject. It began with a description of her own situation, in her father's chamber at midnight, where he slumbered still insensible to all that was transpiring around him.

"I owe it," said the writer, "to his memory if he dies, to his character if he lives, to vindicate him from the charge which many will be too ready to bring against him—that of having been the victim of mere animal excitement. In the sight of God, I have no apology to offer; but, in that of man, it may surely be some extenuation of his fault, to say that he was goaded on to ruin by causes which he ceased at last to have sufficient moral power to resist.

"His connection with Mr. Ferguson was, from its commencement, most disastrous. Sums of money seemed to escape from his possession, without his being aware of their amount, and every new scheme increased, instead of redeeming, his past losses. Besides which, his mind was excluded for business. It harassed his mind, and destroyed his natural rest. He became irritable and apprehensive; while the false stimulus to which he had recourse, served to give him nerve for the moment, and even inspired him with energy for new enterprises; so that he became at such times a giant and willing instrument in the hands of a man who needed my father's credit and capital to prosecute his own schemes.

"It is difficult to understand how my father's honourable feeling should have been so far overcome by one who was altogether unworthy of his confidence, except that he always attached so much importance to ingenuity and enterprise, that they covered from his sight a multitude of sins. And as to my own influence, I had shown my deep-rooted dislike to this individual in a manner too decided and ill-judged for my father to attribute it to any thing but prejudice. His ear was therefore closed against all I might have to say.

"In this manner his affairs went on, until they became almost too desperate for hope. One thing after another had failed; none prospered with him. But still he had credit, and, upon that fresh schemes were undertaken; while his debts were increasing on every hand. By mere chance, I had myself become acquainted with these appalling facts, and you may be sure that I reasoned with him—that I pleaded and prayed he would make an honourable stand against the encroachments of fallacious hope, and, by giving up the remainder of his property, that he would leave us our integrity, at least, for the solace of old age. But, unfortunately for my cause, the tempter was ever at hand, and my father was growing imbecile; while his moral feeling was failing even faster than his bodily strength. I grew desperate at last, and threatened to expose our situation to the world, rather than we should go on deceiving every one around us, and many to their own loss. It was then, in an evil hour, they finally overcame me—my father, with tears; while they bound me, by a solemn vow, never, without his sanction, to communicate to any human being the real state of his affairs.

"You have often asked me why I did not marry. Here, then, you read the cause. I can, however, say with truth, that never have I been tempted but once to adopt this means of escape from the gathering storm which seemed threatening to overwhelm me. Once, I confess, I did, for a moment, allow myself to dream of the happiness of escaping to a foreign land, until the blast should have blown over. But, knowing that my reputed fortune was an object of consideration, I could not bear the idea that any man—especially the one who interested me most—should awake from his visions of wealth, to find he had married a poor and portionless wife.

"The darkest page of my history is yet to come. May reason lent me to the end! I have not lived to my present age, and seen and felt what I have done, without having had many serious thoughts on the subject of religion; more especially, since I have seen that in my father's case, it was the only thing that could save him. Still I was dark—miserably dark on that subject myself; yet, as every thing earthly seemed to be receding from me, as one hold after another gave way, and friendship, all but yours, began to fail, I felt more than ever in my life, an awful and imperative call, to look into my real position with regard to time and eternity.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the state of mind which followed. I saw but too clearly what I might have been to my poor father. I felt what I was! Something, however, I imagined might yet be done. I carefully watched my opportunity—and, on that awful day, I had followed him into his study, for the purpose of appealing to his better feelings, and inducing him to render justice to others, and thus, if possible, obtain peace for his own mind, to which he had long been a stranger. I cannot repeat to you my words. But, if ever I spoke reasonably—if ever I spoke forcibly in my whole life—it was on that solemn occasion. For some time my father made no reply. His silence filled my mind with the dread of having offended him beyond forgiveness. I burst into tears, for it is a bitter thing for a daughter to reprove a father whom she loves. He was not insensible to my anguish; and, raising his eyes, I saw that a flood of light, like sunshine over a landscape, was diffusing its benign influence over every feature of his face. It was the welcome of a father's love; and, as he opened his arms to receive me, I fell upon his bosom, too happy to be sensible of any thing, but an unexpected thrill of gratitude and joy.

"'My child,' said he, in tones of the gentlest tenderness, 'do with me what you will. From this hour we will begin a new life. You shall be to me my good angel. My affairs are in your hands. Render justice, if it be possible, to all.'

"I closed my eyes, and remaining still folded in my father's arms, I silently offered thanks to the Father of mercies, for thus awakening us both to a new existence, which I solemnly resolved should be devoted to his service.

"While occupied with these reflections, I thought I felt my father's hold relax; and raising my head, I saw that his own was drooping, while his hand dropped lifeless by his side. I scarcely know what followed. My cries brought in the domestics. Medical assistance was happily at hand, and the only thing I recollect was, that your husband and your brother, with their wonted kindness, came to my aid. Mr. Langton will tell you all the arrangements we have made together; for I consider the words my father uttered a sufficient sanction for the measures I have thought it right to adopt.

"One of my chief objects in writing this, is to impress upon you, and yours, the importance of attending to the claims of duty before it is *too late*. You see the consequences of my delay. A few years earlier, it is possible my father might have recovered himself, before his mental and moral strength were gone—a few years earlier, he might have retained his respectability before the world, and have lawfully enjoyed the comforts of our happy home—a few years earlier, he might have had sufficient energy to redeem the past, and to devote himself to the service of his God, and the good of his fellow man. What is his situation now? The pulse of life still beats in his veins; but senseless and child-like, he remains perfectly unconscious of what has passed, or what is passing around him. And I, upon whom this burden of responsibility has so long rested, have been trifling months and years away, until at last, when the anguish of awakened feeling roused me into action, it was my just punishment to find it was *too late*. This awful sentence seems now to be written on the walls of my solitary chamber—on my pillow—on my brow; and will it not be inscribed upon my father's tomb? Oh may he be permitted to experience, if but one hour of natural and collected thought—one hour of preparation for his final change—one hour of repentance for those errors which, through the weakness, the unfaithfulness, and the neglect of his only child, may yet be made the ground of his final sentence—the seal of his doom through all eternity."

The last and the most earnest prayer of the afflicted daughter was not rejected. Her father lived to recover his powers of thought, though not of action—he lived to feel that she was indeed his good angel—the messenger of reproof, but also of correction. He lived to recover his understanding; but it was to find himself in an humble habitation, where a daughter's love had surrounded him with every comfort that was necessary for the remainder of his life. He lived to find that his hereditary home had passed into other hands, and that he was no longer the rightful owner of a noble mansion, and a wide domain. He lived to find that the man whom he had trusted with his confidence above all others, had wronged and deserted him. He lived to find, that while many friends had fallen away with his falling fortune, there were others whose adversity had bound more closely to his interests; and one, above all, who renounced together the indulgences and the follies of her youth, to live but for his happiness, and his support; reserving only for the comfort of his old age that small portion of the wealth which had been expected to inherit, which had been her mother's dowry.

It is true, Kate Somerville was a strict, an unflinching monitress; for she had the sorrowful experience of the past to teach her, that though benevolence, and kindly feeling, and all the virtues which adorn the social fellowship of life, may be practised in a more than ordinary manner; yet without religion, vice, even of the most repulsive nature, may creep in amongst them, and pollute the whole. Impressed with this conviction, she made her father the object of her constant care, and as a parent guards a helpless child, so she watched over him in his weakness, with a solicitude which the dark past invested with a kind of fearful tenderness; yet, at the same time with a trembling hope, which the brightening future finally confirmed.

Such, then, was the fate of Somerville Hall. For many generations it had belonged to the family of that name. It was a situation peculiarly

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calculated for all that we combine in our ideas of earthly happiness; it was equally adapted for easy independence and rational enjoyment; and for being the centre of beneficial influence, of charity, and benevolence, to the surrounding neighbourhood.

It becomes a serious question: "Are there not other homes thus passing away from the hands of those who have long retained possession of their wealth, their influence, and their enjoyments? Are there not other daughters who see the same growing evil spreading its dark shadow around their hereditary hearth, casting dishonour upon the hoary head of age, and poisoning, with its deadly roots, all the sweet springs of domestic happiness, and do they still draw back—do they still refuse to stretch forth a helping hand, in time to stop the encroachments of this insidious but fatal foe?"

CHAPTER X.

THE RISING TIDE.

The stranger who visited the residence of Mrs. Falkland, on the western coast of England, could not fail to be struck with the picture of peace and comfort which her home presented. She was a widow lady; but her solitude was cheered by the society of a son and daughter, whose characters were now sufficiently matured to render them in all respects companions to their mother.

It was on one of the loveliest evenings of September, that Mrs. Falkland and her daughter, in company with an elderly gentleman, who had once been a friend of her husband's, sat upon a balcony which ran along the western part of her house, commanding the view of a wide expanse of ocean, and of the radiant sky, where the sun was just sinking below the horizon; while slanting rays of yellow light glanced over the shallow bay, where the receding tide had left the sands so smooth and wet, that they reflected, as in a mirror, the shadows of some fishermen who were gathering up their baskets, and preparing to return to their homes in the village.

The residence of Mrs. Falkland was one of a number of little villas, or genteel cottages, with their ornamental gardens, scattered over the woody hills that sloped down to the beach, where a line of rocks, in some parts majestically high, and in others accessible to the foot-passenger, formed a barrier against the waves, which, when the tide was high, dashed up amongst the many little bays and hollows of the shore.

The village to which the fishermen were returning, and which gave its name to many distant groups of houses, lay in a narrow dell, through which an impetuous little river forced its way along a bed of rocks into the sea; and though the sands on either side the stream looked as safe and solid as the earth itself, they were said to be uncertain and dangerous to cross in the vicinity of this stream. Still it was a thing of such frequent occurrence for horses and travellers on foot to pass that way, that no one thought much about the danger; and especially as the road along the beach was so much nearer than any other from the village to the neighbouring market town. The chief difficulty arose from some of the rocks jutting so far out into the sea, that all passengers were obliged to pay attention to the state of the tide, or the probability was, that even while plenty of space remained within the bay, they might find themselves hemmed in at these points by the waves having reached the rocks.

The country people, however, knew these dangers well, and strangers were under less temptation to seek the nearest way to the town; so that all the record of accidents on this spot, were a few stories of by-gone days, kept up by the fishermen and old women of the village.

"You must be happy in such a home as this," observed the gentleman, who looked with Mrs. Falkland and her daughter upon the scene above described.

"We are indeed happy," replied the daughter. "At least, we would not exchange our home for a palace." And she went on expatiating upon the many enjoyments the scenery and neighbourhood afforded; while her mother, observing that the air was growing cold, took the opportunity of withdrawing from the balcony.

"We who live in the midst of the noise and the tumult of cities," resumed the visiter, "may almost be allowed to envy you the repose of a life like this—so free from anxiety, so tranquil, and so calm."

"And yet," said Miss Falkland, "we have our cares."

"Impossible! Julia. What can they be?"

"As a friend of my father's, I need scarcely scruple to speak to you of any thing connected with the happiness of our family. You know my brother?"

"Yes; and a finer youth I never saw, than George Falkland, when he was last in town."

"He is, indeed, the kindest of sons, the best of brothers. But even he may have his faults."

"The faults of youth—mere thoughtless follies. You must not make too much of them. He will grow wiser with advancing years."

"I wish it may be so. But at present he seems so much fonder of gay company than of his quiet home, that my mother seldom knows a happy day. Not that he is addicted to any particular vice, at least that we know of; but wherever he goes, he has a habit of staying out late at night, which throws my mother into such a state of nervous anxiety, that her health is seriously injured; while he, on the other hand, is so annoyed by what he calls her unreasonable solicitude, that he will not deny himself a single hour of convivial enjoyment for the sake of her peace of mind. Now he says, that such trifles as these, common and trifling as they may appear to others, which destroy the comfort of our otherwise happy home; and it seems the more to be regretted, that they should exist where there is so much affection and good feeling on both sides, and nothing else to mar our happiness."

"Youth and age," replied the visiter, "are apt to differ on such points; and perhaps both are incapable of making sufficient allowance for the feelings which operate with the other. Yet, so long as your brother visits only in respectable families, and does not attach himself to any companion of bad principles, I should feel great hope of his ultimate recovery from these errors."

"But there is the root of our anxiety," said Miss Falkland, with increased earnestness. "My brother, I am sorry to say, does attach himself, by a very close intimacy, to a young man of the worst principles—a Ralph Kennedy, the only son of a worthy old man in this village, whose gray hairs may truly be said to be brought down with sorrow to the grave, by this ungrateful son. It is reported of the old man, that he sits up night after night, working at his desk, in order to keep a situation for his son, which his own infirmities have long since rendered him unequal to. And yet this young man—this Ralph Kennedy, is so idle and unsteady, as to be wholly unfit to succeed his poor father in a place of trust."

Before the conversation had reached this point, the sun had sunk below the horizon, the sky had insensibly assumed a dark gray hue; and ere the harvest moon, which the next hour rose, had shed her silver light over the woods and the fields sloping down to the tranquil bay, the tide had so far receded, that nothing could be seen of the ocean, but a long line of deep blue, stretching away into the distant west.

Miss Falkland prepared to lead her visiter into the house; when, rising from his seat, he observed, for the first time, that a quiet-looking young girl, apparently about eighteen, and dressed in white, had been their companion on the balcony; and with a sort of instinctive curiosity, he directed an inquiring look to Miss Falkland which seemed to say, "Whom have we here?"

"It is only my cousin, Grace Dalton," said Miss Falkland, understanding him perfectly.

Seeing the girl did not attempt to rise, the old gentleman still lingered. "Won't you catch cold, my dear?" said he, with familiar, but well-meant kindness with which old gentlemen are apt to address those who are between girls and women.

Grace Dalton rose, and thanked him respectfully, but immediately resumed her seat; and the door was closed upon the lighted room, and she was left to her evening meditations, and forgotten. Indeed it was very easy to forget Grace Dalton; she was so small and so still. She was an orphan, too, and very poor; but surely it is not possible, in such a kind world as ours professes to be, that these two facts should constitute any reason why persons are more easily forgotten. Oh no! It was because Grace Dalton, as we said before, was diminutive in her person, simple in her dress, timid, gentle, unobtrusive, and not remarkably pretty, that she was so often, and so easily forgotten; and though she was a poor relation, and always came last into the room, and looked so humble, that she might have almost claimed pity from a stranger, it frequently fell to her lot to find no room left for her at table. Whether intentionally, or by accident, the servants used to omit to place her chair; and when she did not actually appear, nobody remembered her existence sufficiently to calculate upon her coming.

Yet for all this, the humble and isolated orphan had her own little world of interest, in which she lived, perhaps, a life of deeper feeling, because it was so seldom shared with others. What was the reason why she sat out so late this evening, no one asked, nor would they, perhaps, have felt more curious, had they seen the tears that were fast falling from her eyes, as she bent over the balcony, with her forehead resting on her arm. Perhaps it was something in the conversation which had pained her, for she was strongly attached to her cousin George, and often ventured to take his part, even when he was most in fault. She could not be made to see the desperate nature of Ralph Kennedy's principles; at least, she never joined in what her cousin Julia said against him; and thus she fell a little into disgrace, both with the mother and the daughter.

Leaving this solitary girl to her uninterrupted meditations, we turn to a different scene, which at the same hour was taking place; where, seated around a social board, a little company of choice spirits, with George Falkland at their head, laughed away the last hours of daylight, and

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hailed the lamps that seemed to dance before them as brighter harbingers of a happier and more joyous night.

George Falkland had that day left his mother's house, in company with his friend, Ralph Kennedy, who was in great request at all the convivial meetings in the neighbourhood, not only for his musical talents, but his unrivaled good spirits, and good humour, which, without exciting any deep interest, made him a welcome guest wherever he went. It is true, he seldom went away from these meetings in a state very creditable to himself—it is true, he made his own gratification the sole object for which he lived—it is true, he left an aged father to toil for his support, because he had too much of what is called spirit to devote himself to any kind of regular pursuit. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he managed to keep what is considered good society; and to maintain for himself the character of being a "good fellow"—"his own enemy," it was granted; but still he was accounted the enemy of no one else, and the best companion in the world.

It may be supposed, that such a character would often be deficient in those means by which the appearance of a gentleman is supported, while Falkland being ever ready to supply his deficiency, they became inseparable friends; and perhaps did, in reality, like each other as well as such characters are capable of liking any thing beyond themselves.

On the night described, they had staid late, and the moon had risen high before either of them thought of returning home. At last, when Kennedy had sung his best song, Falkland rose from the table; for no one cared after that to hear an inferior voice.

"Come, come," said Falkland, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, "it will take us a full hour to ride home, and we had better have the benefit of the moon over the sands; for I fancy neither you nor I see so steadily as we did this morning."

"Sands!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once. "You won't go by the sands to-night."

"Won't I, though?" said Kennedy, rising, and immediately joining his friend; while both supported the dispute, until it ended in a bet, which appeared to render the enterprise of going by the sands, altogether much more attractive.

The two friends then mounted their horses, and set off merrily, taking the road which led immediately down to the beach. It was a beautiful night. A breeze had sprung up from the sea, and a few distant dark clouds came floating along with it towards the moon; but still she rode high in the heavens, and her light was almost like that of day.

It was a beautiful night, and many were the lively jests with which the travellers amused themselves by the way; for Kennedy, though scarcely able to keep his balance on his horse, had often, when in that situation, a spirit of drollery about him, more amusing than in his sober moments, to those who cared not from what source it came. All his odd movements, all the strange accidents which happened to him under such circumstances, he could turn to jest; and the laughter and merriment with which they now pursued their way towards the sands, startled from behind the shadow of a rock an old fisherman, who was watching his nets.

They had passed him by with a slight good-night, when Falkland wheeled round his horse, and asked him how long it would be before the tide would be up, and if they had time enough to reach the second headland which jutted out into the sands.

"Time enough," said the old man, "if your horses are good. The tide won't be up to the crags yonder, for half an hour yet." And he pointed to a heap of black rock, at some distance on the sea.

The travellers now set spurs to their horses, not so much from any fear of the tide, as from the mere hilarity of their own spirits, which could not be satisfied with any sober pace. Capable, however, as Kennedy had been of keeping his seat under more favourable circumstances, he fell from his horse the moment it struck into a gallop; and whether from the violence of the fall, or the novel position in which he found himself, he became so bewildered and confused, as to be long before he could regain his seat. Even then he rode with his head sometimes bent over the neck of the horse, and sometimes thrown back, while the loss of his hat, and other accidents, occasioned both laughter and delay. To increase their difficulties, a dark cloud now spread over the moon, so that they lost sight for a time of the high land, which, terminating in a rocky ridge, stretched far into the bay, and formed a point, which they must pass before they could even reach the stream where the passage was accounted most dangerous.

But their horses were safe, and well accustomed to the road; and as danger was the last thing that either of them would have dreamed of at that moment, they only rode more leisurely, altogether unconscious of the time they had lost by the way.

"I wish that cloud would pass," said Falkland, at last. "I cannot see the crags at the point, whatever I would do. And there is a kind of rushing in my ears, as if the tide was coming up; but that is impossible, for the old man said it would be more than half an hour before it reached the crags, and they are a mile off at least."

The cloud did pass; and—was it the moonlight that lay so white before them on the sand? No: it was the tide running up in long sheets of hissing foam, each one stealing farther than the last.

"Set spurs to your horse," cried Falkland, "and ride, Kennedy, ride, for your life!"

He did so, and down he fell again upon the sand; and the foam curled up and around him, and then retreated, while he mounted again to make another fruitless attempt at greater speed.

"We shall escape yet," said Falkland. "We are just upon the crags, and when these are passed, we have but the river, and all will be over."

The crags were now their most immediate danger, for slippery as they always were with the sea-weed, the surf was by this time dashing up amongst them, so that no horse could make sure of its footing; and here Kennedy fell again, and again it was so long before he could be replaced in his seat, that Falkland, on looking round to the next point, which it was necessary to gain in order to reach the village, saw that the whole extent of the little bay was one sheet of foam. Still it was not deep except in the bed of the stream, and their horses were untired; so that if Kennedy could but keep his seat, all might yet be well.

It was in vain, however, that Falkland rode close beside his friend, and stretched out his arm to keep him steady. He appeared to have become more and more confused with each repeated fall, while the unequal nature of the ground rendered it impossible for their horses to find safe footing, or to keep pace with each other. Falkland himself was but just able to think, and to wish that they had taken the route above the cliffs. He even stopped, and looked for a moment towards the land, to see if there was no place where it was possible to ascend, but in vain; and the next moment they plunged into the stony bed of the stream, and found themselves in deep water.

Kennedy had now fallen forward on his horse. The animal grew terrified, and, rushing desperately amongst the rocks and the foaming current, it shook itself loose from its rider, and then plunged forward, and left him to struggle for his life.

Falkland had now but one object—to place the wretched man behind him, and trust to his own animal for sustaining both. For this purpose he stretched out his arm, and caught the hand of his friend, at the moment when he was rolling down the stream. He even succeeded so far as to lift him upon his horse, but all his strength was unequal to keep him there. He had become utterly helpless, and it now seemed as if, in attempting to save him, both must perish. Still, however, Falkland resumed the attempt. He even succeeded again, and was only defeated by Kennedy falling this time with his hand clenching the coat of his friend, with a wild and desperate hold, which it was impossible to shake off.

"My mother!" cried Falkland, as if the fierce waves could hear him. "My poor mother! She will never survive this night, if I am lost. It is yet in my power to save her from a broken heart."

With that he tore off the fragment of his dress, which that doomed and drowning man still held by, and, with one plunge of his horse, escaped out of the bed of the swollen torrent.

In the mean time, the lights were one after another extinguished in Mrs. Falkland's cottage; but the mother slept not, though she had retired at midnight to her own chamber. She slept not, for her nights were now but too frequently occupied in thinking to what the habits of her son would lead. She slept not, for memory was busy with his childhood, with the time when, as a sickly and fretful infant, he had demanded all her tenderness, and all her care. She thought of the sleepless hours, when she used to rock him on her bosom; how her time, her peace, her health, had been sacrificed, without a murmur, for his sake: and now, when she looked for her reward, when her own feeble strength required that rest she could not find, he could not—he would not—deny himself a single hour of senseless mirth, to calm the anxiety that was wasting her life away.

The window of Mrs. Falkland's chamber looked upon the garden, that of Grace Dalton towards the yard, where it was impossible that a horse should enter, without her hearing it. What, then, was her surprise to hear the well-known signal of her cousin, without any previous notice of his coming! With a stealthy step, she trod as usual past the door of her aunt's chamber, and descended to the hall, where, drawing aside the bolt of the outer door, she stood expecting that her cousin would enter.

"I want to speak with you, Grace," said he in a voice so little like his own, that she started back. "Come away from the door, for no one must hear us talking. Come farther still, and be very, very quiet, while I tell you a sad story."

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"Go on," said Grace, trembling all over. "I am quiet. Has any thing happened?"

"Come out farther still," said her cousin; "and now be sure you do not exclaim, or make the least noise." He then whispered close to her ear, "Kennedy is lost!"

A shriek so loud that it seemed to ring through the vault of heaven, was the answer of poor Grace.

"There, now!" said he, grasping her arm, and speaking more angrily to her than he had ever done before. "You have done the very thing against which I warned you. I would rather have given you a thousand pounds than you should have uttered that scream."

Lights were now glancing in all the windows of the cottage, and before many minutes had passed, Falkland was compelled to describe to the whole assembled household, every particular of the sad catastrophe. Even then, so great was the sensation it naturally excited, that scarcely could the presence of his living form convince them of his own safety. It was not difficult to read in his pale and haggard countenance the terrible conflict he had sustained; and while one brought him cordials, and another chafed his cold hands, Grace Dalton, who had went to be the first to render all these offices of kindness, was the only one to stand aloof, as if altogether stupified by what had passed.

"Why do you stand there, child?" said Mrs. Falkland in her anxiety for her son. "Go up stairs, Grace, and bring dry clothes for your cousin."

The poor girl went up stairs as she had been told, but what it was to fetch, she could not by any possibility remember. Her delay was the cause of much chiding, which seemed to produce no effect upon her senses. As regarded all present things, they were quite gone, until Falkland called her to him, and whispered to her with a shudder on his lips, "Take that coat, Grace, and hide it, so that I may never see it more. The part that is torn away is where he held me with his dying grasp."

Grace Dalton took the coat as she had been requested, and no one knew how she disposed of it, for it was never seen again.

"And now," said Falkland, when his strength had been in some measure restored, "I have a hard duty to perform. I must go to old Kennedy, and tell him what has happened."

With this intention, he rose up, and even went as far as the door, when, turning back again he sank down into a chair, exclaiming, "I cannot meet that old man! My heart fails me when I think that Ralph was the only relation he had in the world—the only being he ever seemed to love. Will none of you go with me?"

"I will go with you," said Grace.

"You, child!" was the general exclamation. But, finding that, although little could be hoped from her assistance, she was in reality more willing than any of the party, it was at last agreed that she should accompany her cousin, though not without many earnest charges from him, that she would neither shriek, nor faint, nor trouble him with any of her childish imprudence.

"No, dear George," said she with such trembling meekness, that he could but cease to chide her—"I will be very, very quiet. You shall never have to find fault with me in this way again."

"Come then," said Falkland. "For once I will lean on your arm, instead of you on mine: and, if you like, Grace, I will tell you as we go, all the particulars of this melancholy story, in order that when any one asks for them, you may be able to tell it yourself, and thus spare me the pain. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes; only I am afraid I shall not be able to repeat it."

"Nonsense! You should nerve yourself to these duties. If it is difficult to you, think what it must be to me, who have still his death-grasp on my person; his last moan in my ear; his——What ails you, Grace? You are cold, child. The morning air is too sharp for you. Here, take this shawl, for they have given me more than I can bear; and you have no bonnet. What a foolish girl you are!"

Grace made no reply; but her teeth absolutely chattered: while the ghastliness of her countenance gave her cousin fresh cause to think that the gray dawn of morning, now spreading over earth and sea, was too cold in its autumnal chill for the delicate frame of his companion, and he drew her closer to his side, and held her hand in his, with a brotherly tenderness for her bodily comfort, which he had been less ready to feel for that of her mind.

"There," said Falkland, for he had already commenced his story, "it was just in the direction of that stunted tree, half-way between the first point and the river, that Kennedy first fell from his horse. Look, Grace. Why, you are actually turning towards the land. Have you forgotten in which direction lies the sea?"

"I am looking," said Grace. "At least, I will look if I can, but the wind blows so fiercely." And she shaded her eyes with her hand, while her cousin went on with his story.

Long before he had concluded the melancholy detail, which to a less interested auditor would have been sufficiently distressing, they found themselves before the humble home of Kennedy's father.

It was a second-rate sort of house; and the one domestic who waited upon the old man was yet too soundly asleep to hear their summons, for they knocked in a trembling and hesitating manner. At last they heard a slow step in the passage. One bolt was drawn away, and then another, and then the door was opened by the old man himself, who stood before them with an inquiring gaze, while he held in one hand a lighted candle, which had burned down into the socket.

Grace Dalton looked at her cousin. His lips moved—his voice faltered—he could not utter an articulate sound.

"Perhaps you will allow us to come in," said Grace; "we have come to speak with you on very important business."

"Business?" repeated the old man, as well he might, at that hour of the morning, and with such guests. He admitted them, however; and, throwing open the door of his little sitting-room, it was easy to see that he had known no rest that night, for his table was covered with papers and account-books; and every thing wore the appearance of solitary and anxious toil—that toil of mind, and labour of calculation, for which old age is so unfitted. Without betraying any curiosity, he motioned for his guests to be seated, and resumed his own chair, waiting patiently for them to begin the conversation.

They were both silent, while the quivering fingers of Grace Dalton played amongst her hair, and her open lips were pale as ashes. At last she spoke.

"I think, sir, you are aware where your son spent last evening."

"I know little of where he spends his evenings," replied the father, "and it has become a matter of small importance to me."

There was a real or assumed severity about old Kennedy, which drove most people away from him; and which might, possibly, have had its influence in estranging his son from the affections and the duties of home. But now this apparent coldness, while it shocked the feelings of Grace Dalton, gave her nerve to proceed, and she actually related the whole account of the fatal catastrophe, exactly as it had been told to her, only pausing occasionally to ascertain whether she ought or ought not to proceed.

"Go on," said old Kennedy, every time she stopped, in a deep-toned and sepulchral voice; but he never once looked up, nor changed his attitude, nor unclasped his hands, that were closely folded together, with his lips pressed upon them, and his elbows supported by the arms of his chair.

"Go on," he repeated, until the whole had been told; when he simply asked—"And the body?"

"I have stationed six fishermen from the village," said Falkland, "along the bay, and three beyond the crags; but they say it is impossible it should be found before the tide goes down. I shall remain on the beach myself, and see that nothing is neglected. In the mean time, if you would like Grace Dalton to remain with you, she will be most happy to render you any assistance in her power."

"Who is Grace Dalton?"

"The young person who has accompanied me."

"I would much rather be alone: and, perhaps, the sooner you both leave me, the better."

There was no forcing their presence upon him after this remark; and the two cousins arose, and left the room, with that steadily step with which we instinctively tread in the presence of affliction; the old man neither rising from his chair, nor offering them the common civilities of one who takes leave of departing guests.

They had not left the outer door, however, before their progress was arrested by the sound of deep groans from within. They paused; for it was not easy to leave an aged man, under such circumstances, alone. They paused; for pity, as well as horror, seemed to chain them to the spot; and now they discovered that those strange and awful sounds were the strong prayer of mortal agony—that prayer which is wrung out from the human soul by its necessity, not by its inclination or its hope.

"He did love him, then!" exclaimed Grace Dalton; clasping her hands together; "He did love him as a father ought to love a son! May blessings fall upon the head of that old man!"

As she said this, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes; they were the first she had shed on this melancholy occasion: for grief, that is mixed with horror, seldom causes tears; while, add but to the bitter lide one drop of gratitude or joy, and it immediately become the natural relief of the over-burdened heart.

"Why, Grace," said Falkland, as he led his cousin away from the house of mourning, lest by again yielding to her own emotion, she should be the cause of interruption or alarm to others—"How is this? You are overwhelmed with gratitude, because a stern old man is melted into common feeling by the death of his son. For

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my part, I should have felt more pity for him had he received the first intelligence more like a father and a Christian man."

"We cannot all feel alike," said Grace, "nor make the same display of sorrow when we do feel it. I confess, like you, I was shocked at the seeming apathy with which our intelligence was at first received. But those fearful groans, George, they surely tell of more than common grief."

The gray dawn of the morning had by this time given place to the full light of day, though it was one of the darkest and the gloomiest of those which usher in the storms of winter. The stillness of the preceding night had occasionally been interrupted by a rushing wind, which now swelling into a strong gale, blew fiercely over earth and sea, sweeping across the bosom of the troubled ocean, and lashing the spray of the rising billows into one vast bed of foam. The tide was rolling out, but it retreated with an angry roar, as if unsatisfied with the work of destruction it had already accomplished.

All the distance from the village to the beach, was now scattered with groups of people, who, some of them from mere curiosity, and some from feelings of deeper interest, had left their homes, to hear if there were any tidings of the body, or to learn if any thing more remained to be told than the melancholy story which had already circulated from house to house, with the usual number of variations and additions. Amongst these groups was many a poor mother with her children clinging to her cloak, all looking anxiously towards the sea, and yet all afraid to behold the object of which they were in search. There were men blessing and comforting themselves that their sons were not as this prodigal, who would never more return to his father's house. There were young women, who looked and looked again, and all the while kept close together, calling back to remembrance the kindness, the freedom, and the generous-heartedness of him who was lost; and there were old fishermen, telling of their own escapes, and wondering at, and settling and unsettling again, the manner of the young man's death. And still the hoary deep rolled on, telling its dark secrets to none.

Falkland and his cousin approached the scene of interest from one point; his mother and sister, with their household attendants, from another. Way was respectfully made for all, and they stood together for some time without uttering a word, except to ask and tell in what manner old Kennedy had borne the intelligence of his loss. All looked towards the sea; and Grace Dalton, though she trembled violently, dashed away her hair from her eyes, and looked more intently than any of the watchers there.

"See, see," said Mrs. Falkland, "there is old Kennedy himself—and alone."

And there indeed he stood, the aged father, leaning on his staff, with his white hair floating in the wind. He stood alone, too, except for a faithful dog, that never left his side. He stood alone, for he had held no fellowship with others in the common avocations and interests of life, and therefore it was the necessary consequence, that in his grief they should hold none with him. Yet there was something almost more than human nature could endure, to see a father alone on such an occasion, and Grace Dalton left her aunt and cousins, and stealing quietly up to the ridge of high ground, on which he had stationed himself, stooped down, and patted his dog, that she might at least be ready, if he should wish for any one to be near him.

Encouraged by having escaped a direct repulse, Grace ventured at last to stand nearer, and from a natural impulse upon which she acted almost unconsciously, she said, in so meek and quiet a voice, that it could not have offended any one, "Sir, will you not lean upon me, the wind is very strong?"

"Lean upon you, child?" said old Kennedy; "why should I lean upon you?"

And he turned half away from her, to look again at the sea without interruption.

Perhaps it was well that he had not accepted the offered aid of his young companion; for the next moment he was shooting like an arrow across the sands, straight on to a crag of black rock, which was just beginning to stand out above the shallow waves, and beside which some of the fishermen were now seen to be gathering themselves into a group.

"What can be the matter with Grace?" said Mrs. Falkland, observing the strange movements of her niece. "She seems to have quite lost her senses with this melancholy affair. You were wrong in taking her with you, George. She would have been much better at home. She has no spirits for such scenes as these."

"You are mistaken in Grace, I assure you," said Falkland. "She was of the greatest possible use to me this morning, and, really behaved like a heroine. But see! They have found him: they have found him at last. I am sure that is the body."

It was true, as Falkland had said. The wretched man had not been washed by the waves to any great distance from the spot where he perished, probably owing to his dress having become entangled amongst the rocks; and there he lay stretched out upon the sand, one of his cold hands still clenching, with an iron grasp, the shred of Falkland's coat, which he had torn off when they separated for the last time.

Nothing now remained to be done, for it was impossible that a spark of life should remain; and, while all stood around, uttering their different exclamations of regret, Grace Dalton remained on her knees beside him, stooping down with her head so low, that she could have heard the faintest breath had it passed his lips; though her hair fell down and shaded her face, so that none could see in what manner she was holding her strange communion with the dead.

It seemed as if the girl had forgotten the natural timidity—her aunt said, the natural modesty—of her sex: for, on first reaching the spot where the body had been dragged out and laid upon the smooth sand, she had torn open the vest of the drowned man, and laid her hand upon his heart, to feel if there was yet a throb, or a sense of human feeling left. It was in vain. The fishermen smiled, with melancholy meaning in their looks, to see her fruitless efforts, and the foolish hopes which none but a dreamer like herself could have entertained for a moment; but still she knelt beside him, and not the ghastly countenance, from which other women turned away; nor the crowds that gathered round her, nor the spray of the sea-foam, nor the fierce wind that came with splashing rain, and drove half the idle concourse back to the village—had power to raise her from that lowly posture, until a bier was brought, and the body was placed upon it, and carried away before her eyes. Then she suddenly recollected herself, and, silently meeting the reproof of her aunt, she wrapped herself round with a shawl, and walked the last of all the party, as they returned to Mrs. Falkland's dwelling.

Our nearest relatives are sometimes the last to understand the real state of our feelings. The rude fishermen on the beach had seen at once, by the behaviour of Grace Dalton, in what relation she had stood to the deceased; and they had regarded her affection with that respect which unsophisticated nature is not slow to render to real suffering. How little of this respect would have been shown by those in a higher sphere of life, who had undertaken the support and guardianship of the poor orphan—how little of this respect would they have shown, had they known that she had so far deviated from the principles carefully instilled into her mind, as to dare to love a man whose life and conduct were like those of Ralph Kennedy.

And why had she loved him? Perhaps simply for these reasons—because he had been kinder than any other human being ever was to her; because she was lonely, and he had been her friend; because she was despised, and he had shown her respect; because she was an orphan, and he had promised to protect her.

It needs little philosophy to account for the origin of love. There are human beings who cannot exist, of and by themselves. Their very being is a relative one; and the more they are shut out from sympathy, and kindly fellowship, and the mutual interchange of thought and feeling with others—the fewer channels they find for the outpourings of natural affection—the stronger will the tide of that affection be when it does burst forth, uniting, as it were, in one living stream, all the pent-up and sealed fountains which lay beneath the sterile surface of their desert life.

Bitterly would Mrs. Falkland have reproached her niece, had she known why, amongst that crowd of strangers, she had stood the first—why she had approached the nearest to that awful spectacle—why she had been the only one to endeavour to unclench that cold hand—why she alone had kept against hope, that there might still be life. Happily for poor Grace, the strangeness of her conduct met with no farther censure than its absence of decorum deserved, and this was even pardoned in consideration of the childish weakness with which she was so often charged; for, like many persons in her situation, she had often to bear the blame of a fault, and its direct opposite, at the same time.

No extenuation, however, ought to be offered for the chief fault of which Grace Dalton was guilty—that of loving a dissipated and unprincipled man. She felt that she deserved no pity, and therefore she asked for none. She had her punishment within herself; and the perpetual sense of condemnation which she bore about with her, made her still more meek, and humble, and submissive under reproof, than she would otherwise have been. Nor did she regard the errors of Ralph Kennedy with more toleration, in her own mind, than the rest of the world evinced towards them. In proportion to the high estimate of what she believed to be his virtues, was her fear, her sorrow, her hatred of his vices. These, however, she never spoke of, except to himself. There were others to do that, she thought; and when so many voices were against him, there was the less need of hers.

Thus she was often thought to look with too lenient an eye, both upon his conduct, and that of her cousin George. The fact was, she loved her cousin because she believed that he loved

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Kennedy; and, had those who charged her with indifference to their vices, only followed her to the little chamber which she occupied alone—had they watched her there, when every other member of the household was wrapped in sleep, they might have seen such tears, and heard such prayers, as would have convinced them that vice in any form, but particularly in those she loved, was no matter of indifference to her.

There are strange contradictions in some of the popular modes of judging of human character—contradictions which, if they were to exist in religious society, would be laid hold of by the world, and exhibited to view, as proofs of the unsubstantial nature of all such profession. Amongst these, there is none more striking, and certainly none more injurious to the well-being of society, than the habit of attributing to young men of gay and dissipated habits, an excess of generosity, and an absence of selfishness, which are considered as outweighing all those moral delinquencies.

Whether this false estimate of character is derived from the glowing and attractive descriptions of some of the popular heroes of ancient as well as modern romance; or whether it is merely that mankind can accommodate their judgement to circumstances, so as to admire what it suits their inclination to imitate, it is not our business now to inquire. But it may not be foreign to the subject in hand, to tax the patience of the reader for a few moments so far as to ask, in what does the generosity and the disinterestedness of the characters alluded to, consist? Is it in their kind and consistent regard to the feelings of those by whom they are most beloved, and whom they profess to love in return? Is it in their self-denial—in the privations they undergo for the sake of promoting the happiness of others? Is it in the full and efficient returns they render for all the care and anxiety of which they are the cause? Is it in the abundant bestowment of their pecuniary means, to support the destitute, and to solace the afflicted? Is it in the faithfulness and punctuality with which they hold themselves ready at the call of duty to answer the demands of friendship and affection? Is it in the sacredness with which they fulfil every trust committed to their charge? Is it, in short, in their absence of self-love, and their disregard of self-gratification, in comparison with the gratification of their friends?

If there be any meaning in the words generosity, and good-heartedness, they would surely comprehend some of these points; and yet in all these, are the characters of the gay and the dissipated peculiarly deficient.

If we could, by any means of calculation, add together all the tears which such characters habitually and recklessly cause, all the hours of anxiety they inflict upon their near connections, all the bickerings and disputes occasioned by their conduct between those who censure and those who defend them, all the wretched feeling they leave behind them whenever they go out, all the anguish which awaits their return, all the disappointment of those who trust them, and, finally, all the wretchedness attendant upon the full developement of those vices, of which what the world calls gaiety is the natural and certain germ—if we could add all these together, we should behold a sum of human misery greater than ever was produced by absolute crime—by murder, theft, or any of those gross and desperate acts, against which public indignation is so justly and unanimously raised. If we could add all these together, we should see, operating through different channels, a mass of selfishness, with which that of the solitary miser bears no comparison.

The life of the gay man is, in fact, a system of self-indulgence, of self-gratification, of self-worship. The miser, in his despised and isolated sphere, has no power to prey upon the happiness of society. The privations he imposes, extend no farther than himself; and, if no other individual shares in what he gains, he is alone in the punishment he inflicts. But the dissipated man has a wider influence, because he is the hero of society in its worst state. He has therefore the power to disseminate the seeds of evil in a degree proportioned to his popularity; and in the same measure as he is beloved, he is capable of inflicting misery. He knows that he can do this, and he does it still. He knows that he is the cause of floods of burning tears, and while he weighs them against one intoxicating draught, it is self-love that prompts him again to hold the sparkling poison to his lips, and to let the tears flow on.

But to return to our story. The father of Ralph Kennedy saw, from the point of land on which he stood, that three or four fishermen were gathered together on one particular part of the sand, and he knew from the number of persons who hastened towards the spot, that they had found the body of his lost son. It was not in his nature to connect himself with a crowd, especially on such an occasion. He therefore returned, silently and alone, to his own dwelling, where he gave the necessary directions to his only domestic, and then shut the door of his chamber, and listened for the footsteps of those who should bring home the dead. They were long in coming; and the servant had time to make ready a little parlour, considered more particularly as her master's own apartment, for it was here he used to keep his books, and here he used to sit through the midnight hours, waiting and watching for his son's return, it having been his custom never to allow any other person to be disturbed by his late hours.

While those preparations were going forward, Grace Dalton walked silently home with her aunt and cousins; when, on passing a cottage at the outskirts of the village, it suddenly occurred to her that help might be wanted in the house of mourning, and, stepping back a few paces, she entered the dwelling of a poor woman who was in the habit of attending on such occasions.

Like most persons in her situation of life, the woman began immediately to descant upon the character of the deceased, adding her present testimony to her past forebodings, that it "would come to this." She always "knew it would come to this." With many wise and moral observations, which Grace considered rather ill-timed, and therefore reminded her that the unconscious object of her remarks was now dead, and that it became all who were left, to forget and forgive.

"As to forgiving," said the woman, "I don't know that there's much of that needed, unless it is the injury done to my poor boy, who has never been the same since that young man came to our house; for what with his jokes, and his songs, and his good-humoured laugh, and"—

"He used to come here, did he?" asked Grace, with a sudden glow of colour in her cheek, to which it had long been a stranger.

"Oh! yes, Miss. He would sit here evening after evening, when our Ann was at home; and the poor girl takes on so. I am sure if he had been our equal, we could none of us have been more sorry; for he never seemed above being one of us, as I said before, when Ann was at home."

Poor Grace! She thought she had suffered enough before; and now this woman was unconsciously mixing drops of bitterness with the draught, which she had not yet begun to feel was one of healing. And thus it must ever be with those who associate themselves in their affections with what is contrary to the nature of virtue and religion. It is not vice alone which, under such circumstances, must appal them; vulgarity must also repel, for there is no refinement—let poets and romances say what they will—there is no true refinement in a vicious life.

Grace Dalton, though simple in the extreme, was yet high-minded where her sense of delicacy was concerned; and when the daughter of this poor woman returned from the beach, sobbing, and making as much display as possible of her grief, Grace felt too much offended to permit her to remain another moment in the house. She was even going without having fully discharged her errand, but suddenly recollecting her own words—"he is dead now, those who are left, ought to forget and forgive,"—she turned back, and requested the woman to make haste to the house of Mr. Kennedy, to offer her services there, and by no means to linger if they should not be accepted.

Notwithstanding the dreadful calamity which had so recently taken place, it did not so nearly touch the family of Mrs. Falkland, but that all was peace that day within her dwelling. Falkland, wearied out with excitement, had retired to rest; and by the time their evening meal was prepared, he was able to join his mother and sister once more around the social board.

The fierce gale of the morning had then died away; and when the moon rose, and shed her silvery light over the rough promontories that stretched away towards the sea, George Falkland and his mother sat again on the rose-covered balcony, their hands clasped together in that expressive silence, which conveys more meaning to the heart than the most eloquent words. His sister, too, was there, and Grace Dalton; and all looked towards the sea except Grace, who seemed to be teaching the clematis where it ought to climb, though her small hands trembled so that she could scarcely guide its fragile twigs.

Never are the beloved of the family circle so dear as when recently escaped from danger; and Mrs. Falkland and her daughter looked with affectionate interest at the noble youth who held a hand of each, and then at the wide sea, whose ruffled waves could still be heard retreating in the distance, and their hearts yearned over him as over a treasure newly found, or just redeemed from loss.

The subject of their separate thoughts were the same—the awful night that was past; when, another wave of that angry flood, another cloud over that clear moon, a moment less of time, and that vigorous form, so rich in all the gifts of nature, so animate with life, and adorned with youthful beauty, might have been stretched upon the silent bier in a house of mourning and desolation.

"I cannot tell," said Falkland, as if thinking aloud, "how it was that that poor fellow so entirely lost his presence of mind. He had no more power to help himself, than a child would have under such circumstances. And yet to see the mirth of his merry face not half an hour

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before, when we rode down to the beach, and the cliffs echoed with our laughter. When I think of this, and the last look of agony I caught as he fell back in the water, his clenched hand still holding that shred of my dress—oh, mother! it makes me wish to hide myself in the earth, or in some place where this horrible vision never could pursue me."

"He was so unprepared, too," said Mrs. Falkland, "and such a character!"

"There are many persons," said Grace, "who die in their own chambers, and with all the warning of long illness, as unprepared as he was."

"Ah, Grace," said Julia Falkland, "will you never see these things as you ought to see them?"

"When young women like you," observed the mother, "who have been virtuously brought up—when such make excuses for the vices of men, what can we expect?"

"Shall I bring your shawl, dear aunt?" asked Grace. "The evening air grows cold."

"Perhaps we had better all retire," said Mrs. Falkland.

"No, no," said George, detaining both his mother and his sister. "And you, too, my poor little Grace. You shall no longer stand shivering there. Come sit down near to Julia; for I want you all to witness this night, that I discharge my conscience of a load, so far as it can be discharged by an act which refers merely to the future. Would to heaven it could expiate the past!

"I now want you all to hear me, and to bear witness to my vow, while I look to yon dark sea with the same clear moon—the same blue skies above me—I want you all to bear witness to my vow, when I promise, that, as God will give me strength, from this time henceforward, I never more will grieve my poor mother's heart as I have done—I never will stain my own character, nor suffer the moral degradation which man must suffer under the mastery of wine, and in the fellowship of those whose only enjoyment is the excitement of the moment, purchased by the sacrifice of domestic peace. Now, this is my vow. My mother, my Julia, my poor Grace, you must help me to keep it."

A solemn silence followed. The mother's hands were for a moment clasped together in the attitude of thanksgiving, until her feelings burst all bounds, and she actually sobbed aloud. Julia leaned her head upon her brother's shoulder, while her tears fell thick and fast upon his bosom. Grace alone was silent, and wept not like the rest.

They were a happy little party who sat beside Mrs. Falkland's cheerful fire that evening, for they were happy in that peaceful solemn feeling, which, beyond all others, deserves the name of happiness. They were happy in knowing that evil was renounced, and good, at least, intended—happy in confidence restored, in affection valued, in trust held sacred, and in peace regained. If Grace Dalton looked less cheerful than the rest, it was only that she had a different way of showing her satisfaction; for none were more thankful than she was for the resolution her cousin had made. Nor was he unconscious of her meaning, when she held his hand at parting for the night, and looked up into his face, and bid him such a kind good-night, as spoke the true language of affectionate regard. But there were also other proofs of her sympathy with his state of mind, with which none were acquainted.

It was her custom at all times to visit his chamber, as well as her aunt's and Julia's before the hour of retiring to rest, to see that all things were ready for the night, and all their comforts separately and regularly provided for: though she never, on any occasion, neglected those of her cousin George, and would have done just as much for him when she knew he was transgressing the rules of propriety and decorum, as she did at other times; yet on this night she had taken a bible—a book she feared he too much neglected—and placed it on his dressing-table, in order that he might, if so disposed, strengthen his recent resolution, by studying its sacred and consolatory pages. George Falkland saw the strange volume, and supposed it had been his mother or his sister who had placed it there.

And now the hour of escape from observation arrived for poor Grace—the hour she was in the habit of calculating upon many times during the long day—the hour when she could shut the door of her chamber, and feel that she was alone—the hour when, if she could do nothing to serve the secretly beloved, she could at least pray for him. Bewildered with the confusion of images, which through this day had flitted before her; worn to a state of weariness, which left her no power to rest; distracted with the part she had been acting, sometimes false, and sometimes too sorrowfully true—she had a vague feeling, that by flying to her own room, and casting herself upon her knees, she should be able, as on other weary nights, to throw off some of the burden of her soul. What then was the agony of her mind, when, after assuming this attitude, the thought suddenly flashed across her brain, that she had no longer any one to pray for—that *his* doom was now sealed for ever—that neither tears nor supplications could now be availing for *him*.

How little do they understand of true loveliness, who have never known this state! Grace arose from the ground appalled with a fresh sense of her situation; and wringing her hands with a burst of uncontrollable agony, would at that moment have freely suffered every torture that human nature is capable of sustaining, to have called him back but for one hour of repentance.

It was not long, however, before this bitter agony gave place to feelings of a softer nature; and recollecting the solemn event which had that evening bound together, as by fresh ties, the family with whom she was so intimately connected, she knelt down again, and prayed for her aunt, who had always been to her as a mother, for her cousins, but most of all for George, that he might be enabled to maintain his purpose; and then she turned to the solitary father in his lonely home: and so, after a long time, she rose up comforted, and, walking to her window, which commanded a view of the village, she looked out, and saw that a dim light was still burning in the old man's window.

"How could I be so wicked!" said she. "There is always some one left to pray for; and, perhaps, this old man has no interest in any other prayers than mine."

The following morning Grace Dalton was able to put in practice a plan she had formed for visiting the father of the deceased, without appearing designedly to obtrude herself upon his notice; and in this she obtained the full approbation of her aunt, who was extremely anxious to adopt some mode of expressing her sympathy with the bereaved parent. He was, however, so little known to any one, so reserved and inaccessible in his own character, that this was an object of no easy attainment; and had not Grace been a more than commonly willing messenger, and so meek, besides, as not to shrink from the probability of meeting with a repulse, Mrs. Falkland's intended kindness would never have been carried into effect.

There were many considerations now to be entered into with regard to the funeral, in which female aid was not altogether out of place; and Grace began, by consulting with the servant, and occasionally sending messages to the master, which he answered promptly, and without evincing any thing like displeasure, but rather as if relieved from a burden, by others having taken this affair upon themselves. Grace had imagined it would be so, for she possessed that kind of intuitive insight into character, which a naturally strong power of sympathy affords, and which is, perhaps, more serviceable in the common events of life, than talents of a higher and more distinguished order.

Thus, before the day of the funeral arrived, Grace Dalton had become a sort of authorised assistant in the melancholy preparations; and retiring and modest as was her general bearing, her aunt and cousins were surprised to find the tact and skill with which she contrived to manage these affairs, without appearing to manage them at all. Mrs. Falkland and her daughter had both made the same experiment, and had both failed. They were too much of fine ladies to suit the taste of such a man as Kennedy; and, besides, they were now too happy to sympathise with him in reality, though they spoke fluently and well in the language of condolence. Grace, on the contrary, seldom uttered an expression which could lead the reserved and solitary man to think that he himself was the subject of her observations. He only noticed that she took a part in the preparations for the funeral; and he thought it was quite right for those who had a taste for such things, to take them into their own hands.

And now the morning of that day had come, and all things were in readiness; and Grace Dalton felt that her melancholy task was done; for what right had she to take part in the mourning? what right had she even to be seen to weep? for what were the Kennedys to her?

While she was occupied, while she trod with gentle step about the house, and felt that she had an errand or duty there, she was comparatively happy. She could even pass the door of that silent room, though she had done this as seldom as possible; but now that was all ready, that the grave claimed its own, and the sacred charge must be resigned, she felt a strange sinking of the soul, a sense of forlornness in her unpitied grief, under which her spirit failed; and having occasion to follow the servant into the room where the father sat alone beside the closed coffin, she lingered there a moment, to see if she might not be permitted, though silently, to mingle her sorrow with his.

"Is all ready, child?" said the old man, in a voice at once so gentle and subdued, that Grace was encouraged to approach nearer; and after answering his question, she bent her head upon the coffin, and gave way to her tears.

It was the hour of final separation. Both felt it to be so; and the old man sat at the head of the coffin, his hands clasped together, as if their firmly-knit grasp gave him strength to bear his affliction; while the gentler form of the orphan girl was bowed as if with mortal anguish. And there she wept, as if her heart was breaking; and the father was too deeply wrapped in thought to ask what right she had to grieve. Sad and solemn

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were the moments which the two mourners thus spent together. They were too soon interrupted; and old Kennedy rose from his chair to meet the strangers who came to perform their appointed office. He rose from his chair, and motioned for them to proceed with their duty; but his knees shook beneath him, and he dashed his hand across his brow as if to clear his vision, or to sweep away some image that still lingered before his sight. He soon recovered himself, however, and with no arm to lean upon, no near relative to wear so much as the outward garb of wo, he walked after the coffin to the place of burial, and stood with his head uncovered during the solemn service beside the last home of his only child.

There were many there who pitied the lonely father: many who would willingly have followed him to his desolate home, and shown him the common sympathy of neighbours and friends; but his manner drew no one near him, and he had failed, either intentionally or inadvertently, to request that any invitations should be given to his house. He therefore returned from the grave as he had gone—alone; and walking directly to his own door, entered his chamber without exchanging a single word with any individual. Even Grace had now no plea for remaining; and he passed her so hastily when by chance they met, that she could not but understand his wish to be left entirely alone.

The next day, however, she found, or made an excuse for calling at the house; and not having been able to accomplish this before the evening, she was agreeably surprised to find that her appearance had not only been expected, but wished for.

"I thought you long in coming," said old Kennedy, perhaps unconscious himself how much he was the creature of habit, and how the quiet step, and gentle voice, and willing hand of Grace Dalton had in reality won upon his heart.

Simple as were these few words, they had a powerful effect upon the orphan girl, who felt that a way was now opened for the kindness she had found it so difficult to express. Nor did she, as many would have done, defeat her own purpose by expressing too much. She then went away that evening at an early hour, and evidently before the old man was expecting to hear her kind good-night.

The next morning Grace was the bearer of a present from her aunt; and so she went on, stealing upon the heart of the solitary, until he began to converse with her perhaps more freely than he had done with any one for many years of his life. Grace had observed, that for some time he had been busily arranging his books and papers; she had observed also, that he was always at home; and she was not surprised to learn that he had resigned the situation, which, but for the sake of his son, he would never have held so long.

"My wants will now be so few," he said, "that it would ill repay me to be spending the little time that is left me on this side the grave, in toiling for myself."

Yet how to pass the time when no longer stimulated to exertion, was to him a far greater difficulty than he had apprehended; and, like many others similarly circumstanced, the lengthened hours of his aimless existence were often filled with murmuring and discontent. Even common kindness, from whatever hand it came, with the exception of that of Grace Dalton, was scarcely received with gratitude.

"I cannot tell," said he to Grace one day, "why Mrs. Falkland thinks I have more relish for dainties since the death of my son, than I had before. She never sent me these delicacies when he was living, and might have shared them with me."

"It is the only means she has of showing you her kind feeling," observed Grace.

"And why does she wish to show it? Is it not enough to feel kindly, without telling others that you do so?"

"But you know, dear sir, that sympathy is nothing, if locked within one's own bosom."

"Don't talk to me of sympathy. I am weary of the word. I suppose they call it sympathy when they come here and talk to me with long faces and fine-spun words; and before they have gone fifty yards from the house, I hear them laughing on the other side of the hedge. No, no, child, I know what sorrow is. I have seen a good deal of it in my time; and I know it is what few people feel much of, except for themselves. Perhaps I ought hardly to say so either, for I remember how you wept on the day my poor boy was buried, and that could not have been for yourself—for what was he to you? Ah! my child, I remember those tears. They were more to me than volumes of fine words."

It was not always, however, that Kennedy spoke thus to Grace. He was sometimes harsh even to her, for it was his nature to be so; and those who speak of great afflictions, or even of great events of any kind, wholly changing the tone and bias of natural feeling, know little of that nature of which they speak. There is but one change from which we have a right to anticipate any radical or lasting result, and even that leaves the same tone and bias to be striven against so long as life remains.

Still it was soothing and pleasant to that solitary and friendless man to have the orphan girl so near him, though, why she came so often, and lingered so long about him, he was wholly at a loss to imagine. She herself scarcely knew the nature of her own feelings. That she loved him for his own sake, was scarcely to be supposed; and yet she did love him with a strange kind of tenderness, which made her long in call him father; and one day, when they sat together in the sunshine at his door, and his manner was more than usually cordial, she looked up into his face, and ventured to ask him if she might call him father. But a cloud immediately settled upon his features, and he answered in words which poor Grace was never able to forget.

"No, no, child. You are going too far now. That I like you to come here, I will not deny; and that you sometimes while away the long hours, and make my life less weary, I can say with truth; but that say other voice than *his* should call me father, is a thing that cannot be. No, no. When you have known what I have known, you will understand how nature has her broken cords, which it would be a mere mockery to pretend to tie again. No, no. I have been a parent, and I have heard the cherub-voice of infancy lisping the name of father. As time rolled on, I have listened to the same sound, until it swelled into more meaning, and sunk into my soul, filling all its recent chambers with the melody of love. Yes, morning after morning, I have been aroused from slumber, when the early birds had scarce begun their song, by the fond and playful touch of my own, my only child. And now these things come back to me in my desolate old age, and I cannot—no, I must not let you call me father."

"Forgive me," said Grace, with a voice that could scarcely articulate, "forgive me. I am an orphan. I never knew what it was to use the name of father or mother."

"Poor child!" said Kennedy; and he took her hand, and drew her so near him, that she ventured for the first time to lean her head upon his shoulder, and weep.

In the mean time, all was peace and joy in the habitation of Mrs. Falkland. It was frequently observed of the good lady herself, that her youth had returned with all its freshness and vigour; for her cheek now bloomed with health, and her step was light and active, as in by-gone days. It was impossible for her son not to notice this change, or to deem it otherwise than cheaply purchased by the sacrifice he had made. Not that he ever estimated very highly the mere personal gratifications he had now given up; the sacrifice was, in the position he had held amongst a certain class of society, who now looked upon him as a sort of traitor to the pledge of good-fellowship which his previous conduct had implied. Nothing was said to him on the subject, for there was a dignity and determination about George Falkland, which effectually repelled familiarity, whenever it was his wish to do so; but his presence became evidently an intrusion amongst his former friends, diffusing over every countenance a silent gloom, like that which would naturally be produced by the entrance of a suspected person into a secret council. He was, in short, considered as a sort of spy upon their actions, and such being the general feeling towards him, it became less difficult to withdraw himself entirely from their society.

Still there were some who entertained for George Falkland more than the common regard of mere acquaintanceship, and who felt a sincere regret to lose from their social circle a companion whose position in society, whose talents, and gentlemanly manners, alike combined to render him a valuable acquisition to whatever class he might attach himself.

With these friends it was a real difficulty to Falkland to maintain the ground he had so recently, and, in their opinion, so unreasonably taken.

"Why should you think so much," they used to say, "of that luckless Kennedy? He was a low fellow, after all, and if he was drowned by the rising of the tide, it has only made us all the wiser, by teaching us not to ride home by the beach when we have been out to dine."

To these remarks George Falkland would sometimes reply with a visible shudder; for, as he told his cousin Grace, he never afterwards could rise from the dinner-table without realising again the grasp of that clenched hand, when the last hold of the drowning man was upon him.

There was one family in particular, with whom George Falkland always found it difficult to adhere strictly to the resolution he had formed; and on one memorable day, he had just begun to think, that as more than a year had passed since the death of poor Kennedy, he might surely satisfy his friends by remaining with them at least an hour beyond his usual time. He had even filled his glass again, on the strength of this determination, when his better feelings gained the mastery, and he rose suddenly from the table, and wished the party good-night.

It was a fine moonlight evening in October, when he rode slowly along his lonely way, too happy to accelerate his speed, in the thought that he had escaped, though narrowly, from breaking his solemn vow. Wrapped in these

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reflections, and the many thoughts to which they gave rise, he was suddenly startled by the sound of a carriage advancing with unusual rapidity towards him; and, drawing up his horse to listen, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs at full gallop. His next impulse was to alight, and it was well that he did so, for in a few seconds the carriage was before him, and it was only by the steadiness of his eye and hand, that he was enabled to lay hold of the rein of the affrighted animal, and arrest its furious course.

"My father!" cried a feeble voice at that instant, and Falkland then saw for the first time the figure of a female in the carriage, who implored him, with all the strength she retained, to assist her to go back in search of her father. With difficulty, however, could she make herself understood, and such was the agitation under which she laboured, that her simple story was long in being told. It was no other than this, that her father having got out of the carriage to adjust the rein, while thus engaged, the horse had suddenly started off, and, as she believed, had dragged the carriage over him; and with astonishing presence of mind, she had remained perfectly quiet, while the horse was going at its utmost speed. Had Falkland been a few minutes later, a sudden turn in the road, with a steep descent on one side, would probably have terminated her existence; while, had his eye been less steady, or his hand less firm, he might never have been able to stop the terrified animal, and thus to rescue from an awful death, the gentle being who now leaned upon his arm, and urged him to go faster, and faster still, though her own strength was scarcely able to support her to the spot where she believed her father to be laid.

What, then, was her astonishment, to see his well-known figure hastening towards her, evidently in the possession of his accustomed health and strength. The consequence was a very natural one. Her reason, which had withstood the shock of terror and distress, gave way under that of unexpected joy, and the daughter sank senseless into the arms of her parent.

The following morning found both the strangers welcome visiters beneath the roof of Mrs. Falkland. Miss Cameron, for that was the young lady's name, was sufficiently recovered to know that her father was safe, and by degrees the whole came back to her recollection, and she talked and smiled with the rest of the family, at the providential meeting between her and George Falkland, who did not fail to recall, in his own mind, the temptation he had been under to remain an hour longer with his friends, by which means he would not only have broken a promise now kept inviolate for more than twelve months, but would have lost the opportunity of saving the precious life of a being, who struck his youthful fancy as the loveliest he had ever beheld,

Mr. and Miss Cameron were well known in the neighbourhood, but it so happened that they never had been introduced to the Falklands before. Their meeting now was of a kind to make their acquaintance more intimate than years of common visiting could have rendered it; and the first awakening of kind interest to which an awful and alarming event had given rise, was followed by a frequency of intercourse, in which George Falkland considered himself richly rewarded for the few instances of self-denial in which his natural inclination had been crossed; but most of all, for that particular instance which had been the means of introducing him to the society of Miss Cameron.

But why prolong a story of love, which all understand, though few know how to speak of. Suffice it, that not twelve months after this event, the bells of the village church were ringing merrily one fine evening in July, and Mrs. Falkland and her family were all in readiness to welcome home the heir of her house and name, with his beautiful bride, once Miss Cameron, after their marriage tour. And not the inmates of his mother's establishment only, were expected to rejoice, for there were tables spread upon the lawn, and rustic seats made ready, and Grace Dalton was passing from one to another, placing the crowning dish of plenty on the board, and arranging the accommodation of all, even the poorest and the meanest of her neighbours from the village.

At last the sound of carriages was heard. The gates were thrown open, and the happy travellers looked out, and saw what a welcome awaited them. Nor were they too fastidious to despise the rural minstrelsy of that humble place. A band of village musicians struck up a lively air. A troop of children then came hand in hand, after them their parents, followed by the young men and maidens of the village, and took their places at the tables under the spreading trees, with the green turf for their carpet, and the cloudless skies for their canopy.

Those who argue that there is no social enjoyment without strong stimulus, might have been defeated in their theory that night. Whether it was the want of taste in the inhabitants of that obscure village, or their folly in being so easily contented, we will not pretend to say; but, certainly, there was no lack of harmless mirth, of happy faces, of laughter and good fellowship, that night.

Perhaps Grace Dalton was the most serious of any in the company; yet she moved from one cheerful group to another, bestowing her kindest attentions upon the poorest and the humblest individuals there, with a sweet satisfaction in her countenance, which spoke the language of hospitality, as eloquently as the most lively joy. She even went so far as to join in the games of the children, just to set them the more at ease; but no sooner did she see them thoroughly emancipated from restraint, than she withdrew to some quieter group, or stole away to a shady spot amongst the trees, where she might stand still for a moment, and look on, without being seen.

And now as day-light was departing, and the shadows grew dark beneath the trees, thousands of coloured lamps suspended from their branches, burst forth into dazzling light; while a display of fire-works, of which none of the company had been apprised, threw their splendid stars into the sky.

There was no longer any need for Grace to exercise her ingenuity in entertaining the company, or setting them at ease. She was now liberated from all duties of that description, and, turning into a shady walk, she indulged herself with the luxury of believing she was alone. What then was her surprise, to see the figure of old Kennedy leaning upon his staff!

With the privilege of a child, to which he appeared to consider her entitled, she went and stood still beside him; for she knew his temperament too well to break upon his silent moods by addressing him abruptly.

"They seem very happy," said the old man. "I told you that I would not come, for I thought I could not bear it. But as I sat alone in the twilight, it rushed into my mind that I would just come and see how it might have been with *him*—if—if—" and he dashed a tear from his eye, while his words seemed to choke him in the utterance.

"Ay, there they are," said he, after a long pause. "There is the bridal party come out. See how graciously they go from one table to another; and, hark! what is that which George Falkland is telling them?"

They both listened; and as the gay and happy party approached nearer, they could distinctly hear George Falkland bid them all welcome, and receive their good wishes in return.

"I have not treated you with the usual kind of hospitality," said he. "I have given you nothing to excite your mirth, but I hope you have not been the less happy. I cannot for my own part forget, and I am sure you would not wish me to forget to-night, that had I, on one occasion, staid one hour later at table, or even taken one glass more, I should not only never have known the happiness of calling this lady my wife, but in all human probability she would never have seen the light of another day."

"Yes, child," said Kennedy again, as if the train of his thoughts had scarcely been interrupted, "such might have been *his* situation. And you, Grace Dalton, might have been leaning on his arm like yon happy bride. But what have I said, my child? and why do you weep as you did on the day of the funeral?"

"Because I loved your son."

"You loved him!"

"Yes. And he loved me—at least, he told me so."

"Then come to my bosom," said the old man, opening his arms, "and you shall be my child indeed, and I will be your father. Now, now I understand you. Yes, lean on this withered bosom; there is warmth in it yet. Sweet as an angel's visits have been thine to me; but from this hour let us never part again."

And it was so, that Grace became an inmate in the humble abode of the old man, and dwelt with him until his dying day; and sweet and salutary was the influence her mild and chastened spirit exerted over him. The arguments of a more powerful reason, his morbid mind would, in all probability, have repelled; but the persevering solicitude of a meek and quiet spirit, few can resist.

The little property which Kennedy had possessed, he bequeathed to Grace Dalton at his death. When that event took place, she put on mourning as if she had been his child; and perhaps few parents are followed to the grave with sorrow more sincere, than was hers for her adopted father.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life; on the other hand, enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.

Kant. (*Tugendlehre.*)

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FRAGMENTS
FROM
German Prose Writers.

TRANSLATED BY
SARAH AUSTIN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

GERMANY.

Surrounded by the nations which have the chief and foremost influence on the condition and destinies of mankind, lies our Fatherland; strong against all, formidable to most, in six hundred thousand warriors, who have seldom been equalled, and never excelled. For whomsoever, or for whatsoever cause, they take up arms, whoever be their leader, with them rests the balance of political power, the liberties of Europe, the welfare of the human race.

By Germans was the last universal monarchy overthrown; from among them proceeded the rulers of the states which arose out of its ruins, in one of whom, chosen by themselves, Europe recognised the title and rank of Cæsar; while the abuse of his power was mainly checked by the spirit of German freedom.

A country, more than twelve thousand square miles in extent; fruitful, yet rather in what ministers to the necessities, than to the luxury and voluptuous ease, of man; fostering the growth of an active and industrious spirit by her numerous towns, and of high culture and civilisation by her many capitals; sufficiently furnished with coasts and rivers for commerce, yet not to such a degree as that the mercantile spirit can ever become national and predominant; lying under a climate neither enervating from heat, nor painful from cold, but of a healthful mean, and thence producing an organisation of the human species equally removed from the extremes of rigid apathy and effeminate sensibility: a country peopled by men vigorous both in labour and in enjoyment; apt and intelligent in invention; inclining always to the useful, and patient in improving and perfecting: full of feeling for the beautiful, and in the fine arts second to none, yet still more successful in the investigation of the true and in the accomplishment of the great; remarkable for good sense and for unwearied perseverance; obedient even to the most rigid military subordination, yet ardent at the name of freedom and worthy to enjoy it; a people capable of any thing, if they have but sufficient pride to throw aside all imitation, and be content to be German—such is our people—such is Germany.

Johannes v. Muller.

As with artisans, so with the higher order of artists, we see the most striking proofs, that man can least appropriate to himself that which most completely belongs to him. His works leave him, as a bird the nest in which it was hatched.

The lot of the architect is herein strange above all others. How often does he turn his whole mind and soul to the construction and perfecting of rooms from which *he* must be for ever shut out! The royal halls are indebted to him for a splendour, the full effect of which *he* is never to enjoy.

In the temple, he fixes an impassable barrier between himself and the Holy of holies. The steps which he has laid for the celebration of the heart-elevating mysteries, *he* must never venture to ascend; as the goldsmith looks with distant reverence on the sacred chalice, to the gold and gems of which he has given shape and brilliancy. With the keys of the palace, the architect delivers up to the rich man all its conveniences and enjoyments, of which *he* is never to share in one.

Must not this gradually estrange the art from the artist,—that his work, like a full-grown child, no longer reflects its influence on its father! And how much would the art advance if it were occupied almost exclusively with the external, which belongs to all, and, in common with all, to the artist himself.

Goethe. (Wahlverwandtschaften.)

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropie.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. (Siebenkas.)

It is a coarse but very common misapprehension, that in order to represent the Ideal, an aggregate of virtues as numerous as possible must be packed together under one name;—a whole compendium of morality be exhibited in one man. Nothing is effected by this but the utter extinction of individuality and truth. The Ideal consists not in quantity, but in quality. Grandison is exemplary, but not ideal.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

The proper and characteristic duty of an instructor of the people is the affording a good example. The faith of his flock rests mainly upon his own, and is, strictly speaking, little more than a faith in his faith. His precepts ought to be delivered, not as something learnt, as something speculatively discovered, but as something drawn out of his own inward experience, since on this subject every thing must be the result of such experience. If his life contradicts his precepts, no one believes in his experience. And even if he could support them by such theoretical proofs as must compel conviction, nothing of what he says is believed of himself individually.

Fichte.

Wherever, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee,—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee,—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle,—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom,—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom in thy heart,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou must love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream, no barren imagination; but in her dwell thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live according to the customs and fashions and laws of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoices thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee at his will, as cattle at the will of their driver.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good (keeping religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom) that a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.

Arndt.

. . . . This fickle, uncertain, capricious love of the many, which a ruler often loses when he seeks, and wins when he shuns it, is a thing certainly useless and valueless, if not pernicious, since it always involves the inclination to fall into the contrary extreme. What is this empty and sentimental exhibition of popular affection? It is an illusion—the blunder of demagogy, which calculates only for the moment, and fancies it can build permanent institutions on what is utterly transient. It is not the love, it is the confidence of the people which a prince stands in need of. The assurance that he observes their laws and usages, that he respects the rights of property and the freedom of opinion, that he never attempts to introduce by force innovations or deviations from the established and the customary, but only with the consent of those interested; this assurance is the important thing in our monarchy, and perhaps in every other.

Rumohr. (Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.)

. . . . . The party were about to rise, when Manfred exclaimed, "Only this one bottle, my friends, of delicious Constantia; let each fill his glass, and give a health, right from his heart!" Ernest raised the liquid gold, and said, not without some solemnity, "Health and long life to the father and liberator of Art among us, to the noble German, to our GOETHE, of whom we may well be proud, and whom other nations might envy us!" All touched glasses; and when Theodore was about to recall some recent discussion, Manfred exclaimed, "No, my friends, no criticism now. Let us unite all the joys of our youth, all that we have to thank him for, in one remembrance at this moment!"

"You are right," said Willibald: "the moment of awakened love must be sacred to love alone; and therefore let us unite with the recollection of him that of SCHILLER, whose earnest and grandly-aspiring soul should have longer tarried among us!"

"I drink this glass," said Anton, with emotion, "to the noblest and kindest of spirits—to the most amiable of old men, whom all good and prosperity attend—to the sage who was never a sectary—to the child-like JACOBI; may a gentle destiny long preserve him to us!"

"We come our repast solemnly," said Emelia; "it is impossible not to be touched by the thought of so many beloved absent ones."

"Let us give ourselves up to this delightful feeling!" exclaimed Manfred with animation; "and therefore fill your glasses, and let us celebrate the memory of our fancy-gifted, witty, and inspired JEAN PAUL. Not him should we forget, ye youth of Germany! Thanks be to him for his flowery mazes and his wondrous imaginings; may he in this moment think kindly of us, as we recall with emotion the time when he joined in our circle with ready and delightful cordiality!"

"Nor be the twin stars of the German firmament forgotten," exclaimed Theodore, with un-

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wonted earnestness, "our FREDERIC and WILLIAM SCHLEGEL, who have excited and promoted so much that is beautiful; may the penetration and earnestness of the one, the refined taste and devotion to art of the other, be remembered by grateful Germany to all ages!"

"Be it then permitted," said Lothair, "to invoke a genius who has long since left our sphere, but who may perhaps hover above us, if all hearts call on him with deep longing and veneration;—the great Englishman, the true and complete Man, the lofty spirit, fresh in ever-during childhood,—the one SHAKSPEARE! Be he, by us and our posterity through all ages, praised, loved, and honoured!"

All were strongly excited; and Frederic stood up and said, "Yes, my dearest friends, as it is through friendship and love that we are gathered together, and by them are made one, recollection brings around us all noble and true-hearted friends from afar, and their hearts are, perhaps, even now turned hither. But faith piously invokes the departed also to our social pleasures, to our joys and our festivities with longing affection and with tears of gladness. And this is the worthiest crown and consummation of our joy;—death is no separation; his countenance is not terrible; hallow then these last drops to the beloved NOVALIS, the apostle of religion, love, and innocence, the prophetic dawn of a better future!"

"Women," said Rosalie tenderly, "are especially bound to be grateful to him."

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

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The French stand in a strange position with regard to German literature. They are precisely in the case of the cunning fox, who can get nothing out of the long neck of the jar. With all the good-will in the world, they do not know what to make out of our things; they treat all our productions as raw material, which must be wrought into shape by them. How wretchedly have they displaced and confused my notes to Rameau; there is not a thing left in its proper place!

The English have put forth their "Living Poets" in two thick octavo volumes, with short biographical notices; I have been very industriously studying this work for some time. It gives occasion to highly-interesting comparisons. The most remarkable excellencies of all these poets are to be traced to *descent* and *situation*; the meanest among them has Shakspeare for his ancestor, and the Ocean at his feet.

Gœthe. (Briefwechsel mit Zelter.)

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The *beau-monde* of Paris was delighted with Gessner's Idylls; just as a palate sated and deadened with high feeding and poignant sauces, is refreshed by a milk diet

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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POPULAR POETRY.

The position which Bürger assumed in the preface to the first edition of his poems, namely, "that popular poetry is the perfect, and, indeed, the only true poetry," he has repeated in the second edition, thus modified—"that the popularity of a poetical work is the proof of its perfection," and has endeavoured to establish it by argument. If we look at all he has said on this subject, in order to come at a clear notion of what he means by the word *people*, we find that we shall obtain it by running a sort of mean line through all classes, comprehending within that word all varieties of natural situation and capacity; for with reference to the educated and accomplished, there exists no such average; the line between those who participate in scientific and conventional education and those who are excluded from it, must ever remain sufficiently broad and distinct. It is not, however, easy to perceive why Poetry, to whom it is given to express to men all that is highest and noblest, should be condemned to adapt herself to mediocrity, instead of addressing herself to the most elevated and most richly endowed spirits, and leaving the others to come up with her as they can. Bürger did not understand rightly what he required of poetry; he confounded it with the very attainable end which he proposed to himself in most of his songs; *i. e.* to write for readers of various ranks, and especially those of the lower and uninstructed.

Nor was any such wonderful condescension necessary for this purpose, as many have pretended; for Nature distributes fancy and susceptibility without regard to higher or lower birth; conventional culture is required only for those kinds of literature which represent pictures of polished social life, and scientific attainments may be rendered unnecessary by the choice of the subject. In this sense, it is very possible to be a dignified and noble popular poet. But it is not evident why every poet must invariably address himself to a public so constituted; why, for instance, he should not occasionally set before himself readers whom Nature has endowed with a philosophical eye, or education made conversant with classical antiquities. What he loses in quantity of effect, would be amply compensated to him by its quality. How narrow would be the sphere of poetry, what magnificent images would be rendered unavailable, were Bürger's position universally acknowledged! His assertion, "that all great poets have been popular poets, and that what they did not write popularly was almost forgotten in their life-time, or ever received into the imagination and the memory of their readers," is expressly contradicted by history—at least by that of modern poetry, which is most to our present purpose. Dante and Petrarch, the two great fathers of modern poetry, are, in every sense of the word, both as to knowledge and genius, as unpopular as it is possible to be. Guarini, the great link between the ancient and modern schools, is nowise popular; and Shakspeare and Cervantes appear so only because they satisfy the many with strong emotions and gay images, and delude them with a superficial intelligibility, while the deeper sense, and an infinity of delicate allusions, remain hidden from vulgar readers or spectators.

The question, how far Homer's rhapsodies were originally suited to the taste and comprehension of the people, or sung only for the noble and the great, would lead us too far; but it is indisputable that the Troubadours and Minnesingers are by no means entitled to the name of popular poets. They cultivated rather a courtly and knightly style of poetry, founded on the manners, views and sentiments of the highest and most cultivated ranks. We have, it is true, some specimens of the same age, evidently composed for the pleasure and approbation of the common people, and these form the most striking contrast with the former; indeed, we find in more than one noble Minnesinger expressions of the utmost contempt for the lays of peasants and burghers.

If Bürger, by this sweeping demand for popularity of style, which he subsequently defines to be *clearness and perfect intelligibility*, only meant that every poem ought to possess these qualities in the highest degree compatible with the nature of its subject-matter, this will readily be admitted; with the sole exception of those cases in which a veil of intricacy and obscurity contributes to make the desired impression, and is thus necessary to complete the effect. In the sense above mentioned, his observation does not seem superfluous or unnecessary, since many of our poets have, by means of dramatic and rhetorical artifices, clothed the most common-place thoughts in a dense mist; a perversity from which Bürger is altogether free. But if it is contended that perfect clearness is the essential requisite for popular poetry, this may lead the poet into the most fatal errors. Our existence rests on the Incomprehensible, and the aim of poetry, springing as it does out of this "fathomless profound," cannot be to solve all mysteries. The people, for whom he has taken the trouble to versify, on this point, as on many others, have held fast by the true and natural feeling; the desire to understand everything, that is, to embrace everything by the reason, is certainly a most unpopular one. The Bible, such as it at present is in the hands of the people, can be but very imperfectly understood; nay, must even be very frequently misunderstood, and yet it is in the highest degree a popular book. Adapted to universal comprehension by our modern Exegetes, it will infallibly lose the greater part of its popularity. The old hymns and psalms, especially the Catholic ones, full of the most daring allegory and mysticism, are highly popular; the modern ones which have taken their place, stripped of all imagery and all flights, perfectly reasonable, and as clear as water, are not at all so. And why is this? Because in their mawkish monotony nothing arouses the attention, nothing suddenly strikes the feelings and hurries the reader at once to a point which he can never reach by the aid of formal instruction. In a word, he who wishes to write for the people anything which rises above their daily wants, must be not wholly unskilled in White Magic,—in the art of painting by words and signs.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

Goethe.

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Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realised, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," it is not meant, thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love, but thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

Kant. (Tugendlehre.)

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......On the earth lay yellow faded rose-leaves, and skeletons of nosegays, in which there was more of sticks and threads than of flowers: it seemed to me as if I saw the summer in which they had grown and blossomed, lying withered at my feet: and the evening joys which Sunday shed among the villages; and many a youthful, high-breathing bosom, from which (perhaps more brightly blooming than they) they had dropped

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faded: and gladly would I have put the summer, and its withered joys, by their dead stalks into water and revived them: and I looked at the tall sexton, to whom the thing was nothing but a vexation, as he took the broom and swept them away among the dry dust.

As we came down, and I trod, like death, over the breast of many a strong mail-clad knight, and his gently-supplicating lady-wife, I thought deeply, but cheerfully, of the old by-gone Catholic times, whose roatrum and whose theatre this place had been. A Catholic church, as it now is, presses the near image of the gloomy, ponderous middle ages too heavily on my heart; but if its service has ceased, then the dim, shadowy picture pleases me; and I figure to myself indulgently, how many a fevered bosom here caught fresh air; how many a breathing sigh, how many a sanctifying prayer, were uttered here; and how the poor people, sunk in the deepest shaft of monkery, beheld, not indeed the quickening sun of our living day, but, like other miners, some star of the second day;—even that is something. And I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.

In general our century has destroyed rather errors, than the moral sources of errors. Our mental cataract is not operated on with the couching instrument, which removes it entirely, but only with the lancet, which pushes it back into the innermost part of the eye.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

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There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Then accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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What a conception of art must those theorists have who exclude portraits from the proper province of the fine arts? It is exactly as if we denied that to be poetry in which the poet celebrates the woman he really loves. Portraiture is the basis and the touchstone of historic painting.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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After all, the noblest and most beautiful monument to the memory of a man, must ever be a likeness of him. This gives a more perfect idea of what he was than anything else can; it is the best text to few notes, or to many; only it ought to be taken in his best years.—and this is commonly neglected. Nobody thinks of seizing the living forms; and even when this is done, it is done imperfectly and inadequately. As soon as a man dies, there is the greatest eagerness to take a cast of him; this mask is set upon a block, and the work is called a bust. How rarely is it in the power of the artist to reanimate it!

The likeness of a man is wholly independent; wherever it may be placed, it speaks for itself. We do not require that it should indicate the place where his body rests. But shall I confess to you a strange feeling of mine? Even to portraits I have a sort of aversion; they always appear to me to breathe silent reproaches; they betoken something distant, departed, and remind me how difficult it is to estimate the present as it deserves. Let us but reflect how many men we have seen and known, and acknowledge how little they have been to us, how little we to them,—and what must be our feelings? We meet the man of talent without conversing with him; the scholar, without learning from him; the traveller, without seeking to gain information from him; the kind-hearted man, without making one effort to please him. And, alas! this is not the case in transient intercourse alone. This is the; societies and families treat their most valuable members—towns their worthiest citizens—subjects their best princes—nations their most eminent men. I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise; of the living, always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.

Goethe.

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The critic of art ought to keep in view not only the capabilities, but the proper objects, of art. Not all that art can accomplish, ought she to attempt. It is from this cause alone, and because we have lost sight of these principles, that art, among us, is become more extensive and difficult, less effective and perfect.

Lessing.

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Every figure fashioned by the hand of art, every character invented by fiction, has more or less of life, and the claims and hopes of life. Galleries of pictures and statues are the dormitories of a future world. The historian, the philosopher, the artist of that world is here at home: here he forms himself—for this he lives. Let him who is unhappy in the actual world,—who finds not what he seeks,—let him go into the world of books and of art—into Nature, that eternal antique, and yet eternal novelty—let him live in that *Ecclesia pressa* of the better world. Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend, a Fatherland and a God. They slumber—but in prophetic, significant slumbers. At length comes the time when every initiated of that better state sees, like Pygmalion, the world he has created and combined break upon him with the glories of a loftier and lovelier dawning, and his long fidelity and love requited.

Novalis.

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The finest hair casts a shadow.

Goethe.

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The sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars;—out of every wood ascends a chorus;—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark,—the evening bell of nature.

Jean Paul. (*Siebenkas.*)

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We are near waking, when we dream that we dream.

Novalis.

If the world is to be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, are just as good as the new.

Lessing.

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THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE TRADER IN SCIENCE.

Extract from a lecture, introductory to a course on Universal History, delivered at Jena, 1789.

The plan of study which the trader in science and literature proposes to himself is one; that of the philosopher is another, and a far different. The former, the only aim of whose industry is to fulfil those conditions under which he may become qualified for his post or profession and participant in its advantages, who has set the powers of his mind in activity only for the bettering of his external circumstances and for the satisfying of a small ambition,—such a man will, on the entrance to his academical career, have no more weighty concern than most carefully to sever those studies which he regards as means of subsistence, from all those which delight the mind as mind alone. All the time devoted to these, he would think subtracted from his future profession, and would never forgive himself for the theft. He would turn his whole industry in the direction of those acquisitions which the future masters of his fortunes would be likely to require at his hands, and would think he had accomplished everything if he could meet these demands without fear. Has he run through his academical course, and reached the goal of his wishes? He abandons his guide; for why should he trouble himself further? His main object is now to bring to view the treasures he has accumulated in his memory, and at the same time to use his utmost endeavours that they may not decline in value. Every extension of the boundaries of the science by which he earns his bread, is regarded by him with anxiety, since it occasions him fresh labour, or renders his former labours useless: every important innovation or discovery alarms him, for it breaks down those old school-formulæ which he had taken so much pains to acquire; it endangers the entire produce of the toil and trouble of his whole previous life.

Who have raised so loud an outcry and clamour against reformers as those who turn science and learning into daily bread? Who so carefully and so effectually obstruct the progress of useful revolutions in the empire of science as these men? Every spark of light which is enkindled by some happy genius, be it in what science it may, renders their barrenness and poverty visible. They fight with bitterness, with malice, with desperation; for the forms and systems which they defend are identified with their very existence. Hence there is no more implacable enemy, no more envious colleague, no more zealous inquisitor, than the man who has set his talents and knowledge to sale. The less his acquirements reward him *in and for themselves*, the larger remuneration does he crave from others; for the merits of the artisan, and for those of the man of science, he has only one standard—labour: hence there are no greater complainers than such men. Not in the deep and hidden treasures of his own thoughts does he seek his reward; he seeks it in external applause, in titles and posts of honour or authority. Is he disappointed of these? Who is more unhappy than the man who has cultivated knowledge with no purer and higher aims? He has lived, he has watched, he has toiled, in vain: in vain has he searched for truth, if he cannot barter

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her in exchange for gold, for newspaper applause, for court favour.

Pitiable man! who with the noblest of all instruments,—Science and Art,—can design, can execute, nothing higher than the artisan, with the meanest! who, in the empire of perfect freedom, bears about the soul of a slave! But still more pitiable is the young man of genius, whose natural disposition is turned aside by pernicious doctrine and example into these miserable byways; who has suffered himself to be persuaded to concentrate his whole mental force upon this merely professional perfection. He will soon regard his professional attainments with loathing, as a mere piece of botch-work; wishes will arise within him which can never be satisfied; his genius will rebel against his destination. Every thing he does now appears to him fragmental; he sees an aim to his labours, and yet he cannot endure their aimlessness. The irksomeness, the insignificance of his employment, press him to the earth, because he cannot oppose to them that high and cheerful courage which accompanies only a clear insight into the objects of research, —a confident anticipation of its success. He feels himself cut off, torn up by the roots, from the universal harmony and connection of things, because he has neglected to direct his mental activity to the Great Whole. The lawyer abhors law, as soon as a glimmer of better culture throws light upon her nakedness and deformities; instead of striving, as he ought, to become the creator of a new and more perfect form, and to supply her now discovered wants out of his own internal affluence. The physician becomes disgusted with his profession, as soon as important failures show him the uncertainty of his system: the theologian loses his reverence for his sacred calling, as soon as his faith in the infallibility of his own system of doctrine is shaken.

How far different is the philosophical spirit! Just as sedulously as the trader in knowledge severs his own peculiar science from all others, does the lover of wisdom strive to extend its dominion and restore its connection with them. I say, *it strive*; for the boundaries which divide the sciences are but the work of abstraction. What the empirie separates, the philosopher unites. He has early come to the conviction that in the territory of intellect, as in the world of matter, every thing is enlinked and commingled, and his eager longing for universal harmony and agreement cannot be satisfied by fragments. All his efforts are directed to the perfecting of his knowledge; his noble impatience cannot be tranquilised till all his conceptions have arranged themselves into one harmonious whole; till he stands at the central point of arts and sciences, and thence overlooks the whole extent of their dominion with satisfied glance. New discoveries in the field of his activity, which depress the trader in science, enrapture the philosopher. Perhaps they fill a chasm which the growth of his ideas had rendered more wide and unseemly; or they place the last stone, the capstone, lying to the completion of the structure of his ideas. But even should they shiver it into ruins,—should a new series of ideas, a new aspect of nature, a newly-discovered law in the physical world, overthrow the whole fabric of his knowledge,—*he has always loved truth better than his system*, and gladly will he exchange her old and defective form for a new and fairer one. And even if no external shock should disturb his mental structure, yet is he compelled by an ever active impulse toward improvement, to be the first to pull it down and separate all its parts, that he may rebuild it anew in a more perfect form and order. The philosophical mind passes on through new forms of thought, constantly heightening in beauty, to perfect, consummate excellence; while the empiric hoards the barren sameness of his school attainments in a mind eternally stationary.

There is no more equitable judge of the merits of others than the philosopher. Acute and inventive enough to take advantage of every kind of active power, he is also reasonable enough to honour the author of the minutest discovery. For him, all spirits labour; to the empiric, their tools are hostile and rumous. The former knows how to make all that is done or thought around him, his own; an intimate community of all intellectual possessions prevails among real thinkers; whatever one conquers in the empire of truth, he shares with all; while the man whose only estimate of wisdom is profit, hates his contemporaries and grudges them the light and sun which illumine them; he guards with jealous care the tottering barriers which feebly defend him from the incursions of victorious truth; for whatever he undertakes, he is compelled to borrow stimulus and encouragement from without, while the philosophical spirit finds in its objects, nay, even in its tools, excitement and reward.

With how much more ardour can the true lover of knowledge set about his work, how much more lively is his zeal, how much more persevering his courage and activity, since each labour starts in all the freshness of youth from the bosom of its predecessor! The small acquires magnitude under his creative hand, for he keeps the great steadily in his eye, and all his conceptions are inoctured by it; while the empiric sees only minute details,—the small, even in the greatest. Not *what* is his pursuit, but *how* he handles whatever he pursues, distinguishes the philosophical mind. Wherever he takes his station, whatever is the field of his activity, he always stands in the centre of the Whole; and, however wide the objects of his pursuit separates him from his brethren, he is near and allied to them by a mind working in harmony with theirs. He meets them on that point where all clear spirits find each other.

Schiller.

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Salt is a very good condiment, but very bad food. This last sentiment comes from my heart. Never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones: as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the humour of the English, which is engrafted on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly and overtopped that of all other nations.

A satire on every thing is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. All contempt—all disrespect—implies something respected, as a standard to which it is referred: just as every valley implies a hill. The *persiflage* of the French and of fashionable worldlings, which turns into ridicule the exceptions and yet abjures the rules, is like Trinculo's government—its latter end forgets its beginning. Can there be a more mortal, poisonous consumption and asphyxy of the mind, than this decline and extinction of all reverence?

Jean Paul. (Palingenesien.)

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What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

Kant. (Tugendlehre.)

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Could not a language fettered by *conveniences* like the French, be republicanised by an authoritative decree of the universal will? The dominion of language over mind is manifest, but it does not follow from thence that it is sacred and inviolate. The assertion of such a claim is entitled in no more respect than is now paid to the doctrine of the divine origin of governments, which was formerly maintained to be part of the law of nature.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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Among literary men, the gift of bearing to be contradicted is, generally speaking, possessed only by the dead. I will not go so far as to assert that, for the sake of possessing it, we ought to wish ourselves dead, for that is a price at which perhaps even higher perfections would be too dearly purchased. I will only say that it would be well if living authors would learn to be externally somewhat dead. The time will come when they must leave behind them a posterity who will sever every thing accidental from their reputation, and will be withheld by no reverence from laughing at their faults. Why can they not learn to endure by anticipation this posterity, which every now and then reveals itself, heedless whether they think it envious, or unmannerly?

Lessing.

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Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.

Goethe.

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LUTHER TO HIS COMPANION.

Grace and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends! I have received all your letters and understand therefrom how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely I, Master Veit and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet at Augsburgh: we are, however, here attending another diet.

For know that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood, and there do the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night without any ceasing, as they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether, in your parts, you have any such like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.

Their emperor I have not yet seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour; they are all dressed in black; all are gray-eyed, and all sing the same song, save with some petty differences of old and young, great and small. They reek not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. The floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they need steed or harness; they have feathered wheels wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies and

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avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter; that they have in hand a mighty expedition and war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here assembled in diet, and hear and see, with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the estates of the empire, so gaily sing and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how knightly an air they strut, clean their bills, and stack the defences; and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all spitted on a hedgestake together.

I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists, with their preaching and writing: for so would I fain have them all in a heap before me, that I might hear all their sweet voices and preachings, and I might see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained at all, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise.

Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well!

From the Diet of the Centuriks, April* 28, 1530.

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The Ideal of ethical perfection has no more dangerous rival than the Ideal of the highest strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called (rightly enough with reference to the literal meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it,) the Ideal of æsthetic greatness. It is the maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit,—a combination whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.

Novalis.

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Ordinary people regard a man of certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

Merkel.

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The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.

Fred. Will. Ziegler.

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The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident that he *cannot* change it, nor the principles upon which it is founded; —that, on this point, his freedom is gone,—that he is fixed for ever in these resolves.

Fichte.

—

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

Jenak Iselin.

—

.....Is it then the involuntary sense of something untrue which makes the world distrustful and incredulous of the genuineness of tender emotions and deep feelings? Or is it from a general incapacity to understand what love is, that it is generally ridiculed, and never mentioned but with a sort of trivial irony, the vulgarity of which is almost greater than its offensiveness? The answer I leave. At all events, there is nothing which so cramps every flight of the soul, as the mocking doubt of all that is unusual and elevated. This necessarily begets falsehood, or (what is as bad) that hard pride which contemns public opinion. Offended earnestness, which can never tolerate or forgive frivolous and empty jests, avenges itself on folly and inanity by assuming an attitude of haughty defiance.

The great world, or, as it is called, polite society, has put on a countenance of such youthful gaiety, that the smallest cloud of deeper emotion necessarily disturbs it. There is nothing by which a man makes himself more tiresome or more ridiculous than by allowing what passes within him to appear on the surface; by suffering his real nature to gleam through the forms of society. Now any interference, whether kindly or offensively intended, with a man's personal relations, causes a sudden agitation which makes too forcible an appeal to truth; it cannot remain mute, it betrays itself. In order to avoid the ridicule consequent upon this, he must laugh at his own want of self-command. According as that is done with good sense or with grace, social hypocrisy acquires a tinge either of the humorous or the attractive. But if timidity and awkwardness are mingled with false shame, and he endeavours to explain away and to apologise for what was perhaps a solitary indulgence of something really good, nothing remains but the flattest commonplaces of the flattest *persiflage*.

Is it to be wondered that men of profound minds withdraw with a contemptuous smile from fashionable society?

Must this be so? Must the higher classes thus detach themselves from all others, like an isolated piece of merely external life, which knows nothing, and must know nothing, of the internal? To wrest things out of their connection and series, is to destroy them. When the fibres which unite a being are broken, it breathes no living breath,—it becomes a caricature or a lie.

This state of things everybody has an interest in preventing; but especially women, whose vocation it is to breathe over society a warm and vivifying breath, and to render all isolation in it impossible. This breath of apprehensiveness and enthusiasm, which discovers and fans every congenial spirit even before it is conscious of its own existence, ought to pervade society, and to form a more genial atmosphere, in which every bud and flower of feeling is not doomed to instant death. If the influence of the female sex is negative, it is yet of immense reality and strength, from the mere fact that it acts by removing the barriers opposed to the positive display of the intellectual nature of man.

Women might at least *tolerate* the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of enlarged and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living vigorous will. At least they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm which *is possible*; at least they might forgive youth if its quick fire flames up above the low enclosures of the conventional. They know not their own power; they know not how and whence they can elevate existence; they commonly know it not even in detail, though they might, it should seem, observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half-formed thoughts,—may set on the general direction of the mind and character; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated gives wings to thoughts, and eagle pinions to exertions; what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honour, as a reward for every victory over low desires.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of still and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life.

This gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt: and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening! Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness, and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth, only to mark the track which leads to heaven.

Madame de la Motte Fouqué. (Die Frau der vornehmen Welt.)

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There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh bude can open, they are trodden in the dust of earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

Jean Paul.

—

The artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist.

Novalis.

—

Monastery of Sta Scolastica, Subiaco.

Somewhat more than a day's journey from Rome, opposite to the luxuriantly garlanded ruins of the Therms of Nero, on the barren summit of a rock channelled by primeval waters, stands, in truly claustral solitude, the eldest monastery of western Christendom,—St. Benedicti ejusque sororis Sta Scolasticæ virginis. Thirteen centuries bear witness to the strength of a young and lowly girl, who, penetrated with a feeling of the vanity of this world even before she could have experienced it, and led by protecting angels, felt herself nearer to God here in her rocky cell, among serpents and young eagles, than amidst all the majestic basilica of Rome.

Breathing the pure fresh air of the mountains, under the blue sky of the south, you look down on a valley through which flow the green waters

* Malstürken.

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of the Horatian Anio, and beyond it the nearer horizon is girded by a fourfold chain of wooded hills, the loftier tops of which are adorned with picturesque villages. You see the sun go down behind the bare and barren wall of rocks. Here I have once more had occasion to feel how tranquilly life glides on in a cloister.

(MS. Letter.)

—

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of their by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honour, bless God, and die.

Heinsleman.

—

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness: one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and stedfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Lessing.

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Of all thieves fools are the worst, they rob you of time and temper.

Goethe.

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VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE.

Vienna, July 29, 1819.

I arrived here last Saturday, after a voyage down the Danube from Regensburg which lasted six days. The Danube, especially from Lintz hither, is so rapid that the boat could make the voyage in three days at most, so that we lay to and rested at night. A common passage-boat is detained for days by the custom-house annoyances. From Lintz downwards our boat made thirty miles (German) in two half-days; but I liked it all the better, as it gave me an opportunity of looking about and enjoying the view at my leisure. If you have careful sailors, the multitude of whirlpools (among which the Smrinsel is the most magnificent) make the voyage a treat which I enjoyed like an imperial banquet.

The build of such a passage-boat is so ludicrously slight that, even before you know the danger, you go on board and look at it to see how the joke is to end. It is all of deal cut with axe and saw, like a sort of model; without iron, cordage, canvas, tar, pitch, anchor, or anything that is generally thought necessary to work a vessel. There is a single cable for mooring;—mast and sail are out of the question, since the tub imitates the progress of the Israelites into the promised land. The seams are stuffed with moss and regularly sewed together with wire. It is about a hundred tons burthen, a hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is quite water-tight. Our company consisted of an Irish doctor; a German engraver, who held extraordinary discourses on art, and was bearded about the mouth and chin after the fashion of the middle ages; an apothecary, a butcher, a sword cutler, a capuchin monk, women, children, traveling handicraftsmen and your humble servant. The artisans, who were to pay little or nothing for their passage, bound themselves to stand to the helm two hours at a time in turns, but they were rather lazy about it. In the cool of morning and evening I gave them a hand, which made matters go on better, and at last even the women and girls took a share in this hard labour. A sailor had a dispensation, in consideration of sewing on the buttons to our coats and breeches and mending our linings and pockets; some of the girls washed our stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs.

This motley company was so gay and joyous that the six days flew like six hours. The boatman had on board some of the best Bavarian beer; meat and bread and wine we could lay in fresh every morning; and in short we might have gone on in this way to Peterwardin and wanted for nothing. For my own particular, I was little tormented with custom-house plagues.

Zeller. (Briefwechsel mit Goethe.)

—

The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of every day existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony—superficial excitement. They love dancing, on account of its light, vain and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is insufferable to them—as well as the beautiful, the great, the noble; middling, or even bad books, actors, pictures, and the like, delight them.

Novalis.

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.....This Ranz des Vaches at once awaked his blooming childhood, and she arose out of the morning dew and out of her bower of rosebuds and slumbering flowers, and stepped before him in heavenly beauty, and smiled innocently and with her thousand hopes upon him, and said, "Look at me—how beautiful I am! We used to play together. I formerly gave thee many things—great riches, gay meadows, and bright gold, and a fair long paradise behind the mountains; but now thou hast nothing of all this left—and how pale thou art! Oh play with me again!"

Before which of us has not childhood been a thousand times called up by music? and to which of us has she not spoken, and asked—"Are the rosebuds which I gave thee not yet blown?" Alas! blown indeed they are—but they were pale, white roses.

Jean Paul.

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Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more, to be spoken.

Novalis.

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Extract from a Discourse on the Advantage of Dialects in the Greek language, spoken at Munich, October 12th, 1808.

The land of ancient Greece has indeed utterly deserted those boundaries which formerly encircled its free and intelligent inhabitants. The life of the most vivacious and active of all people is extinct. Her cities, once the resort of high and unequaled virtues, the worthy abode of gods, the rich garden of every art, are sunk into melancholy villages, in which an ignorant and needy people needlessly build their hovels on the ruins of antiquity, without any reverential sentiment—almost without any recollection of the heroic times of which those stones yet bear witness. The ancient streams, some of which still retain their former names, glide mournfully through a desert country; the gods who dwelt on their banks and in their grottos, have departed from them, and the wondrous songs which recounted the story of every fount and hill and grove, to the ears of a free and susceptible people, are all hushed.

Their strong and manly, their tender and graceful language survives only in a faint and melancholy dissonance. But what that ancient land and her degenerate inhabitants no longer afford, the memory of the days of her glory still affords in rich abundance. Still do the deeds of Grecian antiquity live in all hearts; still are the remains of her art the joy of the world,—the possession of them the pride of the conqueror; still do the noblest minds drink from the exhaustless fountains of her science; still are conquered spirits enkindled at the flame of her genius; and as of yore her pious sons sought instruction and comfort at the sanctuary of her oracles, so does every noble mind, whose aspirations the present fails to satisfy, seek comfort and tranquillity in the calm asylum of Hellenic wisdom. Here does her language still bloom in the immortal charms of its youthful and manly beauty; and as the spirit of Grecian antiquity reigns over the whole domain of modern art and science, so does her language breathe over us an air of higher and more finished perfection. Wheresoever this vivifying breath has been felt, it has elevated all minds, has unfolded the blossoms of beauty and ennobled the tones of language.

Fr. Jacobs.

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ROMAN ARTS.

As the whole collective history of civilised man (with the exception of India) was now concentred in Rome, so likewise was that of Art. But this was solely the result of the political supremacy of Rome, not of her artistical talent. The Romans, although intimately allied to the Greeks, were made of a sterner, harder and less finely organised stuff. Their minds were constantly turned toward those external relations of men by which their actions are generally regulated and determined (or, as we should say, to practical life); at first, more to those which regard the community (i.e. the political); afterwards, when freedom had perished, to those which concern individuals in their intercourse with each other, and especially to those grounded on the relation of men to worldly possessions. To maintain, to increase, to secure the *res familiaris*, was nowhere represented so strongly in the light of a duty as here. The careless ease, the playful freedom of mind which, abandoning itself absolutely to internal impulses, gives birth to the arts, was a stranger to the Romans. Religion, too, in Greece the mother of arts, was, among the Romans, both in her earlier form of an emanation from Etruscan discipline, and in her later, when the deification of ethico-political ideas prevailed, systematically practical. This practical spirit was however

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connected in the Romans with a grandeur of mind which contemned everything petty and half-formed, which met all the necessities of life by vast and effective undertakings, and hence maintained the glory of at least one of the arts—Architecture.

Ottfried Muller. (Handbuch der Archäologie.)

.....I know not whether deluding spirits haunt this spot, or if it be only my own warm and bright fancy that gives every thing around me the hue of paradise. Just before me is a fountain, to which I am spell-bound, like Melusina and her sisters. You go down a little hill and find yourself in front of an arch, to which you descend by about twenty steps, and there a spring of the most limpid water gushes out from between marble rocks. The low wall which forms its enclosure, the high trees that overshadow it, the coolness of the place,—all conspire to give it the captivation and the solemnity of enchanted ground. Not a day passes in which I do not sit there an hour. Thither come the maidens of the town to fetch water—the most innocent of occupations, and the most necessary—once the employment of kings' daughters. As I sit there, the images of patriarchal manners live and move before me. The venerable fathers of the race meet and converse, woo and give in marriage, and every fount and rill is the haunt of beneficent spirits.

He who cannot sympathise with me can never have known what it is to sit by the cool and gushing waters, after the toilsome wanderings of a summer's day.

Goethe. (Leiden des jungen Werthers.)

THE BLIND GIRL.

"The blind Agnes was sitting by a clear brook;—I can never forget that evening; the brook glittered along the winding valley, and the stars and the moon played in the pearly waves at the feet of the blind girl, and either bank was fringed with a thicket, the bowery home of the nightingales. As I came nearer—how was it, Hermione?"

"You heard, then, a friend reading to her by moonlight out of 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

"And sweetly she read, but soft and low. At my voice—physiognomy to the blind—the dark one knew me, and presented her friend to me, who immediately lifted up her long veil. I had seen her once before; you must know where, reverend sir?"

"In a convent at ..... which the emperor afterwards suppressed. The recommendation of an abbot, to whom I had introduced a priest who could read mass more rapidly than any other priest living, opened my path to the refectory, where, out of all the nuns, who were generally too fat, only one pleased me; and she was neither the one nor the other, for she was a novice—this very friend of the blind girl. I shall never forget that gentle, pale, serene face, with a wooden trencher on which were only lentils, set before it for mortification's sake."

"So strange are we men; I should much more willingly see a lovely creature suffer, sigh and weep bitter tears from fruitless love of me, for two whole days, than endure that she should have to eat a miserable piece of salten bread, or wear a garment of humiliation or a girdle of haircloth, or do penance by a walk of three miles on my account."

"Do you relate the rest, Hermione; you had it from me."

"You told me, further, that the good Agnes was more cheerful than the nun, and willingly alluded to her misfortune, which you would not have expected."

"Yes, for women speak, while we men are silent, about griefs; we always turn over the leaves of the romance of our lives, to get at the pleasantest pictures and the last chapter. But go on."

"The good girl hung a black gauze over her dead eyes, out of consideration for others. She always looked at you when you spoke, but it was only the voice she sought. You asked her what the British scene-painter of nature (that was your expression), or, indeed, what a fine evening, could be to her? She said she enjoyed a cheerful day as much as any one; that the air was purer and fresher, the song and call of the birds clearer, and the gurgling and tumbling of the brook and leaves more pleasant; and when all this entered her watchful soul, she rejoiced to its inmost depths without knowing wherefore."

"Who, then, can help being, as I am, ashamed and repentant at the murmurings in which we often pass a few cloudy days, when he thinks of the contented spirit which is blessed even through all its wholly benighted ones? But blindness, though a polar winter without day, in this resembles the night,—that it softens and stills; the blind is a child whom its mother, Nature, has fashioned darkling for the deepest tranquillity. Like a man in a balloon, high above the clouds, the hermit-blind knows only voices and sounds; but the bewildering, gaudy shows of life, the low hateful and hating forms, full of wounds and scars, are hidden under the thick cloud which enwraps him."

Jean Paul. (Titan.)

The noble merchant character—the genuine spirit of commerce—existed only in the middle ages, especially in the German Hanse towns. The Medici, the Fugger, were merchants; our merchants, the greatest not excepted, are shopkeepers.

Novalis.

LETTER FROM JACOBI TO HEINSE.

"..... But what I most wish to tell you of, my-kind hearted Heinse, and can least find words to describe, is the infinite felicity I felt at being once again in my own Pempelfort. When I drove into the courtyard, it was as if the gates of paradise opened to me. In a moment I saw Betty, and behind her Frank, Max and Clara, flying toward me. The two eldest, whom I brought home with me, threw open the carriage-doors on each side and sprang out to meet their mother. There was such a rush and confusion of kisses and embraces, as if we were all blind. In the midst of it, however, I could hear my children exclaiming to each other between their kisses, Do you know me? Do you? and you? Yes, you are such-an-one, and you such-an-one. My name is Clara,—I am Max. Meanwhile my brother and sister had joined us; and now the whole troop proceeded to greet the old grandfather, who was deeply moved and knew not how to support the joy.

"My delight increased every hour. For eleven weeks I had had neither peace nor rest; I had been—pardon my impudent comparison—like Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals. I had longed for freedom and quiet with the most intense, passionate longing. Here I find both—find them, surrounded with every charm. My distracted, exhausted mind is already, as if by a miracle, collected, refreshed, strengthened. Yes, my dearest friend, it was just as if I stood on the spot whither all the departed powers of my life had fled, and they thronged around me in a celestial dance. My cheerful dwelling, which admits every ray of sunshine—my favourite garden, crowded by the care of the sturdy Louis with all the late-blooming plants of the four quarters of the globe—all, all, enchants me, and the longer I am here the more I am delighted. I have been incessantly reviewed my possessions, and I could not measure them. The whole world was mine. Even the sun and moon in the high heavens shine with so peculiar a lustre on my own dear home, that it always seems to me as if they belonged to it—as if they were mine—like the ground—like the trees I planted,—and as if the rest of mankind borrowed light of me. Dear friend, and thus has it been with me every day since my return; and thus is it again to-day. Even when my flowers are withered and my trees stripped of their leaves,—when a gloomy mist clouds air and earth, and robs me of half the already shortened day,—even then I am joyous and cheerful: I see in all these only the quick-revolving year, and the approaching spring which returns to me every time in increased beauty—yes, in increased beauty, dear Heinse: —you shall see it, if you will but come, and you shall find my heart warmer, more frank, more open, stronger, better. Oh! what a shout of joy, if I could but once more press you to it—once more have you and hold you!"

Jacobi.

It is alleged that English and German tragedies contain so many shocks to good taste. French tragedies are one single and entire shock. For what can be more repugnant to good taste than to write and to delineate what is completely out of nature?

A. W. v. Schlegel.

THE ARTIST TO HIS PUPIL.

My dear Emilius,—I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat to you in writing what I have such countless times sought to impress upon your heart still more urgently and distinctly by word of mouth. That you were my pupil, sufficed to inspire me with a feeling of duty as to your character and conduct generally; for I cannot separate the Art from the Man, who should learn to reverence the whole of an existence dedicated to her.

You know how I despise that so-called geniality which regards the life of an artist as a letter of license for every extravagance, for every offence against morality and against what is most venerable in civil society. There is no question but that the rejection of all restraint excites the fancy, or that the intentional and necessary abandonment of the mind to every gay dream but too easily comes to infect the whole of practical life. It is but too sweet to float along unresisting with the stream. But here the true strength of the man must be proved; it must be seen whether *he* rules the spirits, and only permits them to display their power and activity within the circle he prescribes to them, or whether he is possessed by them, and whirled about in the frenzied mazes of an Indian fakeer.

The first and most potent spell by which to elevate their promptings into pure inspirations,

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is persevering industry. How foolish is it to imagine that the earnest study of means cripples the genius! It is only from a mastery of them that free creative power can emanate; it is only when familiar with all the paths which have already been trodden, and moving with ease in them, that the mind can discover new ones.

For more than two years I gave you instruction. All the experience that heaven had permitted me to acquire I have laid bare before you, with that joy with which one spares a friend the labour one has gone through oneself. Can I now part from you with the tranquilising assurance that you have thoroughly possessed yourself of all this? Can I say, here stands one who has learnt his business, and who can answer all the demands that the world and circumstances may make upon his productive talent? Can I feel secure that the ground-work is firm?

Dear Emilius, you have so much acuteness, so much ambition, so much talent,—you will sin against God, your parents, art, yourself and me, if you give yourself up longer to this dreamy intoxication; if you do not learn to live for the world and in the world with steadfast perseverance in good, and with that order which alone gives warrant of a soul truly devoted to honour. Your uncertainty, your disregard of every promise and every engagement, is become proverbial among all your acquaintances. It is the grace and glory of a man to be the slave of his word. Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles, and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.

My dear Emilius, whatever pain the repetition of all this may give you, it gives me much more. You are become a part of myself—you are so near to me; and must I again say *such things* to you!

But I commit you to Him who leads all to good. In every life there are critical times which determine the colour of all the remainder. Let this be such an one. Impose on yourself wants which may call out your art; place your honour in being independent, and you will feel yourself richly indemnified and rewarded for every privation.

I embrace you from my heart, and give you my sincerest good wishes as companions of your way. May you give the lie to all my fears, and hereafter be able to reach out your hand to me from above me.

Heaven's best blessings be upon you.

Your faithful teacher and friend,
C. M. V. Weber.
(*Hinterlassene Schriften.*)

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Every thing that tends to emancipate us from external restraint, without adding to our own power of self-government, is mischievous.

Goethe.

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..... Was then the migration of tribes and the consequent state of society in the middle ages, a necessary antecedent of our better times?

Asia can solve us this question. Why did not free Greek states flourish in the track of Alexander's expeditions? Why do we see China, condemned to a melancholy stability, grow old in eternal childhood? Because Alexander conquered with humanity: because the small band of his Greeks were lost among the millions of the great king. Because the hordes of Mantchu were imperceptible in the huge territory of China. They subjected only men; laws and manners, religion and the constitution of the state, remained victorious. For countries despotically governed, there is no salvation, save in complete overthrow. Lenient conquerors only transplant fresh tribes among them, nourish the sickly body, and perpetuate its disease. That the infected land might not poison the healthful conqueror,—that the German in Gaul might not sink into a Roman, as the Greek in Babylon degenerated into a Persian, it was necessary that the form which might be dangerous to his imitative spirit should be shivered in pieces, and that he should remain in every respect the strongest, on the new theatre which he now trod.

Schiller.

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GERMANY, AS SEEN BY A POET.

..... In those days we had more remains of the old times before our eyes. The traveller found monasteries, ecclesiastical principalities, free imperial cities: many ancient buildings were not as yet pulled down or ruined; many works of elder German art not yet torn away; many customs handed down from the middle ages yet remaining: the popular festivals had more of character and joyousness; and at every few miles he found different manners, different buildings, a different form of society. To see, to feel all these varieties, and to bring them together into one picture, was formerly my project. To investigate what peculiar and characteristic remains of painting, sculpture, and architecture our country possesses; what are the manners and constitutions of each province and city; to correct the misrepresentations of our modern, trivial history-writers, to show what aspect of nature surrounds each race of men, fashions it, and is fashioned by it;—all this such a work ought to accomplish.

I would defend, against vulgar jeers and gibes, the noble race of Austrians, who, in their fruitful land, and amid their enchanting hills, preserve unchanged their antique joyousness of heart; I would praise the warlike and pious Bavarians, paint the friendly, sensible, inventive Suabians, in the garden of their beautiful country; the animated, gay Franconians, in the romantic, varied scenery of their province, of which Bamberg was formerly the German Rome; the intelligent dwellers along the banks of the lordly Rhine; the brave, honest Hessians; the handsome Thuringians, whose forest-clad mountains still wear the character and aspect of knightly times; the Low Germans, who resemble the true-hearted Hollander and the energetic Englishman:—at every remarkable spot of the land of our fathers would I recall ancient histories. And thus did I think to wander amid all the hills and valleys of our noble country, once so flourishing and so great, watered by the Rhine and the Danube, and the stream of old traditions; guarded by lofty mountains, frowning castles, and by the brave German heart; garlanded with green meadows, the abode of love and confidence and single-mindedness.

Truly he to whom it is given in such a manner to paint the country of his birth and his affections, out of his own most deep and immediate feelings, and wholly without affectation,—such an one will have conceived a work of the most enchanting poetry.

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

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Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink.

Goethe.

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Not only is it very difficult to find truth, but when we have found, we are forced to deny it.

Rahel.

—

THE HARTZ MINERS.

Quiet and monotonous as the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged plaised woman who sat by the stove, over against the large cupboard, may have sat there a quarter of a century, and her thoughts and feelings have doubtless grown into every corner of this stove and into every rude carving of this cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard live, for a human being has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

It was this life of contemplation—of immediate perceptions—that gave birth to the German *Märchen*,* the peculiarity of which consists in this,—that not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently destitute of all life, speak and act. To the thoughtful and simple people in the quiet, contented privacy of their lowly cottages on mountain or in forest, the inward life of such objects revealed itself; they acquired an indelible and consistent character, a charming mixture of fantastic humour and thoroughly human dispositions. And so we see them in the *Märchen*, in which the wildest wonders are told in the easy matter-of-course style of daily occurrences; needles and pins come out of the tailor's shed and lose themselves in the dark; straws and bits of charcoal try to cross the brook and are cast away; the shovel and the broom stand upon the step and quarrel and fight; the questioned looking-glass shows the face of the prettiest girl, and drops of blood begin to speak mysterious fearful words of anxious pity.

From the same cause is our life in childhood so infinitely significant; at that age every thing is of importance to us; we hear every thing, see every thing, and all our impressions are vivid; whereas at a later age we do every thing with design, and we lose in depth what we gain in extension of impressions. Now, we are grown up gentlemen and ladies; we frequently change our dwelling, the housemaid daily clears every thing away, and alters at her will the position of the furniture, which has little interest for us, as it is either new, or it belongs to-day to John, to-morrow to Peter; our very clothes are strangers; we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat upon our back; we change our clothes as often as possible, so that not one of them remains connected with our inward or outward history;—scarcely can we recollect the appearance of that brown waistcoat which once brought so much ridicule upon us, and upon whose broad stripes the dear hand of our beloved rested so kindly.

The old woman by the stove, over against the great cupboard, wore a flowered petticoat of faded stuff, the wedding garment of her mother. Her great grandson, a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, dressed as a miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her petticoat; and she has most

* Popular story. We have not a corresponding word. Fairy tale is too exclusive, since in those here especially mentioned there are no fairies. Story or tale is, on the other hand, too general, for the marvellous is a necessary element of the Märchen.—*Translator.*

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likely told him many a grave and pretty story about this petticoat, which the boy will not soon forget, which will often float before his fancy when, as a full-grown man, he is at his dark and solitary work under ground, and which he will perhaps tell, when the dear old grandmother has been long dead, and he, a silver-haired, feeble old man, sits in the midst of his grandchildren, near the stove, over against the great cupboard.

Heinrich Heine. (*Reisebilder.*)

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....But man is higher than his dwelling-place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, takes his flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled Soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.

So the inhabitant of polar regions looks into the long night in which there is no sun-rise; but at midnight he sees a light like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming on the highest mountain tops, —and he thinks of his long summer in which it never sets.

Jean Paul.

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......Within these few days the Vicar of Wakefield fell accidentally into my hands; I could not help reading the charming book again from beginning to end,—not a little affected by the lively recollection how much I had been indebted to the author seventy years ago. It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith and Sterne had upon me, just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony—that fair and indulgent view of all errors—that meekness under all calamities—that equanimity under all changes and chances—and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, formed my best education; and, in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life.

It is remarkable, by the bye, that Yorick inclines to the formless, while Goldsmith is all form; and accordingly I then gave myself up entirely to him, because the worthy Germans had persuaded themselves that the peculiar characteristic of true humour was formlessness.

* * * * *

But I must now lead you into opposite regions; for I must briefly report, that, in the whirlpool of the literature of the day, I have been dragged into the bottomless abyss of horrors of the recent French romance-literature. I will say in one word—*it is a literature of despair.* In order to produce a momentary effect, the very contrary of all that should be held up to man for his safety or his comfort is brought before the reader, who at last knows not whither to fly or how to save himself. To push the hideous, the revolting, the cruel, the base, in short, the whole brood of the vile and abandoned, to impossibility, is their Satanic task. One may, and must, say *task;* for there is at the bottom a profound study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances, remarkable and intricate plots, and incredible facts; so that it is impossible to call such a work either empty or bad. And this task even men of remarkable talents have undertaken;—clever, eminent men, men of middle age, who feel themselves damned henceforward to occupy themselves with these abominations.

* * * * *

Everything true—everything æsthetical, is gradually and necessarily excluded from this literature. Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" strikes by the merit of industrious, well-applied study of old localities, manners, and events; but in the acting figures there is not a single trace of natural life. They are lay-men and women, skilfully constructed after due proportions; but, under the skeleton of wood and steel, they are only stuffed dolls, which the author handles most unmercifully—twists and tortures them into the strangest postures—racks and flogs them—tears them, body and mind;—it is true, it is a lifeless, fleshless thing that he mangles so inhumanly. All this is done with extraordinary historical and rhetorical talent, and an undeniable vivacity of imagination, without which, indeed, he could not produce such atrocities.

Goethe. (*Briefwechsel mit Zelter.*)

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Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired; that is the sort of character men like to find in others.

Rahel; Madame de Varnhagen.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

We stand in as many and as immeasurably different relations to nature as to man; and as to the child she shows herself childlike and bends benignly down to his infant heart, so to the god she shows herself godlike and attunes herself to his high spirit. We cannot say that there is *one* nature, without saying something excessive, exaggerated; and all attempts to arrive at truth by discussions and conversations about nature, do but remove us farther from the natural. Much is already gained, when the effort fully to understand nature ennobles itself into a longing—a tender and humble longing, which even the cold, reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction toward all points, diverging from an infinitely deep centre within us. As wondrous nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of this attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but behind those blue, distant mountains, one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections;—another thinks that, far on the other side, unknown glories await him; he believes that a future, full of life and beauty, lies hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully toward that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it in its fulness and concatenation, but they forget not in the whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts, and forms the holy crown of light; such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of all-pervading beauty.

Thus arise manifold ways of viewing nature; and if, in some, sensibility to her beauty is a joyous sensation—a banquet, in others we see it transformed into the most reverential religion, giving direction, support and significancy to the whole of life. Even in the infancy of nations, such deep and earnest spirits have been found, to whom nature wore the countenance of Deity; while other gay and joyous hearts thought of her only as a host, at whose bounteous table they might freely seat themselves. To them, the free air was a cordial drink; the stars, lamps to illumine the nightly dance; plants and animals, costly and delicate viands: and thus did nature present herself to their minds, not as a still and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen and merry banqueting-hall.

In an intermediate class between these two were others, whose view of nature, though differing from the last, had yet reference to the senses alone. These saw in actual nature only a vast, but as yet wild and unreclaimed park or pleasure-ground, and were busied, day and night, in creating patterns of a more refined and perfect nature. They divided themselves into companies for the accomplishment of the great work. Some sought to awaken mute and forgotten tones in air and wood; others stamped their conceptions and images of more beautiful forms on brass or stone; built up from the rock more stately piles for dwellings: brought to light hidden treasures from the clefts of the earth; tamed the wayward and lawless streams; peopled the inhospitable sea; carried plants of long-known and excellent virtue into desert zones; checked the wild overspread of forests and tended the nobler flowers and herbs; opened the earth to the life-giving motions of generative air and enkindling light; taught colours to blend and arrange themselves in beautiful pictures, and wood and meadow, fountain and rock, to unite in one lovely garden; breathed tones into the living members, unfolded their mysterious connection, and taught them to move in livelier and more joyous vibrations; adopted the defenceless animals which were susceptible of some touch of human culture, and cleared the woods of those noxious beasts which seemed like the monstrous births of a distempered fancy.

Soon did nature assume a kindlier aspect: she was softer, and more refreshing, and willingly hearkened to all the wishes of man. By degrees, her heart began to have a human motion; her fancies were brighter; she became social, and freely replied to the friendly inquirer; and so the golden age appeared to be gradually returning, when she was the friend, the comforter, the priestess of men; when she lived among them, and her divine society and intercourse raised them into immortals.

Novalis.

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......How did he long after the learning and the teachers of whose existence he had a dim presentiment! But so much the better! It is only hunger that digests, it is only love that fertilises; the sigh of longing is the *aura seminalis* which must quicken the Orpheus egg of knowledge. This you bethink not yourselves of, you expeditious teachers, who give your children drink before you give them thirst—who grant young souls no quiet hours—but, like unskilful vine-dressers, are ever busy about the young vines, trimming, manuring, and pruning them even in the season of their blossoming. And now, after having driven them untimely, and with unripe organs, into the great empire of truth and beauty, thus blunting them against lovely nature, can you in any way compensate to them for that Great Year which they would have lived, if they had grown up, like the new-created Adam, and looked around the magnificent intellectual world with open, thirsty mind? Hence is it that your pupils are so like footpaths,

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which in spring are green the earliest, but afterwards are but a sere and yellow track through the blooming meadow.

Jean Paul.

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The fact is indisputable. Our popular schools are not only unsatisfactory, and wholly inadequate to the cultivation of those natural powers of which man, in a state of society, stands in need; they have in many respects, been positive obstacles in the way of the purely psychological development of those powers. For even the faculties which have been regarded as the most important and valuable, have been subjected to a training, in which knowledge is forced into the mind without any exercise of the powers of thought or feeling; the superficial acquirement of so-called truths has been preferred to the inculcation of principles, or the practice of the arts of life; and the true and real development of the innate faculties of man has been rendered subordinate to useless and showy accomplishments.

Pestalozzi.

Notes to a poem are like anatomical lectures on a savoury joint.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and rapid spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

Novalis.

THE CHURCHYARD.

.....They went out. The heavens were unclouded. All the streets of the city of God, lighted with suns, stretched upwards from the narrow crossways of the town to that broad emphitheatre of night in which we breathe the blue ether and drink the night wind. Every social festival ought to be closed and consecrated by a visit to that wide, cool temple, on whose vaulted roof the star-mosaic forms the mighty and sacred image of the Most Holy.

They sauntered along, refreshed and elevated by the swift-winged spring-like breezes which sweep the snow from the mountains. All nature gave the promise of a mild winter;—such a winter as leads the poor gently over the darkest quarter of the year without fuel; such a winter as the wealthy regret, because it furnishes no snow for their gay sledge-parties.

The two men fell into a discourse suited to the sublime aspect of the night. Lenette said nothing. "How near and how small," exclaimed Firmian, "do those pitiful oyster-beds, the villages, lie together! yet when we travel from one to the other, the way appears to us as long as to a mite which creeps from one name to another on a map; perhaps to higher spirits our globe is but as a ball for children, which their tutor turns about and explains."

"There may, however," said Stiefel, "be still smaller worlds than ours; and indeed ours must be of some importance, since Christ died for it."

This remark flowed like warm life-blood into Lenette's heart. Firmian only replied, "For the earth and for them that dwell upon it, more than one redeemer has died; and I am persuaded that Christ takes many a pious man by the hand, and says, 'Thou too hast suffered under Pilate!' Nay, many a seeming Pilate is, in truth, a Messias."

Lenette secretly feared that her husband was an atheist, or at least a philosopher. He led them both through winding ways to the churchyard; but all at once his eyes were moistened, as if he had passed through a heavy dew. He sought to give vent to his melancholy in philosophical musings, and in this vein he said, "Men and clocks stop if they are wound up too forcibly. It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those mid-summer-nights which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening."

He opened the small, creaking, rattling wicket-gate, inscribed with the pious verse and the memento of the brief span of life. They reached the more considerable graves which lay round the church—the dyke-round this fortress. Here stood many an upright stone above the still, motionless body beneath; farther off lay only the trap-doors which had closed over prostrate men. He brought a naked skull into their company, and raised up this last case of a many-housed spirit in both his hands, and looked in at the empty casements of the ruined palace, and said, "At midnight, one ought to ascend the pulpit there within, and lay this scalped mask of conscious identity on the desk, instead of the bible and hour-glass, and preach from it to the other heads which are as yet cased in their skins. If they have a mind, they may cut off mine when I am dead, and hang it in the church to the capital of a pillar, like the angels' heads round a font; so that foolish mortals may look, some from above and some from beneath, and see how we float between heaven and the grave. In our heads, my friends, the grub is still at work, but out of this he has taken his flight, winged and transformed; for, look! here are the two holes, and the kernel crumbled to dust!"*

Lenette was frightened at this irreverend jesting in the neighbourhood and domain of ghosts; —it was, in reality, only a disguised exaltation of spirit. Suddenly she whispered, "See, something is looking at us over the roof of the charnel-house and raising itself up!" It was only a cloud which the evening wind had driven upwards, and which had rested on the roof in the form of a bier; and out of it a hand stretched forth, and close above it a star stood in its brightness over the likeness of a body lying on the bier—just at the heart;—like a white flower stuck in the breast of a bride.

Jean Paul.

As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune.

Bebo.

* Two holes in a hazel-nut are said to show that the fly, which in its grub state had eaten away the kernel, has assumed its new form, and taken flight.

If common-place men, hurried by vulgar perplexities into a display of passionate fear, extort from us a pitying smile: on the other hand, we regard with awe a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny is sown;—which can accelerate neither the good nor the evil, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, that will spring up from it.

Goethe.

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PAUPERISM.

I have known a great deal of the indigent. Some wanted only a plank over which to cross the pool and land on dry ground; others had for ever done with this life, and sought for nothing more in it but a momentary resting-place for the sickness and feebleness of age. But by far the greater number where rogues and thieves, who instead of reaching the pockets of their neighbours by means of force or fraud, took the far less dangerous way of stealing into their hearts.

Undoubtedly it is of great importance to assist upright industrious men who have a sense of honour and independence, wherever it is evident that they are tottering under the blows of fortune; to save them from breaking down, and from falling into despair and moral destruction. But I doubt whether this be the vocation of the authorities of a country. It is difficult, from the point of view taken by a man in public life, to have an accurate insight into the condition and relations of individuals. Involuntarily, (I confess it with regard to myself) individuals assume the aspect of masses, abstractions, numbers, calculations. I am therefore inclined to conclude that the relations between man and man, between family and family, must, as a general rule, be left to themselves; and certainly, if the facts were known, millions of the needy and suffering whose sighs and complaints are the less likely to reach the ears of those in power, the more quiet and modest they are (and therefore the more deserving of respect), are helped through momentary difficulties by those almost imperceptible and transient succours of kinsfolk, friends, or neighbours, which leave no permanent traces. But the state has nothing to do with the weak and the failing; they come within the minus quantity in the calculation of the common weal; for which reason, I can perfectly explain how in some countries men have fallen into the extreme of putting them entirely out of the way, though, on the other hand, I do not blame individuals,—even rulers in so far as they act as individuals,—for contributing whatever they see fit to the rescue of those who are ready to perish.

On the other hand, the third, and by far most numerous class of the indigent—the many-headed monster of vagabonds, rogues and idlers of all kinds—requires the utmost vigilance and activity of the government. Whoever has entered this corporation becomes a bit object of the preventive vigilance of the police, and the inflexible severity of the magistrate. But as the superfluous interference of the government in the former cases thwarts the salutary operation of individual benevolence, so in these, the mistaken benevolence of individuals thwarts the wise measures of the government. Those who dwell in lonely places give from fear, the inhabitants of towns and villages from weariness or soft-heartedness; and in this manner sources of subsistence open themselves on every side to the vagabond, which make him disregard the hostilities of the police, and render his lot in many respects truly enviable.

Rumohr. (*Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.*)

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Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination—proclaims the voice in my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.

Fichte. (Bestimmung des Menschen.)

The true priest of the Highest is he who brings it nearer to those whose minds seldom reach above the finite and the low; who sets heavenly and eternal things before them as a source of enjoyment and a bond of union,—as the only exhaustless spring of that to which all their efforts are directed. Thus he strives to waken the sleeping germ of a better humanity, to enkindle the love for the lofty, to transform the meaner into a nobler life, to reconcile the children of earth to the heaven which is theirs, and to hold the balance against the stupid devotion of the age to mere material good. This is that higher priesthood which reveals the depths of all spiritual mysteries, and whose voice comes down from the kingdom of God; this is the source of all visions and prophesyings, of all holy works and inspired words which are scattered about, as if at random, that the apt spirit may receive them, and may bring forth fruit.

Oh, that the day might come when this function of mediator might cease, and the priesthood of humanity receive a fairer destination! That the day might come, described by ancient prophecy, "when none shall need that any should teach him, for all shall be taught of God!" If the sacred fire were every where burning, there would be no need of fervent prayer to draw it down from heaven, but only of the calm watching of holy virgins to tend it; nor would it then break out into those flames which now often strike terror, but the hidden fire would glow with equal warmth in all hearts. Every man would then silently enlighten himself and others, and the communication of holy thoughts and feelings would consist only in the easy task of combining or dividing the different rays of this light; now diffusing it, then again concentrating it on one object. Then would the slightest word be understood, whereas now the clearest expressions do not escape misunderstanding. Then would men press together into the penetralia of the sanctuary, whereas now they are occupied with the preparations of the outer court.

Schleiermacher. (Ueber die Religion.)

The year is dying away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life.

Goethe. (Wahlverwandschaften.)

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

Von Knebel.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

Jean Paul.

NAPLES.

It is impossible to witness the singular and universal gaiety and joyousness of the people of Naples without the greatest sympathy and delight. The many-coloured, brilliant flowers and fruits with which nature decks herself, appear to invite man to adorn his person and all that surrounds him with the brightest possible tints. Silken handkerchiefs and ribbons, and flowers on the hat, are seen on every one who has any means of procuring them. Even in the smallest houses the chairs and sofas are painted with gay flowers on a gold ground; the one-horse calèches are striped with bright red, the carved work is gilded, the horses are decorated with artificial flowers, scarlet fringes and tassels and gold tinsel. Many wear on their heads plumes of feathers, others little flags, which flutter in every breeze as they move swiftly along. We usually call the love of gaudy colours barbaric and tasteless; in some cases it may be so; but under a perfectly clear and blue sky nothing is gaudy, for nothing can outshine the splendour of the sun and of its reflection on the sea. The most brilliant colour is deadened by the intense light; and as all hues, the greens of trees and plants, and the yellow, brown and red earthy tints, crowd upon the eye in their fullest beauty, gay flowers and dresses blend in a universal harmony. The scarlet bodices and petticoats, trimmed with broad bands of gold and silver, of the women of Nettuno, the other national costumes, the gaily-painted boats, —every object seems to strive to become visible under the dazzling splendour of sea and sky.

And as they live, so do they bury their dead. No long sable train there disturbs the harmony of the joyous world.

I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red velvet pall, richly embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, on which stood a carved chest, highly decorated with gold and silver. In this lay the dead, clad in white garments, adorned with rose-coloured ribbons. At the four corners of the chest were four angels, each holding a large bunch of flowers over the body. As they were only fastened at the feet by wires, they moved with the motion of the bier, and appeared to scatter odours over the dead child. This tremulous motion of the angels was increased by the rapidity with which the procession hastened through the streets,—for the priests and taper-bearers rather ran than walked.

Goethe. (Italienische Reise.)

.....One sweet evening of August, he was in a mood of gentler melancholy than usual; over his countenance floated that bright serenity of resignation, that tearless emotion, that smiling gentleness, which we sometimes see when sorrow is rather exhausted than elevated,—as the soft reflection of the rainbow falls back upon the blue heaven. He determined to take a lonely farewell of his beloved scenes.

Over the light landscape hung (to his mind, not to his eye,) a thin undulating mist, like the fine aërial veil thrown over the pictures of Berghem and Wouvermans. He visited, he touched, he gazed upon—as if to bid farewell—every bushy shrub, under whose shadow he had been wont to read; every small dark whirlpool which foamed and gurgled amid the gnarled and bare-washed roots; every fragrant mossy rock; every step in the ascent of hill above hill, on which he had artificially multiplied the rising or the setting of the sun; every spot where the great creation had drawn tears of enthusiasm from his too happy heart. But amidst the high and full-eared harvest, —amidst the manifold stores of creation,—in the life-teeming nest of brooding nature,—in the seed-ground of the rich boundless garden,—a hollow long-drawn voice was heard through the trumpet tones of this festival of nature, asking, "What dead thing wanders amid my universal life, and defiles my fair flowers?" But the gloomy vision vanished; and he thought, It is not the green bark which sustains the Dryad—the *spiritus rector*,—but, on the contrary, receives from it life and vigour. The life of the body is as dependent on the spirit as that is subject to corporeal influences. Life and power strong around; the grave—the decaying body—as a world, full of active power: we change our part, but we never quit the stage.

Jean Paul. (Siebenkäs.)

At the termination of a war and the signing of a treaty of peace, it might not be unbecoming that the proclamation of a day of thanksgiving should be immediately followed by one of fast and penitence; wherein to implore pardon of Heaven for the grievous sin which the race of man is continually committing; inasmuch as no nation will submit to any legal restraint or agreement in relation to other nations, but, proud of its independence, chooses rather to resort to barbarian expedient of war (by which that which is sought,—viz.: the right of each nation—can never in any case be ascertained).

The thanksgivings and rejoicings on occasion of a victory, the hymns which (in a genuine judaical spirit) are sung to the Lord of Hosts, stand in the strongest contrast to the moral conception of the Father of Men: since they not only show a total indifference to the nature of the means by which nations seek to establish their rights respectively (which is melancholy enough), but display a positive joy at having destroyed the lives, or ruined the happiness, of multitudes of human beings.

Kant. (Zum ewigen Frieden.)

The institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land and the rights attached to it alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus form an essential part of political science and history.

Justus Möser. (Osnabrückische Geschichte.)

Character is a perfectly educated Will.

Novalis.

What is there in man so worthy of honour and reverence as this,—that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason, —more sublime than the whole universe; that Spirit which alone is self-subsistent,—from which all truth proceeds—without which is no truth!

F. H. Jacobi.

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Master Jacobus Polychorus, who lived in Strasburg in the 16th century, says, in a little book he wrote,—'The German people is more especially a trustworthy, verscious, constant, bold, and manly people; likewise liberal, mild, hospitable, undaunted, laborious, temperate, honest, cheerful-minded, and covetous of a good name; one that in all things seeketh to lead the wits of men, and to be beforehand in all knowledge And thus Germany yieldeth to no land in all arts, and knowledge of tongues and new inventions. From her have we printing, and the use of fire-arms, and many other arts. And likewise is Germany a right blessed and favoured country, lying under a temperate sky, abounding in all manner of grain, and in all the riches of water or wood; having sufficiency of various wines, metals, and all materials for useful works. And the Germans are kind-hearted and generous to strangers, gentle and placable to supplicants, prompt and forward in war; neither on foot nor on horse yielding to any."

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HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

Herder has somewhere or other called Handel's Messiah a Christian Epos,—and this is a perfect description of it in one word; for this work, in its fragmentary compilation, really expresses the entire cycle of Christianity with as much of truth as of intelligence and poetry.

I have always thought that the whole, considered as an *opus*, arose accidently; nor can I depart from that opinion.

The great festivals of the Christian church afforded the composer in Handel's time an opportunity of setting to music verses from the bible, out of which the finest peculiarities of effect must arise. Handel, who had taste and heart enough to reject the vile versions then in use, collected together the verses which relate to the passion, got some clever man to put the hooks and links which are wanted to connect them (if he did not do it himself), and thus has arisen a cyclical work which I distribute into four or five parts.

Part 1. The annunciation of the Messiah from above, through the mouths of the prophets; the work or end of redemption; mysterious, yet like the dawn of morning—'Comfort ye,' etc.—breathing a spring freshness.

Part 2. The Nativity; first known to shepherds. The introduction (Siciliano), a delightful pastoral, ought to precede the chorus 'For unto us a child is born.' In Mozart's score the chorus, very improperly, is put first. The chorus is playful, undulating, child-like—nay childish—at the beginning; at length, at the words, 'And the government shall be upon his shoulders,' it towers in all its colossal grandeur.

Pastoral character of life and doctrine: 'He shall feed his flock.' 'Come unto me, ye that are weary,' etc.

Part 3. Suffering and Death: denial, mockery, evil intreatment; 'Behold the Lamb of God;' 'Surely he hath borne our griefs;' 'All we like sheep have gone astray;' 'He trusted in God that he would deliver him;' 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;' 'Behold and see,' etc. The suffering is ended by death; and in this death is the victory. The redemption is accomplished.

Now the consequences:

Part 4. Resurrection and eternal life: back to the heavenly—the infinite. Prophecy again proclaims, 'Open the gates, that the King of Glory may come in;' 'The Lord gave the word;' 'Why do the heathen;' 'Let us break our bonds asunder;' 'Hallelujah;' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' 'And as through man came death.'

Part 5. Apotheosis: 'Worthy is the Lamb;' 'Glory and honour;' 'Amen.'

The expression of such a work is to be taken as a whole, though good, nay exquisite workmanship be not wanting in the individual parts.

The overture belongs to the piece only in so far as it is a foreground—a title-page to the volume, showing the clear blue heaven of prophecy: 'The glory of God, the Lord, shall be revealed.' Clearness, power, truth, pervade the whole first part.

In the second part, warm, bright night;—one feels the starlight. Pastoral, sweet, pure, serene.

In the third part, suffering and death: brief, yet not too condensed; grand, calm, touching; no torments, no crucifixion or physical horrors. The suffering of the righteous at the degradation of the good and the beautiful, in the ground, the deepest depth, over which flows a crystal stream; 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow,' ect.

With this the whole passion is silently concluded, and the work of atonement accomplished.

Would you like to procure yourself a singular pietoral enjoyment? Look at the chorus, 'For unto us a child is born.' After the shepherds have, as they kept watch by night in the fields, heard the word of the angels, and have recovered from their alarm, one part begins, 'For unto us a child is born,' and plays with the thought; then follows another in the same manner; then the third, and the fourth; all at length, at the words 'Wonderful, Counsellor,' ect. all join; the flocks and herds on the fields, the starry host through all the heavens,—every thing awakes, and stirs itself with gladness and strength of heart.

Now, ye muses, enough,—if not too much. If you have heard the Messiah, I should be glad to know something about it from you. I always learn, when you report any thing of the kind. The worthy Rochlitz deserves many thanks, but his history of the rise and progress of the Messiah, *a priori*, looks to me very like all histories by profession. 'The history of a work of art (and every work of art has its individual history) is not to be told on the fingers, since nature requires thousands of years to make an artist—whose existence is itself an accident.

Zelter. (*Briefwechsel mit Goethe.*)

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Last among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet motherly love with which Nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes every thing else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no food fit for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and the care of her existence—where is the heart of man that can conceive her sorrow? Read the lament of the Nadowessee woman, on the loss of her husband and her infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.

Herder.

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Formerly, it was the fashion to preach the Natural, now it is the Ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the Natural should be ideal, and the Ideal, natural.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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There is a fable of former ages which is grave and solemn, and may to some appear awful and terrible. They figured to themselves their forefathers sitting on thrones in a circle around large subterranean halls, mutely discoursing. When a new inhabitant entered, if he were worthy, they all arose from their seats and bowed their heads to him in welcome.

Yesterday, as I sat in the chapel and fixed my eyes on several other carved chairs over against the one on which I was sitting, this thought seemed to me most cheerful and agreeable. "Why canst *thou* not remain thus seated?" I asked myself. "Why not calm, motionless, and wholly withdrawn within thyself, remain seated, long, long,—until at length the friends should come, at whose entrance thou wouldst stand up and motion them to their places with a friendly sign!"

The many-coloured casements turn the day into a dim and solemn twilight, and each must tend an eternal lamp, that the night may not be utterly dark.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

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Hypotheses are nets,—only he who throws them out will catch any thing. Was not the discovery of America the result of an hypothesis?

The sceptic has contributed just as little (that is, absolutely nothing) as the vulgar empiric, to the enlargement of the field of knowledge. At the most, the sceptic only shakes the very ground on which the individual hypothesis stands:—a strange way of making progress—a very indirect service at the best. The true builder of hypotheses is no other than the inventor, before whose eyes the unknown country often dimly floats before its discovery; who carries this faint image into every observation and every experiment, and at length, by means of bold comparison, of repeated contact and collision of his thoughts with experiment, arrives at the Idea which stood in a negative relation to positive experience. Both are then eternally connected, and a new and celestial light surrounds the power which is born into the world.

Novalis.

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NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

Two little boys were playing by the side of a river, and they saw the Stromkarl or water-spirit sitting on the shore and playing on his harp. Then the children called out to him, and said, "Stromkarl, why do you sit here playing? There is no salvation for you." Thereupon the Stromkarl fell to weeping bitterly, threw his harp away,

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and sank in the deep waters. When the boys returned home they related to their father, who was a godly man, what had befallen them. The father said, "You have sinned against the Stromkarl,—go back and comfort him, and tell him that he too shall be saved." When they went back to the river, the Stromkarl sat on the shore weeping and lamenting. And the children said, "Weep not so, Stromkarl, our father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." Then the Stromkarl joyfully took his harp and played sweetly till sunset.*

Jacob Grimm. (Deutsche Mythologie.)

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A man may write very good verses, but in spite of that he must not versify the people's stories if he has not the true ballad-singer's eye, which sees nothing in the wide world but adventures, executions, love, murder, and deeds of violence. We want the naive joy and the naive lamentations of the men and women of the days of knights and fairies—men and women whose souls were a canvass for the reception of pictures; who lived with their bodies, thought with their eyes, and argued with their fists.

Goethe. (Recensionen.)

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Men find it more easy to flatter than to praise.

Jean Paul.

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....."It was well," said Ernest, "for even in our emotion we were glad. I understand not the joy of most men: it seems as if they must keep at a distance all remembrance of real life, in order with toil and travail, to find in blind dissipation what they call amusement and gaiety. The fulness of life—a healthful, powerful feeling of existence,—stands in need of a certain melancholy to deepen the sense of pleasure; as this same sound and vigorous state of mind first gave birth to tragedy, and is still necessary to the enjoyment of it. The more feeble man becomes—the more weary of life, the less can he find joy in anything but laughter, or the frivolous comedy of modern times. Shun him who has lost all power and relish for aught but laughter, for with earnestness and a lofty melancholy, all the inward stores of his life have vanished; he is bad, if he is capable of being anything more than a fool. The more our sense of existence is quickened and exalted by pleasure and by love, the louder our inward shout of triumph in those few and rare moments which a niggard fate deals scantily out to us, the more rich and bounteous ought we in those moments to feel.

Wherefore then, in these most bright and beautiful passages of our lives, should we drive our departed friends and their love away from us? Has death made them our enemies? Or is their state, to our apprehension, so utterly afflicting that their image must needs trouble our joy? In such felicity of mind I would fain exclaim, let them come to us, let them come into our arms, into our hearts, that our riches may be made richer! But if you can endure the belief that they are forlorn and helpless, driven out into the wide and weary desert, oh! let some drops from the overflowings of your joy fall on them.

But no, beloved, departed one! in such moments I feel myself transported into thy peace and thy joy; and thou art more mine than in this earthly life thou ever was; for together with all my love, my highest and deepest sorrow now belongs to thee,—that nameless and incomprehensible, anxious wrestling with the fearful doubt of having lost thee for ever; then was my love first completed to call up and to understand all its strength; then did I first win thee in triumph from death,—never more to lose thee; and from that time thou art mine—mine without change, without sickness, without misunderstanding; and thou smilest in every smile, and swimmest in every tear of mine.

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

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The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

Rahel.

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The illusion of a past golden age is one of the greatest hindrances to the approach of the golden age that should come. If the golden age is past, it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay: it comes out of all admixtures and all decompositions pure and indestructible. If the golden age will not endure it had better never arise, for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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In youth we think we shall be able to build palaces for men, but when it comes to the point we have our hands full with the business of clearing away their dirt and rubbish. This disgusting work requires great resignation; but it must be done.

Goethe. (Briefe an Lavater.)

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There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event, or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.

Novalis.

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FREDERIC THE GREAT ON LAW REFORM.

Extracted from *Prüfung der Gutachten der Königl. Preuss. : Immediat Justiz-Commission.* By Gravell.

MY DEAR GRAND CHANCELLOR VON CARMER,

It cannot be unknown to you, that so early as the year 1746, and even earlier, I had laboured to remedy the obvious disorders and defects in the administration of justice in my kingdom and states, and that I especially ordered:

1. That the courts of justice should be placed upon a better footing, and provided with skilful and honourable men.

2. That the procedure should be cleared of useless formalities, the possibility of terminating suits within a year secured; and

3. That the hitherto scattered, vague, and ambiguous laws should be defined, and collected with the greatest possible precision and clearness.

With regard to the first article, I have no doubt that, by the introduction of better subordination into the courts; by more certain and regular order in all branches of business; and especially by the instructions, according to which the candidates for judicial offices are first subjected to the strictest examinations, then by acting as referendaries in the court for several years, familiarised with all kinds of judicial labour, and their sentiments and conduct submitted to thorough investigation, sufficient competency may be secured. But these regulations, however well adapted to the case, will be fruitless unless the presidents of each court are strictly held to the most exact and thorough execution of my commands.

It is, then, your business to see to this, in order that my intentions may be in every particular exactly fulfilled; and to this end you must require from the presidents of the courts of justice a list of the names of all the members and subalterns of such courts, with an authentic, impartial, and full report of the conduct of each individual, and must desire that the most exact inquiries on these points be made by them at every visitation. For it is not enough that a servant of justice guard himself from gross corruption; in every exercise of his office he must act without the slightest passion, and avoid every appearance of partiality.

A man of profligate habits and loose morals is easily led to forget his duties: such people must by no means be suffered to have anything to do with the administration of justice. Neither must you be restrained from the dismissal of such unworthy persons by any regard to their talents, their family connections, or any other considerations whatever.

If I can thus make sure of the purity and integrity of my ministers of justice, I, on my part, will leave them the free and unobstructed exercise of their own just and honest authority, and will honour and reward each of them according to his worth. On the other hand, I know no punishment too severe to be inflicted on men who are capable of so far disregarding their duty, as to convert an office destined to the protection of innocence and the maintenance of justice, into an instrument for the oppression of the one and the destruction of the other.

Secondly, as to what regards procedure, I am fully disposed to believe that the abuses which formerly existed have been removed; nevertheless, the present system of procedure is still, as you must admit, at bottom, the ill-contrived tissue of the canon law, of which all Germany has for centuries complained.

It is contrary to reason that the parties who have complaints and grievances to allege should not be heard by the judge himself, but must make their wants known through hired advocates. These advocates have the strongest interest in the multiplication and prolongation of suits, since upon them depend their gains and their whole prosperity. For if the pleadings, with the evidence taken in the course of them, do not find their way into the hands of the judge until the advocates have in writing wire-drawn, obscured, or mutilated the facts at their own pleasure, it is natural enough that he should lose the right point of view, decide on inadequate evidence, and, as he is compelled to follow in their tortuous and delusive track (often against his own conviction), be at length necessitated to pronounce a sentence

* Although the sacrifices offered to water-spirits were forbidden by Christianity, and these old objects of faith were represented as diabolical, the people retained a certain awe and reverence for them, and have not, even now, lost all belief in their power and influence; they think of them as unblessed beings who will however in time become partakers of salvation. To this belief we may trace the touching legend that the Stromkarl or Neck requires those who promise him redemption with his enchanting music.

I do not know that any legend contains so striking an expression of the need of Christianity to the heathen, or of the mild aspect under which it ought to approach them.

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manifestly unjust. I can hardly believe that any of the plain, judicious lawgivers of old times devised so unnatural a system of procedure. I am much more inclined to suspect that the barbarism of later times, and the convenience and ease of judges, gave birth to this monstrous production. I find nothing in the Roman law which leaning to any opposite conclusion. The Roman judges were obliged first to investigate the facts of the case themselves, before the advocates appointed by the parties could be heard, or judgment pronounced; and if it is true, that even the Papal law simply ordains that the judge shall inquire into the facts, and the advocates shall only speak to questions of law, my conjecture will be converted into a certainty.

Be that, however, as it may—it is my decided and express will;

That in future the judge himself hear the parties—their complaints and answers; that he weigh their statements, and the proofs therewith adduced, one against the other, and thus extract the true concatenation of the affair which gives occasion to the suit; and that, after having so done, he lay before them proposed accommodation consistent with fairness and justice. I feel assured that merely by this arrangement, which will secure that the parties are completely instructed as to the true state and posture of the case, by far the greater number of suits will be settled by compromise. Even in those cases which cannot be disposed of by compromise, that elaborate mode of extracting evidence which has hitherto been the principal source of complexity and delay, will be rendered unnecessary.

I do not mean by this that parties in a legal proceeding are to be refused legal assistance; on the contrary, it appears to me necessary both for the plaintiff and defendant, even during the investigation of the facts, to engage an advocate; in order that if the judge, from negligence, want of penetration, or partiality, do not conduct the investigation satisfactorily, the advocate may remind him of his duty, exercise a general control over him, ascertain upon what the rights of the parties are respectively founded, and use every possible care and precaution for the security of his client.

In order, however, that this new sort of advocates be not again seduced into the old tortuous path, the matter must be so arranged that they have no interest in the delay and complication of suits, but must look to a totally different source of prosperity and success. The referendaries must therefore, according to my new system, be more especially employed in the investigation of matters of fact, and be called upon to act as assessors to the counsel therein. Those referendaries who show the greatest ability and penetration on these occasions, shall be kept in view for further advancement; and out of these shall be chosen the advocates, or as they might be more aptly called, assistant counsellors; out of these again, in course of time, the principal counsel of the courts of justice. The assistant counsel, as well as the chief counsel of the courts, must be paid by fixed salaries; and to that end, the fees which they receive for their functions as advocates must be formed into a common fee-fund. It is possible that very few of the present advocates will qualify themselves to become counsel under the new system, and will thus be left without the means of subsistence. I would, however, make arrangements, that whatever useful and honourable men are found among them should be employed by preference as magistrates, justiciaries, and the like. Men of no merit whatever deserve no attention.

Lastly, as to the laws. It appears to me perfectly irrational and absurd that they should be for the most part written in a language which is not understood by those to whom they ought to serve as a guide and rule. Is it not less absurd, that, in a country in which there exists an undisputed legislative power, laws should be endured, which, by their obscurity and ambiguity, give continual occasion to the tedious disputations of lawyers; or that lengthy suits should arise upon the question, whether or not such a law or custom has ever existed, or has acquired legal validity. You must therefore take especial care that all laws for our states and subjects be drawn up in their own language; that they be perfectly precise and determinate, and collected into one complete and compact body.

But as almost every one of my provinces has its peculiar constitution, statutes and customs, which differ widely from each other, a code or compilation of laws proper to each must be framed, whereby the laws and privileges of each province may be distinguished from those of every other. But since such provincial statutes and customs are generally limited to certain topics, and contain no universal or complete rules of law; and since the *Corpus Juris* of the Emperor Justinian has for many centuries been used as the subsidiary code of almost all European states, and has been so received among us, I cannot be left out of account in the measures now projected. It is, however, well known that this Roman code is, for the most part, merely a collection of the opinions and decisions of lawyers in particular cases; that it chiefly refers to ancient Roman institutions and formalities, now no longer applicable, and that it contains numerous contradictions. It will be necessary, therefore, to abstract from it only such parts as are consistent with the law of nature, and with the present form of government and society; to reject the useless; to insert my own national laws in the proper places; and thus will be produced a subsidiary code to which the judge can recur in all cases for which the provincial law contains no provision.

I must here remark that, as it appears to me, the Roman legislators, who were not sparing in their decisions on contested questions of law, did not sufficiently keep in view whatever might serve to obviate doubts in legal cases, and to prevent suits.

It is, for instance, well known what an infinite number of suits concerning transactions and contracts relating to immoveables (real property), arise out of the haste with which people conclude them, and the want of distinctness and precision in their expressions. Such suits would be entirely avoided, if all contracts relating to immoveables were made in the presence of the judge, whose business it would be to see that neither party overreached the other, or took unfair advantages; the contract itself, for the greater authentication of its contents, should be signed by the judge. For as law-suits must ever be reckoned among the evils of society—as subtracting from the well-being of the citizens—that is incontestably the best law which contains within itself the prevention of litigation.

If, which is not to be doubted, I attain my end in the amelioration of the laws and the procedure, it is clear that a vast many lawyers will lose the consideration and authority which they derive from the mystery in which it is now involved, by the simplification of their business: their subtilty-shop will be ruined, and the whole corps of advocates of the old school be rendered useless. But, on the other hand, I shall free my faithful subjects from no light burthen, and may therefore expect to have more skilful and industrious merchants, manufacturers, and artisans, from whom the state will receive much better and more useful service.

Now, as the execution of such a project is not the work of a single man, you must seek out the ablest and honestest men whom you can possibly find; divide the several sorts of labour among them; form them into a commission, and make all your regulations after common deliberation and agreement. Similar law commissions must in future sit permanently, in order that all defects, ambiguities, or vices of the laws may, as they present themselves, be supplied, interpreted, or corrected in a fundamental manner.

On the other hand, I will not allow that any judges, courts of justice, or ministers of state whatsoever, take upon themselves to stretch or contract the laws, much less to make new ones; but if, in course of time, doubts or deficiencies in the laws or the procedure arise, notice of the same must be given to the appropriate law commission: the case, having regard to the signification and intention of the existing laws, must then be laid before you to be fully weighed, and if a positive change or addition be found necessary, a well-considered report must be presented to me.

I leave it to you, then, to think further on the matter, and to devise the means requisite for its execution; and in return I promise to protect you most vigorously against all cabals and all opposition, as your well-affectioned king.

FREDERIC.

Potsdam, April 14, 1780.

To the Grand Chancellor von Carmer.

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FINNISH LEGEND.

There was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. Then she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried them to her mother, and said, "Mother, what sort of beetle is this, that I found wriggling in the ground?" But the mother said, "Put it away, my child, we must be gone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it."

[The giant race was doomed to retire before the tiller of the ground. Agriculture was odious to them as well as to the dwarfs. The rude innocence of the giant child, to whom man appeared a tiny insect, a beetle groveling in the earth, and the secret alarm which this small being struck into the mother, cannot be more happily depicted than in these few touches.]

Grimm. (*Deutsche Mythologie.*)

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Florence, September 4, 1816.

I have seen a great many works of art. My preference for the old masters, down to the time of Rafael, is strongly confirmed. Giovanni Bellini, who was my favourite eight years ago, became so once more at Venice. And at Bologna we saw works of Francia's which amazed us. Mascccio, Mantegna, Vivarini, and Carpaccio can only be known in Italy. I have already seen innumerable things by Giotto, and I now perfectly understand the history of Italian art. What I saw in Nuremberg and Munich threw great light on what I have seen here. In the fourteenth

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century, Giotto formed himself after the antique; then again his school took another direction. Masaccio soars at once to the higher regions. Then art sinks again, and during the first sixty years of the fifteenth century, the Germans are far superior to the Italians. Then the other scale rises. After the time of Rafael and Dürer, the *spirit* is extinct on both sides the Alps:—the only difference is, that in Italy, *art* (i. e. technical art) survived. In architecture the Italians of the middle ages are not to be compared to the Germans. In sculpture they surpass them.

B. G. Niebuhr. (*Lebensnachrichten.*)

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His portfolio contained, indeed, scarcely anything but outlines, but, as they were traced through on the pictures themselves, they had perfectly preserved their antique character; and how touching was that! On every figure and countenance rested the spirit of simple, calm existence. It was impossible not to feel certain that all, if not great and noble, were gentle and good. A cheerful spirit of union, a willing acknowledgement of an object of reverence above us, a calm surrender of the soul to love and faith, sat on every face and breathed in every gesture. The old bald-headed man, the rich-locked boy, the high-spirited youth, the sedate and earnest man, the glorified saint, the hovering angel, all appeared blessed in innocent contentment, in pious acquiescence. The homeliest figure bore traces of a heavenly life, and the service and worship of God seemed the occupation fitted to every nature.

Goethe. (*Wahlverwandschaften.*)

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Darwin remarks that we are less dazzled by the light at waking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have here dreamt of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

Novalis.

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There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.

Jean Paul.

DINNER, A DRAMATIC POEM.

The party passed through the large folding-doors into the dining-room, which looked immediately on the garden. Before them lay the opposite hills, with their thickets of varied green, and beautiful clumps of wood; in the foreground was the lawn, belted and perfumed round with beds of the loveliest flowers, while, like the crystal coronet of the green plain, a fountain sparkled and gushed in the middle, and invited equally to silence or to conversation by its sweet and silvery tones.

All seated themselves at table. Flowers of all hues arranged in beautiful vases, and fresh, ruddy cherries in pretty baskets, sparkled over the snowy linen. "Why is it," said Emelia, after a pause of some minutes, "that every dinner party begins in silence? People are thoughtful, and look down; nobody even expects an animated conversation; for it seems that the soup brings with it a certain serious and tranquil tone of feeling, which usually contrasts strongly with the conclusion of the dinner and the dessert."

"The hunger which is generally excited by the proximity of eatables, will explain a good deal," said Wilibald, "especially when dinner is served at a later hour than was fixed."

* * * * * *

"To return to the soup, which we have now despatched," said Lothair; "I do not think the taciturnity which accompanies it depends so much on our material wants. It seems to me that every meal or feast is a drama,—when at its best, a Shakspearian comedy,—and has its rules and necessities, by which it is in most cases unconsciously governed."

"How can any reasonable man think otherwise?" said Wilibald, laughing. "How often is the comic poet unconsciously the richest subject for comedy!"

"Let him speak," said Manfred; "you may afterwards compare a dinner to a battle, or to the history of the world, if you will. At table, there ought to be the most unqualified freedom of thought and eating."

"That the changing courses and dishes may most aptly be compared to acts and scenes," continued Lothair, "must strike every body; nor is it less obvious that the reflecting and refined eater (I ignore those lower natures who doubt of every thing they cannot understand, and in their gross and material stupidity adhere to the belief that eating is nothing more than an expedient for allaying hunger), that a certain pervading sentiment should be expressed, with which nothing in the whole composition of the table should be incongruous or discordant—whether it be the dishes, the wines, or the conversation. For out of all these parts should arise a romantic composition, which should at once amuse, satisfy and delight; free from all vehement excitement of the curiosity or the sympathy, from all illusion, and from all bitter recollections. Epigrammatic dishes, for instance, which have frequently been employed to cheat and delude, are to be condemned as repugnant to all good taste."

"In the north of Germany," said Ernest, "I once saw a ravenous representing a heap of turf, which appeared to give extreme delight to the guests."

"I have read in Vasari of most romantic feasts," said Clara, "given by the Florentine painters to one another. They would have only terrified me, for they pushed these strange distortions of fancy to the very utmost. Not only did they construct and demolish palaces and temples of various meats, but even hell, with all its awful shades, was pressed into the service of their poetical extravagance. Toads and serpents enclosed the choicest dainties, and the dessert consisted of ghosts and skeletons in confectionary."

"I should have liked much to be present at these wild, fantastic entertainments," said Manfred. "I never could read the description of them without the greatest pleasure. Why should not fear, horror, surprise, be brought into action in our most immediate and every-day life? All, even the strangest and the wildest, has its time."

"But, dear Lothair," said Theodore, "go on with your comparison of a dinner with a drama."

"To satisfy your curiosity," replied Lothair, "I must begin by pointing out how weighty a part of a play is the introduction. This may be conceived in three different and principal ways: either, that the situation of affairs be made known in the simplest and most natural manner, by means of a calm narration, as in "The Comedy of Errors;" or that the poet plunge us into tumult and confusion, out of which light and distinctness are gradually evolved, as in "Romeo and Juliet," which begins with broils; or, thirdly, that he lead us at once into the midst of the action, but with calmness and deliberation, as in "Twelfth Night." It is unquestionable that the last method is to be preferred for a dinner; and that therefore all civilised nations, and people who do not strive to live and to eat after a strange and fantastic manner, open their repast with a strong, but mild, calmly-digested soup. As all men have an innate propensity to the drama, and the perception that all is drama sleeps darkly within them, they take care, with reason, not to be too witty, too clever, or too talkative, as long as the soup is before them."

Emelia laughed and nodded assent, and Lothair continued. "As, in the last-mentioned comedy, after the almost elegiac introduction, those pleasant personages Sir Toby, Maria and Sir Andrew Aguecheek enter as a gay and stimulating episode; so, the solid viands are preceded by anchovies, caviar, or something highly flavoured, which does not immediately allay hunger. And thus, not to be too diffuse, satisfaction and excitement succeed each other in agreeable alternations up to the time of the dessert, which must be entirely humorous, poetical and unrestrained; as the comedy in question closes with that most delightfully childish, but significant song of the most delightful of all fools:—or, as 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'As You Like It,' end with a dance, or 'The Winter's Tale' with the living statue."

"I see clearly," said Clara, "that we ought to learn eating at school, just as much as any other science."

"Certainly," said Lothair; "nothing is so unbecoming an accomplished man as to eat in an injudicious, unscientific and tasteless manner; for as food is a want of our nature, either the utmost simplicity should reign at our meals, or elegance and mirth should enter into them, and diffuse ease and cheerfulness."

"Ha ha!" said Ernest, "nothing troubles one's enjoyment so much as a vacillating mixture of frugality and unpleasurable profusion;—as sometimes one is inundated with excellent wine to wash down meagre and ill-cooked viands,—or condemned to gulp down wretched wine with excessively dainty high-flavoured dishes, served on splendid china. These are the true tragi-comedies, such as every well-regulated and accurate mind which aims at harmony and consistency, will utterly condemn and eschew."

"Under the same class," said Antony, "may be ranged immoderate drinking from ambition; or when some host, with all the animation of semi-drunkenness, forcibly obliges you to drink, assuring you with ever-increasing loudness and vehemence, that the wine deserves to be drunk—that this cost so much a bottle, and this so much, but that he does not grudge it to good friends, and that he can stand it, if they should drink twice as much. Such a man, in his pride of purse, does not only reckon the cost of the feast, and the consumption of each guest, but he has no rest till you know the price of every table and chair in his house. If he happen to possess any works of art, or curiosities, he is wholly intolerable. His highest enjoyment is, in all friendliness, to make his guests feel that compared to him they are poor and bankrupt."

"It must also be observed," continued Lothair,

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"that as there ought to be a certain keeping and harmony between the viands and the vessels in which they are served, so the former must not be neglected or injured by an over-proportion of conversation. The introductory soup should, as has already been said, be accompanied by quiet union and attention: after this, a little gentle politics, or short anecdotes, or light philosophical remarks, are allowable; if a company is not very sure of its wit and facetiousness, let it not expend them too early, for at the entrance of the sweets and fruits and fine wines, all seriousness must utterly vanish; that which a quarter of an hour sooner was unseemly and irregular, is now perfectly admissible; even ladies take courage to laugh out; love reveals itself more undisguisedly; jealousy betrays itself by more open sallies—everybody throws himself off his guard, and does not shrink from exposing himself to the hitting jokes of his friend; even some pungent and rather severe stories may now circulate. Great hostes formerly had their fools and jesters enter with the sweetmeats, that at the close of their meal they might feel themselves men,—gay, merry, and unconstrained."

"Now," said Theodore, "that is the time selected for bringing in all the little children; if, indeed, they have not been seated, rank and file, at table."

"Yes," said Manfred, "and the conversation rises to the affecting, on the high ideal virtues of the sweet little creatures and their unutterable love for their parents, and that of the parents for them."

"And when it takes a very lofty flight," said Theodore, "tears are shed, as the last and most precious liquor which is to be produced; and thus the dinner closes amidst the deepest commotion of heart."

"It is not enough," resumed Lothair, "that we avoid such absurdity and ill-breeding; every dinner-conversation should be a work of art, a suitable accompaniment to the meal, adapted to it according to the rules of thorough bass. I do not make any mention of those frightfully large parties which are now, alas! become almost an universal fashion in our country; where acquaintances and strangers, friends and foes, men of talent and fools, young girls and old dowagers, are seated at random at a long table: those dinners for which the hostess has thought and busied, and of which she has dreamt, for a week; where she has arranged everything with great splendour, and still greater bad taste, only that she may at length be quit of an entertainment long expected from her, in return for the dozen or more similar feasts which she has undergone. In addition to these legal claimants, she invites everybody to whom she thinks she owes any civility, and eagerly catches about a dozen travellers in her net, that she may remained discharged of all after-claims to hospitality from them. No! I do not allude to those tables at which no one speaks, or all talk at once; at which chaos reigns, and only in few and rare moments some solitary, purely pleasantry can struggle into being; where every conversation comes into the world still-born, or must expire in a moment, like a fish on dry land; those feasts at which the host must set himself on the rack in order to play the host well, to watch every part of the table, to drink wine with everybody, and to whisper frosty jests into the ears of silly, simpering ladies;—let us pass over in silence these barbarisms of our times, this death of all social pleasure and of all hospitality, which, like so many other barbarous customs, has been imported and found a place amongst us."

"The sickly caricature of these great entertainments," added Wilibald, "are the still larger companies and cold suppers, in which the pleasure is heightened by the universal bustle and uproar;—where, in the general confusion of tongues, servants, called and uncalled, balancing trays of all possible refreshments, dance in between the talkers; each sweeps with his load through every room, to seek he knows not what; and a lover of order is fain to take up a position by the stove or the window, to escape being run down in the universal flight, or seized and carried along in the stream of some migratory horde."

"This," said Manfred, "is the true high style of our social life; Michael Angelo's Last Judgment to the miniature picture of old hospitality and intimate friendship; the final decree of art, the end of the imagination, the fulfilment of time, of which all the prophets have spoken."

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

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Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must in time crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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As to the manner in which history should be studied, the following observations may suffice.

It must, as a whole, be regarded in the light of an epos, which has no definite beginning nor end. The student must select that point which he regards as the most important or the most interesting, and taking his stand on that, must continue to build and to extend in every direction.

He must avoid those so-called universal histories, which teach nothing; at present there are no others. A true universal history must be conceived in the epic style,—that is, in the spirit perceptible in Herodotus. What are now so called are compendiums, from which everything extraordinary or important is effaced: let even the reader who does not mean to addict himself to history in his peculiar department, recur as much as possible to original sources and particular histories, which will afford him far more instruction. For modern history, let him learn to relish the naive simplicity of chronicles, which make no pretension to elaborate delineations of character, nor to a psychological analysis of motives.

He who wishes to cultivate and pursue history as an art, must adhere exclusively to the ancients, who, since the decline of that community and publicity which distinguished the life of Greece and Rome, can never again be equaled. Putting aside Gibbon, whose work has the advantage of a vast range of subject, and of the whole force of the transition from ancient to modern civilisation (although even he is a rhetor and not a historian), there exist only national historians; and among these posterity will mention none but Macchiavelli and Johannes v. Müller. The letters of the latter, written when a young man, will partly enable the aspirant after eminence in this high walk of literature to calculate the steps he has to climb. It may be generally affirmed, that all that science and art—all that a life rich in experience and versed in public affairs can give,—most combine to form the historian.

The first archetypes of the historical style are the epos in its primitive form, and the tragedy: for if universal history—whose rise, like the sources of the Nile, baffles discovery—loves the epic form and fulness, particular history, on the other hand, requires to be arranged concentrically around one common point; not to mention that, for the historian, tragedy is the true source of those grand conceptions and of that elevated mode of thinking to which he ought to form himself.

Schelling. (Vorlesungen über die Methode des academischen Studiums.)

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There are two ways of writing history, one for the learned, the other for the unlearned. In the first case, the writer assumes that the reader is thoroughly conversant with the particular facts. His sole purpose is by apt suggestions and instructive comissions to remind the reader of what he already knows, and thus, in the place of his own desultory knowledge of facts, to present him with a grand whole, or at least to impress it more vividly on his mind.

In the other case, the writer, even while adhering to the same unity of design, is compelled to narrate all the particular facts.

Goethe. (Recensionen.)

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The writer, or even the student, of history, ought, if possible, to know all nations in their own tongue. Languages have one inscrutable origin—as have all national peculiarities,—and he has but an imperfect knowledge of a people who does not know their language.

B. G. Niebuhr. (Lebensnachrichten.)

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I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth,—which causes the unhappiness of mankind.

Lessing.

—

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

Jean Paul.

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THE DROWNED CHILD.

. . . . She sprang into the boat, grasped the oar, and pushed off. The boat did not move; she was compelled to use all her strength, and to repeat the effort. The boat reeked and floated a little from the shore. On her left arm was the child, in her left hand the book, in her right the oar;—she tottered with the motion and fell. The oar dragged her towards one side of the boat, and, as she tried to recover herself, the child and the book towards the other; they fell into the water.

She grasped the child's clothes, but her own position rendered it impossible for her to rise. Her right hand, now disengaged, was not sufficient to enable her to turn or to stand up; at length she accomplished it; she drew the child out of the water, but his eyes were closed—he had ceased to breathe.

At this moment her whole recollection returned, but the greater was her anguish. The

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boat had drifted almost into the middle of the lake, the oar had floated far away, she saw no one on the shore—and what would it have availed her if she had? Cut off from every thing, she floated on the faithless, pathless element.

She sought help from herself. She had often heard the means described of restoring those apparently drowned, and had even witnessed their efficacy. She stripped the child, and dried it with her muslin robe. She tore open her bosom, and for the first time laid it bare to the heavens; for the first time she pressed a living creature to her pure, naked breast. Alas! it was not living!

The cold limbs of the unhappy babe struck a chill to her inmost heart. Streams of tears gushed from her eyes, and gave to the surface of the lifeless body an appearance of warmth and life. She would not give over. She wrapped it round and round in her shawl; she chafed, pressed and breathed on it, and thus, and by tears and kisses, she felt as if she in some measure compensated for the want of those succours which, in her desolate situation, were denied her.

All in vain! Motionless lay the child upon her arm,—motionless lay the boat on the surface of the water. But even now her sweet spirit left her not utterly helpless. She turned to the Helper above. She sank on her knees in the boat, and raised the lifeless babe with both arms across her innocent breast—as white, and, alas! as cold, as marble. With tearful eyes she looked upward, and called for help from thence, where a tender heart hopes to find it in the greatest abundance when its need is the greatest.

And not in vain did she turn to the heavens, whence already the stars began to look forth. A soft breeze arose, and wafted the boat close to the landing place at the plane trees.

Goethe. (Wahlverwandtschaften.)

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Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into the tears which oppressed them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistless day surely foretells rains!

Jean Paul. (Campaner-Thal.)

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The poet must have the power of bringing before himself the thoughts of others; likewise thoughts in every kind of series, and in every variety of expression.

Novalis.

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LETTER FROM AN OLD MARRIED WOMAN TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labour and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labour and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains, a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not, like him, to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be again a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you in livelier colours than ever those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do;—the best husband is also the most useful and active member of society; and when love no longer demands toil and trouble—when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last—when success has lost something of its value along with its novelty—the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly by the silver brook or under the beech tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church steeple on a rope-ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are passed and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love, ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church tower, or the honour of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mine of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cashbook as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope-ladder from the top of the church steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "Oh, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to your good cause and your good heart, (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes,) and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew. I fancy you are at home, just as you were a week ago in society at our excellent G—'s, where I found you all as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each, on the subject I thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humour.

What I did there, I do daily at home. I try

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to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue! The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dewdrop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful, you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

Justus Möser. (Patriotische Fantasien.)

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There are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense.

Von Knebel.

—

Innocence and ignorance are sisters. But there are noble and vulgar sisters. Vulgar innocence and ignorance are mortal, they have pretty faces, but wholly without expression, and of a transient beauty; the noble sisters are immortal, their lofty forms are unchangeable, and their countenances are still radiant with the light of paradise. They dwell in heaven, and visit only the noblest and most severely tried of mankind.

Novalis.

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Both love of mankind and respect for their rights are duties; the former however only a conditional, the latter an unconditional, purely imperative duty, which he must be perfectly certain not to have transgressed, who would give himself up to the sweet emotions arising from beneficence.

Kant. (Zum ewigen Frieden.)

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As no censor can found his prohibitions on the exclusive possession and protection of truth, he must maintain his right to a dominion over inquiry on some other ground than the worth or worthlessness of its results. This other ground is, *their influence on the people*. The poor people! Every where are they invited into the court of the palace when the heaviest burthens of war or of peace are to be carried away; every where are they driven out of it when the greatest treasures are to be distributed, *e. g.* light, art, pleasure, &c.

With what right does any one class demand the exclusive possession of light!—unless indeed it means also to claim exclusive possession of the iniquitous power of ruling more absolutely from its own light over others' darkness.

Can a state permit the development of the faculties of human nature only to certain individuals, as it grants titles and orders? On the contrary, the claim on a state for the means of culture is the stronger, the smaller its actual amount; the demand for the primary and simplest education, more urgent than for the highest.

But upon this matter the old arguments—the hoary satellites of despotism—still exist; namely, that the people, like horses and birds in the mill or the bowling-floor, serve both their own interests and the interests of the state much better when blinded.

But these decrepit servants of tyranny knavishly assume that the same sunlight which is useful on mountains, is mischievous in valleys; and that want of education, though it will not protect the high against error and corruption, will the low; that truth misunderstood can never become truth misused, except among the people.

Jean Paul.

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. . . . Such are the desponding conclusions as to human affairs to which we are inevitably driven if we do not cherish a firm conviction that the pure abstract principles of right have an objective reality—*i. e.* are susceptible of execution; and that the transactions either of the people of a state, or of states with one another, must be in accordance with those principles, let empirical policy oppose to them what it may. True policy can therefore take no step without first doing homage to morality; and although policy is certainly in itself a difficult art, yet its union with morality is no art at all; since, wherever they are opposed, the latter cuts the knot which the former cannot untie. Justice must be held sacred by men, let the sacrifices it may cost the sovereign power be what they many. There can be no seting by halves, nor contriving that intermediate thing between justice and expediency, a justice subject to conditions of narrow and partial utility; but all policy, to have any permanent strength, must bow the knee to justice.

Kant. (Zum ewigen Frieden.)

RELIGION AND ART.

The Greeks were in a certain sense fortunate, that long before art had a visible existence, the genius of the people had prepared the way for the artist and had prefigured the whole world of art. That mystical element which is so essential a part of religion,—in which we dimly conceive and feel the divine nature as infinite and absolutely different from the human—as incapable of all representation and the subject only of faint and imperfect suggestions,—this element was not wholly excluded indeed—for that is impossible—but thrown into the back-ground, especially by poetry. The ancient legends which describe the secret influence of the universal powers of nature, had, even as early as the Homeric age, nearly lost all meaning to the Greeks; the festal rites which sprang from this root continued to be observed as venerable and traditional ceremonies; but poetry followed her inevitable course—to fashion everything after the analogy of human life; and with this a simple piety, which conceived the Deity as a human protector and counsellor, a father and friend in every time of need, was perfectly consistent. The bards, who were themselves only the organs of the universal sentiment, gradually rendered their descriptions more individual and precise; as we see that Homer did not attain to the same degree of sensible distinctness which characterised the poets of the most flourishing age of plastic art. When, however, plastic art had succeeded in representing the outward forms of life in all their truth and significancy, there remained only for her to give substance to the ideal images which the imagination had already indirvidualised. And although this could never be done without an entirely original conception, without inspiration, and an exertion of genius on the part of the artist, yet the general conception of the god entertained by the whole nation was there, and served as a criterion of the accuracy of the representation. If the established and distinct conception of the god, and the exquisite sense of the Greeks for the character of forms, were completely satisfied, a normal image arose, to which all succeeding artists conformed, though with the living freedom of genius; evincing that peculiar taste and judgment of the Hellenic nations, equally removed from oriental stiffness and servility, and from the modern rage for originality, which is the mere offspring of vanity. Statues of gods and heroes were produced, which possessed not less internal truth and distinctness than if the gods and heroes had actually set to the artists. This state of things the world has beheld but once, because it was only in Greece that art was the business of the nation.

The foregoing remarks are illustrated chiefly by the statues of those gods who were in the highest degree individualised: *i. e.* whose nature was the least susceptible of being reduced to an elemental idea. It is not as significant symbols, but as actual existences, that we consider them; which arises not from their having been the objects of outward perception, but from their ideal character having lived through the whole history of the Greek races by which they were worshiped, and received a thousand impressions from it. Hence they are in the highest degree corporeal,—they possess the most intense personality.

They are, the gods of Olympus; the supreme Zeus, with his children and kindred.

Otfried Müller.

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BERLIN SINGING SCHOOL.

My main reason for wishing for you now, is purely ideal. Our chorus is now nothing less than a vast *organon*, which I can set a-playing or stop, with a movement of my hand; and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts.

An organ, every pipe of which is a rational, voluntary agent, may realise our highest conceptions, but then it demands the highest mind to govern it. Here are the most promising youth of a large and not wholly corrupted capital, gathered together, eagerly receiving every good suggestion, and quietly following it out;—a school, whose end is wisdom, whose means, poetry, harmony and song.

Zelter.

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It is as if women made everything with their hands, and men with tools.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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. . . . God preserve us the use of our senses, and send every beginner a competent master! But as these are not always and everywhere to be had, we wish that every artist or lover of art would give us a *vagi laorow* of his attempts; of

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the difficulties which he found it the hardest to overcome; of the powers by which he surmounted those difficulties; of the accidents which helped him; of the inspiration that in certain moments came over him and enlightened him as to his own being, till at length, gradually advancing in strength, he gained possession of the mighty empire, and compelled the neighbouring arts—nay, universal nature—to pay tribute to him as king and conqueror.

Thus—proceeding from the mechanical to the intellectual, from the grinding of colours and the stretching of strings to the true influence of the arts on heart and mind—we might collect a living theory, which might delight and encourage the lover of art, and perhaps afford no inconsiderable help to genius.

Goethe. (Recensionen.)

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True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good,—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and thus is doubly the giver and the preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is—as well in social and domestic, as in public affairs—and by what means it may best be sustained.

Von Knebel.

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LETTER TO GOETHE.

March 5th, 1808.

Frankfort is wet, cold, odious. If it were not for your mother, winter here would be inclorable—so utterly without consistency—nothing but eternally melting snow.

I have a rival in her good graces, a squirrel which a handsome French soldier left here in quarters. She lets it do whatever it likes. She calls it Jack (Hanschen), and Jack may gnaw the chairs and tables,—nay, he has even had the audacity to sit upon her state cap, and bite the feathers and flowers.

A day or two ago I called in the evening, and the maid let me in, saying that she was out, but would soon return. The room was dark,—I sat down by the window and looked out. Suddenly it seemed to me as if something rustled. I listened, and thought I heard breathing; I was half afraid; I heard something move again, and asked, willing to put it on the squirrel, "Jack, are you there?" "It's not Jack, it's John," answered a sonorous bass voice in the back ground, to my great surprise and consternation, and thereupon the *ubique mahus spiritus* cleared his throat. Awestruck, I did not venture from my place; the spirit gave no other indications of his presence than his breathing and an occasional sneeze. I now heard your mother; she entered with Miss Lieschen behind her, bearing the scarcely lighted candles. "Are you there," said she, taking off her cap, which she deposited on its nocturnal stand—a green wire bottle; "Yes," exclaimed both of us at once, and a bearded gentleman advanced out of the corner, and said, "Frau Rath,* will you let me eat a ham salad and some pancakes (Eierkuchen) with you to night?" Hereupon I concluded that John was no other than a prince of Mecklenburg; for who has not heard your mother tell the pretty story, how, at the emperor's coronation, the present Queen of Prussia, then a little princess, and her brother saw the Frau Rath going to eat this identical supper, and how their appetite was so inflamed by the sight that they ate it all up to the last leaf!

She now related the whole history over again with great glee, and many others besides; *e. g.* how she procured for the princesses the pleasure of pumping water till they were tired, at the pump in her yard; how she tried by every possible argument to prevent the governess from calling them away, and at last, finding she could not prevail, stood firm and locked her up in a room. "For," said your mother, "I had rather have got into the most serious scrape, than that she dear children should have been disturbed in their innocent enjoyment, which they would never have been allowed any where but in my house; and indeed they told me when they took leave, that they should never forget how happy and merry they had been."

I could write you sheets full of such reminiscences.

Bettina. (Frau v. Arnim.)
Briefwechsel Goethes mit einem Kinde.

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The censor of political and religious books should remember the Cayba spider Don Antonio de Ulloa talks of, which gives out a mortal poison if seized and crushed, but is perfectly innoxious when blown off the skin.

Jean Paul.

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PESTALOZZI.

Pestalozzi places himself before us in his own writings with the most genuine and touching frankness. I might cite him, like Luther, as exhibiting the distinctive features of the German heart, and might draw the cheering inference, that this heart, with all its wonder-working powers, still beats within the wide circle where the German tongue is spoken. Pestalozzi, too, lived a whole life of toil, struggling with every possible obstacle; internally, with his own obstinate confusion and awkwardness of mind, and the very slender stock of the ordinary appliances furnished by a learned education; externally, with unceasing misapprehensions; he struggled forward towards a dim and shadowy object, of which he had no distinct knowledge whatever, yet was sustained and borne along by an uncontrollable and all-powerful impulse—love for the poor, destitute, neglected people. This all-powerful love made him, like Luther, (only in another manner, and one more suited to his age) its instrument; it was the life of his life; it was, unconsciously to himself, the strong, and unbroken clue which guided his whole course through all the clouds that surrounded it, and which crowned its evening—for it was impossible that such a love should depart from earth unrequited—with a triumph of what may be truly called his intellectual discovery, far beyond his most daring hopes. He had wished only to help the people; but his discovery, taken in its widest extension, abolishes *the people*—abolishes the distinction between them and the educated classes; gives, instead of popular education (which was the object of his efforts), national education, and may in time become the instrument of raising the masses, and the whole human race, out of the depths of that misery in which he found them.

Fichte. (Reden an die deutsche Nation.)

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.....Siebenkas pored over a fatal iron-mould—a pock-mark or wart in his wife's heart: he could never raise her to a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she might forget heaven and earth and all things. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses,—and listen to the pot boiling over and run to take it off, with the big tears, which he had drawn forth by a beautiful story or a discourse from the outpourings of his heart, yet standing in her eyes. She sat in the adjoining room and sang to herself quavering psalms, and in the middle of a verse she interpolated the prosaic question, "What shall I cook this evening?" And he could never get it out of his head, that once, in the midst of the most moved attention to a closet-sermon of his on death and eternity, she looked thoughtfully downwards, and at length said, "Dear, put on your left stocking tomorrow morning; I must first mend a hole in it."

The author of this history hereby asserts that he has often gone nearly out of his mind in consequence of such-like feminine interludes. It is in truth to be wished that the said author, in case he enter into the estate of matrimony, may find a woman to whom he can read the most essential principles and *dictata* of metaphysics and astronomy, and who will not, in his most towering flights, cast up his stockings at him. He will however be satisfied if one fall to his lot who has humbler merits, but who is capable of soaring with him to a certain height:—one on whose opened eyes and heart the flowery earth and beaming heavens strike not in infinitesimals, but in large and towering masses; for whom the great Whole is something more than a nursery or a ball-room; one who, with a feeling at once tender and discriminating, and with a heart at once pious and large, for ever improves the man whom she has wedded. This it is, and no more, to which the author of this history limits his wishes.

Jean Paul. (Siebenkas.)

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To have freedom, is to only have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess. This is clear, if we ask ourselves what are the grounds and objects of our aspirations and wishes, and reflect what are the obstacles to their fulfilment. This inquiry leads us to the root of all lying. The first privation of freedom consists in this—that we must not say what we wish, nor what we think. In the secrecy of prayer we say it to our heavenly Father, indeed he knows it without our confessions; but in the world we lie and conceal. Yet he alone is worthy to be called a friend, to whom we dare to show ourselves as we are. If lies are told us, we must look to ourselves as the cause; we must not only

* Mrs. Councillor—the title by which Goethe's mother was universally known, and peculiar to her. —*Translator.*

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deserve confidence by our integrity, but inspire and invite it by our kindness and indulgence. To repose such confidence is the profoundest of all social wants; the end and the foundation of speech.

Rahel.

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....Many among you may think it in expedient to speak frequently, or indeed ever, except on occasions of great solemnity, of religion,—and to this I shall not attempt to reply. But the world can not forbid you to manifest the spirit of religion in a holy life. You may therefore show forth its essence in every act and deed; even the most ordinary and trivial affairs and relations of life need not be devoid of the expression of a pious heart. Let the deep and sacred feeling which inspires and governs all your actions, show that even in those trifles over which a profane mind passes with levity, the music of a lofty sentiment echoes in your heart; let the majestic serenity with which you estimate the great and the small, prove that you refer everything to the Immutable—that you perceive the Godhead alike in everything; let the bright cheerfulness with which you encounter every proof of our transitory nature, reveal to all men that you live above time and above the world; let your easy and graceful self-denial prove how many of the bonds of egotism you have already broken; and let the ever quick and open spirit from which neither what is rarest nor most ordinary escapes, show with what unwearied ardour you seek for every trace of the Godhead—with what eagerness you watch for its slightest manifestation. If your whole life, and every movement of your outward and inward being, in thus guided by religion, perhaps the hearts of many will be touched by this mute language, and will open to the reception of that spirit which dwells within you.

Schleiermacher. (*Über die Religion.*)

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As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures.

Goethe. (*Recensionen.*)

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PROGRESS AND PERMANENCY.

Breslau, Dec. 23, 1805.

Your letter of the 20th, which I have just read a second time, contains something which I cannot for a moment leave unanswered; for I cannot bear to be misunderstood by a man like you on so important a point.

That "I hate intellectual progress," I never said, or at least never meant. How could I do myself such injustice? What I meant is nearly as follows:—

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress, the other, the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway, or even if it obtained a mischievous preponderancy, everything would petrify or rot. The best ages of the world are always those in which these two principles are the most equally balanced. In such ages every enlightened man ought to adopt both principles into his whole mind and conduct, and with one hand develope what he *can*, with the other restrain and uphold what he *ought*.

But in wild and stormy times, when this balance is destroyed by attacks on the conservative principle; or in dark and barbarous times, when the principle of progress is unduly checked, it appears to me that every individual should take a part, and should become to a certain extent unsoided, in order to form a sort of counterpoise to the disorder that reigns around him. When fear of truth, persecution for opinions, and stupid persistency weigh down the human mind, the best men of their age must strive, even unto martyrdom, for progress. When, on the other hand,—as in our times,—the opinion of every kind is become the ruling and preponderant tendency, all distinguished men must attach themselves obstinately to old opinions and institutions.

Thus alone did I understand the question. And even now, even in these times of dissolution, very many must of course labour at the mental culture of the human race; but some must devote themselves to the more difficult, the more thankless, the more dangerous task of struggling against the excessive tendency to change. That these men must, above all things, be highly cultivated, I assume as indispensable.

* * * * *

I am as little inclined to extremes as you. The difference between us lies mainly in this: you have the principle of progress, as sim, constantly before your eyes; but too great and too wise to rush blindly forward, you have learned and have admirably taught others, how necessary it is to hold the rein even while you urge forward. I have chosen the conservative principle as my polar star; but I never forget that we must urge onward, even while we keep a steady rein.

In tranquil times we should stand precisely on the same line; even in the storms of these tremendous days we are in a state of perpetual approximation; both extremely near to the centre, though starting from a different point of the periphery.

Gentz. (*Briefe an Johannes v. Müller.*)

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They came, saw, and conquered—all who were at table expecting them. Heavens! they were enlightened, eighteenth-century men. They stood up stoutly for moderate freedom, and good amusing reading, and moderate desism, and moderate philosophy. They delivered themselves most clearly against the apparition of spirits,—against all illusions and all extremes. They liked very well to read their poets—as models of style to be advantageously used in business, and as relaxations from solid affairs; they relished nightingales—roasted; and liked mysteries, as Spanish bakers do—to heat their ovens with; they had killed the great sphynx, who sets us the riddle of life, and carried off the stuffed hide, and they held it for a wonder that anybody else would now submit to be puzzled. Genius, said they, we would certainly not throw away; we would keep it for sale. And their icy souls burn but for one object—for the body; this is solid and real; this is the true state, and religion, and art.

Jean Paul. (*Titan.*)

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THE HARTZ.

.....The mountains were here steeper, the pine forests waved beneath like a deep green sea, and white clouds floated across the blue heavens. The wildness of the scene was, as it were, tamed by its unity and simplicity. Nature, like a good poet, loves no abrupt transitions. The clouds, however fantastic be their forms, have a pure and tender colouring which harmonizes with the blue sky and the green earth, so that all the hues of a region melt into each other like soft music, and nature, under each of her aspects, has a tranquilising and soothing influence.

Like a great poet too, nature can produce the greatest effects with the fewest means. There are only a sun, trees, flowers, water—and love. It is true, if this is wanting in the heart of the spectator, the whole may present but a poor uninteresting spectacle; and the sun is then only so many miles in diameter, and the trees are good for firewood, and the flowers are classified according to the number of their stamina, and the water is wet.

* * * * * * * *

A little boy, who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the village of Leerbach. He seemed to be upon a footing of the greatest intimacy with the trees; he greeted them as old acquaintance, and they rustled their greetings in reply. He whistled like a linnet, and the other birds all around answered him; and before I was well aware, he had disappeared in the thicket with his naked feet and his bundle of brushwood.

Children, thought I, are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old, and have too many cares, and to much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads.

Heinrich Heine. (*Reisebilder.*)

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It is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in that we wish for.

Rahel.

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How rarely do men accurately weigh what they have to sacrifice against what they have to gain! How hard is it to will the end, and not to turn with repugnance from the means! Many transpose them, and delight themselves in the means, while they lose sight of the end. They seek to cure every disease topically on the spot where it first shows itself, and take no care to discover the point where it really has its origin, and whence it acts. Hence is it so difficult to profit by advice,—especially for the many, who are intelligent enough about their every-day affairs, but seldom see beyond the morrow. Thus it happens, that when, in any popular institution or scheme, one man loses and another gains, it is impossible to come at a fair comparison of the respective portions of good and evil. All truly common good must be the result of an act of the uncontrolled sovereign will.

Goethe.

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Linne stood in the moonlight behind the plashy water. Albano tore asunder the branches which obstructed his view, and looked, uncovered and breathless, on the holy beauty of the vision. With the unearthly station and look of a Grecian god, Linne stood resplendent in the moonbeams, and the entranced youth beheld the young, open, serene Madonna brow, on which none of the world's sorrows and disturbances had traced a furrow or thrown a shade—and the small delicate, scarcely-arched eye-brow—and the face like a perfect pearl, oval and white—and the loosened locks lying on the lilies of the valley at her heart—and the slender graceful form, which, with her white

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garments, gave a diviner air to her beauty—and the ideal stillness of her whole being, as she stood laying only her fingers, and not her arm, on the balcony, as if the Psyche only hovered over the lily-bell of her body, and shook or bowed it never—and the large blue eyes which, while her head sank a little, unclosed with inexpressible beauty, and seemed to lose themselves in dreams, and in distant plains glowing in the evening red.

Thrice happy man! The only visible goddess, Beauty, appears to thee suddenly in all her might and majesty, and accompanied by all her heavens.

Jean Paul. (Titan.)

LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, TO HER FATHER, THE DUKE OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ.

Memel, June 17th, 1807.

With the deepest emotion and tears of the tenderest gratitude, I have read your letter of April last. How can I thank you, best and kindest of fathers, for all the proofs I have received of your love, your favour, your indescribable goodness to me? What a consolation, what a support are they to me in my afflictions! The object of such love cannot be utterly unhappy.

Another enormous calamity has overtaken us, and we are now on the point of leaving the kingdom. You may think what is my state—what are my feelings. Yet in the name of God I conjure you do not misunderstand your daughter! Believe not that any pusillanimous sorrow bows down my head. There are two main sources of courage that raise me above all that fate can do: the first is the thought that we are no sport of a blind chance, but that we abide in God's hand, and under the guidance of his providence; the second, that we fall with honour. The king has proved—to the whole world he has proved—that he prefers honour to a shameful submission. Prussia will not wear the chains of a voluntary slavery. Nor is there a single point on which the king could have acted otherwise, without being false to his own character, and a traitor to his people. What strength the consciousness of this gives, he alone can know through whose whole being the feeling of honour flows like life-blood.

But to the point.

By the disastrous battle of Friedland, Konigsberg has fallen into the hands of the French. The enemy presses hard upon us, and if this danger approaches but a little nearer, I shall be compelled to leave Memel with my children. The king will rejoin the emperor. I go, as soon as the peril becomes imminent, to Riga:—God will help me to endure the moment when I must pass the frontier of Prussia. There I shall stand in need of strength; but I look up to Heaven, whence come both good and evil, and my fast faith is that it sends not more than we can bear! Once more, best of fathers, we fall with honour, respected by other nations, and we shall never cease to have friends, because we deserve them. How tranquilising this thought is, it is impossible to say. I bear all with a calmness and composure which only a peaceful conscience and pure intentions can give.

Be assured therefore, dearest father, that we can never be completely unhappy, and that many who are loaded with crowns and successes are not so cheerful as we. God send every virtuous man peace in his own breast, and he will ever find cause of rejoicing. Yet one thing more for your consolation—nothing will ever be done on our side that is not consistent with the strictest honour, and with fidelity to the common cause. Think not of the possibility of any pitiful concessions for our own peculiar interest. This will be a comfort to you, I know, and to all who belong to me.

I am ever your true, dutiful and most loving daughter, and, God be thanked, I can say—since your gracious kindness permits me—

Your Friend,

LOUISA.

Extracts from Niebuhr's letters, during the retreat of the Prussian Court before the French.

Stettin, Oct. 20, 1806.

I hope, my dearest parents, you received the letter in which I informed you of our arrival here. This will have tranquilised you as to our personal safety. Concerning our future destiny you must not be uneasy. We regard it without dismay; and for this I have, in these awful times, to thank the education which you gave me, my dearest father, and the principles which I have ever followed out in my subsequent life. I shall always be able to gain a subsistence. If, as is probable, all those brilliant prospects which lately seemed to open before us have for ever vanished,* I shall be able to make my way as a man of letters or a merchant, and if I cannot succeed in one country, I shall not fail to do so in another. A place of refuge and bread we shall always find; and I entreat you to be persuaded that the thought that the horrible calamities which overwhelm the country have also ruined our own flattering prospects, does not for one moment mingle with our profound affliction for the fate of Prussia and of Europe. My social position would, in happier times, have become very fortunate. I might, under a most excellent minister,† have been able to introduce and to execute many beneficial measures. I should have worked with satisfaction and pleasure, and might have reckoned on all those honours and advantages which are the rewards of a life devoted to public business. All this is over; but even for all this I should not lament.

We set out to-morrow for Danzig. As the French have entered Berlin, and will probably soon proceed hither, we can no longer postpone our departure. It is a long way to Danzig, and the season is far advanced. In Lower Pomerania we shall be wretchedly off for the accommodations or even the necessaries of life. For me this is nothing; may God only preserve my Amelia's health!

Whether Danzig will be the end of our flight, or whether we shall have to go yet further to the northeast, time will show. I endeavour not to think of it; but we will bear whatever comes with fortitude. Do not fear that we should be in want of money; we are abundantly provided.

You will probably have a tolerably correct idea from the Hamburgh papers of the frightful condition of our army. A light now begins to break upon us, and gradually to illumine the dreadful chaos; it exhibits a picture which I must summon courage to contemplate.

Adieu! best of parents! I say it with a heavy heart. Perhaps even our correspondence will be interrupted. Farewell—once more farewell, dearest parents, dear sister, kind aunt!

Barthold G. Niebuhr.

* Niebuhr's career under the Prussian government.
† Von Stein.

Oct. 224, 1806.

.....If you knew this people you would find them worthy of your love. I never expected in our days to find so much vigour, earnestness, truth and kindliness combined. Led by a great spirit, they would have remained unconquerable by the whole world; and even now, though the torrent overspread the land with the rapidity of a whirlwind, yet such a spirit might drive it back again.

But where is it—that great spirit?

* * * * * *

Konigsberg, Nov. 12th.

.....Our life here is a cheerless one, from the time of year, the impassable roads, and the general confusion. We are almost prisoners—without dings of you, of our other friends, or of threatened Denmark.

Farewell! Perhaps a long farewell. We will neglect no opportunity of writing. An interchange of thoughts and feelings will subsist between us, even should all means of embodying them in words be denied us.

* * * * * *

Bartenstein, May 5th, 1807.

.....Our journey from Konigsberg hither was very interesting, but the most melancholy of my life. Even close to Konigsberg you see some ruined and deserted houses; in the villages more than half are uninhabited; there are no cattle in the fields—here and there, but very rarely, a scanty flock of sheep or swine; scarcely any people to be seen; everything bespeaks misery and fear.

* * * * * *

Landsberg on der Warthe. Dec. 13, 1807.

.....My worst fears could not have pictured to me a more melancholy and painful journey, accompanied with all the distressing anxieties caused by the season and the circumstances.....

.....Late at night of the 28th we reached Braunsberg, and could not get post-horses till the following day at noon. We now reached a part of the country which has suffered the most grievously from devastation and disease. The country from Braunsberg to beyond the Prussian march is for ten miles (German) magnificent, stretching away in hills of considerable height; a very fruitful soil, inhabited, before these disastrous times, by opulent peasants in pretty villages, scarcely exceeded by those of the finest parts of Holstein. But the roads are in the most deplorable state, from the passage of troops and the transport of artillery, since which it has been impossible to mend them. For there are scarcely any men, and still less horses, to be found in the country. The land all lies fallow, and bears, as our hostess sadly said, only flowers.

Barthold Georg Niebuhr. (Lebensnachrichten.)

The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in the world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.

Oehlenschläger.

I would fain know what music is; I seek it as man seeks eternal wisdom. Yesterday evening I walked late in the moonlight in the beautiful avenue of lime-trees on the banks of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and soft ringing. At the door of a cottage, under the blossoming lime-tree, sat a mother with her twin babes; the one

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lay at her breast, the other in a cradle, which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing.

In the very germ, then, when the first trace of life searce begins to stir, music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are the companions of his dreams,—they are the world in which he lives. He has nothing; the babe, although cradled in his mother's arms, is alone in the spirit; but tones find entrance into this half-conscious soul, and nourish it as the earth nourishes the life of plants.

Bettina. (Briefwechsel Goethes mit einem Kinde.)

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Sebastian Bach is esteemed the greatest of harmonists, and with justice. That he is a poet of the highest order, one can scarcely venture to assert; and yet he belongs to those who, like your Shakspeare, are elevated far above childish clap-traps. As a servant of the church, he wrote for the church alone, and yet not in what is commonly called a church style. His style, like all that is his, is *Bachish*. That he used the common signs and names, sonato, concerto, etc., is no more than that a man is called Joseph or Christopher. Bach's native and prime element is solitude; and this you instinctively felt, when you said, "I lie down in my bed and get our organist from Berka to play *Sebastiana*." Such is he; he will be heartsoured to with silent wheedlefulness. * * * But he ought to be followed on the organ. This is the living soul, into which he breathes the immediate breath of life. His theme in the new-born thought or feeling which, like the spark from the flint, springs out of the first accidental pressure of the pedal; by degrees he works himself into it, till he abstracts himself from the whole world, and then an exhaustless stream flows onward to the infinite ocean. His great organ compositions leave off, but they are not done; in them is no end.

Zelter.

(ANSWER.)

Well do I remember the good organist of Berka; for then, for the first time,—in perfect tranquillity of mind and free from outward interruptions, I gained an idea of your great master, Sebastian Bach. I expressed it to myself thus; —that it was as if the Eternal Harmony held converse with itself, as it might be imagined to have done in the bosom of the Deity just before creation. Thus, too, it moved in my inmost being; and it seemed to me as if I had no ears, still less eyes; and that I neither had, nor wanted, any outward sense.

Goethe. (Briefwechsel.)

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Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.

Jean Paul. (Palingenesien.)

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The style of writing required in the great world is distinguished by a free and daring grace, a careless security, a fine and sharp polish, a delicate and perfect taste; while that fitted for the people is characterised by a vigorous natural fulness, a profound depth of feeling, and an engaging naïveté. We do not now speak of a still higher region—that of genius—for which there exist no boundaries of high and low; which embraces the most polished cosmopolitanism and the homeliest nationality.

Goethe.

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ARABIA.

Arabia, the land of the West, was so called by the Chaldeans because its higher deserts lie to the west, while the Syrians called its inhabitants Saracens—easterns. The name Barbar, son of the desert, was of native origin, and a title of honour; they looked with disdain on the dwellers in cities.

Two deep gulfs define the peninsula of Arabia; the desert stretches from the ancient empire of Persia to that of Rome. The whole country is said to contain fifty-five thousand square miles. Nature in the desert seems dead. The sun glares fiercely in an ever dry and cloudless sky; the naked hills appear flayed and seared by the winds, and disclose boundless plains where no shadow refreshes the wanderer, where no object affords a resting-place for his eye. Between him and all living creatures lies a space across which the sight cannot travel; at far intervals a spring rises under the shade of a solitary cluster of palms, and soon is lost again in the sand. The Arab alone knows these resting-places; he dwells alone in their shades; free, and possessed of more than enough to satisfy his few and simple wants, hither he bears the slaves and treasures, the spoil of caravans which had imprudiently entered into conflict with the followers of the Great Emir of the desert.

These islands in the sandy ocean are connected only by the camel. Like the inhabitants, this animal learns from his earliest days to bear thirst, hunger, and watching; he traverses three or four hundred leagues without drinking more than once in eight or ten days—without eating more than a few thistles, roots of wormwood and nettles; he carries a burthen of twelve or thirteen hundred pounds for a week together without ever being unloaded; in him is the Arab's safety, wealth, and most faithful companion; a nod directs his steps, and a song renews his vigour.

Johannes v. Müller.

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.....I have been very industrious during the last few weeks, and have studied much. You may think of me at my writing-table during the greater part of the day. I know not by what train of circumstances a great thirst for knowledge suddenly, and as if afresh, has been awakened within me, but it is very long since I have felt it in an equal degree. I abandon myself to this inclination so much the more readily, as I have no heart, so long as I am away from you to produce anything of value. And my views and purposes are generally too firmly established for me to fear that I should fall into the vague and desultory reading for which I have a peculiar contempt. Everything that I set about has a definite purpose, and I never quit it without drawing from the materials I have collected the results answerable to that purpose. With this condition, I can scarcely resist my desire to endeavour to see, to know, to examine as much as is possible.

Man appears to me to be here in order that he may make all that surrounds him his own—the property of his understanding;—and life is short. I would fain, when I must depart hence, leave behind me as little as possible which I have not brought into contact with my own mind. This desire has always been part of my nature, and has, alas! often led me astray, so as to defeat its own ends. In knowledge, as well as in life, I have ever suffered for too wide a dispersion of myself. I have grasped at everything, and have forgotten that, while steady application to one object leaves permanent results, attention to many consumes the mental vigour and faculties in vain.

With life, I have arrived at greater tranquillity; and with knowledge, the conflict is, God be praised, less perilous.

Wilhelm v. Humboldt. (Briefwechsel mit Schiller.)

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JUSTINIAN'S ATTEMPT TO PREVENT COMMENTS ON HIS COMPILATIONS.

The means resorted to by Justinian with a view to put an end to all the difficulties and controversies arising on the application of scientific law, were as new as they were arbitrary. He caused all that was necessary to a complete view of the existing law, and especially to the administration of the law, to be extracted from the whole mass of jurisprudential literature, without reference to the limits prescribed by Valentinian III. The matter so extracted was collected in a book and promulgated as law, while all the rest was abrogated. But he entirely forbade the rise of a new jurisprudential literature for the future. Only Greek translations of the Latin text, and (by way of mechanical aid) short sketches of the contents of the title, were to be allowed; if any book properly so called, any commentary on these laws, were written, it was to be destroyed, and the author subjected to the punishment inflicted on forgery.

The only means for ensuring the maintenance and propagation of legal knowledge, was therefore oral teaching in the schools of law, which were consequently provided with a new plan of instruction. If, however, we consider this plan in conjunction with the above-mentioned prohibition, the design of it cannot be doubtful. It was unquestionably not intended as a means of subjecting those books to the free investigation and discussion of the teacher, which would have excited a kindred activity of mind in the learner, and thus have perpetuated a science of law independent of the matter they contained; for such a proceeding would have been obviously at variance with the purpose of the prohibition. The instruction must, on the contrary, have consisted in a mechanical learning by rote, and the functions of the teacher must have been restricted to helping the learner over those difficulties which are inherent in new matter of such enormous extent. One thought, therefore, lay at the bottom of all these edicts; viz. that this selection from the legal science and wisdom of former ages was adequate to all the wants of society, and could only be impaired by any new work.

To many, such a thought, thus literally expressed, may appear extravagant, and they may therefore seek to give it a figurative or a milder interpretation;—erroneously, as I think.

When Justinian came to the throne, he probably heard as loud complaints of the disastrous uncertainty of law, and the urgent need for a thorough reform, as Frederic II. of Prussia, in the year 1740. A happy accident surrounded him with jurists of such perspicacity as had not appeared for more than a century, nor was he himself deficient either in legal knowledge, or in energy and desire of fame. He endeavoured, therefore, to apply a remedy to the evil which was felt to be the most pressing,—the unmanageable mass of jurisprudential literature and the

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numerons contradictions it contained. There was no example of any undertaking of a similar nature by which to measure that now contemplated, and hence the opinion might honestly be entertained at the imperial court, that an admirable state of the law might thus be produced, and that there was no other way of effectually preventing a relapse into the old evil, but by legal prohibition. Nor was there the smallest ground for fearing that any existing intellectual activity would be crushed by this prohibition (as was the case when Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius entertained a similar project); for the degree of vigour and intelligence which the present time had to offer were obvious to every one, and were manifestly little susceptible of deterioration. The threat of criminal punishment, and even the prohibition to write books, is indeed wholly alien from our manners; and, since the invention of printing, and the active intercourse of the several states of Europe, all such schemes would be absurd and extravagant. But if we pass over this despotical manner of executing the project, as merely accidental, the fundamental idea which prompted it is, in fact, the same self-delusion which, deeply rooted in human nature, is continually recurring in every part of the domain of opinion, and especially in the religious part: *i. e.* we believe ourselves permitted to impose on others, as exclusively right and authoritative, that particular formula of thought which we have constructed by the honest and conscientious exertion of our own powers, thus (as we think) for ever banishing error;—and with it, it is true, freedom of thought.

Justinian established this sort of jurisprudential concordat, and no one was to dare to disturb the peace which it was intended to secure. Shall we judge him severely for this? Our mental horizon is extended by the experience of nearly two thousand years, and yet the essence of this idea of Justinian's still dwells in those who entertain visionary hopes from the construction of new codes; though they are without the power, and indeed without the will, to execute their project by the stern compulsion resorted to by Justinian.

Von Savigny. (System des heutigen römischen Rechts.)

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There are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts.

A. W. v. Schlegel.

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Many men live better with past or with future ages than with the present.

Novalis.

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In the bloom of youth and beauty, on the pinnacle of victory, of strength and of pleasure, man is often seized by a profound feeling of the fleeting nothingness of this state, which he calls his life.

Fred. Schlegel.

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And so he stayed—as he would—as he must. But the delight of being with her, near her, was like no other delight. And in her, also, this same feeling remained unchangeable; she too could not withdraw herself from the dominion of this sweet necessity. After the resolution which forever divided them, no less than before it, an indescribable, almost magical, power of attraction exerted itself in each towards the other. If they were in the same room, it was not long ere they stood, they sat, near each other. Nothing but the nearest nearness could tranquilise them—and this tranquilised them fully. It was enough that they were near: not a look—not a word—not a gesture—not a movement was needed; nothing—but to be together. For they were not two human beings; they were one—one, lapped in an unconscious, absolute delight, satisfied with itself and with the world. Nay, had one of them been forcibly detained at a remote part of the house, the other would have followed, step by step, without plan or premeditation. To them, life was a riddle, whose solution they could only find when they were together.

Goethe. (Wahlverwandschaften.)

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THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

In a sort of mental death, Firmian seated himself in the old chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. The mist was now withdrawn from the future, and discovered a long arid tract covered with the traces and ashes of burnt-out fires; full of sear and withered bushes, and scattered with bones and whitening in the sand. He saw that the chasm which divided his heart from hers would become wider and wider;—he saw it distinctly and desolately; his old, beautiful love would never return. Lenette would never lay aside her obstinacy, her sullenness, her habits; the narrow inclosures of her heart and of her head would remain impenetrably shut: she could as little learn to understand him as to love him. On the other hand, the absence of his friend aggravated the bitterness of her coldness; he looked mournfully along the dreary vista of long silent days, full of stifled sighs and mute accusations.

Lenette sat silently at work in the chamber, for her wounded heart shrank from words and looks as from chill and cutting winds. It was already very dark—but she wanted no light.

All at once a wandering ballad-singer with a harp, and her little boy with a flute, began to play under the window.

It was with our friends as if their swollen and tightened hearts received a thousand punctures, and then gently collapsed. As nightingales sing sweetest where there is an echo, so do our hearts speak most audibly where music is around them. Oh! as the many-stringed tones brought back to him his old hopes—hopes, the very aspect of which he could scarcely recognise; as he looked down into the Arcadia now lying deep, deep beneath the stream of years, and saw himself there with his young fresh wishes, his long-lost joys, his glad eyes which gazed around full of confidence, and his expanding heart which husbanded and fostered all its love and truth for some future loving one; and as he now cried in a deep inward discord, "And such an one have I *not* found, and all is over;" and as the sounds passed like the shifting pictures of gay meadows, flowery thickets and loving groups in a camera obscura, before this lonely one who had nothing—not one soul in this land that loved him;—his firm spirit fell prostrate within him, and laid itself down upon the earth as if to its eternal rest—and now nothing had power to heal or to soothe it but its own sorrows.

Suddenly the tones, wandering on the night-wind, died away, and the pauses, like a burial in silence and darkness, struck deeper into the heart. In this melodious stillness he went into the chamber, and said to Lenette, "Take this trifle down to them." But he could only falter out the last words, for in the light reflected from the opposite house, he saw her flushed face covered with streaming unregarded tears: at his entrance she had affected to be busied in wiping off the mist which her warm breath had left upon the window-pane.

He said, in a still softer tone, "Lenette, take it directly, or they will be gone." She took it; her heavy eyes turned away as they met his, no less tear-swollen than her own, yet they met dry and tearless,—so severed, so estranged were their souls already. They had reached that wretched state in which the hour of common emotion no longer reconciles or warms. His whole breast swelled with a torrent of love, but hers no longer belonged to him; he was oppressed at the same moment by the wish and the impossibility of loving her—by the certainty of the barrenness and coldness of her nature. He seated himself in a window recess, and leaned down his head and touched, by chance, the pocket handkerchief she had left. The afflicted creature, after the long constraint of a whole day, had refreshed herself by this gentle overflowing—as a hurt by pressure is relieved by opening a vein.

At the touch of the handkerchief a cold shudder ran through his frame, like a sting of conscience. And now the voice and the flute without the harp were heard again, and flowed on together in a slow, mournful ditty, every verse of which ended, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"* Grief clasped him around like the mantle-fish in its dark stifling shroud. He pressed Lenette's tear-steeped handkerchief hard upon his eyeballs, and in darkness he felt, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!" Then suddenly his whole spirit melted within him at the thought that his throbbing heart would perhaps be at rest before the entrance of any other year than that which was to break upon him on the morrow; and he fancied himself departing, and the cold handkerchief lay steeped in double tears on his burning face; and the notes marked every point of time, like the beats of a clock, and he felt, sensibly, the passage and motion of time, and he saw himself at length sleeping in the quiet grave.

The music ceased. He heard Lenette go into the room and light a candle. He went to her and gave her the handkerchief. But his inner man was so bruised and bleeding that he felt as if he longed to embrace any outward being—be it what it would. He felt as if he must press, if not his present, yet his former—if not his loving, yet his suffering Lenette to his fainting, famished heart. But he neither wished nor tried to utter the word love. Slowly, and without bending down, he folded his arms around her, and drew her to his heart; but she turned her head coldly and abruptly from his offered kiss. This pained him acutely, and he said, "Am I happier than thou?" and he laid his face down on her averted head, and pressed her once more to him, and then released her. And as the vain embrace was over, his whole heart exclaimed, "Gone is gone, dead is dead!"

As he laid himself down to rest, he thought, the old year closes, as if forever, in sleep; out of sleep the new one arises, like the beginning of existence, and I slumber over a fearful, formless, thickly-shrouded future. Thus do we go to sleep at the very gateway of imprisoned dreams, and we know not, although our dreams lie but at the distance of a few minutes, a few steps from the gate, whether when they issue forth, they will

* See Bürger's Leonore.

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surround us in the likeness of crouching, glaring beasts of prey, or of fair children, smiling and sporting in their little sinless night;—whether we ought to strangle or to embrace the compacted air.

Jean Paul (Siebenkas.)

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Those extraordinary and violent measures which, when put in execution, so easily become atrocious, whether they spring from the principle of liberty or from the principle of absolutism, are invariably characterised by the impossibility of arresting their progress:—crime once established and active, assumes the character of an independent power; it no longer depends on the will of the tyrant or not; an invisible force, like an inexorable destiny, hurries him forward.

F. Schlegel.

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EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"In this secluded situation," said the mistress, "I have been obliged to dispense entirely with the instruction of masters."

"Perhaps," thought I, "because they sometimes insinuate themselves into the good graces of their unsuspecting pupils."

But the Dominie, who read this suspicion in my eyes, had totally other reasons in her mind.

"No," said she, "that excessive anxiety to keep young girls from the flatteries of men is far more dangerous than the most reprehensible heedlessness. It is as if one were to rear in a hothouse, plants which are afterwards to be exposed to the open air. As the vigorous plant can resist the assaults of the weather, so a sound judgment, and feelings not pampered into mawkish sensibility, can offer a steady resistance to the suggestions of folly or vice."

It was, therefore, not any moral timorousness which determined her to dispense with the lessons of masters, but the superficiality of their teaching, and the entire uselessness of most of the so-called accomplishments, the only tendency of which is to rob young women of valuable time, and to inspire them with ludicrous and tiresome pretensions.

"The formation of the moral character," she continued, "is the main thing in female education, and I have therefore to object to so-called accomplishments, that they afford dangerous food to vanity and egotism. But my chief objection to masters is their superficiality. If one finds in the world a half-honest teacher who has something like a profound and accurate knowledge of language and science, he will not devote himself to the instruction of women;—or, if he wishes to do so, people will not have him. The pride of men regards our sex as unworthy of serious and profound studies. But how does this determination to condemn us to indistinctness of ideas and frivolity of mind, avenge itself on them! Have you ever happened to be a witness of domestic brawls!—of genuine feminine altercations! Where do you hear a single argument! Where is a particle of reason evinced in the replies! Senseless contradictions, endless repetitions, are the despair of all belonging to them, the arguments of obstinate and shrewish women. Whence is this, if it does not arise from the superficiality of their education! Believe me, if women were taught to think, reason would not be so entirely thrown away upon them.

"This tyrannical denial of solid instruction recoils, however, in various ways on men, with whom it originates. For the nature of the lot they draw when they marry, depends not on the principles of their wives, but solely on their temperament, which it is very difficult to ascertain beforehand. Now a man educates even his domestic animals; he will have his dog intelligent, his horse docile, his ox steady;—how can it then be a matter of such indifference to him, whether his wife, in the conduct of her household, in the early education of his children, in the intimate conversation of domestic life, displays reason, reflection, and clearness of mind? Married people want to talk with each other in a reasonable manner on various subjects, and of these, many can only be brought to any conclusion by inferences clearly deduced from principles. Now talk of principles with women, as they are generally educated!

"And then domestic life—what resources of happiness might it afford if women were capable of furnishing more food to the conversation of instructed men! Is it not melancholy to see that each sex has its own separate society? Really, as I have a taste for whatever is decided, I should prefer the harem of the Turks to these assemblies of both sexes, in which the women talk scandal in one corner and the men politics in another;—as if there could be no community of interests or pleasures between them.

"These things would arrange themselves naturally if the groundwork were put upon a good footing. In order to accomplish this, I have devised a new system, in which the reason is constantly exercised. You will not deny, that without grammar there is no such thing as logic. Now let any one try to teach the grammar of the modern tongues without the help of the ancient. My young pupils certainly learned the most colloquial phrases of French, they tortured German after the fashion of our part of the country; but in all this there was no precision, clearness nor coherence, any more than in the books which we are forced to use in education. But as I perceived the meaning of what learned men have more than once explained to me, as to the causes of the want of all distinctness and accuracy in woman's language, I esteemed myself fortunate in the discovery that my excellent assistant is a schoolmaster's daughter and a good Latin scholar. To avoid frightening my young girls with learning, or exciting the derision of men, I gave out that the Latin was only subsidiary to music,—for this too we study fundamentally or not at all, and therefore we sing the old Corali with the Latin text. This pretext answers very well; and, to give my young ladies courage, I put my own hand to the work, and learned my *musa, musæ*, like the least of them.

"But you are going to ask what I mean to do as to Latin books, to most of which I believe some objections may justly be urged.

"I answer, that the important matter for us women is not so much to read Latin books, as to learn a language which possesses so many forms, so much certainty and precision."

Rumohr. (Deutsche Denkwürdigkeiten.)

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What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Goethe.

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WILHELM V. HUMBOLDT AND SCHILLER.

Rome, October 22nd, 1803.

.....From one passage in your letter, my dear friend, it appears to me that you imagine my situation different from what it really is. You seem to think that it has withdrawn me from my former accustomed pursuits. This is not the case; the nature of my post here gives me little to do with politics. If I have hitherto worked but little, it is because Rome is itself a long and singular study.

I do not despair therefore,—nay, I confidently hope to be as industrious in my scientific pursuits here as elsewhere, and at least, my dear friend, be persuaded that my tastes, my inclinations, can never change. The standard of things within me remains firm and unaltered; the highest subjects of contemplation and of interest are and must ever be—ideas. For these I have hitherto lived, to these I will now and ever remain true; and had I a sphere of action as vast as that of him who now virtually rules over Europe, I should always regard it as subordinate to that higher sphere. I will not, however, deny that a man who accepts a post of public business sacrifices something. But I did so not without deliberation. For some years I had not been in a felicious state of mind for production; I had acquired a vast variety of knowledge, I knew many things better than most men, and yet all this did not combine firmly to form any result, and I could by no means be satisfied with the active part of my existence. It appeared to me, therefore, better to give to my activity a determinate, even though an ordinary course, and I only sought for one which might lead me to some interesting place of abode. And I think I have not miscalculated. Rome has already had an awakening, animating effect on me, and I feel greater fertility of mind than before I came.

These are confessions, dear friend, which I am always ready to make to you, yet which I should not have made but for a passage in your letter. For even to the most intimate friend I do not willingly speak of myself, since it is so much easier to judge obliquely of oneself than of another. Continue, kind and dear friend, to be to me what you are; and be assured, that whatever distance may separate us, my interest is ever near you, and that the slightest pursuit of yours is more important in my eyes than all that I shall ever have power to attempt.

For—I must close as I began—you are the happiest of men; you have grasped the highest, and you have strength to hold it fast. It is become your region; and not only has ordinary life no power to trouble you in it, but you bring down from that empyrean a kindness, a gentleness, a clearness and a warmth into this lower world, which renders it impossible to mistake your descent. For you, one has nothing to pray for but life. Strength and youth are yours beyond the power of change.

Wilhelm v. Humboldt.

(ANSWER.)

Weimar, April 2nd, 1805.

.....In spite of the time which has passed since I sent you even a line, it seems to me as if our spirits had always been together, and it rejoices me to think that I can throw myself on your heart with the same confidence after this long silence as I did when we lived together. For our union there is no time and no space. Your sphere of action cannot so distract you, and mine cannot render me so one-sided and narrow, that we should cease to meet in the region of the noble and true. And, come what may, we are both of us idealists, and should be ashamed to allow it to be said of us, that circumstances formed us, and not we circumstances.

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You know that, during the long period of interruption to our correspondence, I have been busy after my fashion. I wish to hear from yourself how you like my Tell—a justifiable wish, for whatever I do, I think how it will please you. You are still, to my thoughts, the counsellor and the judge you so often were; and whenever I endeavor to get out of my subject, and put myself in the place of a critic of my own works, it is in your person and in your spirit that I wish to do so.

In my poetical labours I hope I have not gone back,—sidewards, perhaps I have,—for I may perhaps have conceded something to the material demands of the world and the stage. The dramatic poet is more readily hurried along by the stream of the time than any other. He comes, even against his will, into contact in various ways with the mass, and then it is impossible to escape some contamination. At first it gratifies one to play the ruler of spirits; but what ruler does not find himself compelled to become the servant of his servants, in order to preserve his sovereignty? And so it may easily have happened, that while I filled the German stage with the noise of my tragedies, I have caught something from that stage in return.

I embrace you a thousand times, my dear friend, and wish that this letter may bring me before you exactly such as you knew me formerly.

Schiller. (Briefwechsel.)

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Origen says that his cotemporaries believed warm springs to be fed by the hot tears of fallen angels.

Goethe.

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When the heart of man is serene and tranquil, he wants to enjoy nothing but himself; every movement—even corporeal movement—shakes the brimming nectar-cup too rudely.

Jean Paul. (Titan.)

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There were once some birds who lived in a spacious aviary. A bullfinch said to his neighbour the goldfinch, who was gaily fluttering from bush to bush, "Do you know, friend, that we are shut up in a cage?" "What do you talk of a cage?" said the goldfinch; "see how we fly about! That is a cage indeed in which neighbour canary is sitting." "But I tell you we are in a cage too. Don't you see there, the wire grating?" "Yes, I see one there, certainly: but look, as far as I can see on every side there is none." "You cannot see to all sides." "No more can you." "But consider then," continued the bullfinch, "does not our master bring us water every morning, and put it in our trough, and strew seed on the ground? Would he do that if he did not know that we are shut up and cannot fly where we will?" "But," said the goldfinch, "I tell you I can fly where I will."

Thus they disputed for a long time, till at length the canary called out from his corner, "Children, if you cannot settle it whether you are in a cage or not, it's just as good as if you were not in one."

Goethe.

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The system of freewill satisfies, the contrary deadens and annihilates my heart. To stand by, cold and dead, a mere spectator of the change of events, an idle mirror of the forms which fleet across its surface—such an existence is intolerable to me. I despise and loathe it. I will love, I will lose myself in sympathy, I will rejoice and be sad. The highest object of this sympathy to me, is myself, and the only means by which I can perpetually satisfy it are my actions. I will do my best in all things. I will rejoice when I have acted aright; I will lament over myself when I have done wrong; and even this sorrow shall be sweet to me, for it is sympathy with myself, and a pledge of future amendment.

Fichte. (Bestimmung des Menschen.)

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To regard a whole people and a whole country only as a source of amusement for oneself,—to see nothing in the world and nature but a vast and varying scenery and decoration for the drama of one's own miserable life,—to look on all intellectual and moral greatness, on all that speaks to the heart, with the polished indifference of a mere spectator, or, when it is crushed and overpowered by folly and baseness, to make merry with the ludicrous side which these present—to me this is revolting;—perhaps more so to me individually than I can expect it to be to others; but the spirit which it betrays I can tolerate in no man. I know very well that I go into the other extreme; that my politico-historical taste is satisfied with what would have no interest for the merely curious observer; and that not only in the divine Tyrol, but on the moor or heath, I could live happy, and feel no want of the arts, among a free peasantry who had a history. But the truth, though it certainly lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle.

.....I maintain too that there can be no such thing as a genuine and unerring sentiment for art without that for history,—for the arts have no separate existence;—that the feeling for historical truth will reveal itself where it really exists, without any erudition—as, for example, in our painter Cornelius; that even Carlo Maratta—nay more, even Mengs—is not without relative beauties which correspond to the times in which they lived—only that those times are utterly worthless, and the works they produced belong to an absolutely bad whole.

Were I but "qualis Praeneste sub alta," I would write much more at length on this subject.

B. G. Niebuhr. (Lebensnachrichten.)

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....."Dream out your lovely dream," said Anthony; "intoxicate yourself with your happiness, for you belong not now to the earth: hereafter we shall find each other again: for, sooner or later, poor man must awake and become sober."

"No, my dear, timorous-hearted friend," exclaimed Frederic, with sudden animation, "suffer not yourself to be persuaded by the prate of this shallow pretended wisdom, for it is despair itself. Can that love die which now shines in the deepest depth of my existence, and enlightens the darkest chambers and all the strange treasured up heart? It is not the beauty alone of my beloved that transports me: it is not alone her gentle engaging character, but, above all, her love; and this *my* love, which goes forth to meet her, is my most holy and imperishable will,—my soul itself, which this feeling breaks loose from the bonds of darkening matter. In this love, I see and feel faith and immortality, nay, even the Nameless himself and all the wonders of his manifestation, in the very centre of my being. Beauty may fade and vanish; it only goes before us, thither where we shall find it again: but faith abides with us. Oh! my brother, Isolda and Sygona are, as men say, long since dead: you smile,—well, they never existed;—but the race of man lives on; and every spring, and every love, kindles anew the celestial fire: and therefore in all ages have the holiest tears been shed for the most beautiful, which in appearance only has withdrawn itself from us, and still looks forth and smiles upon us (calling up some dim and secret recollections) out of the eyes of children, out of the lips of young virgins, out of the flowers and brooks; and therefore is that poetical fiction undying. In this holy state did I first find *myself*; and I must lose myself again, I must be annihilated, if this rapture can, at any time, die.

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

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We may try to fancy ourselves as we will; we think of ourselves always as seeing. I think we dream only that we may not cease to see. Is it not possible that the inward light may in time break forth, so that we should no longer stand in need of the outer!

Goethe. (Wahlverwandschaften.)

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ANCIENT FORM OF HOMAGE IN CARINTHIA.

When a new lord of Austria comes to reign, the Carinthians have the following customs.

There is a block of marble set up in the toll-field not far from the town of St. Veit; upon this stands a peasant, one of the race called the Edlinger, or noble, to whom belongs the office of hereditary right, and around him stand the people and the whole peasantry.

And then comes the prince towards him with all his nobles; these are richly clad, and carry a banner on which are the prince's arms. But the count of Gortz goes foremost between two small banners, and the rest of the nobles follow after, richly and bravely adorned—only the prince comes in the fashion of a peasant, with a peasant's coat, shoes and hat, and a shepherd's staff in his hand, and with him come an ox and a plough-horse. And as soon as the peasant on the marble seat sees the prince, he calls out in the Wendish language and says, "Who is he that comes hither with such high and stately bearing?" Then answer the people around, "The prince of the land comes." Then says the peasant, "Is he an upright judge, and a lover of the welfare of our land, and of our free customs? Is he also a defender of the Christian faith?" Then they answer, "Yes, such he is and will be!" Then must the prince promise him these two things by his faith and honour; that he will maintain justice, and for that cause, if need be, become so poor that he must support himself by means of these cattle, the ox and the plough-horse. Thereupon asks the peasant again, "How, and by what right, will he move me from this seat?" Then answers the lord of Gortz, "He will buy thee away from thence with sixty pfennigs; the two chief among cattle, the ox and the horse, shall he thine, and thou shalt take the prince's garment, and thy house shall be free and untaxed."

Upon that the peasant gives the prince a light pat on the cheek, and bids him that he be an upright judge. Thereupon he arises and drives his cattle away with him, and the prince steps up on the stone with a naked sword, turns himself round, and promises the people good and equal justice. After this the prince goes to St. Peter's church, which stands hard by upon a hill, and, after God's worship, he takes off his peasant's clothing, puts on the princely raiment and ornaments, holds a feast with his nobles and knights, and then rides back into the field, seats himself in a chair of judgment, and allows each and

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every one of the people to come to him, that he may hear and allow claims, grant fiefs, and the like. The lord of Goritz seats himself behind the prince as hereditary count palatine of Carinthia, and also makes such grants as lie within his competence and jurisdiction. The lord marshal takes the duke's horse, the lord high butler the golden cup, and the lord high sewer the silver dish. And as long as the prince sits on the chair of state and hears petitions, the Gradnecker have from old times the right and power to take possession of as much hay as they can mow within the time, and this the owners must redeem from them as they can.

These privileges and customs were maintained by king Ottocar of Bohemia, by count Meinhard of Tyrol, by all his sons, and by duke Ernest of Austria, emperor Frederic's father, in 1423. Emperor Frederic would not take his seat or give audience on the chair of state, by reason of his being emperor; but he gave a writing, sealed with his own seal, to the country, that their privileges and usages should not thereby suffer any detriment. Emperor Henry the Holy was he who established these ceremonies.

Münster's Kosmographie.

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VIENNA.

Saturday, immediately after my arrival, I went to the theatre at the Karnther Thor (Carinthian gate); the opera was Rossini's "Otello,"—new, brilliant music, which I now heard well got up and executed for the first time. The composer did not trouble himself about Shakspeare, but has set to music a poem which one can manage to connect together by means of that music. He is onquestionably a man of genius, and knows how to use the means he has at hand, without, like Gluck, first setting to work to invent instruments to play his music. Rossini has *crescendos* that reach even to grandeur; he gives himself the rein, and at last the thought comes out with great success. He plays with sounds, and sounds play with him.

Sunday, in the Marinelli theatre; there were three pieces—first, "*Die Werber*;" second, "*Die Damenhüte im Theatre*;" and third, a pantomime, "*Schulmeister Beystrich, oder das Donnerwetter.*" My sides are still sore with laughing. The pieces were somewhat of the vulgar sort; the actors and the people together are what constitute the performance. The slightest success finds loud applause, and what won't succeed is scrambled over. The players are in continual motion and enjoy as much as the audience, and more. Such a gipsy frolic is not to be described; the children begin to screech and clap, and all join in and screech and clap too. After the piece, everybody that has a leg to stand on is called for; meanwhile a fresh piece begins; the players make their obeisances and thanks while they go on with their parts, and openly appear in their individual, proper persons. The theatre is always full; if not at first, certainly toward the end, when everybody leaves the Prater.

The first comic actor is called Signor Schuster—a man made expressly for his art, from head to heel. In this fellow there is not a word that does not tell; a voice as broad as a plank, as sharp as vinegar, and as smooth as an eel.

It is easily seen here why these people are not political; what they want is, to live every minute and to enjoy every minute,—and that they do. Politics begin in ennui, and in ennui they end. From the theatre they go to supper—next morning to mass—then to work, every man his own way—then out of one play into another. Wiser they will never be, and never were.

* * * * * *

The Prater is a pleasure-garden;—indeed, this whole land is a pleasure-garden: they tell me it is not what it was—and what was it then? A foreigner brings with him no senses nor understanding for such views of things, and I am glad when I can shake off the Berliner. * * *

Monday, July 26th.—Yesterday I saw the Prater in its Sunday glory. Four rows of the finest chestnut trees form three avenues, which begin from the Leopold-stadt and lead along the side of the Danube a league and a half. The middle one, for carriages, is forty-five feet wide; the two sides, for walkers, are twenty-four feet. You see several hundred equipages, some of them extremely splendid, and fiacres, all in motion in the centre; and at the sides groups, couples, or solitary walkers in such pretty confusion, that it is a pleasure to see so many handsome, well-dressed men and women, with the greatest variety of character and countenance, flitting by you like coloured shadows. At the sides are coffee-houses and seats under the shade of the most beautiful clumps of trees, all exquisitely neat and clean. You sit down. Out of the thicket behind you comes the sound of music. You are now as the opera—now at a ball—now on the parade. Coffee comes, and cakes with it. A child presents flowers; a pretty girl offers crystal water; an old woman toothpicks; all these are fee'd with copper kreuzers, which you are glad to get rid of in so pleasant a way, for they are as heavy as a bad conscience, and weigh your pockets down to your heels.

But these avenues by no means constitute the whole Prater. A second and a third of the same kind extend like a fan, from the Leopold-stadt to the Danube (it is properly an arm of the Danube.) Here is the other pole of the planet;—here is the real genuine *people*. The spaces between the trees grow wider as they approach the river, and are filled with places of refreshment, where beer, wine, eatables and (except coffee) drinkables of all sorts, ice, &c. may be had. (The three coffee-houses, *par excellence*, on the grand avenue have the exclusive privilege of selling coffee.) These places of refreshment are in such number and so near together, that you cannot distinguish the customers of one host from those of another, and you run a risk of eating what your neighbour has paid for.

This, then, is the true Vienna. Here, in the midst of all this serving, and sitting, and pouring, and smoking, and carousing, and fiddling, the universal stream and movement flow gaily and comfortably on. People go or stay, come, speak to one another,—in unbroken quiet and ceaseless motion at the same time. No inclosures, no impediments; for though the houses are the property of the inhabitants, the ground is the emperor's and nobody may inclose it. The impression made by this moving scene,—tumult I can't call it,—is an easy, gentle forgetfulness. I could not recollect what I had thought or observed; and though I write all this, I can hardly affirm, so it is—so it was. What makes the thing a real sunshine, is the multitude of happy faces of every kind, which, to-day reconciled with their Maker, see the world as they wish to see it.

Zeltter. (*Briefwechsel mit Goethe.*)

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When princes weep, their people bleed. Rulers should remember that tears are more easily stanched than wounds.

Jean Paul.

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The affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind—the judgment—calls it up and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed toward the unknown; the heart is bound to what is before it.

Rahel.

—

In busy, troublous times, amid the eagerness of pursuit and the storm of conflicting passions, the bright stars of supermundane hopes are veiled from sight—as the starry firmament is hidden from us by the glare of day. It is in peace and in silence alone that religious, that gentle divinity, opens her lips and her heart. This comforter and guardian angel of the unhappy must now herself seek refuge with the unhappy.

To thy heart, which she has so often refreshed and soothed, thou patient sex! does she now lie closely pressed; and as the drawn swords, and glaring eyes, and blood-stained hands of man, and the whole long storm of the times, sweep by before thy solitude, thy immortal guest weeps and condoles with thee, and ye cling more closely to each other.

Jean Paul. (*Palingenesien.*)

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BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

"How can you women," continued Manfred with great vehemence, "endure to have your maternal affection, your love, your tender devotedness, your conjugal virtues, your chastity, stuck up or hawked about like bad pictures? For that is the plain truth, however these gentlemen may affect to exalt and glorify your 'vocation.' And look at the novels!

"I will suffer no 'Book for Mothers,' or 'Book for Wives,' or 'Whole Duties of Woman,' or any trash of that kind, engendered by the absurdity of our views, and nurtured by the vanity of the age, to come into my house. And the very people who write and praise this really immoral stuff, are those who want to take from the working man his Siegfried, his Octavian, and his Eulenspiegel, that the morals of the lower classes may not be corrupted! Can there be anything sillier or more preposterous!"

Tieck. (*Phantasus.*)

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ARCHITECTURE.

I am extremely struck with what you say of architecture. It appears to me, however, that this art, unlike all others, contains something in its nature which prevents it from being, properly speaking, art,—or anything more than decoration in the highest sense of the word. Architecture alone of all the arts, has no subject furnished by nature. To what end the most beautiful building, if it were not for use? In whatever way you consider it, the idea of utility, in the most extensive sense, is inseparable from this art; yet this is an idea utterly at variance with art.

On the other hand, buildings give a pleasure which we should seek elsewhere in vain. As colossal works of man, the enormous mass of which is invested with a beautiful and intelligible form, they stand midway between the productions of nature—mountains, rocks, &c., and the mere offspring of the human fancy—statues, and

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combine the advantages of both. Even the idea of utility, which instantly attracts men, perhaps conspires to produce this result. So mixed, it appears to me, is the *common* impression which a building makes. The *artistical* impression is, indeed, very different; but even this cannot be perfectly pure; and the question remains, whether architecture is to be treated as a perfectly pure art, and utility to be sacrificed. Hardly, I think. The utmost it can attain to is, as it seems to me, the æsthetic treatment of a subject belonging to a totally different domain. This however applies only to ornamental architecture.

Wilkeln v. Humboldt. (*Briefwechel mit Schiller.*)

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SICILY.

Palermo, Monday, April 2, 1787.

At length, with great exertion, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we got into the harbour, where the most lovely and enchanting view met our eyes. The city lying to the north, at the foot of a high mountain, beneath a sun just past its meridian lustre; the side of the buildings opposite to us in shadow, clearly defined and illumined by the reflected lights. On the right, Monte Pellegrino, with its graceful forms, in the most intense light; on the left, the wide outstretched shore, with its bays, promontories and headlands. What farther gave the most delicious character to the scene, was the young green of the graceful trees, whose tops, lit up from behind, waved to and fro, sparkling over a back ground of dark gray buildings, like large clusters of vegetable glow-worms. A transparent atmosphere gave a blue tone to all the shadows.

Instead of hastening impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were driven from it; where could we have found such a point of view? when could we have hoped again for so favourable a moment?

We were conducted into the city through its wonderful gates, supported by two enormous door-posts, which are left open at the top, to let the tower-like car of Santa Rosalia pass through on the day of her celebrated festival. We were then conducted to the inn, which lay on our left. The host, a hearty, cheerful old man, accustomed to see strangers of all nations, led us into a large room, from the balcony of which we looked over the sea, the strait, the mountain of Santa Rosalia, and the shore; we could distinguish our vessel, and judge of the position from which we first beheld Palermo.

We were so delighted with the situation of our room that we scarcely remarked a raised alcove, concealed by curtains, at one end of it. In it stood a most spacious bed, decorated with a splendid silken canopy, with which the remains of a somewhat antiquated, but magnificent furniture, fully corresponded. The sight of such a state-chamber rather startled us, and we thought it desirable to make some preliminary conditions. The old man replied that no conditions were necessary—that he only wished we might be satisfied with our reception; and that we might also have the use of the ante-room. This was a cool, airy room, enlivened by several balconies, and immediately adjoining our apartment.

We enjoyed the infinitely varied prospect, and sought to sever and dissect it into parts suited to the draughtsman or the painter; for we saw before us a boundless harvest for every variety of art. In the evening the bright moonlight allured us out again to the strait, and after our return, still detained us for a long while lingering on the balcony. The light was most extraordinary—the repose most profound and delicious.

Palermo, April 3, 1787.

A few more words, after reflection and an attempt to collect these scattered images.....

We sailed on the 29th of March, at sunset, from Naples, and landed at three o'clock on the 2d of April at Palermo. I never felt such tranquillity when raveling—even in my narrow bed, to which I was confined by violent sickness. Now my thoughts wander silently back to you. If anything was ever eventful, decisive in my life, it is this journey.

A man who has never looked out upon an unbroken horizon of sea, has no conception of the world, and of his own connection with the world. As a landscape painter, this vast, simple line awakened in me a completely new train of thoughts.

In this short voyage we have had many vicissitudes, and have experienced the fate of sailors on a small scale.

No words can express the aerial brilliancy which floated around the coasts, as, on the loveliest afternoon, we approached Palermo. The clearness of *contour*, the softness of the whole, the tender blending of tones, the harmony of heaven, earth and sea—he who has once seen it possesses it for life. Now I understand Claude Lorraine, and have some hope, even in my northern home, of being able to bring before my mind some faint shadowy images of this delicious abode. Were but everything mean effaced from it as completely as the meanness of our thatch-roofed hovels from my pictorial conceptions! We shall see what this queen of islands will do.

How she received us no words can express; with fresh-budding mulberry trees, ever-green oleanders, hedges of orange and lemon, &c. In a public garden there are wide beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is soft, warm and fragrant; the wind tepid and balmy. To add to the enchantment, the moon stood at her full, behind a headland, and threw her bright reflection in the sea; and all this after rocking four days and nights on the waves. Forgive me for scrawling to you with a stump of a pen out of a shell of Indian ink, with which my companion is tracing his outline. Receive it as a mere lapping, till I can prepare some better memorial of these happy hours for all who love me. What it will be I shall not say, nor can I say when you will receive it.

* * * * *

When I seek to write words, pictures crowd before my eyes:—the fruitful land, the expanded sea, the fragrant, balmy islands, the smoking mountain:—and I want the organ necessary to bring all these before you.

Goethe. (*Italiänische Reise.*)

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FEMALE DOMINION.

Armidora.—.....I think, Eulalia, you have taken great pains in your writings to defend your sex from the reproach of love of power.

Eulalia.—In so far as that is a reproach, I had rather that my sex would answer it by their conduct; but, in so far as we have a right to power, I would not willingly renounce it. We desire power only inasmuch as we are human beings; for what is power, in the sense in which it is so often applied to woman, but the liberty to employ one's faculties in one's own way unobstructed,—the liberty to make the best of one's existence? Of this power every uncivilised man demands the arbitrary, every civilised, the regulated exercise; and perhaps the struggle for it in women appears the more vehement, because nature, law and custom seem to oppress us as much as they favour men. What they possess, we must acquire; and one contends more strenuously for what one has laboured for, than for what one has inherited.

Seyton.—And yet women now-a-days cannot complain, for they inherit as much or more than men; and I maintain that it is far more difficult to become an accomplished man than an accomplished woman. The expression, "He shall be thy master," is the formula of a barbarous age, which is long past. Men could not make any great advance in civilisation without conceding the same right to women; from the time women were educated, the balance stood even; and since they are more susceptible of education than men, the balance has, as experience shows, inclined in their favour.

Armidora.—There is no question that in all civilised nations the women must on the whole gain the ascendency; for the effect of the mutual influence of the sexes is to render the man more effeminate, and then he loses,—since his pre-eminency consists, not in diminished, but in compressed force; on the contrary, if the woman borrows something from the man, she gains; for when her other gifts and graces are exalted by energy, a being is formed than which it is impossible to conceive one more perfect.

Seyton.—I have not gone into such profound speculations; it is, however, I think, well known that woman rule and must rule; when, therefore, I make the acquaintance of one, I only observe *where* she rules:—somewhere, I assume beforehand.

Amelia.—And do you find what you seek?

Seyton.—Why not? Experiments in physical science are not much more easy to make. I find, universally, that the active woman, formed to acquire and to uphold, is master in the house; the beauty, with her light and superficial graces and talents, master in large circles; the more profoundly instructed, in small ones.

Amelia.—So we are divided into three classes.

Sinclair.—Which are all, I think, honorable enough; but they do not exhaust the subject. There is a fourth, of which we had better not speak, that you may not reproach us with ending our praise with blame.

Henrietta.—Our first three classes contain influence in the house, in large, and in small circles. What room remains for the exercise of our activity?

Sinclair.—Abundance. But I have the contrary in my head.

Henrietta.—Inactivity? And how? An inactive woman rule?

Sinclair.—Why not?

Henrietta.—But how?

Sinclair.—By passive resistance. Any one who, either from temper or from system, stubbornly maintains an attitude of negation, has a greater power than people think.

Amelia.—I am afraid we are falling into the usual tone in which men speak of women.

Henrietta.—Let him alone, Amelia; nothing is more innocuous than such opinions, and one always gains by hearing what others think of one. Well then—the negationers—what of them?

Sinclair.—I may speak here without reserve.

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In our dear Fatherland there are few; in France, none; and precisely because, both with us and our gallant neighbours, women enjoy a rational freedom; but in countries where they are greatly constrained, where external proprieties are anxiously and timorously observed and public recreations rare, they are more common.

.....The sort of woman I mean is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends, by mere indifference, coldness and reserve, which are often clothed with an air of languor and illness.

Goethe. (Die guten Weiber.)

A sky resplendent with stars hung over the landscape. The gushing of the fountains, the rustling of the woods, resounded in the calm solitude of the garden, in which Theodore sauntered up and down, and admired the effects which the light of the stars and the last golden streaks of the western horizon produced in the dancing waters. And now Manfred's bugle was heard from the window of his chamber, and its melancholy penetrating tones came trembling back from the distant mountains, as Ernest, who came down from the hills behind the garden, opened the gate and joined the solitary Theodore.

"How beautifully," he began, "does this serene and brilliant night close the enjoyments of the day! The sun and our sweet friends are gone to rest; the woods and waters rustle and gush in the night-breeze; the earth dreams; and Manfred pours forth an affectionate farewell to slumbering nature.

"See, my dear friend, how the lamps of those frail, fleeting beings flicker in the balmy air! how they sparkle like diamonds through the deep green of the bushes, and now in quivering clouds, now in solitary brilliancy, awaken such feelings in us as soft tones excite. And then above us, the splendour of the everlasting firmament! Does not the sky hang over the dusky earth like a friend from whose eyes beam love and confidence!—whom one would trust with one's whole heart in all the dangers and vicissitudes of life?

"This sacred, sober calm awakens all our slumbering sorrows, and turns them to serene, sedate joys. And even thus grand, thus mild, does the noble Novalis seem now to look upon me with his mortal glance; and he recalls to me that night in which, after a gay festival, I wandered over the mountains with him in the loveliest scenery, and we, little anticipating so near a separation, discoursed of all that is beautiful in nature and godlike in friendship. Perhaps even now, while I think of him with such deep and intense remembrance, his heart hangs over me lovingly like that starry heaven. Sleep sweetly. I will lay me down to rest that I may meet him in my dreams."

Tieck. (Phantasus.)

Exalted and living Will, whom no name can express and no idea embrace, I yet may raise my heart to thee! for thou and I are not divided. Thy voice is audible within me. In thee, the incomprehensible, my own nature and the whole world become intelligible to me; every riddle of my existence is solved, and perfect harmony reigns in my soul. I veil my face before thee, and lay my hand upon my lips. Such as thou really art—such as thou appearest unto thyself—I can no more behold thee than I can become like thee. After thousands of thousands of lives such as superior spirits live, I should be as little able to understand thee as in this house of clay. What I understand is, from my very understanding it, finite, and by no progression can ever be transformed into the infinite. Thou differest from the finite, not in degree, but in kind. I will not attempt that which my finite nature forbids. I will not seek to know the unknowable essence of thy being. But thy relations to myself and to all that is finite lie open before my eyes. Thou createst in me the consciousness of my duty—of my destination in the series of rational beings; how, I know not, nor need I to know. Thou knowest my thoughts and accepted my intentions. In the contemplation of this thy relation to my finite nature, I will be tranquil and happy. Of myself I know not what I ought to do. I will do it simply, joyfully and without cavil, for it is thy voice that commands me, and the strength with which I perform my duty is thy strength. I am tranquil under every event of the world, for it is thy world. Whatever happens forms part of the plan of the eternal world and of thy goodness. What in this plan is positive good, and what only means of removing existing evil, I know not. In thy world all will end in good,—this is enough for me, and my heart is stayed fast; but that in thy world is mere germ, what blossom, and what the perfect fruit, I know not. The only thing which is important to me, is the progress of reason and of morality through all the ranks of rational beings.

When my heart is closed to all earthly desires, the universe appears to my eye in a glorified aspect. The dead cumbrous masses which served only to fill space, disappear, and in their place the eternal stream of life and strength and action flows on from its source—primeval life; from *thy* life, thou Everlasting One!

Fichte. (Bestimmung des Menschen.)

OLD ITALIAN ART.

These old severe masters are succeeded by some whose pictures bloom on the canvass like flowers on their stalk. They are radiant with the glory of a transparent, golden, blessed world—with an unearthly expression of love and brightness and felicity. But one must see the pictures of Giovanni de Fiesole, and Gentile da Fabriano, to understand what I mean; now-a-days we have no conception of such painting—which is nothing else than a soul rendered outwardly visible—for the very simple reason that we have no conception of such souls, whose hope was never clouded by despondency, whose faith never troubled by doubt. I can never help smiling when I look at Fiesole's pictures—as a child smiles in its sleep at the splendour of its dreams. Fra Giovanni was a Dominican monk in the monastery of St. Mark, Florence. Even during his life he was called Angelico, and after his death Beato. He painted incessantly, and never for money; painting was with him but another form of prayer. He commonly painted on a gold ground, and ornamented the walls and carpets of his pictures with graceful arabesques, which have a charming effect on the bright colours he so loved. His heads are like miniatures for delicacy; they have not much variety, for of passion he knew nothing, and even sorrow lost its sting by the consoling foresight of the blessedness to come. Into the anxieties of life, into the restless troubles of the world, into the longing of infinite unappeased desires, he had never even looked, far less ventured; he knew heaven, but not earth; hence his pictures are monotonous, and he succeeds best in those of paradise, of the coronation of the Virgin, and the like. There is a "Paradise" in the Academy, glowing in a rosy light, like the dawn, in which float countless beautiful little angels. He painted the whole history of Christ on four small panels. But where are violent movements of mind or body to required,—as, for instance, in the wrathful Christ in the last judgment, passing sentence on the wicked—it is a frightful mask; he understood only the benign Christ.

Grafin ida Hahn-Hahn. (Jenseits der Berge.)

COUNT BERNSTORF.

Bernstorf did not please at the first moment; his eye was clouded with care, and deep thought sat upon his brow; but as soon as you approached him, you saw the soul which beamed through every feature, the philanthropy which glowed in his eye, and the cordial affability which played around his mouth. You perceived that he was a good, and, as soon as he began to speak, a great and a brilliant man. His eloquence flowed like a soft stream, and won its way through rocks—the expression was always exactly fitted to the end, the word to the thing; his whole presence beamed with truth, and stood before you in the visible colours of nature.

He spoke with peculiar force on affairs of government, on revolutions in the history of mankind, on the future effects of causes as yet scarcely in existence, and on the expectations to be formed from various political systems. He painted men and states to the life, and drew from history with light but distinct sketches, whose resemblance struck, and whose arrangement, light and shadow showed, the creative hand of a master. Examples of virtue animated him; every noble action, every thought of benevolence or of patriotism, struck a kindred chord in his heart.

A man who to brilliant endowments unites power and influence, generally predominates over silent and obsequious crowds; they listen and admire, and the charm of conversation vanishes with its equality. But Bernstorf did not humble or oppress by his intellectual superiority; he invited to reply by his affability, and knew how to choose his subject according to the talents and acquirements of his company. He understood the art of asking a welcome question, of giving an encouraging answer. He had a word, a look, a mark of respect ready for all, so that even the timid were inspired with courage. Every man found the fit opportunity to display his peculiar talent, the arena on which he could appear to advantage. In this alone consists true courtesy, which is never successful when it is accompanied by a visible consciousness of the gracious condescension with which the great man waives his claims to superiority.

Bernstorf was master even of his natural disposition. He was of a warm temper, and so peculiarly sensible to the ridiculous, that satire often rose to his lip and sparkled in his eye, but he gave it no utterance. He was too kind to be sarcastic.

The last hour of evening was the most agreeable time of his day. He spent it amidst his family and intimate friends, and a few men of letters. Here he unfolded all the treasures of his heart and mind; the veil of dignity fell, and his soul beamed forth in all its native beauty; we never left him without feeling a warmer love of virtue, without being instructed, improved.

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Seldom does a man who has taken a share in important public affairs wish to live over again his whole life without the omission of a single period or event; but Bernstorf often acknowledged with gratitude that he would receive back from the hands of Providence all his past days, without exception or condition, were he not traveling near a better futurity.

——————His life was illustrated by every sort of fame. When at the helm of state, he was successful, and beloved by all virtuous men; when stripped of power, he was still the object of their reverence.

Heilfrich Peter Sturz. (Erinnerungen des Grafen J. H. E. von Bernstorf.)

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ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

So much has been said about the superstitions of our forefathers, and so many inferences unfavourable to the strength of their understandings are drawn from them, that I cannot resist saying a few words, if not of justification, yet of apology. According to my view of the matter, the only object of their so-called superstitious fictions was to express certain truths in figures or symbols (which have still a peculiar name in popular language—*Wahrzeichen*—sign or token), as aids to the memory; just as they tied a bit of wood to a key to distinguish it.

Thus, for example, they told a child who laid his knife with the edge upwards, or in such a manner as to be perilous to himself or his neighbours, that the holy angels would wound their feet when they walked upon the table; not that they actually believed this, but that they wished to impress the child's memory through his imagination. They taught that everybody would have to wait at the gates of paradise as many hours as he had wantonly scattered grains of salt; by which they gave their children or their servants a lively and lasting impression of the evil effects of carelessness and waste in trifles, the total amount of which would become considerable.

They told a vain girl who could not pass the looking-glass without casting a furtive glance into it, that the devil peeped over the shoulder of those who looked at themselves in a glass at night; and many other things of the same kind, by which they endeavoured to imprint a good precept on the mind by the aid of imagery. In a word, they drew from the world of spirits, as we do from the animal world, instructive fables, as a means of making a deep impression on the minds of children.

Justus Möser.

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To the toiling Englishman, unremittingly occupied with worldly business and worldly cares, the strict observance of the Sunday must be most salutary; the less busy catholic (especially in the South) requires not only this day of rest, but also holidays to give variety and interest to his life. The German protestant, who, whatever he his obvious duties or his outward calling, is ever prone to reflection on inward things, stands less in need of such a frequently returning day of rest, since his creed enjoins upon him the duty of devoting a portion of every day to serious and spiritual contemplation. Hence it happens that the institution of the Sabbath is observed in a totally different spirit in different countries.

Goethe.

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In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.

Rahel.

—

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE.

The principal sources from which we derive our knowledge of the most ancient Greek philosophy are Plato and Aristotle; although no book on that subject have come down to us from the hand of the former, and only a few fragments from that of the latter. But, as it was the vocation of each of them to collect together the previous isolated efforts of speculative minds, and, after excluding such as led to no result, to give to these materials the unity and completeness of a philosophical system, both were compelled to begin by examining what had already been produced by the light of criticism, which each employed according to his own peculiar views: so that in this respect, as well as in their several systems, each reciprocally forms, as it were, the complement of the other.

Aristotle introduces his own researches by historico-critical discussions, whose comprehensiveness and accuracy we shall have frequent occasion to admir; besides which, he also treated in separate and special books, of the Pythagorean philosophy—of Archytas—of Alcmæon—of the Eleatic school—of Gorgias—of the Platonic ideas—of the doctrines of Plato on the Supreme Good; and, in his books on the republic and on laws, of Speusippus and of Xenocrates.

From Plato we learn more especially the spirit and tendency of the earlier philosophical theories, and gain glimpses of the personal characteristics of the speculators, painted with the dramatic talent peculiar to himself. From Aristotle we obtain many details of earlier opinions and methods.

The reason why Plato often does not reproduce the doctrines of earlier philosophers with the same distinctness in which they are to be found in their original authors, was, not that he was deficient in historical impartiality and faithful apprehension of the recorded past, but that his plan required him rather to describe the spirit and aim of any given philosophical tendency, than the exact manner in which that tendency exhibited itself. Hence his representations may sometimes require to be completed and filled out, but never to be corrected.

The industry and the power displayed by Aristotle in comprehending with precision what was before him, are not less conspicuously displayed in his sketches of the doctrines of the elder philosophers than in his other works. It is by the comparison with them that he tests his own conclusions; starting from the supposition that later philosophical inquiries are essentially predetermined by earlier, and that these, even when they have failed of their end, have materially contributed to the discovery of truth, were it only by the exercise they have given to the faculties. For this reason we ought to verify the accuracy of our own assumptions by those of our predecessors; but, for the purpose of thoroughly eliciting all the truth embodied in them, we must proceed like impartial arbitrators, not in the style of antagonists.* Aristotle has been most unjustly reproached with pretending in every case to be himself the first discoverer of the truth, and with misrepresenting preceding speculators, in order to conceal his own plagiarisms. There is some ground for the accusation that Aristotle was too much inclined to generalisation, and to referring all preceding opinions and systems to his own; —but a corrective to any misunderstanding is generally to be found in his own statements.

C. A. Brandis. (Handbuch der Geschichte der Griechisch. Römischen Philosophie.)

* De Cœlo, 1, 10.

ROMAN JURISTS.

The method of treating law which was pursued by the Roman jurists had a certain degree of uniformity. Proceeding from positive legal rules, they combined them in the most skilful and refined manner with that part of every system of law which is not positive, and worked up both elements into one coherent and consistent whole. Sometimes analysing a given maxim of law, sometimes supplying its defects by implication from itself, and sometimes creating new legal maxims by the process of scientific construction, they dealt with their materials after the manner of a logician or mathematician, and thus elevated their science into a logic applied to the matter of law. Notwithstanding their decided fondness for the subtle development of an assumed fundamental principle, their sound practical sense preserved them from useless refinements. To rigorous philosophical forms they attached no great value: hence in their general definitions and divisions, and in the arrangement of their materials, they often exhibit some inaccuracy and carelessness; but in the analysis of the matter itself, they never failed to hit the right idea and expression. Their language and style, like that of men of varied acquirements and experience in life, was pure, simple, distinct, dignified, free from all tinctures of pedantry, suggestive and vivid; and it escaped the common degeneracy for a longer time than that of any other class of writers. The Greek philosophy, by means of its general influence upon their mental cultivation, indirectly influenced the jurisprudence of the Romans; but so far was it from exercising any direct or special influence, that the Roman jurists, in their enthusiasm for their study, showed an inclination to exalt it into a science embracing ethics as well as law.

Waller. (Geschichte des Römischen Rechts.)

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SCENE ON THE VISTULA.

Sixty or seventy years ago, Danzig might be regarded as the terminal stone of the civilised world: since then the march of civilisation has trodden all such boundaries into the dust; but my paternal city, independently of its singular style of building, has still enough of its earlier originality remaining to interest the intelligent stranger. One of the most striking features is the arrival of the vessels laden with corn, which still present a strange spectacle, though not so much so as formerly.

In our northern clime, spring starts up, and at one bound throws off the white shroud, and breaks the crystal covering, under which she lay concealed. Then the waters in the interior of Poland swell, and, towards the end of May, the Vistula, which is often too shallow even for the flat Polish craft which navigate it, becomes deep enough to bear on its bosom the golden gifts of Ceres to my native city, which in former times was justly called the granary of Europe.

The small sea-craft lying at anchor by the Long Bridge over the Mottlau, like the return carriages in Frankfort, with the place of their destination written on a black board,—"God

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willing, to Konigsberg" (Will's Gott, nach Konigsberg,) "God willing, to Petersburg," "God willing, to Memel," and so forth, are forced to crowd more closely together to make room for the strange fleet which now covers the Mottlau.

Boats or barges these ill-built craft can hardly be called; their appearance is so shapeless and rickety, that one wonders how they can have made their long voyage in safety; at the end of it they are broken up and sold as timber, and the crews find their way home on foot, over moor and heath, and through primeval forests. They are most like a small raft, only that they taper to each end like a boat, and have a sort of low deck, at the end of which is a hut, serving as the cabin of the master; they have no masts or sails, but are steered by a clumsy sort of rudder, and rowed down stream by more than a hundred sturdy arms of Schimkys, seated on benches, and keeping time with their oars. The whole of the remaining space is filled with wheat or rye. The enormous heap, piled up as high as possible, lies open, without the smallest shelter from wind or weather.

Before the first partition of Poland, when the corn-trade was almost a monopoly of Danzig, in years when the crops were abundant and the waters high, the whole surface of the broad stream was often covered with these vessels, steering their difficult course as through a crowded street. If a stranger could suddenly have been placed on the Long Bridge, he must have thought himself on one of the South Sea Islands, which had just then been discovered, in the midst of the canoes of savages; so thoroughly un-European was the appearance of the Schimkys and the whole flotilla. That such a scene should still exist in a civilised country so near to Germany, seems incredible; a galérien of Toulon, compared with a Schimky, is a dandy.

Spite of their wild aspect, there is however nothing disgusting or hideous in these large-boned, bronzed and meagre forms; a fat, thriving Schimky is an idea beyond the region of possibility. With the exception of the national moustachio, bleached to a sort of yellow by sun and rain, the whole head is close shorn, and covered with a large straw hat of home manufacture, or a flat fur cap; the back of the neck and breast are bare. The dress consists of trowsers girt round the waist, and a slop (kittel) of the very coarsest unbleached linen. Wooden soles, thickly studded with strong iron nails, and bound under the naked foot, are the general substitutes for shoes.

The horrible clatter made by this *chaussure*, when a party of Schimkys came down the street, always drove us children into the house; and even when almost grown up, I never came near them without a beating heart. I was frightened at their wild looks, but without cause; they harmed nobody, nor did I ever hear of a Schimky being accused of theft or any other crime.

They were *serfs*, and are mostly so still, except in the part of Poland subject to Prussia. Their life is hardly rated so high as that of a dog or a horse. The nobleman who from recklessness or anger killed one, paid a fine of ten dollars, without any legal proceedings, and so the matter was concluded and forgotten. And yet there existed not a more contented, I might say joyous, people, than these serfs in their deepest depth of poverty; they missed not what they never had—what they hardly knew by name.

How they get through the winter I know not; in summer their life is nearly that of a savage. Day and night under the open sky, they lie on the shore of the river near the enormous heaps of wheat, which they watch and constantly turn over to keep it from damage till it is housed in the granaries.

A thick porridge of pease or buckwheat, which they cook in a huge pot hung on a stake laid over two crotched sticks, is their daily food; if a party has been so fortunate as to get possession of two or three tallow candles to flavour the unsavoury mess, they think their meal delicious At midday they may be seen sitting in picturesque groups around the smoking pot, dipping in the large wooden spoons (which are also a favourite article of manufacture and commerce with them), and swallowing down vast quantities, accompanied with an incessant clatter.

A draught of brandy is a still greater treat to them than a tallow candle; but even when the intellects of these poor half-human children are a little clouded, they retain their good nature, and never is such a thing heard of as violence or murder.

Johanna Schopenhauer. (Jugenleben und Wanderbilder.)

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WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT?*

A man is enlightened when he emerges from a state of self-imposed pupilage. Pupilage is the inability to use one's own understanding without the guidance of another. This state is self-imposed when the cause of it lies, not in a deficiency of understanding, but of determination and courage to use it without the guidance of another. Sapere aude!—have the courage to use your *own* understanding, is therefore the motto of enlightenment.

Indolence and cowardice are the causes why so large a portion of mankind, long after nature has emancipated them from the guidance of others (*naturaliter majorennes*), voluntarily remain in a state of pupilage during their whole lives; and why it is so easy for others to assume the character of their guardians. It is so convenient to be under guardianship. If I have a book that possesses an understanding for me, a guardian of souls that has a conscience for me, a physician that prescribes my diet, and so forth, I need take no trouble myself. So long as I can pay, I need not think; others will undertake that toilsome business for me. By far the larger half of the human race (including the whole of the fair sex) regard the step to majority not only as laborious and difficult, but also as extremely dangerous, an idea which the guardians who have so benevolently taken upon themselves the supervision and guidance of their conduct, have assiduously inculcated. After they have first made their domestic animal sufficiently stupid, and have carefully prevented the quiet creature from venturing a step a step without the go-cart into which they have put it, they next proceed to point out the danger which threatens it, if it should attempt to go alone. Now in truth this danger is not so very great; it would learn to go alone at the expense of a few tumbles; but one fall generally makes it timorous, and frightens it from any further attempt.

It is difficult for any individual human being to apply the labour necessary to extricate himself from the pupilage which is become a second nature. He has grown to like it, and is really incapable of using his own understanding at once, because he has never been permitted to try. Maxims and formulæ—those mechanical tools of the use, or rather abuse, of his natural faculties—are the gyves which keep him in a perpetual pupilage. He who throws them away will make but a feeble and unsteady leap over the narrowest ditch, because he is wholly unaccustomed to unrestrained movement. Hence there are but few who have succeeded in extricating themselves from pupilage by their own efforts, and have yet retained a steady gait.

But that a public should enlighten itself is far more possible,—indeed, if freedom be granted it, is nearly inevitable: for there will always be some few independent thinkers, even among the guardians of the multitude, who, when they themselves have thrown off the yoke of pupilage, will diffuse around them a rational sense of individual dignity, and of the obligation which lies on every human being to think for himself. It is remarkable that the public (at the insigation of some of its guardians, who are themselves incapable of enlightenment,) forces the very men who at first placed it under the yoke to continue to bear it; so mischievous is it to implant prejudices, since they recoil on those, or on the successors of those, who were their authors. Hence it is that a public stains slowly to a state of enlightenment. A deliverance from personal despotism, or from rapacious or domineering oppression, may be brought about by revolution; but a real reform in opinion will never be affected by such means; new prejudices will only take the place of the old, as leading-strings of the unthinking, unreasoning mass.

In order to enlightenment nothing is wanted but liberty; the safest and most innocuous that can be called by that name—*i. e.* liberty to make a public use of one's reason on all subjects. But I hear exclamations from every side against the use of reason. The officer says, "Don't reason, but obey orders;" the financier, "Don't reason, but pay;" the priest, "Don't reason, but believe." These are so many restrictions of freedom. It is therefore necessary to inquire, what kind of reason is adverse to enlightenment; what, not only not adverse, but favourable to it. I answer, the public exercise of reason must be constantly and invariably free; this is the sole means by which mankind can be enlightened; but the private exercise of it may often be subjected to very rigorous restrictions, without much prejudice to the progress of enlightenment. It is necessary to explain, that by the *public* use which each man makes of his own reason, I understand that which every man of science, in that capacity, makes of it in addressing the whole reading public. By the *private* use, I mean that which a man makes of his reason in any civil employ, entrusted to him, or as member of a political community.

Now in order to the interests of the community, it is necessary that such a degree of constancy of action should prevail among its members, as that each should promote, or at least should not obstruct, the accomplishment of certain ends; and that he should, as regards those ends, be a passive instrument of the government. It is clear that, considered as a part of the great machine of political society, a man must not reason, but obey.

So far, however, as any one part of this machine is to be regarded as simply one of the units

* It is impossible, without greater deviation from the original than I feel myself justified in making, to avoid the use of this very awkward word, which is the exact translation of *Aufklärung*. A more significant title would be, "A plea for the liberty of philosophising."—*Translator.*

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composing the community (and even the community of the whole human race), and so far as, in his quality of man of science, he addresses himself to the public at large, he may unquestionably use his reason, without prejudice to the business which is committed to him.

Thus, it would be very mischievous if an officer were to question the utility of an order of his superior; he must obey. But no one can justly contest his right, as man of science, to criticise errors in the military art, or to submit his criticisms to the judgment of the public.

The citizen cannot refuse to pay the taxes imposed on him; nay, any indiscreet censure of such taxes at the time of their collection, calculated to excite general resistance, may be punished as dangerous to the public peace. But the same individual does nothing inconsistent with the character of a good citizen, if he publicly expresses his thoughts on the inexpediency or the injustice of such taxes.

In the same manner, a clergyman is bound to instruct his catechumens and parishioners according to the creed of the church of which he is a minister; for this was the condition upon which he was received into it as such. But, as a theologian and a scholar, he has full liberty—indeed it is his vocation—to communicate to the public the results of his careful examination and conscientious opinion of what is erroneous in that creed, together with suggestions tending to a reform in the affairs of the church and of religion. There is nothing in this which needs oppress the conscience; for that which he teaches in pursuance of his office as minister of the church, he represents as something which he is not at liberty to teach according to his own way of thinking, but which he is appointed to teach according to the prescription and in the name of others. He says, our church teaches this or that; these are the proofs it adduces. He then extracts for his hearers all the practical utility possible, from premises which he could not himself subscribe with full conviction, but to the exposition of which he may pledge himself, because it is not entirely impossible that truth may lie concealed in them, and at all events they contain nothing repugnant to the essence of religion. If, indeed, he thought he discovered in them something having this tendency, he could not conscientiously continue to perform his function—he must resign it. The use therefore that an appointed teacher makes of his reason before his flock, is a *private* use; since he is not, in his character of priest, free, and ought not to be so, being charged with a commission. On the other hand, as a theologian and a scholar addressing the public properly so called (*i. e.* the world), the clergyman, in this the *public* use of his reason, enjoys, in common with other men, an unlimited freedom to use his *own* reason and to speak in his own person. For, that the guardians of the people, in spiritual things, should be themselves in a state of pupilage, is an absurdity which goes to the perpetuation of all absurdities.

But is not an association of clergymen,—a church assembly, or a venerable *classis* (as they call themselves in Holland),—justified in binding itself by oath to certain immutable articles of faith, in order to exercise a perpetual supreme guardianship over each of its members, and, indirectly through them, over the people? I answer, such a thing is totally inadmissible. A compact of this kind, which is entered into with a view to conclude the human race from all further enlightenment, is simply null and void, even though it be confirmed by the sovereign power, by diets and the most solemn treaties. One age cannot bind itself; nor can it conspire to place the following one in a condition in which it would be impossible for it to extend its knowledge, to purge itself from error, and to advance in the career of enlightenment. This were a crime against human nature, whose highest destination consists emphatically in intellectual progress; and posterity is therefore fully justified in rejecting all such attempts to bind it, as invalid and mischievous.

A combination to maintain an unalterable religious system, which no man should be permitted to call into doubt, would, even for the term of one man's life, be wholly unobjectionable. It would be to blot out, as it were, one generation in the progress of the human species towards a better condition; to render it barren, and hence noxious to posterity. A man can indeed retard his own intellectual progress, though even then only for a time, as regards things which it is incumbent on him to know; but utterly to renounce it for himself, and far more for posterity, is an outrage on the most sacred rights of humanity. Now what a people ought not to determine for itself, a monarch ought still less to determine for it; for his legislative character and dignity rests on his being the depository and organ of the collective will of his people. If he does but ascertain that every real or supposed spiritual improvement consists with the existing order and tranquillity of society, he may safely leave his subjects to do what they think necessary for the good of their own souls; in that he has no right to interfere; his business is to take care that none of them forcibly obstruct their neighbours in their endeavours to settle their own opinions, or to promote their own spiritual welfare by any means within their reach. It is even derogatory to his majesty to occupy the attention of his government with the writings by means of which his subjects are striving to adjust their opinions; whether he does this of his own judgment, (in which case he subjects himself to the reproach, "Cæsar non est supra grammaticos,") or so deeply degrades his sovereign power, as to sustain the spiritual despotism of a few tyrants in his state against the rest of his subjects.

If it is asked, is the age we live in an enlightened one? the answer is, no; but it is an age of enlightenment. That, as things now stand, the mass of mankind are capable, or can be rendered capable, of using their own understandings safely and usefully, without the guidance of another, is far from being the fact. But that the road to self culture is now opened to them, and that the obstacles to an universal enlightenment, or to an emancipation from a self-imposed pupilage, are gradually becoming fewer, we have clear and abundant indications. In this sense this is the age of enlightenment—the age of Frederic.

A prince who does not disdain to declare that he esteems it his duty to prescribe nothing to men in matters of religion, and who, leaving them full freedom of opinion, rejects the arrogant name of toleration, is himself enlightened: he deserves to be esteemed by a grateful world and by posterity as the first who relieved the human race from pupilage (in so far, at least, as it is in the power of governments to do so) and left every one free to follow the guidance of his own reason in matters of conscience. Nor is the benefit confined to his own subjects; the spirit of free inquiry has much less opposition to encounter, now that men have before them a proof that the public tranquillity and the union of society are not in the slightest degree endangered by its diffusion. Men gradually extricate themselves from a state of barbarism, if they are not purposely and artificially kept in it.

In considering the enlightenment by which men emerge from their self-imposed pupilage, I have insisted mainly on religion; because in science and art rulers have no interest in assuming the part of guardians over their subjects; and because pupilage in this matter is not only the most mischievous, but the most degrading of any. But the views of an enlightened ruler go still further, and tend to this—that even as regards his government, there is no danger in allowing his subjects to make a *public* use of their own reason, and frankly to lay before the world their opinions as to any practicable improvements in it, or their criticisms of its present state and acts;—of this we have before us a splendid and hitherto unequaled example.

But it is only a monarch too enlightened to tremble at shadows, and having at his disposal a well-disciplined army as a security for the public peace, who can say,—what a popular government could not venture to say,—"Reason as much as you will, and on what you will,—but obey." And here we find a strange and unexpected contradiction in human affairs, which indeed, when regarded as a whole, are full of paradoxes. A higher degree of civil freedom would appear favourable to freedom of opinion, yet does, in fact, impose insuperable barriers to it; while a lower degree, on the contrary, gives opinion room to diffuse itself. But when, under the protection of a strong government, the desire and the duty of free thought has developed itself, it gradually renders the people more capable of political freedom. Finally, it influences the principles of the government itself, which finds it conducive to its own interest and prosperity to treat men in a manner consonant to the dignity of their nature.

Kant. (*Kleine Schriften.*)

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EXTRACT FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The establishment of freedom in the Netherlands appears to me one of the most remarkable of those political events which distinguished the sixteenth century. If the glittering deeds inspired by the lust of fame and of dominion claim our admiration, how much more does a conflict, in which oppressed humanity strove for its noblest rights; in which the good cause was sustained by unequaled vigour, and the weapons of resolute despair prevailed, in an unequal struggle against the fearful arts of tyranny! Grand and tranquilising is the thought, that there exists a check to the arrogant pretensions of princes; that their best-laid plans are wrecked on the steadfast love of freedom; that the intrepid resistance of a people can beat down the outstretched arm of a despot, and heroic persistency can exhaust his most formidable resources.

Never have I been so forcibly struck with this truth as in contemplating the history of that memorable revolt which for ever severed the United Netherlands from the crown of Spain; and therefore I have thought the attempt not unprofitable, to place before the world this noble monument of civil strength, with a view to awaken in the breast of my reader an animating feeling of his own dignity, and to exhibit a new and incontestable example of what men can dare

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for the good cause—of what they can accomplish by union.

It is not the romantic or the heroic character of this event which has led me to describe it. The annals of the world contain records of similar achievements which appear still more daring in conception, still more brilliant in execution. Many states have fallen with a sudden and splendid ruin; others have risen with a no less rapid and brilliant elevation. Nor are we here to expect any of those prominent and colossal figures, any of those astounding deeds, which the history of ancient time presents us with. Those times are past—those men exist no longer. The people whom we shall here behold on the scene were the most peaceful in the world, and less capable than their neighbours of that heroic spirit which gives a loftier character even to the most trivial action. The pressure of circumstances surprised them with its own peculiar might, and forced upon them a transient greatness which they did not seem formed to display, and will probably never display again. It is therefore precisely the want of heroic grandeur which renders the event so singular and so instructive; and while others make it their aim to show the superiority of genius to accident, I design to exhibit a picture in which necessity created genius, and accident made heroes.

Were it ever allowable, in treating of human things, to assert the interposition of a higher providence, it would be so with regard to this passage of history, so completely does it seem to contradict reason and experience. Philip the Second was the mightiest sovereign of his time: his dreaded power threatened to overwhelm all Europe; his treasures outnumbered those of the combined monarchs of Christendom; his fleets rode triumphant over every sea; his tyrannous and ambitious projects were seconded by countless armies,—armies which, hardened by long and bloody wars and by a Roman discipline, intoxicated with national pride and heated with the memory of successful battles, thirsted for glory and for plunder, and obeyed every impulse given to them by the daring genius of their leader—that formidable man devoted to the execution of a relentless project which formed the unwearied labour of his long regency. All these resources were directed to a single object, and this object Philip was compelled in the evening of his days to abandon.

Philip II. in conflict with a few feeble provinces, and unable to terminate that conflict!

And with what provinces? Here, a peaceful population of fishermen and shepherds, in a forgotten corner of Europe, which it had laboriously won from the waves;—the sea at once its occupation, its wealth, and its calamity—a free poverty its highest good, its glory and its virtue. There, a good-natured and orderly trading people, revelling in the fruits of successful industry, watchful in the maintenance of beneficent laws. In the happy leisure of competence they emerged from the narrow circle of anxious cares, and learned to thirst after higher enjoyments. The new truth, whose glad dawn now broke over Europe, cast a fructifying ray on this favouring soil;—free citizens joyfully received the light from which slaves averted their eyes.......

........Simple in their policy as in their manners, they ventured to point to an antiquated contract, and to remind the lord of both Indies of their rights. A name decided the whole issue of the thing. That which in Brussels was called lawful petition, in Madrid was called rebellion; the troubles in Brabant demanded a prudent mediator,—Philip sent an executioner, and the signal for war was given. A tyranny without example assailed life and property. The despairing citizen, to whom nothing was left but the choice of a death, preferred the nobler on the field of battle. An opulent luxurious people loves peace, but in proportion as it is impoverished it becomes warlike; it ceases to tremble for a life robbed of everything which can render life desirable. The fury of rebellion extends to the remotest provinces, manufactures and commerce are prostrate, the ships disappear from the ports, the artisan from his workshop, the husbandman from the untilled fields. Thousands flee to foreign lands, thousands fall victims on the scaffold, and thousands press again to fill the vacant ranks, persuaded that the doctrine for which men can die so triumphantly must needs be divine.

There is yet wanting the last hand to complete the work—the clear and enterprising spirit which watched for the great political moment, and improved the offspring of chance into the plan of wisdom.

William the Taciturn * * * *
* * * *

The history of the world is consistent with itself as the laws of nature, and single as the soul of man.

The same conditions bring back the same events. On this very soil, where the Netherlanders now offered resistance to their Spanish tyrant, fifteen hundred years before did their ancestors, the Batavi and the Belgæ, engage in fierce and stubborn conflict with those of Rome. Like them the unwilling subjects of a haughty ruler, like them a prey to rapacious satraps, they cast away their fetters with the same disdain, and tempted the fortune of as unequal a field. The same pride of conquest, the same assumption of superiority in the Spaniard of the sixteenth century and in the Roman of the first; the same valour in either army, the same terror of their invading troops. Then, as now, we see cunning contend with despotism, and constancy sustained by union weary out a gigantic power enfeebled by dispersion. Then, as now, private hate armed a nation; a single man, born for his age, revealed to her the awful secret of her strength, and gave to her mute discontent a bloody utterance.

"Say, Batavi," said Claudius Civilis to his countrymen in the sacred grove, "are we still treated by these Romans as allies and friends, or rather as useful slaves? We are given over to their officers and agents, and these, when they are sated with our spoils and our blood, are replaced by others, who repeat the same acts of violence and rapacity under new names. If it ever happens that Rome sends us a governor, he oppresses us with a pompous and costly retinue and with a yet more insufferable arrogance. The levies are at hand again, which tear children from their parents, and brothers from brothers for ever. Now, Batavi, the moment is yours. Never was Rome so enfeebled as now. Let not the name of legions strike terror into you,—their camp contains only old men and booty. We have foot-soldiers and horsemen. Germany is ours, and Gaul burns to throw off her yoke. Let Syria serve them, and Asia, and the East, patient of kings. There are still among us many who were born before Gaul paid tribute to Rome. The Gods are on the side of the bravest."*

Peaceful sacraments sanctified this conspiracy, as they did that of the Gueux, and like that, it artfully sheltered itself under the veil of subordination—under the majesty of a great name. The cohorts of Civilis on the Rhine took the oath to Vespasian in Syria, as the compromissi did to Philip the Second in Spain. The same field of warfare produced the same plan of defence—the same last refuge of despair. Both committed their desperate fortunes to a succouring element. Civilis saved his island, as, fifteen hundred years later, William of Orange saved the city of Leyden, by an artificial inundation. The valour of the Batavi revealed the impotence of the ruler of the world, as the magnificent courage of their posterity disclosed to the eyes of all Europe the decay of the Spanish power. The same fertility of mind in the leaders of either age rendered the war equally obstinate, and its close equally doubtful. One difference, however, strikes us: the Romans and the Batavi warred with humanity, for they warred not for religion.

Schiller. (Abfall der Niederlande.)

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* Tacitus, Hist., IV. V.

SCENES FROM THE TRAGEDY OF EGMONT.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The Regent's Palace; Margaret of Parma in a hunting-dress; Courtiers, Pages, Servants.

Regent.—Send away the horses and huntsmen: I shall not ride to-day. Tell Machiavelli to come to me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The thought of these dreadful events leaves me no peace. Nothing gladdens me—nothing amuses me. Fearful images and anxious forebodings are ever with me The king will say that these are the consequences of my leniency—my connivance; and yet my conscience tells me that I did what was most expedient and best. Ought I to have fanned these flames, and scattered them abroad with the tempest of wrath? I hoped to turn their course—to allow them to burn out. Yes,—the reasons which have swayed me, the facts which have come to my knowledge, justify me to myself; but how will my brother view them? For it cannot be denied that the insolence of the foreign teachers has daily increased; they have blasphemed our holiest rites, they have bewildered the stupid and the ignorant, and have turned the heads of the populace. Unclean spirits have mingled with these troublers of the peace, these preachers of sedition, and deeds have been committed which are fearful to think upon, and of which I must now report some to the court, promptly and distinctly, that common fame may not outrun my messenger—that the king may not think there is yet more behind which I seek to conceal. I can discover no means—neither severe nor mild—to remove or avert the evil. Oh what are we great ones on this stormy sea of life? We think we rule its tides—and we are but its sport, tossed hither and thither by every wave.

(*Enter Machiavelli.*)

Regent.—Are the letters to the king written?

Machiavelli.—In an hour they may be signed?

Regent.—Have you made the report sufficiently distinct and circumstantial?

Machiavelli.—Circumstantial and minute—as the king likes to have them. I have related how the iconoclast fury first broke out at St. Omer; how a fierce multitude with staves and hatchets, hammers, ladders and cords, accompanied by a few armed men, first attacked the chapels, churches and convents, drove out the pious

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worshipers, broke open the doors, tore down the altars, destroyed the statues of the saints, defaced the pictures; ruined, dashed in pieces and trod under foot whatever fell in their way that was consecrated and holy; how the crowd increased as it proceeded on its course, and the inhabitants of Ypres opened their gates to it; how they laid waste the cathedral, and burned the library of the bishop with incredible rapidity; how a great multitude of people, influenced with a like madness, spread themselves abroad through Menin, Comines, Warwich and Lille, and found no resistance; and how throughout nearly the whole of Flanders the monstrous conspiracy burst forth, and was in activity in a moment.

Regent.—Oh how are all my griefs renewed at your recital! And now they are aggravated by the fear that the evil will become greater and greater. Tell me your thoughts, Machiavel.

Machiavelli.—Your highness will excuse me. My thoughts are no like dreams—fancies; and though you have ever been satisfied with my services, you have seldom been willing to follow my advice. You have often said in jest, "You see too far, Machiavel—you should be a writer of history; people who have to act must provide for the emergency of the moment." And yet did I not foretell all this tremendous history? Did I not foresee it all?

Regent.—I can foresee many things which I can neither alter nor avert.

Machiavelli.—In one word then—you will not suppress the new religion. Tolerate it—recognise it—sever its professors from those of the true faith; give them churches, include them within the pale of civil order and authority, and you will at once reduce the rebels to quiet. All other expedients are vain, and you devastate the land.

Regent.—Do you forget with what horror my brother rejected the very question whether the new religion might be tolerated? Do you not know that every letter of his contains the most earnest exhortations to me to uphold the true faith? that he will not hear of peace or unity which are to be purchased at the expense of religion? Does he not maintain, even in the provinces, spies whom we know not of, to report to him who inclines to the new opinions? Has he not, to our amazement, named to us individuals living here under our own eye, who were privily guilty of heresy? Does he not enjoin severity and rigour? And am I to be indulgent? Am I to offer him counsels of leniency and toleration? Should I not lose all his confidence in me—all his reliance upon me?

Machiavelli.—I know it well. The king commands, and informs you fully of his views. You are to restore peace and tranquillity by means which must increase the general exasperation,—which must inevitably kindle war in every corner of the land. Think what you are doing. The great merchants are irritated,—the nobles, the people, the soldiers. What boots it to cling pertinaciously to our own opinion when all changes around us? Oh that some good spirit would but whisper to Philip, that it is nobler for a king to rule over subjects of two different religions, than to convert them into instruments of mutual annoyance and destruction!

Regent.—Let me never hear a word like that again. I know full well that policy can seldom hold faith and truth; that it banishes frankness, kindliness, forbearance and generosity from the heart. In temporal affairs this is, alas! too true; but are we to sport with God as we do with each other? Are we to be indifferent to our established faith, for which so many lives have been sacrificed? Are we to yield it up to these intruders, these uncertain and self-contradicting innovators?

Machiavelli.—Do not think the worse of me, I beseech you.

Regent.—I know you and your fidelity, and I know that a man may be honest and intelligent, even though he may have missed the straight and better way to secure the salvation of his soul. There are other men beside you, Machiavel, whom I am compelled at once to respect and to blame.

Machiavelli.—To whom do you allude?

Regent.—I must confess that Egmont has today inflicted on me the severest pain.

Machiavelli.—By what?

Regent.—By nothing new,—by the indifference and levity of his manner. I received the most fearful tidings just as I left the church, accompanied by him and by many others. I could not restrain my grief; I gave way to complaints loud and deep, and turning to him, I said, "See what is taking place in your province! Do you suffer this, Count, you, in whom the king placed such boundless trust?"

Machiavelli.—And what did he reply?

Regent.—As if it were nothing—a trifling incident—he said, "I wish the Netherlanders were but tranquilised about your government! All the rest would be easily settled."

Machiavelli.—Perhaps he spoke with more truth than prudence or piety. How is it possible that confidence can arise or endure while the Netherlander sees that it is his substance rather than his welfare, for his salvation, that is so eagerly coveted? Do the souls saved by the new bishops outnumber the fat benefices they have clutched and reveled in? And are they not almost all foreigners? The lieutenancies of all the provinces are as yet filled by Netherlanders; let not the Spaniards show too clearly their greedy, insatiable longing for those places. Will not a people rather be governed according to its own usages, and by its own countrymen, than by strangers to the soil, who seek to possess themselves of it at the cost of all—who try everything by a foreign standard, and who rule without kindliness or sympathy?

Regent.—You take the side of our enemies.

Machiavelli.—My heart is certainly not on their side; would that my reason were wholly on ours!

Regent.—If you counsel, or necessity enjoins it, I will resign my regency, for both Egmont and Orange cherish high hopes of obtaining that post. They would then be rivals; now they are allied against me, and are become friends—inseparable friends.

Machiavelli.—A dangerous pair.

Regent.—To be plain with you, I fear Orange—I fear for Egmont. Orange meditates no good. His thoughts are far-reaching; he is secret, appears to assent to everything, never contradicts, and with the profoundest respect, with the most infinite care not to offend, he does what pleases him.

Machiavelli.—Egmont, on the contrary, walks with as free and firm a tread as if the world were his own.

Regent.—He bears his head as high as if the hand of majesty were not above him.

Machiavelli.—The eyes of the people are all turned to him; on him hang all their hearts.

Regent.—Never did he abstain from an act because its appearance might offend others or prejudice himself;—as if there lived not the man who could call him to account for aught he did. He still retains the name of Egmont—Count Egmont, he loves to hear himself called—as if he disdained to forget that his ancestors were possessors of Gueldres. Why does he not call himself Prince of Gaurre—his proper title? What is his purpose in this? Does he mean to revive forgotten claims?

Machiavelli.—I hold him for a faithful servant of the king.

Regent.—How valuable he might render himself to the government, if he would! instead of which he has given us unspeakable vexation, and without profit to himself. His festivals and banquets have kindled the hearts of the nobles to him in stronger bonds than all the perilous oaths of secret societies. His guests have drunk in with his toasts a perpetual excitement,—a lasting intoxication. How often does he move the hearts of the people by his jests! How the mob were startled at the new liveries, and the absurd badges of his people!

Machiavelli.—I am persuaded he had no evil design.

Regent.—Be that as it may, the thing is bad enough. As I said, it injures us and does not serve him. What is serious he treats as a jest, and we, not to appear supine and negligent, must treat his jests as serious. Thus does the one irritate the other, and what we seek to avert becomes fixed and inevitable. He is more dangerous than a declared head of a conspiracy, and I am greatly mistaken if all that has happened is not attributed to him at court. I cannot deny that he is very rarely long without giving me some fresh cause of bitter irritation.

Machiavelli.—He seems to me to act in all things according to his conscience.

Regent.—His conscience has a very flattering mirror. His manner is often offensive. His very look often seems to bespeak an entire and intimate persuasion that he is master, and abstains from making us feel it only out of condescension and politeness; as if he would not absolutely drive us out of the country, but that it must come to that.

Machiavelli.—I entreat you, interpret not his frank carriage, his joyous and debonnaire nature, that treats everything lightly, too seriously. You injure him and yourselves.

Regent.—I interpret nothing. I speak only of inevitable results, and I know him. His high Netherland blood and the Golden Fleece upon his breast, increase his confidence and audacity. Both may protect him from any sudden capricious disgust of the king's. Examine well into the facts—you will find that he alone is responsible for all the misery that has befallen Flanders. He first convinced at the presence of the foreign teachers, treated their proceedings lightly, and perhaps rejoiced that we had so much employment on our hands. Let me speak freely;—on this occasion I will give vent to all I have on my heart, and I will not shoot my arrow in the air. I know his sensitive point—he is sensitive.

Machiavelli.—Have you convened the Council? Will Orange attend?

Regent.—I have sent to Antwerp for him. I will throw their full share of the responsibility upon them; they shall either lend me their earnest aid to resist this evil, or openly join the rebels. Make haste to finish the letters and bring them to me to sign. Then despatch the trusty Vasco to Madrid; he is as faithful as he is indefatigable, and it is important that my brother

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should learn the intelligence first from him, that common fame may not outstrip him. I will speak to him myself before he departs.

Machiavelli.—Your highness's commands shall be promptly and punctually obeyed.

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ACT III. SCENE II.

Clara's House: Clara and her Mother.

Mother.—Such a love as Brackenburg's I never saw. I did not believe there were such, except in romance books.

(*Clara walks up and down the room, humming an air between her lips.*)

"Happy alone
Is the soul that loves."

Mother.—He suspects your love for Egmont, and yet I do believe, if you would but appear a little kind to him, he would marry you, if you would have him.

Clara.—(*singing*),

"To be full of joy,
And of sorrow,
And of thick-coming thoughts;
To float painfully
From passionate longing
To anxious fear;
Now sending shouts of exultation to the skies,
Now sad unto death—
Happy alone
Is the soul that loves."*

Mother.—Leave off that rockaby-baby stuff.

Clara.—Don't despise it; it is a song of wonderful virtue. Many's the time I have lulled a great child to sleep with it.

Mother.—Ay, you have nothing in your head but your love; I wish you did not forget all for one. You ought to have more respect for Brackenburg, say I. He may make you happy some day or other.

Clara.—He!

Mother.—Oh, yes! there 'll come a time;—you children don't look forward, and you turn a deaf ear to our experience. Youth and bright love—all come to an end, and the time comes when we thank God if we have any hole to creep into.

Clara.—(*shudders, is silent, and walks away*). Mother, let that time come—when it must—like death. To think of it beforehand is horrible! And if it should come—if we must—then—we will bear ourselves as we may. Egmont, I live without thee? (*Weeping.*) No, never—never.

(*Enter Egmont in a soldier's cloak, with his hat slouched over his face.*)

Clara!

(*Clara cries out and steps back*)—Egmont! (*she flies to him.*) Egmont! (*embraces him and rests her head on his bosom.*) Oh you kind, dear, sweet one! Are you come? Are you there?

Egmont.—Good evening, good mother.

Mother.—God bless you, noble sir. My poor child has nearly fretted herself to death because you have stayed away so long. She has been talking and singing about you again, the live-long day.

Egmont.—But you will give me some supper, won't you?

Mother.—You do us too much honour. If we had but anything to offer you—

Clara.—Be at ease about that, mother. I have taken care of all that already. I have prepared something. (*Aside.*) Don't betray me, mother.

Mother.—(*Aside.*) There's little enough.

Clara.—(*Aside.*) Stay.—And then—when he is with me I am never hungry, so that I think he cannot have much appetite when I am with him.

Egmont.—What are you saying?

(*Clara stamps with her foot, and turns away petishly.*)

Egmont.—What is the matter with you?

Clara.—How cold you are to-day! You have not offered me one kiss yet. Why do you keep your arms swathed in your mantle, like those of a babe a week old. It ill becomes either soldier or lover to have his arms muffled.

Egmont.—Sometimes, darling, sometimes; when the soldier stands in ambush, watching to fall upon the enemy, he gathers himself together, folds his arms, and ruminates on his attack. And a lover—

Mother.—Won't you be seated? won't you make yourself comfortable? I must go into the kitchen. Clara thinks of nothing when you are by. You must take the will for the deed.

Egmont.—Your good will is the best sauce.

[*Mother goes.*

Clara.—And what then is my love?

Egmont.—Whatever you please.

Clara.—Come, liken it to something, if you have the heart.

Egmont.—First—there—(*throws off his mantle and stands disclosed in his splendid dress*).

Clara.—Ah me!

Egmont.—Now my arms are free! (*Claps her to his heart.*)

Clara.—Don't: you will spoil yourself. (*Steps back.*) How splendid! I dare not touch you now.

Egmont.—Well, are you satisfied? I promised you that I would come once dressed in the Spanish fashion.

Clara.—I have never reminded you of your promise. I thought you did not like it. Ah! and the Golden Fleece!

Egmont.—Ay, now you see it.

Clara.—And did the Emperor hang that round your neck?

Egmont.—Yes, dear child; and this chain and device invest their wearer with the noblest privileges. I acknowledge no judge of my actions on earth, save the Grand-master of the Order and the assembled chapter of knights.

Clara.—Oh, you might let the assembled world judge you! How magnificent the velvet is! and the fringe-work! and the embroidery! One can't tell where to begin.

Egmont.—Well, now look your fill.

Clara.—And the Golden Fleece! You told me the whole story; and you said it was a badge of everything grand and precious—everything that man can deserve or win by labour and industry. It is very precious. It seems to me like your love. I bear that, just so, upon my heart—and yet—

Egmont.—Well—what?

Clara.—And yet—again it is not like.

Egmont.—How so?

Clara.—It is not by labour or pains that I have won your love—nor deserved it.

Egmont.—In love the case is different. You deserved it, because you did not strive for it; those people are generally most sure to win love, who do not hunt about for it.

Clara.—Did you learn that from yourself? Was it from yourself you drew that proud reflection? yourself, whom all the people love?

Egmont.—Oh! that I had, indeed, done something for them! that I *could* do something for them! It is their good pleasure to love me.

Clara.—You have been with the Regent to-day doubtless,—have you not?

Egmont.—I have.

Clara.—Are you on good terms with her?

Egmont.—It seems so. We are friendly and civil to each other.

Clara.—And in your heart?

Egmont.—I like her. Every one has his own peculiar views—but that is nothing. She is an excellent woman, knows the people she has to deal with, and would see deeply enough if she were not somewhat suspicious. I give her plenty of occupation; for she always searches for some mystery behind my conduct, and I have none.

Clara.—What, none at all?

Egmont.—Why, true, dear—one little exception. All winter leaves lees in the cask, if it stands long enough. Orange is, however, a more interesting study to her, and an ever-new problem. He has got credit for having always some secret design, and now she is constantly trying to read on his brow what he is thinking,—in his step, whither he is going.

Clara.—Does she dissemble?

Egmont.—A regent,—and you ask that?

Clara.—Pardon me, I meant is she false?

Egmont.—Neither more nor less so than every one who seeks to obtain his ends.

Clara.—I should not know what to do in the great world. But she has a manly spirit; she is another sort of woman than we sempstresses and housewives. She is great, brave-hearted, resolute.

Egmont.—Yes, perhaps a little too much so; she is a perfect Amazon.

Clara.—A majestic woman! I should dread to come into her presence.

Egmont.—And yet you are not generally so timid. It would not be fear—only maidenly shame.

(*Clara casts down her eyes, takes his hand, and leans her head upon him.*)

Egmont.—I understand you, dear girl!—you may raise your eyes. (*He kisses her eyes.*)

Clara.—Let me be silent!—let me hold you fast!—let me gaze in your eyes, and find in them everything—comfort and hope, and joy, and sorrow. (*She embraces, and looks at him.*) Tell me—tell me—I cannot conceive it—are you Egmont?—Count Egmont?—the great Egmont, who is so famous, whose name is in every newspaper, on whom the Provinces place their whole reliance?

Egmont.—No, my Clara, I am not.

Clara.—What?

Egmont.—Look you, Clara,—let me sit down. (*He sits down—she kneels before him on a footstool, leans her arms on his knees, and looks up in his face.*) *That* Egmont is a morose, unbending, cold Egmont, compelled to shut himself up, and to assume now one aspect, and now another — fretted, misunderstood — constrained, when people think him gay and joyous—beloved

* I had hoped, by the kind assistance of some poetical friend, to be able to enrich my pages with a metrical translation of this song; but it has as yet eluded every hand, however practised and successful, that has tried to grasp it. I am therefore forced to content myself with the most accurate version I can give.—*Translator.*

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by a people which knows not what it wishes—honoured and exalted by an impracticable multitude—surrounded by friends to whom he dares not commit himself unreservedly—watched by men who would avail themselves of any means to rival him—labouring and toiling, often without aim, generally without reward—Oh, let me not say how it fares with him—what are his feelings! But *this* Egmont, Clara, the tranquil, open, happy,—beloved and understood by the best of hearts, that heart which he fully understands, and with entire love and confidence presses to his own—(*embracing her*)—this is *your* Egmont.

Clara.—So—let me die! The world has no joy after this!

Goethe.

PARIS IN 1841.

BY MRS. GORE.

INTRODUCTION.

It has long been proverbially said, "*Vedi Napoli, e poi mori!*" "See Naples, and die!" as if no scene or city could thenceforward interest the attention. It might be said with equal justice, "See Paris, and live!" To the hypochondriac, to the invalid, better advice could scarcely be given. The elasticity of the atmosphere, the dryness of the soil which forms a perpetual filter, and, above all, the clearness of sky produced by the consumption of wood instead of coal, unite to lend a cheeriness to the scene highly advantageous to the spirits.

On first arriving in Paris, indeed, this perpetual glare, sunshine, stir, and joyousness, almost oppress the new comer. He can scarcely conceive what makes the people around him so merry and so active about nothing. If an Englishman, he wants to pause for breath, in order to make up his mind, as in his own deliberative country, whether he be in the humour to be amused. He chooses to have the question of pleasure or no pleasure tried by jury, and will abide by the verdict; or, if belonging to a higher order of society, would prefer to have a bill brought in for the better regulation of his powers of enjoyment, and pass through both houses of parliament, before he affixes his royal consent to be entertained.

But at the close of a couple of days, even the surliest of John Bulls is irresistibly impelled to march with the joyous crowd; and at the end of a week, finds himself wearing his cap and bells, and brandishing the bauble of folly, as giddily as the rest of the noisy throng.

In other capitals, the stranger has to go in quest of amusement. In Paris, he cannot stir a step without coming in contact with the clashing cymbals of the votaries of pleasure. Among the French, the goddess is not an exclusive, or recreation an aristocratic monopoly. They seem born with a disposition to bear the burthen of life graciously and gracefully,—nay, gratefully too; for it is impossible to be more sensitively alive to the enjoyments placed within their reach by the beneficence of Providence. Instead of sighing after impossibilities, ambitioning the splendours of the great, or the superfluous gauds of equipage and distinction, they content themselves with the more come-at-able enjoyment of a sunshiny day in the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, or the public gardens of the city, refreshed with lemonade or iced water, and diverted by the facetiæ of itinerant showmen.

The aspect of a metropolis where the population is concentrated in the different stories of lofty mansions and the habit of being diffused through those mean and straggling streets in which the Londoner prides himself upon proclaiming that his house is his castle—his castle being the size of a mouse-trap—is necessarily lively and brilliant. In lieu of the long monotonous streets of our western and northern quarters of the town, those of Paris are animated and picturesque. Even the most aristocratic neighbourhood is interspersed with shops. The hotels of the nobility being secluded from the streets by means of a courtyard in front, and a garden in the rear, the ostensible frontage is usually occupied by gay *magazins*. Except in a very few old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Marais, at all hours of the day a perpetual bustle is going on.

To institute a more specific comparison between the population of London and Paris, take the neighbourhood of the English Exchange, and of the French Bourse, which may be estimated, in both capitals, the head-quarters of the commercial world. In London, what plodding, care-worn, smoke-weazened faces; in Paris, what keen, active, yet cheerful countenances! Among the English, absorbed in the worship of the molten calf, it is plain that their chief pleasure in life is business; among the French, that their business is pleasure. The French seldom amass colossal fortunes, or make enormous bankruptcies; but contenting themselves with less, enjoy, even in their busiest days, their portion of the delectations of life. The gravest men among them is not ashamed to talk of the pleasures of a fête. Part of the business of their public functionaries, indeed, is to give entertainments; not, as in England, mere dinners to be devoured in solemn state among their solemn selves; but balls and weekly parties for the centralisation of the order of society to which they belong, and the promotion of the interests of commerce.

The carnival is a national observance; not alone as the epoch for masquing or midnight balls, but for family enjoyment,—for the expenditure of a portion set aside from every private income expressly for recreation;—a fillip given to the dullness of the year, a moral springtime,—producing the annual rejuvenisation of the social qualities. The carnival is of uncertain duration, as dependent upon moveable feasts; commencing with advent, and terminating with the beginning of lent. It is not, however, till after the first of January—the great festival of the French year—that the public festivities of the carnival, such as masked balls, and royal or ministerial fêtes, have their formal commencement.

But the diversions of Paris do not expire on Shrove Tuesday with the carnival. It is *always* "fête" with the French! Some ever-recurring pretext of royal birthdays, or the feasts of the church, sanctifies the assumption of holiday attire, concerts in the open air, or dancing at the *guinguette*. Nay, when even these are wanting, the very Boulevarts, or the ordinary promenade of the Champs Elysées, present a semblance of pastime, such as English people in England would prepare themselves ten days beforehand to enjoy!

One of the most remarkable peculiarities, connected with this tendency to enjoyment, is the domesticity with which it is connected. In humble life, a whole family issues forth for diversion; the gray-headed grandfather, and infant in arms, being fondly included in the party. In summer time, they are to be seen in family groups, seated upon the grass among the broomy thickets of the Bois de Boulogne; in winter, in the *paradis*, or upper gallery of some minor theatre. Even the meanest house having its porter or concierge in charge of the door, their property can be left without danger.

English people, on the contrary, though apt to profess themselves models of domestic affection, rarely engage in parties of pleasure, without including mere acquaintances in the scheme. Their first idea, when about to visit some public monument or place of diversion, is to "ask somebody" to join them. In order to repair to a theatre, or race, or country excursion, they must always "make a party;" and this effort of making a party often causes the pleasure itself to be postponed till too late. There is in fact a less genial spirit—a want of tendency to be amused—a lack of elasticity of nerve and muscle, among the smoke-dried or fog-saturated denizens of London!

The concentration of the city and population of Paris into a third of the extent of our own capital, is also the cause of bringing public places and the public buildings, which tend so greatly to its embellishment, within daily and hourly scope of admiration. The public edifices of London are scattered over so vast a surface, that people residing at the extremity of the West End are out of reach of the theatres, and totally unacquainted of the public monuments of the city; and many persons live and die there, without having seen the ancient walls of the White Tower, or the beautiful church at Walbrook.

In Paris, on the contrary, the finest structures—palaces, churches, galleries, bridges, columns, and arches of triumph—burst upon the eye at every turn. The beautiful Place de Louis XV., unequaled in extent and decoration, is daily traversed on the way from the Boulevards to the Faubourg St. Germain, or from the Tuileries to the Champs Elysées; and it is impossible not to see and be struck by the impressive regularity of architecture in the Rue de Rivoli, the Place Vendome, and other noble streets; or the still more picturesque irregularity produced by the ancient houses of the islands, and the pointed towers of the Conciergerie, as viewed from the Pont Royal, or the Pont des Arts.

The munificence of the city of Paris, and the comparative liberality of the Chambers, combined with the active and enlightened spirit of the reigning family of France, have effected wonders for the capital during the last ten years. Paving, lighting, sewerage, and the laying down of water-pipes,—supplementary but indispensable advantages which had been too long neglected,—now tend to enhance the attractions of those noble national monuments, whose grandeur has never been disputed. In every quarter of the capital, improvements are still in active progress. All that was begun by Napoleon, with a view to public salubrity and comfort, is in process of completion by Louis Philippe; and the magnificent structures of the museum at Versailles, the Madeleine, the Hotel de Commerce, the Hotel de Ville, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and the Arc de l'Etoile, all completed under his auspices, will form memorable monuments of the reign of the Roi Citoyen.

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It is not alone sagacious suggestions, good wishes, or even aid from his private funds, which the King of the French bestows upon these public undertakings. At all hours, from daybreak till sunset, Louis Philippe may be met, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a private equipage, accompanied by his architect, or a single aide-de-camp, or even alone, minutely inspecting the progress of the public works in the most remote quarters of the town; such as the quays of the Arsenal, the monument to the memory of the heroes of July in the Place de la Bastille, or the conservatories and galleries of the Jardin des Plantes. Regardless of the numerous attempts to which his life has been exposed, or confiding in the singular interposition of Providence so often manifested in his favour, he exposes himself unarmed and unguarded in the midst of the most disaffected quarters of Paris, the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the vicinity of the Hotel de Ville, while canvassing with Monsieur Fontaine those architectural details, in which no unprofessional man is better versed than the King of the French. Aware of the importance of these improvements as a means of employment for the working classes, Louis Philippe seems to consider that he bears a charmed life amidst the masons and sculptors, to whom his patronage and liberality have so long afforded the means of subsistence.

Thanks, meanwhile, to these numerous attractions, PARIS has become more than ever the resort of foreign guests. It is not, like Vienna or Petersburg, a city which people visit once in their lives, and return to no more. Every year brings forth some new monument to be admired, some new wonder to be canvassed.

Another and another still succeeds.

Scarcely were the raptures of the public expended on the arch of l'Etoile, when the museum of Versailles attracted hundreds of thousands of visiters; and to the noble church of the Madeleine succeeds the Hotel de Ville and Hotel de Commerce on the Quai D'Orsay,—two of the finest edifices of modern Europe.

It is the object of the present work to present a few of these novelties to the reader; as well as to give a general picture of the habits and manners of PARIS, under the auspicious reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

CHAPTER I.

The Rue de la Paix—Place Vendôme—Rue de Rivoli—Gardens of the Tuileries—Entrance of the Duchess of Orleans into Paris.

The first object of the stranger visiting Paris, is to instal himself in one of the commodious hotels abounding in the quarters of the Tuileries. The Rue de Rivoli, the Place Vendome, or Rue de la Paix, afford the greatest advantages to English travellers, as the centre of cheerfulness, opulence, and sociability. The vicinity of the gardens of the Tuileries and the Boulevarts insures a salubrious atmosphere; while, from any one of these localities, the eye is enchanted by continual movement, and the fluctuation of the gayest throng whose aspect ever put to flight the reveries of a votary of seclusion.

But in every direction, the habits of Paris are fatal to reverie. Paris is the city of the present, as Rome of the past. Positive pleasures are too immediately within reach, to allow scope for the lofty musings which, in our own country, arise from the storied aisles and towers of Westminster Abbey, or the murky mysteries of the Tower. In Paris, all is sunshine,—all is progress,—all is life. You issue forth the morning after your arrival into the Rue de la Paix, and are startled by the elegance of its gay shops. Instead of exclaiming with the philosopher, "How many things are here which I do not want!" you are tempted, by the brightness of the exposition, to say, "How many things are here of which, till now, I was ignorant of the existence!" You behold in them the evidence of national prosperity. It is not till the necessities of life are fully satisfied, that people begin to think of these adornments; and as regards their origination, it must be admitted that the world is indebted to Paris for the creation of half the more attractive superfluities of life. One can understand how, residing in such a city, Voltaire was tempted to talk of "*le superflu, chose si nécessaire!*"

These gay and brilliant creations of luxury are in fact the evidence of centuries of civilisation. Personal refinement has long been carried in Paris to so high a point of perfection, that their shops are required to display a redundant choice of novelties in the various arts of decoration. Their artisans have a wonderful faculty of invention. Half the designs adopted in the various cities of Europe, are composed in Paris. They are indifferent copyists, and slow to adopt the habits of other nations; but their creative faculty is remarkable.

It is probably on this account that the fickle goddess Fashion has so permanently fixed her abode in the French metropolis as to have it accounted her birthplace; dating from its prismatic precincts those fluttering ukases which give the law to London, Petersburg, and New York.

The Rue de la Paix, the connecting link between the gay Boulevarts and the Tuileries gardens, is one of the widest and handsomest streets in Paris, and comprises many shops remarkable for the beauty of their frontage. This street was constructed at the early part of the present century, on the site of the gardens of the convents of Capucins, Augustins, and others; which, to the number of six, occupied the ground on which the streets of La Paix, Rivoli, Castiglione, and Mont Thabor, were commenced under the Directory, and completed by Napoleon.

Of a far grander order of architecture, however, is the adjoining Place Vendome; more ancient of date by upwards of a century, having been commenced by Louis XIV. at the suggestion of his minister Louvois, on the site of the hotel and gardens purchased by the crown of the heirs of the Duc de Vendome, the illegitimate son of Henry IV. and the belle Gabrielle. The original plans of the famous Mansart for its construction, were completed in the succeeding reign by the city of Paris, under the auspices of the adventurer Law, whose financial operations were carried on in the square. The first intention of the magnificent monarch was to create round the Place a succession of public offices, a royal library, besides residences for foreign ambassadors. Only a portion of the elongated octagon, however, was thus appropriated; and the remainder became the property of private persons.

The houses of the Place Vendome are uniform, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and lofty roofs, pierced with richly ornamented lucarne windows; a projection in the centre of each side having a Corinthian portico and pediment. Richly carved colossal masks form the key stones of the lower windows. It was first called the Place des Conquêtes, then the Place Louis le Grand, eventually the Place Vendome; and is frequently used for military parades and punishments, particularly for the monthly *degradation* of delinquents,—a brilliant and imposing spectacle.

The colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze, which originally decorated the centre of the Place, was demolished by the populace on the terrible tenth of August of the first revolution. But the mutilated pedestal was suffered to remain till 1806, when Napoleon erected its present striking ornament,—a triumphal column in honour of his recent German campaign. This column is modeled upon that of Trajan, at Rome, but exceeds it in proportions by a twelfth; the total elevation being 130 feet, and the pedestal 21 feet high. The column, composed of 1200 pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians and Russians, is sculptured in rich bas-reliefs, representing the victories of the French army from its departure from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz; and the pedestal is ornamented with bronze eagles and garlands of oak.

This noble monument, designed by Baron Denon, was completed in 1810. A winding staircase in the interior, of 176 steps, ascends to an external gallery, commanding a fine view of the city, and constantly visited by strangers. On the summit, was originally placed a bronze statue of the emperor; which was with difficulty pulled down by the emissaries of the Bourbons, in 1814, and re-founded into the equestrian statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf.

During the epoch of the Restoration, it was replaced by a fleur-de-lis, and the *drapeau blanc* of the Bourbons. But one of the earliest measures of the present King of the French was to restore to this national monument the crowning trophy indispensable to its completeness, in the form of a new statue of Napoleon. On the 29th of July, 1833, the present bronze figure was inaugurated. It is the work of Seurre, and represents the emperor in the costume most familiar to the soldiery, the *redingotte grise* of his campaigns. The figure is eleven feet high; and, has a life-like effect, when viewed under the brightness of the morning sun, approaching it from the gardens of the Tuileries.

An old corporal, one of the relics of the *grand armée*, had the office of exhibiting the column to visiters, as "*capitaine de la colonne*," and furnishing the lantern necessary for the ascent. Great is the pride of the veteran when, on the anniversaries of great victories, or the birthday of the emperor, a new collection of garlands of *immortelles* is thrown at the foot of the column. On some of these occasions, the whole palisades surrounding it are covered before daybreak with emblematical crowns; and nothing is more common than to see a provincial or even peasant, on first arriving in Paris, make his offering to the *collonne* as an altar of national glory. On the other hand, like our own monument, the column of the Place Vendome occasionally obtains a melancholy notoriety from the madness of some unfortunate person, intent upon committing suicide in a public manner. Precautions have, however, been adopted, to prevent the recurrence of these terrible catastrophes.

The Place Vendome contains the public offices of the Chancellerie, Quartier General, and several others. The three best *Hôtels garnis* in Paris are also to be found there. But a more legitimate successor to the wealthy *fermiers généraux*, by

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whom, in the first instance, its magnificent abodes were inhabited, is Monsieur Schickler, whose fine mansion is one of the most complete and elegant in Paris. This gentleman is also the proprietor of the once royal domain of Rambouillet.

The Place Vendome may be cited as the Grosvenor Square of the French metropolis. But that the chief apartments of the Chancellerie, and other hotels of note, look into the gardens and spacious court-yards attached to them, it would form, perhaps, too noisy a residence, being one of the chief thoroughfares of the west end. The houses, however, recede from the carriage way; which traverses the Place much as the Rhone the lake of Constance, leaving the rest of the area free.

Immediately opposite to the column of the Place Vendome, at the extremity of the handsome Rue de Castiglione, whose noble arcades form a continuation of those of the Rue de Rivoli, is one of the chief entrances to the gardens of the Tuileries,—the lungs of Paris, as Hyde Park of London.

The palace of the Tuileries, of which the façade extends at one extremity nearly a thousand feet in length, forms the boundary of the garden, a magnificent avenue of chestnut trees leading straight from its majestic centre, the Pavillon de l'Horloge, through the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysees, and the Triumphal Arch, to the bridge of Neuilly a distance of three miles. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from the palace over the gay parterres, springing fountains, and noble groves, up this noble avenue, embellished midway by the fine obelisk of Luxor, recently placed in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, and terminated, to the eye, by the Arch of Triumph.

From the palace of the Tuileries no unsightly object meets the eye. To the right, extends the long and regular range of buildings of the Rue de Rivoli; the upper extremity of which contains the Hotel de Finances, or Treasury; to the left, a fine series of aristocratic residences, bordering the opposite bank of the Seine, each having its garden sloping to the quay.

But though these beautiful gardens present so princely an accessory to the pleasures of the palace, it is to the general inhabitants of Paris that their enjoyment is dedicated. Open to the public from an early hour till sunset, when the gates, on account of their immediate vicinity to the palace, are closed for the night, at all seasons of the year, and on all days of the week, these gardens are thronged with promenaders. Every person in decent apparel, not carrying a burthen, is indiscriminately admitted; some restriction being necessary, as the chief entrance from the Place du Carrousel, a considerable thoroughfare, lies through the very hall of the palace, the doors of which are guarded only by a sentinel; while the gardens themselves form the chief channel of communication between the Faubourg St. Germain and that of St. Honore, the two most fashionable and frequented quarters of the city.

There is scarcely a spot where French women, especially those of the middle class, are seen to greater advantage than in the garden of the Tuileries. Throughout the summer season, young mothers and their children may be found spending nearly the whole day under the shade of its verdant avenues of lime and chestnut trees, thoroughly occupied by their work or book; unostentatious yet elegant in their dress, and graceful and orderly in their deportment. In that crowded promenade, not the slightest irregularity or departure from decorum is ever perceptible. Every thing appears to be in accordance with the somewhat formal and courtly character of the place. For the satire of Pope upon the gardens of the Duke of Chandos at Canons, might certainly be applied to the Tuileries.

Grove nods at grove, each alley hath its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

A style out of place, however, in a private domain is strictly consonant with the majesty of a palace; more especially with one of dimensions so colossal as the Tuileries. The architecture of that singular edifice belongs to no school or epoch, and is wholly irreconcileable with all received principles of taste. Yet it is so characteristic, so associated with historical reminiscences, and derives so strange a grandeur from the factitious vastness of proportion imparted by its three mezzonine stories—a grandeur which the area in which it stands prevents from being noticed as it deserves,—that few visiters to Paris ever wished this curious relic of old France to be otherwise than it is. Stronger evidence of its elevation cannot be adduced, than to institute a comparison with the lofty mansions of the Rue de Rivoli approaching the Pavillon de Marsan; which shrink into insignificance under the influence of the juxtaposition.

The antiquities of the French capital are few in number, and so rapidly disappearing, that the Tuileries, though dating only from the sixteenth century, rank, like the church of St. Eustache, among its antiquated monuments. The greater part of the present structure belongs, however, to a later period than even the Renaissance, or revival of the arts.

So lately as 1636, the foundations of the tile-kilns, from which this royal residence derived its name of the Tuileries, were discovered in the course of some excavations made under the palace. Francis I. was the original purchaser of these tile-fields, which were first used as a depository for rubbish, beyond the fortifications of the royal chateau of the Louvre. A small adjoining country house was presented by that sovereign to his mother, Louisa of Savoy, whose health was supposed to suffer from the unwholesome atmosphere of her palace of the Tournelles, in the marshy quarter of Paris, still called the Marais; on the site of which palace the Place Royale was erected in the course of the following century. It was not, however, till the chateau of the Tuileries became the property of Catherine de Medicis, in 1564, that the present palace was commenced by Philibert Delorme and Bullet, the court architects; and scarcely were the Pavillon de l'Horloge and the two adjoining wings completed, when the prediction of one of her Majesty's favourite astrologers bidding her "beware of St. Germain," reminded the superstitious queen that her new palace was situated in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois: from the tocsin of which church, indeed, proceeded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, commenced under her auspices. The works were accordingly abandoned; nor was it till the reign of Henri IV. that they were resumed by the celebrated Ducerceau, who erected the two lofty pavilions at either end, called the Pavillon de Flore and Pavillon de Marsan; the chimneys of which probably overtop those of any other inhabited dwelling. The long gallery, uniting the palace with that of the Louvre, was also commenced by this king, and completed by his son Louis XIII.

Under Louis XIV. little was done to the palace, in which he never resided, except a few alterations with a view of harmonising the whole; the architecture of the various pavilions being strangely discordant, and rendering an attic story indispensable, to bring the central buildings into a line with the new elevations.

But the greatest improvement effected by Louis XIV. for the Tuileries, was by clearing and levelling the adjoining precincts; forming a spacious courtyard, and causing the gardens to be planted by the famous Le Notre. A street intervened, at that period, between the palace and the gardens, which consisted of a sort of park, containing a pheasantry and a vineyard; the whole area consisting of about sixty-seven acres. The two terraces overarched with lime-trees, bordering the gardens towards the river and the Rue de Rivoli, were then created; the latter leading to the royal riding school abutting on the convent of the Feuillans, in which were held the first sittings of the National Assembly during the revolution, and constituting the first royal appanage claimed as national property. It was along this terrace that the king and queen proceeded on foot, from the palace of the Tuileries, to place themselves under the protection of the nation, at the suggestion of Rœderer.

The ditches and moats surrounding the gardens having been for the most part filled up, in accordance with the plans of Le Notre, three circular basins containing fine jets d'eau were formed in the three principal alleys; and a prodigious number of marble statues and vases, indispensable to the Italian style of decoration then in vogue, were arranged at intervals along the various walks and parterres, and on the borders of the magnificent grove of chestnut trees which rises in the centre of the gardens. Round the principal basin are groups representing the rivers of France, by Couston and other celebrated sculptors; and on the terrace adjoining the palace, several fine figures cast in bronze after antique models. But the statues which at present chiefly attract the attention of strangers, are those works of modern sculpture placed there of late years by the present government; consisting of the celebrated Spartacus and Cincinnatus of Foyatier—Prometheus on the Rock, by Pradier—Theseus killing the Minotaur by Sommariva—the soldier of Marathon, by Cortot—Pericles, by Debay—Themistocles, by Lemaire,—and several others of more recent acquisition and unquestionable merit.

Nothing can be more agreeable to the eye than the contrast between the whiteness of the marble of these beautiful productions, and the intense verdure of the lime-trees by which they are surrounded; and it would be difficult to conceive a scene more brilliant than is presented, on a fine Sunday in June, by the spreading terraces fronting the palace, crowded with elegantly dressed women and happy children, the fountains throwing up their silvery spray amid parterres of roses and geraniums, with the lofty heads of the grove of chestnut-trees opening to display a prospect several miles in extent, including the noble arch of l'Etoile. All is life and beauty, modified only by the dignity and order characterising the purlieus of the courts of kings.

The most fashionable part of the Tuileries during the winter season, is the Terrasse des Feuillans; in summer, the Allée des Orangers, into which, about the middle of May, are removed from the orangerie of the palace the colossal cases containing orange-trees, some of them three hundred years old, and of remarkable beauty.

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Round these trees, and in lines along the adjacent alleys, chairs are placed for hire throughout the summer season; occupied at most hours of the day by multitudes of gay groups, who sit engaged in social chat and contemplation of the loungers crowding the walk. While the royal family are at dinner, a military band, performing opposite to the Pavilion de l'Horloge, attracts the crowd of loungers in that direction; but later in the evening, they return to the fragrant Allée des Orangers, where a café for ices and refreshments, and a *cabinet de lecture* for the hire of newspapers, vary the diversions of the favoured spot.

At the further extremity of the gardens, towards the Champs Elysées, is a sunny nook protected by the lofty wall of one of the terraces, known to invalids by the name of *La petite Provence*. Early in the spring, or late in the autumn, the benches of this warm retreat are frequented by nurses with infants in their arms, or elderly gentlemen encased in wadded doublettes, as the appropriate shelter of first and second childhood.

The terrace adjoining the river,—presenting an animated view of the fine edifices skirting the opposite bank, and the reach of the Seine towards the suspension bridge and wooded shores of Passy, —is occasionally closed at certain hours of the day, to afford a secluded promenade to the royal family. It was here that the young king of Rome used to be drawn in a car by two sheep, during the ascendancy of Napoleon, and the Duchess of Orleans and her children frequently resort to the spot.

Two small gardens, laid out in parterres, and bordered by a grassy fosse, completed since the revolution of 1830 immediately in front of the palace, obtained at one time the absurd name of the fortifications of the Tuileries! The ostensible object of their creation was to secure a spot for exercise for the younger branches of the royal family; but in truth, to increase the privacy of the lower range of apartments inhabited by the king, the windows of which were formerly accessible to the observation of the loungers in the gardens. On summer evenings, the royal family frequently appear on the stone terrace of the first floor, forming a boxed box in the Galerie de Louis Philippe, and enjoy a promenade during the performance of the band, to the great satisfaction of the assembled multitude; and on occasion of the public concerts given on the king's birthday, the fêtes of July, and other rejoicings, under the windows of the palace, the public is admitted by tickets into the private gardens within the fosse, while the royal family occupy the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

Some portion of the charm universally ascribed to the gardens of the Tuileries, is unquestionably attributable to the climate,—the dry clear atmosphere which, even in the heart of a populous city, places a bright blue sky over the flower parterres and verdant tops of the chesnut trees, in which, from time immemorial, a colony of wood pigeons have built their nests, thoroughly domesticated among the gay groups of fashionable Parisians. But the animation of the scene arises far more from the frank unreserve of the persons assembled among the green alleys; the children gathered into friendly groups for skipping and other youthful sports, their bonnets suspended among the branches of the trees; while their parents sit engrossed by books or work, regardless of the stir of the passing multitude. The reserve of English people deters them from following their own devices in a public promenade, even when their pursuits are inoffensive as those which add an air of domesticity to the shady nooks of the gardens of the Tuileries.

It is needless to enlarge upon the terrible scenes connecting the palace and gardens of the Tuileries with the horrible epoch of the revolution. So little wisdom appears to be attained by the study of these great historical lessons, that there is as little profit as pleasure in enlarging upon their enormities.

A more agreeable contemplation arises from the internal aspect of the old palace, under the present dynasty, and the events connecting it with their reign. Among these, may be cited the public entrance of the young Duchess of Orleans into the capital, immediately after her marriage.

This brilliant solemnity, which chanced most auspiciously on a glorious day of the beginning of June, 1836, united together the whole population of Paris, which lined the noble road from the bridge of Neuilly to the palace gates, order being kept by the combined legions of the national guard. From the moment of passing the majestic Arc de l'Etoile, incessant cheers burst from innumerable throngs of well-dressed people, to salute the young princess, their future queen, seated in an open state carriage, at the right hand of Marie Amélie, so conspicuous by her virtues to all classes of the people of France. Beside the carriage, mounted on a fine charger, rode the handsome young bridegroom; and in succession followed the royal carriages, filled with the family, household, and court of Louis Philippe, in their uniforms of ceremony.

This procession of about eighty carriages, handsomely appointed, progressing for miles between lines of the national guard, under arms, and beyond these lines crowds of well-dressed and joyous persons, formed a noble and exciting spectacle.

On an occasion so auspicious to the hopes of the nation, Louis Philippe decided that the young duchess should approach her future home right royally, through the grand avenue of the gardens; and when, the king and his staff-major on horseback having led the way, the carriages containing the royal bride and her train were seen winding round the marble basin, fronting the grand entrance from the Champs Elysées, whose jet d'eau freshened the sultry atmosphere,—the noble old chestnut trees embowering the spot being white with bloom, and the green limes displaying the pure verdure of a tardy spring,—it is impossible to conceive a more imposing coup d'œil.

Military bands were stationed at intervals, to salute the bride as she passed along; and the gardens being opened for persons with tickets only, ten thousand well-dressed individuals, who had taken their seats at an early hour, rose to greet the Duke and Duchess of Orleans with joyous acclamations, and the waving of handkerchiefs. Tokens more auspicious could not have been presented either by art, nature, or human nature, by way of welcoming to Paris the princess who was to afford pledges for the stability of the throne of July, and confirm the domestic happiness of the reigning dynasty.

The scene was calculated to survive for years in the memory of thousands.

In the central alley of the garden of the Tuileries stands a chestnut tree, proverbial among the people as "*l'arbre du* 13 *Mars*," from its having been in leaf on the arrival of Napoleon from Elba, and annually putting forth its leaves a fortnight earlier than the other trees of the garden.

CHAPTER II.

Domestic Life of the Court of France—Interior of the Palace of the Tuileries—Royal Fêtes—A Bal Monstre.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion concerning the political position of Louis Philippe as king of the French, not a dissentient voice will be raised against the assertion, that never did the roof of a palace extend over a more amiable, united, and enlightened family, than that which now fills and surrounds the throne. All that nature and education could effect to ornament so unpopular a station, has in this instance commanded the happiest results. The auspicious consequence of so bright an exemplification of domestic virtue, has been the gradual conversion of many of the staunchest adherents of the Carlist cause, unable to withhold their support from a monarchy thus nobly represented.

At the period of Louis Philippe's accession, his sons and daughters were all unmarried,—many of them remarkable for their personal attractions, and all for their accomplishments and merit. Of his daughters, one has since ascended the throne of Belgium, and another, too early torn from her family, achieved the immortality of genius; while his two elder sons have increased the royal circle by happy marriages; and his younger ones are already acquiring professional distinctions. The excellent queen has had nothing in the destinies of her children to augment the cares of so thorny a position as the sovereignty of the French.

The court of the Tuileries is consequently adorned with the enhancements of youth and beauty, in addition to the pomp and circumstance, its necessary inheritance; and the private circle of their majesties is as cheerful and unpretending, as their public life is dignified and imposing. Against the domestic character of the king and queen, not a syllable has ever been adventured by even the fiercest enemies of the royalty of July.

The various branches of the royal family have their separate suites of apartments in the palace of the Tuileries; which, having been appropriated during the reign of Louis XV. for the residence of different families of the nobility, as Hampton Court is at present time, is peculiarly adapted for the purpose.

The apartments of the king and queen adjoin the Pavillon de Flore, and are entered by the old staircase of the palace, as in the time of Marie Antoinette, by whom they were partly inhabited. The queen, princesses, and younger princes, as well as Madame Adelaide, the sister of the king, also inhabit this wing; while the state apartments of the opposite extremity, the Pavillon de Marsan, divided by the theatre and state apartments from the royal suite, are appropriated to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The private apartments of the king and queen, nearly in the same condition as in the time of the elder branch, are unostentatiously furnished, and contain a variety of pictures by modern French artists. The grand improvements, effected by his present majesty at the Tuileries, have been in the state apartments. The magnificent staircase, for instance, which well deserves the Venetian appellation of "the giant's stairs," the splendid Galerie de Louis Philippe, and the completion of the Salle des Maréchaux, will worthily record to posterity the sway of one by whom the pomps of royalty have been so regally upheld as by his more despotic predecessors.

The life of the royal family, though domestic, is any thing but a secluded one. Surrounded by a princely household, as well as by a numerous

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family, the dinner and evening circle is at no time a private one. Every Thursday, her majesty receives the ladies of the court, or any of those honoured by an entree to her circle who choose to present themselves; as well as members of the corps diplomatique, or foreigners of note, entitled to private presentation. On these occasions, the party takes the most unostentatious form. Seated round a circular table, the ladies of the royal family and household pursue the usual avocations; and the conversation of Marie Amelie with her guests is easy and conciliating.

On one occasion only in the year do public presentations take place. On the evening of the first of January, the corps diplomatique pays its respects to their majesties in the state apartments of the Tuileries, which are brilliantly illuminated; and on the evening following, all persons who have previously received the sanction of the lady of honour, are presented in succession to every member of the royal family; who progress round the suite of apartments, where about two thousand persons are assembled for the occasion. Immediately afterwards, several balls are given at court; smaller ones, and private concerts, for the immediate circle of the court; and fetes, including five thousand invitations, to all persons previously presented. On the first of May, the birthday of the king, an evening court or reception is held, but no presentations take place.

It is on occasion of the larger balls, or *bals monstres*, as they are facetiously called by the more exclusive aristocrats of the faubourg, that the throne of the citizen-king appears arrayed in its most appropriate splendours. Surrounded—in addition to a considerable number of the magnats of the country, both of recent and ancient annoblement, both illustrated by their ancestors or illustrating themselves,—by all that is most eminent and honourable of those middle classes of professional and commercial life on which are based the prosperity and strength of his kingdom, Louis Philippe, while extending his royal hospitality so far beyond the ordinary pale of courtiership, in utter defiance of the iron barriers of Bourbon etiquette, appears to take pride in having seen beyond his race, time, and condition, and fortified the failing dignities of the throne by bulwarks created by the progress of the age.

Among the stately uniforms of foreign diplomats and native statesmen, among chivalrous orders and gaudy costumes, the simple epaulets of the national guard appear with peculiar distinction; and the families of the leading commercial men of the kingdom are not less favourably noticed by the royal family than the representatives of time-honoured names redolent of all the odour of sanctity of the crusades.

Immediately after the accession of the king, personal obligations and exaggerated pretensions necessitated an extension of his indulgence on such points, which the gradual re-establishment of social order has reduced to a reasonable medium; and even the most fastidious person would find it difficult to detect, in the enormous throng united by the fetes of the Tuileries, an individual not personally qualified to do honour to the hospitalities of the king.

Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of the palace on these occasions. In former reigns, it was pronounced impossible to introduce sufficient light into the Tuileries, to enable the royal fetes to vie with the splendour of private houses. By renouncing the aristocratic prejudice against the use of lamps, Louis Philippe has rendered the majestic halls, once so gloomy, gay and brilliant as the ball rooms of a fairy tale. Globes of ground glass are now intermingled in the enormous girandoles; and it is impossible to conceive a more splendid coup d'œil than is presented by the Galerie de Louis Philippe, and Salle des Maréchaux, when thus lavishly illuminated. Viewed from the gallery of the latter chamber, whose colossal height occupies two stories,—the gay ball room, one side of which is occupied by the royal family and court, while the rest, crowded with dancers, displays a moving sea of jewels and glittering attire, exhibits a brilliant pageant. In the adjoining chambers, refreshments are served; and about midnight, the king and queen, followed in succession by their guests, proceed from the ball room through the Galerie de Louis Philippe, and the memorable Salle des cent Suisses, into the Salle de Spectacle, in which supper is served, the ladies alone being at first admitted to seats.

Few persons who have witnessed this splendid entertainment, but have agreed in pronouncing it to be unique in point of regal magnificence. The illumination of the theatre,—the effect of the military music resounding from the gallery during the banquet,—the princely decorations of the tables laid in the body of the theatre, and along the balcony projecting from the lower tier of boxes, produce a result recalling all that has been written of the banquets of Wolsey, or the Medici, in the olden time. The brilliancy of effect resulting from the exclusion of even a single male figure from the crowded theatre, which appears to concentrate a mass of fair faces, jewels, feathers, and glistening satins, is very peculiar. Even the king and his royal guests, such as the Infants of Spain, remain standing on the steps leading down to the royal supper table, till the queen has retired; and thus surrounded by his five promising sons, there is more than ordinary cause for the glow of exultation with which this brilliant assemblage of his subjects is surveyed by the king.

For the more exclusive balls of the court, the supper is served in the queen's private apartments; and one of the most charming variations of these courtly festivals consists in the juvenile balls, for the children of the nobility native and foreign, from two years old till twelve. The assembly of these joyous little creatures, whose nurses are in attendance in an adjoining gallery, contrasted with the gigantic proportions and blazing illumination of the Salle des Maréchaux, realises all the illusions of a fairy tale.

Such are the fetes of the Tuileries; and but that the mind of the more reflective guest occasionally wanders from the king and his ministers to the silver statue of peace voted to Napoleon by the city of Amiens, or to the portraits of the marshals of France gracing the same military epoch—Soult, Grouchy, Gerard, Moncey, Molitor, &c., which adorn the courtly hall, and then reverts with a shudder to the sanguinary scenes which, but half a century ago, encumbered those very floors with the bodies of the faithful Swiss guards, slain while defending a branch of the royal Bourbons, once nearly as well beloved as those now adorning the scene,—so honourable a representation of the rank and opulence of the kingdom might almost be accepted as a pledge of the permanency of monarchy in France, as well as an auspicious chapter in the history of kings.

The state dining-room, the council chamber, the Galerie de Diane, and several other grand apartments of the Tuileries, remain nearly in the same state as previous to the first revolution; their finely painted ceilings having been cleaned and regilded. Many rich and precious objects of art, which, as the property of the crown, became consigned to the *garde meuble* as that of the nation, to be preserved for the future enjoyment of royalty, have been restored to their pristine destination.

The courtyard of the palace of the Tuileries was chiefly formed by Napoleon, who caused the area to be disencumbered of a labyrinth of low walls and insignificant structures, and divided from the Place de Carrousel by an iron railing with gilt spear-heads, extending parallel with the palace for nearly a thousand feet. In this court, Napoleon used to review his troops, particularly previous to every fresh departure for the army; and the national guard and military on duty in Paris are still inspected there by the king. It was under the lateral gateway, communicating from the courtyard of the Tuileries with the Quai du Louvre, that the assassin Alibaud fired upon Louis Philippe in June 1836.

The chief ornament of the courtyard of the Tuileries is the triumphal arch erected by Napoleon in 1806, after the designs of Fontaine; being a copy of that of Septimius Severus at Rome, with some variation in the lateral arches. The entablature is supported by eight Corinthian columns of the red marble of Languedoc; and upon the low attic surmounting this, stands a triumphal bronze car with four horses, and attendant genii, modelled by Bosio after the celebrated Corinthian ones belonging to the front of St. Mark's at Venice, which, having been placed here by the emperor, were restored by the allies in 1815. The arch is also ornamented with allegorical figures and bas reliefs commemorative of the battle of Austerlitz and capitulation of Ulm. In the time of the Bourbons, these were removed and replaced by others illustrating the campaign of the Duc d'Angouleme in Spain in 1823; but the originals, so necessary to the completeness of the monument, were restored by Louis Philippe. This splendid arch was erected at a cost of £60,000 sterling; but the vastness of the area in which it stands greatly deteriorates from its effect.

The name of the Place du Carrousel, which is indiscriminately applied to the courtyard of the Tuileries and the space beyond, is derived from a tournament held there by Louis XIV. in 1662. But its proportions were then comparatively unimportant; and even now, its grandeur is daily increased by the demolition of all the buildings extending between it and the further extremity of the Louvre, in accordance with the project of uniting the two palaces by the erection of a northern gallery parallel with that occupied by the museum of pictures, which would create a palace unrivaled among the edifices of Europe.

At the extremity, near the royal stables, on the site of the ancient Hotel of the Duchesse de Longueville, exploded the celebrated infernal machine, intended to destroy the emperor on his way to the opera, by which part of the Rue de Nicaise was demolished.

The southern side of the Place du Carrousel is formed by the grand gallery of the Louvre, commenced by Henri IV., and continued by his son and grandson as far as the centre archway; from which, as far as the palace of the Tuileries, it was completed by Napoleon. According to the present plan, a third gallery, parallel with the Tuileries, will traverse the court, midway between those of the north and south, so as to

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divide the immense area into two equal courts; and thus obviate the want of harmony existing between the central pavilions of the Louvre and Tuileries, which would be disagreeably apparent if left to correspond with each other.

The present gallery of the Louvre consists of two stories; the lower of which is occupied by the royal drawings and library, and various household offices; the upper one, by the grand museum of paintings; and the corresponding gallery is divided between the governor of the Tuileries, various officers of the household, and the etat-major of the national guard.

The gallery of paintings, however, ought to be considered as belonging more especially to the palace of the Louvre, the most complete and beautiful of the royal residences of France.

In the days of the "*bon Roi Dagobert*," when the northern bank of the Seine was wooded to the water's edge, the king is said to have occupied a hunting chateau on the site of the Louvre. Philip Augustus converted this rural seat into a state prisons; and the Royal Archives attest that certain of his refractory vassals were confined therein. But on the extension of the walls of Paris, about the middle of the fourteenth century, it was converted into a residence for the accommodation of foreign princes visiting the king.

The present building was commenced under the auspices of Francis I. in 1528, and the southern portion of the western side of the court completed by that monarch, after the designs of Pierre Lescot. By his son, Henri II., was added the remainder of the western side, now known as the *Vieux Louvre*, the sculptures of which were executed by Jean Goujon, and the first artists of the day. The salamander, the device of Francis, and the cipher of Diane de Poitiers, may still be noticed among the decorations of the south-western angle towards the quay.

By Louis XIII. was added the central pavilion of the western side, designed by Lemercier, the architect of part of the northern front. But it was not till the reign of Louis XIV. that the suggestions of Colbert decided the magnificent monarch upon the completion of the Louvre, when a public competition was instituted for designs for the new buildings.

A physician of the name of Perrault, immortalised as the author of the fairy tales of Cinderella, Bluebeard, and the Sleeping Beauty, almost as surely as by his skill in architecture, was the successful competitor; but some doubts having been thrown upon his abilities by envious rivals, the king despatched a commission to Rome for the celebrated Bernini, whose plans were finally adopted. The foundation stone of the eastern front was laid in person by the king, according to these designs; but scarcely had the new structure reached the first story, when new rebuke arose, and Bernini was honourably dismissed, with presents and a pension. In 1666, still under the auspices of Colbert, Perrault was permitted to complete his magnificent designs, in the eastern front and the façade overlooking the river.

The enormous expenses accruing from the sudden creation of Versailles, soon rendered it impossible to pursue the works at the Louvre; and during the remainder of the reign of Louis XIV., as well as those of his two successors, the palace remained unfinished, actually without a roof, and almost in a ruinous condition.

It was reserved for Napoleon to complete the noble designs of Perrault. Under the empire, the palace was finished as it now stands, and the surrounding courts and streets cleared and leveled. The ground floor of the palace was converted into the unique museum of sculpture; but the interior arrangements of the grand apartments, being suspended by his downfall, were not achieved till the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. It was the intention of the emperor to convert this portion of the Louvre into the residence of foreign ambassadors and sovereigns visiting Paris; but it has, perhaps, been more usefully devoted to the Egyptian and Naval museums, and the gallery of Spanish pictures acquired by the present government. Very little is now wanting to the completion of the original plan; and it is expected that the works will be shortly commenced, though the palace is not likely ever again to become a royal residence.

It was from a window of the old Louvre, that Charles IX. fired upon his subjects during the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and to the same palace were the remains of his brother-in-law, Henri IV., brought back after his assassination. The daughter of the bon Henri, the unfortunate Henrietta Maria, as the widow of Charles I., also resided here,—as did Louis XV. during his minority. Since that epoch, it has been used as a national museum.

During the revolution of July, 1830, the palace of the Louvre was the scene of a memorable attack; and the persons who fell there having been hastily interred on the spot, in the gardens at the north-western angle towards the river, a funeral service is annually performed there on the memorable anniversary of the three glorious days of July.

The eastern façade, the much praised and equally contemned chef d'œuvre of Perrault, should perhaps rather be regarded as the creation of a new order, than an innovation upon those of the ancients; and presents one of the most striking pieces of architecture in the world. The grand colonnade, which constitutes its peculiar distinction, is composed of twenty-eight accoupled Corinthian columns, forming the frontage of a wide gallery; the wall of the palace behind being composed of windows divided by pilasters, which produce a depth of shade highly favourable to the coup d'œil of the colonnade. The great simplicity of the basement story also serves to enhance the brilliant effect of the columns, which are crowned in the centre with a pediment. The sloping stones of the arched gateway are of colossal size, each being fifty-two feet in length.

The four gates of the quadrangle of the Louvre, added by Napoleon, are of elaborately worked bronze. They are open for foot passengers throughout the day, and the courtyard forms an indispensable thoroughfare. A few years ago, a model of the fine equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus of Savoy, executed by Baron Marochetti, was erroneously placed in the centre of the quadrangle, with good effect; and for some time, it was in contemplation to place the obelisk of Luxor on the same site, where it would have been more effective, or at least less obstructive, than in its present position cutting short the vista from the pavilion of the Tuileries to the triumphal arch. It is not improbable that a succeeding generation will place an equestrian statue of Louis Philippe on this distinguished spot.

The beautiful structure of the Louvre is no where more advantageously viewed than from the opposite quay of the river, or from the Pont Neuf itself. The Louvre has been called by the fanciful, the queen of palaces, as the Tuileries is said to be their king, and in truth an almost feminine elegance and ornateness distinguishes the elevation. The length of the façade towards the river, also the work of Perrault, is five hundred and twenty-five feet, and the height eighty-five. The court, from its regularity, is considered the finest in Europe. The quadrangle forms a perfect square, each side being four hundred and eight feet.

The museum of paintings and sculpture contained in the various galleries of the Louvre is of sufficient importance to demand a separate mention.

CHAPTER III.

Gallery of Paintings of the Louvre—Gallery of Sculpture—Gallery of Antiquities.

The Musée Royal, or gallery of paintings and sculpture of the Louvre, constitutes with justice a national boast among the French. Alone, it would suffice to attract an influx of foreigners to their capital. But this is not the only important consideration; and by the liberality with which it has been thrown open to the public, it may be pronounced to have exercised a most beneficial influence over the national taste.

The lower classes of the French have been, hitherto, almost deficient of education. It is by no means uncommon to find well-dressed, and even polished persons of about fifty years of age, whose youth was passed in the unquiet revolutionary times, who can neither write nor read. Their enlightenment has been chiefly effected by means of the oral instruction of their priests, and the influence of the public theatres and public museums; and it is remarkable how much more general information these people seem to have imbibed from such imperfect instruction, than the educated poor of our own country; who, after receiving in their childhood parochial instruction, have neither leisure nor inclination to turn it to account.

It is an edifying lesson to visit the gallery of either ancient or modern pictures at the Louvre, or of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, on Sundays, or other days *non reserves*, when they are indiscriminately open to the public, and listen to the remarks of the soldiers, peasants, and other uneducated persons, who throng the galleries thus judiciously thrown open. It is surprising how much the early habit of contemplating objects of art has refined their taste by the exercise of their powers of comparison: and there can be little doubt that the very superior elegance of taste evinced by the French artisans over our own, is derived less, as generally supposed, from the public institution of a school of design, than from the habit of seeing and judging objects of art and scenic effects. An assembly of the lower class of English people in the National Gallery, or at a printseller's window, or even the better order who can afford to pay for entrance into our exhibitions or public monuments, are remarkable only for the vulgarity of their comments, and the coarseness of their taste. It is not so with the French. The chef d'œuvres of the exhibition attract even more attention on public days, than on those set aside for the higher classes.

Though the gallery of the Louvre is open to all on Sundays and fete days, no disorder or unsatisfactory results have ever ensued. On other days of the week, it is open to foreigners having a passport, persons having an order, or students, of whom numbers, both male and female, profes-

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sional and private, are constantly employed in the gallery.

The grand gallery, which contains nearly fifteen hundred pictures, is thirteen hundred and thirty-two feet in length, by forty-two in width. A portion of it, lighted from above, forms a tolerable gallery; but in the greater part, the transverse light from the windows is highly disadvantageous 'o pictures.

The grand staircase, after the designs of Fontaine, is admirably beautiful. But the museum of pictures is entered on ordinary occasions by a side court, affording a mean impression.

The first room, comparatively insignificant, contains pictures by the older Italian masters. From this, you emerge into the grand saloon, one of the finest exhibition rooms in the world. It contains the larger pictures of the collection, chiefly by modern artists, and others that require a strong light. At the annual exposition of the works of living artists, which takes place at the Louvre till another locale be provided, this vast saloon is usually full of the prodigious battle and historical pieces, executed for government, principally for the museum at Versailles.

The grand saloon leads to the gallery already described, which is divided into sections; the French school—the Flemish and German—and the Italian and Spanish. When originally formed by Napolean, from the various collections belonging to the nation as inheritors of the ancient monarchy, augmented by the spoliation of foreign states, the world had never contained under a single roof so choice a display of the sublime chef d'œuvres of art. It is impossible to conjecture what might have been the eventual influence of this unexampled collection upon the taste of students: and though strict justice probably required the restoration of the pictures to the various cities from whence they had been forced by the unanswerable law of the stronger, the lover of the arts will never cease to regret their dispersion.

Even in its present state, however, the Musee des Tableaux exhibits a wonderfully fine collection. Its chef d'œuvres of the Italian and Spanish schools are well known throughout Europe by copies and engravings; and to find them thus concentrated in all the glory of originality, affords to a votary of the arts as true an enjoyment as to find dear and familiar faces, associated after long absence, in undiminished beauty.

To allude in detail to these immortal works, would far exceed the limits of the present volume. On a person to whom pictures are a matter of indifference, even the coup d'œil afforded by the prodigious gallery produces a startling effect;—and when, on a crowded Saturday in March, the exhibition of modern pictures which then occupies the upper moiety, collects together the fashionable idlers of Paris, to admire the portraits of Dubufe, (the Lawrence of Paris,) the miniatures of Mirbel, the romantic chimeras of Scheffer and Boulanger, the historical scenes of Delaroche, and the graceful and piquant tableaux de genre of Destouches and Biard, nothing can be more extraordinary than the long continuation of upturned and wondering faces, gazing upon a quarter of a mile of painted canvass.

The Museo des Antiques, containing only works of sculpture, is partly contained in the basement story of the palace of the Louvre, in the apartments which, in 1650, belonged to Anne of Austria—extending from the entrance to the end nearest the river. The ceilings are finely painted, and the walls adorned and encrusted with marble relievos and columns; the magnificent suite terminating towards the river with the Salle de Diane, so named from a celebrated antique, the Diane à la biche, which has been the property of the crown of France from the time of Francis I.

A portion of the galleries in this direction formed part of the old chateau of the Louvre, in 1364, in the time of Charles V. when inhabited by his queen, Jeanne de Bourbon; but the apartments were re-arranged and decorated by Catharine de Medicis, under whose auspices, Primaticcio, Rosso, and Paolo Poncio were summoned to Paris for the purpose.

Since the re-distribution by Napoleon, marble floors have been added to the various chambers appropriated to the reception of the antique statues; the principal of which, occupying the whole basement story of the southern half of the Vieux Louvre, is known by the name of the Salle des Cariatidee, from some colossal figures, the work of Jean Goujon, which support a tribune at the northern extremity. Above this singular work, is a bas relief sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini, by order of Francis I., for his favourite palace at Fontainebleau.

The museum of sculptures was commenced by the Directory in 1797, and opened to the public in 1803, under the name of the Musée Napoleon; having been arranged under the joint directions of Viscouti and the celebrated Baron Denon. At present, the collection consists of about two hundred and forty statues, two hundred and thirty busts, and a considerable number of bas reliefs, altars, sarcophagi, candelabra, brackets, &c., to the number of eleven hundred. But when enriched with the spoils of Italy,—more especially the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, and the Moses of Michael Angelo,—the effect of these noble halls was imposing and interesting to a degree almost unprecedented in modern times.

On the first floor of the southern side of the Louvre is the Musée Grec et Egyptien, opened to the public by Charles X., containing highly interesting antiquities of various kinds; such as mosaic pavements, marble busts, and a rich treasury of chalices, vases, porcelain, and ornaments of all descriptions, in cameos, agate, and precious stones, the production of the middle ages; among others, an Arabian vase presented to St. Louis during the crusades, and the silver looking-glass and toilet ornaments presented to Marie de Medicis by the Venetian Republic. Two gates of carved steel of the time of Henry II. are placed close to the entrance of the museum of drawings. The Galerie d'Apollon, closely adjoining, is in the same state as when occupied by Anne of Austria.

Of the Grecian museum, a large portion consists of Etruscan antiquities, and collections from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The ceilings of the chambers in which they are contained were executed by Jugres, and other distinguished artists of the day, several of them allegorically illustrating the origin of the antiquities; such as the picture by Picot, of Cybele, personated as the *Magna Mater*, protecting Herculaneum and Pompeii from the fires of Vesuvius.

The collection of Egyptian antiquities was chiefly formed by the savans who accompanied the French army during their campaign in Egypt, and by still more recent travellers deputed by government. A series of mummies in fine preservation, MSS. on papyrus, vases, and objects of every nature abstracted from the ancient tombs, are displayed in these chambers, the ceilings and decorations of which are truly beautiful. Of the third room, the ceiling, painted by Horace Vernet, exhibits Pope Julius II. issuing orders for the building and decoration of St. Peter's and the Vatican, to Michael Angelo, Bramante, and Raphael. The genius of France encouraging the arts, by Fragonard, adorns the ceiling of the fourth chamber.

The suite behind the Egyptian and Grecian museum is filled with collections of furniture and objects of virtù, belonging to the period of the revival of the arts; a highly interesting collection, formerly in the royal *garde meuble*, which, being incomplete, is not yet publicly exhibited. The ceilings are beautifully painted by Steuben, Alaux, Puget, Heim, Drolling, and Deveria, the subjects being taken from the history of France; and pannels and compartments, painted in fresco by various modern artists, complete the rich decorations of the room. On the ground floor of this suite are exhibited, during the annual exposition, the works of sculpture of modern artists; and throughout the year, several chambers are considerately appropriated to artists and students employed in modeling after the antique. A few others are devoted to the larger Egyptian antiquities at present unarranged.

The first floor of the old Louvre, on the western side of the palace, is still incomplete; but is partly devoted to the gallery of designs and drawings. In the time of Charles X. these rooms were reserved for state purposes; the deliberations of extraordinary meetings of the chambers, before the opening of the legislative session, being carried on therein. The rooms called the Grande Salle du Conseil, the Salle du Comité des Contentieux, and the Salle des Conférences, have beautiful painted ceilings and compartments in grisaille, by modern artists.

In a suite of apartments of the ground floor, on the northern half of the old Louvre, are arranged the *sculptures de la Renaissance*. These rooms, which are of solid stone, floored with marble, contain the chef d'œuvres of the earlier sculptors of France, such as Jean Cousin, Jean Goujon, Poncio, Pilon, Desjardins, Coysevox, Girardon, Puget, and others; as well as two fine works by Michael Angelo and Canova.

The naval museum occupies a suite of simple apartments on the first floor of this northern side. A variety of South Sea curiosities, placed there by order of Charles X., are the first objects that present themselves; followed by models of cannon and other fire-arms, as well as of the various descriptions of vessels used in the French navy, nautical and scientific instruments, and other marine accessories. Models of the dockyards, bridges, and arsenals of France complete the collection, which is embellished with some fine marine views by the elder Vernet, and a series of marble busts of the naval commanders, illustrating the history of France.

The fine collection of pictures of the Spanish school, purchased by the present government, completes the galleries of paintings of the Louvre; and the gorgeous carved bedroom of Marie de Medicis, its highly interesting historical trophies. Several days ought to be devoted by every visiter to Paris, desirous of obtaining even an imperfect idea of the beauty and richness of these collections, to the various museums contained within the palace of the Louvre.

Among the more recent historical recollections connected with this palace as the abode of royalty, was the marriage of Napoleon, which took place

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in the grand saloon of the Musée des Tableaux; the whole court proceeding in state from the palace of the Tuileries down the long gallery, which was lined with the chief inhabitants of Paris, in full dress,—a spectacle of truly regal magnificence; and were not the French capital so rich in palaces, it could not but afford subject of regret, that a structure so splendid in its dimensions and rich in ornament, should be otherwise appropriated than to the illustration of a sovereign court.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

The Palais Cardinal—Gallery of Pictures—Gardens of the Palais Royal—Cafés and Restaurants—The Palace.

Of all the public gardens of Paris, that of the Palais Royal is the least frequented by the higher classes, and consequently the most remarkable for the joyous faces and independent habits of the gay throng, to be found seated at all hours of the day under the shade of its closely clipped alleys of lime trees.

From the days when the Palais Cardinal, on being bequeathed by Richelieu to the sovereign in whose munificence or weakness its splendours had their rise, assumed the name of Palais Royal, to the latter end of the last century, when the suggestions of Ducrest, the brother of Madame du Genlis, to the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, produced the conversion of the greater part of its splendid domain into a series of shops and arcades, which quickly became the rendezvous of every thing that was demoralised and demoralising in the French metropolis,—the gardens of the Palais Royal, planted by Desgots, nephew to the celebrated Le Notre, and adorned with statues by Couston and Leremberg, presented a sort of miniature Tuileries, consisting of quincunxes and overarching alleys, much frequented by the politicians and critics of the day; the neighbouring coffee houses being to the adjoining theatres what the Wills' and Buttons' of London were to the times of Addison and Swift. A single fine avenue of chestnut trees, said to have been the first introduced into France, was planted by the Cardinal de Richelieu at a cost of £12,000.

The new order of things created by Philippe Egalité, so far laudable that the measure was effected with a view of paying his debts, converted the precincts of his palace into a stupendous bazaar, rivaling those of Cairo or Ispahan. In the troubled days preceding the first revolution, it was thither that anxious politicians hurried to obtain a first sight of the morning and evening papers, at the various cafés and cabinets de lecture; when one of the trees of the garden, the resort of the emigrant Poles, assumed a name dear to the lovers of liberty as *l'Arbre de Cracovie*. It was from under this tree that Camille Desmoulins harangued the multitude in the first outbreak of the revolution; and leaves plucked from its branches, and stuck in the hats of the insurgents, became the acknowledged ensign of the revolutionists.

During the years of social disorganisation that ensued, the Palais Royal concentrated into a focus all that was vile and vicious, as a sort of safety-valve sanctioned by government for the purification of the rest of the city. By degrees, these evils have disappeared. During the reign of the emperor, the place assumed at least the aspect of decorum; in that of Charles X. it was still further amended; and by the present king of the French, the Palais Royal, the abode of his infancy as well as the scene of his early days of sovereignty, has been restored to all the decencies compatible with the commercial character of the spot. The suppression of the gambling-houses has been the means of a complete regeneration.

Among other interesting objects in the palace of the Palais Royal, which is at present uninhabited, except by occasional royal guests or refugees, is a noble gallery adorned with paintings commemorative of the historical incidents connected with the Palais Royal: such as the gift of the domain by Richelieu to Louis XIII.,—the dangers of his young son during the troubles of the Fronde,—the burning of the Opera House constructed for Richelieu as a wing of his palace,—down to the offering of the crown of Belgium to the Duc de Nemours, in 1831.

The splendid gallery of pictures, and cabinet of gems, known by the name of the Orleans collection, and now dispersed throughout Europe, was originally deposited in the Palais Royal by the regent Duke of Orleans, and removed from thence when, after the execution of his grandson Philippe Egalité, a military tribunal was established in the palace; the tenants of the various galleries, which had been constructed by him upon speculation, having taken possession of the property, and replanted the garden in its present form.

Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of this populous spot; but it is the brilliancy of a gaudy mantle, covering a multitude of sins. The garden contains an area about seven hundred feet long, by three hundred in breadth; surrounded by lofty houses of Corinthian architecture; the basement story having a noble arcade, under which are situated the far-famed shops of the Palais Royal. A few flower-plots, interspersed with fountains and statues, adorn the central space; the chief ornament being a noble *jet d'eau en gerbe*, which adorns the centre. The greater portion is devoted to graveled alleys, the resort of all the idlers, politicians, nurses, and children of the neighbourhood. The privilege of letting out chairs and serving refreshments in these alleys, is leased by the crown at a rent of £1500 a year.

The busy succession of visiters to the Palais Royal, from day-break to midnight, is scarcely to be conceived; though the mere fact of its containing three theatres, and about thirty restaurants, might suffice to explain it. Early in the present century, it was considered the epitome of Paris; and at the period of the downfall of Napoleon, the foreigners assembled from the ends of the earth in a city from which they had been so long excluded, were long afterwards heard to cite the Palais Royal as the gardens of Alcina. It was within its gates that they enjoyed to a supreme degree the pleasures of the table,—the excitement of play,—the luxury of theatrical entertainment; and it was there they squandered fortunes in the acquirement of those showy trinkets for which Paris is renowned. Véry and the Frères Provençaux courted the wondering Don Cossack to the enjoyment of the best tables then extant; at a later hour, the café de Mille Colonnes opened its gay saloon; and roulette and rouge et noir completed, at night, the ruin wrought in the morning by jewellers' and watchmakers' shops, where all that glistened certainly was not gold.

At present, the place is frequented chiefly by the provincials or foreigners visiting the metropolis; or single men of small fortune, eager to obtain their share of pleasure at an easy rate. Coffee houses and restaurateurs, at all prices, abound in the Palais Royal. There, the idler emerging from his obscure lodging, breakfasts, and reads his newspaper,—in the winter, beside a warm stove, in some richly gilded chamber; in summer, at the Café de la Rotonde, in the open air. After breakfast, he saunters round the arcades, to admire the glittering novelties exhibited in the windows of Bertin and other celebrated jewellers; or to watch the bargains effected by the maitre d'hotel of some first-rate establishment, with those renowned marchands de comestibles, Chevet, or Corcellet, where the most exquisite luxuries of the table are exhibited to tantalise the appetites of the gourmand. Every thing in or out of season, collected not only from all the provinces of France, but all quarters of the globe, in the way of fish or game, fruit or wines, is to be found in these heterogeneous temples of gastronomy.

Some of the best shops in Paris for porcelain, glass, clocks, books, instruments, or bijouterie, are to be found in the arcades of the Palais Royal; as well as several first-rate *restaurants*. But it must be admitted that the parody is to be found in close contact with the play. Beside the choice tables of the Grand Vatel and Café de Perigord, are the *gargotes*, at twenty-five, or thirty-two sous. Gorgeous jewellers' shops, displaying diamonds and pearls of the noblest quality, are side by side with those of the Jewish vendors of imitation stones and gilt trinkets, so closely imitating the originals that it requires the eye of a goldsmith to detect the difference. Even that classical temple of Melpomene, the Théatre Français, has its burlesque at hand, in the clever little company at the Théâtre du Palais Royal, or the infantine Théatre Séraphin, or Ombres Chinoises.

All that the bazaars of London exhibit in the way of showy and attractive trash, may be found of a higher grade in the diminutive shops of the Palais Royal; and as these treasures are invariably exhibited in the windows, the lounger has a pleasant time of it. When inclined for dinner, restaurateurs of different degrees of merit, and price, have not only varied bills of fare at their disposal, but their buffets being also displayed in the windows, the gourmand is able to select precisely the trout or ortolan, heads of asparagus, or peaches, on which he has set his heart or appetite.

After dinner, for six months of the twelve, he may issue forth again, and enjoy his evening paper, his cup of coffee and glass of liqueur, under the green trees; then, proceed to one of the adjacent theatres, to weep under the influence of the impassioned Rachel, or laugh with that erratic child of genius, the audacious and witty Dejazet.

On emerging from the theatre, he enjoys in winter his glass of punch, or in summer his ice or sorbet, at the Café de Foy; and laughs at the more exclusive and unattainable enjoyments of fashion. Hundreds of single men of moderate means, unconnected with domestic society, are able to clothe, feed, warm, and amuse themselves, at an easy cost, without so much as quitting the Palais Royal; and these, with the nurses and children of the neighbouring shopkeepers, are the habitual frequenters of the gardens.

Towards evening, well-dressed and well-mannered females, who have at least the appearance of belonging to the higher orders of society,

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crowd into the gardens with their families, preparatory to dining at the restaurants of Véfour or Véry, the Frères Provençaux, or the Café de Perigord, before they proceed to the theatres; and at that moment, during the summer season, nothing can exceed the stir and gaiety of the gardens of the Palais Royal. One of the chief recreations of the more fashionable parties who dine in the *cabinets particuliers* of the Frères Provençaux, or Véry, is to look down upon the motley scene, intersected by its well-trimmed alleys of limes,—children sporting with their nurses,—ladies fair, in showy toilettes, "looking delightfully with all their might;" while their spouses, the *badauds*, or cockneys of Paris, are lost from sight behind the feuilletons of the Journal des Débats, or Constitutionnel. The sparkling fountain throwing up its refreshing waters trickling back into a marble basin, the fragrance of hundreds of bouquets and flower-beds, and the glitter of so many brilliant objects, unite to impart cheerfulness to the scene; enhanced by a new charm when, after dusk, thousands of lights, glaring from every window of that many-storied line of architecture, present to an unaccustomed eye all the brilliancy of a public illumination. On Sunday evenings, more especially, the gardens of the Palais Royal are in their glory.

To persons, in short, not too fastidious or refined, nothing can equal the gaiety and splendour of the Palais Royal. Every thing that captivates the vulgar eye ear, and understanding, is there in its highest perfection. It is the head-quarters of populous life—the heart's-core of human activity. All the superfluities of civilisation—all the luxuries compassable by easy competence—superabound. The advantage of association is no where more apparent. For a few shillings, a man is able to attain enjoyments and luxuries which, severally provided for himself, would amount to twice as many guineas. He commands his apportioned fraction of the delicacies of the season, or his place in a baignoire at the Français, and is as happy as a satrap.

It was probably the Palais Royal, and its sensual allurements, which originally gave rise to the adage, that Paris is the spot of earth where it is easiest to dispense with happiness. The gaiety communicated by the cheerfulness of external objects takes the reason prisoner, and produces oblivion for a time. Now that the gambling houses, which cast so vile a stigma upon the spot, are abolished, careworn faces are seen there no longer. The whole scene is consecrated to recreation. The first impulse of a foreigner, on entering the sunshiny place, is to exclaim—"How gay!"—though by the fashionable classes of Parisian society, it is still regarded as the reprobated centre of every thing that is vulgar and profligate. No one, however, who has scrutinised the sober character of the greater number of its *habitués*, or the respectable appearance of the mothers and children enjoying there the air and exercise denied them by the remoteness of the Tuileries, can doubt that it is a valuable resource to the middle classes of one of the most densely-populated quarters of the town.

After expending in its gaudy shops the loose cash he has devoted to the purchase of trifles intended as remembrances of Paris for his friends at home, the traveller cannot do better than devote half an hour to the very peculiar and original figures he will find seated along the alleys; —people of all nations and languages,—Jews and infidels, Algerines and Turks,—the gawky English school-boy, and the sunburnt Provençal or mouthing Gascon of France.

A man out of sorts with solitude can scarcely spend a day more agreeably than amid the active vivacity of the gardens of the Palais Royal.

The domain, which was presented by Louis XV. in 1692 to his nephew the Duke of Orleans, upon his marriage with his illegitimate daughter, is the private property of the reigning family. The palace originally designed for Cardinal Richelieu by Lemercier, has been altered by Mansart and other architects; and the noble staircase was executed by Desorgues.

A collection of interesting modern pictures, by the living artists of France, is contained in the state apartments.

CHAPTER V.

Palace of the Luxembourg—Chamber of Peers—Gallery of Paintings—Gardens of the Luxembourg.

The palace of the Luxembourg, situated at the extremity of the Faubourg St. Germain, towards the Barrière de l'Enfer, was constructed by Desbrosses, for Marie de Medicis, after the plan of the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, on the site of a residence belonging to the Duke d'Epinay Luxembourg. Here been bequeathed by the queen to Gaston d'Orleans, her second son, the brother of Louis XIII., it assumed the name of the Palais d'Orleans, which it bore till the revolution; at which epoch it was inhabited by the Count de Lille, afterwards Louis XVIII.

Converted into a prison during the reign of terror, it became, in 1795, the Palais du Directoire; and was, in consequence, thoroughly repaired and beautified. It was called the Palais du Consulat, during the consulate of Napoleon; and it was here that the first consul and Josephine first exhibited their aptitude for the etiquettes of a court, previous to their momentous removal to the palace of the Tuileries—the first indication of the fall of republicanism. The state apartments were then in the same condition as when inhabited in the time of Louis XIV., by the Duchesse de Montpensier; more particularly the gorgeous chamber still exhibited as the bedroom of Mary of Medicis; the panelling and ceiling of which are the work of Rubens, Nicholas Poussin, and Philippe de Champagne.

The gallery exists pretty nearly in its original state, when formed by Marie de Medicis to contain the twenty-four allegorical pictures painted by Rubens in illustration of her own history. It is now devoted to the reception of the modern works of art purchased by government; the pictures of the old masters bequeathed to it by Madame d'Orleans, queen dowager of Spain, having been removed to the gallery of the Louvre, to fill up the deficiencies produced by the restoration of the pictures plundered there by the conquering hand of the emperor.

During the reign of Napoleon, the Luxembourg assumed the name of the *Palais du Sénat Conservateur*, and the sittings of his memorable senate were held there till 1814; when the chamber of peers was created, and a marble tablet, affixed over the principal entrance, announced that it had taken the name of *Palais de la Chambre des Pairs*, which it retains. The popular name, however, is still the Palais du Luxembourg.

The palace is a beautiful and imposing structure, approached through a magnificent court yard. To the left, on entering, are the state apartments of the *Grand Referendaire de la Chambre des Pairs*, where the weekly receptions of the Duc Decazes assemble all that is distinguished of the society of the new court; and through the right wing is the grand entrance to the Chamber of Peers, the fine staircase of which is ornamented by a double row of columns, between which are trophies and statues.

In the Salle de Résumion, which precedes the council room of the ministers, is a large allegorical painting, the emblems in which have been successively associated with the names of Napoleon and the Bourbons. But on the accession of the present king, who is less covetous of personal homage, it was dedicated to the genius of France, so as to be thenceforward compatible with all governmental vicissitudes.

Adjoining this chamber is the Salle des Séances, or Chamber of Peers; semicircular, illlighted, and too small for its purpose, being only seventy-seven feet in diameter. This fact became so clearly demonstrated at the commencement of the political trials which have abounded under the present monarchy, that temporary buildings adjoining the palace were then hastily constructed, and a new hall is now in process of erection, towards the garden front. In a recess at the axis of the semicircular chamber, the coved ceiling of which is supported by stucco columns, are the seats of the president and secretaries, surmounted by a demi-cupola; opposite to which, amphitheatrically arranged, are the seats of the peers. The peer who addresses the chamber stands below the desk of the president, facing the assemblage.

Nothing can be more discordant than the present aspect of this heterogeneous assemblage, which consists of the survivors of the self-illustrated men promoted by Napoleon,—of the ancient nobles of France promoted to hereditary peerage by the Bourbons,—and of the eminent and active individuals, whether ennobled by birth or action, who have been nominated peers by Louis Philippe, since the abolition of the hereditary peerage. The elective peerage has necessarily placed a totally new order of men upon the benches of the Luxembourg, from the elderly gentlemen who used to enjoy their daily dozes in the chamber in former days. Such of the latter as still survive have abandoned the spot thus desecrated; and, unless when some question is about to be agitated likely to sap the foundations of the new throne, the séance is tame and listless.

Adjoining the palace are the noble gardens of the Luxembourg, the *bel respiro* of the Faubourg St. Germain, originally planted by Desbrosses; and though materially encroached upon by the construction of cafés and restaurants, at the utilising period of the revolution, when, by order of the convention, a large portion of the gardens was ploughed up and sown with corn, the distribution is still palace-like, and indicative of royal precincts.—The marble vases and ornaments are of a peculiarly graceful and elegant nature, as if expressly intended for the gratification of the princesses, by whom, for upwards of a century, the palace was inhabited.

A new charm has however been conferred on the gardens of the Luxembourg, as the fountainhead of all the roseries in Europe. For the gratification of Josephine, a portion of the gardens was devoted to this interesting branch of horticulture; and most of the finest modern roses have had their origin at the Luxembourg; where, from May till October, a succession of beautiful roses will be found in bloom. Hardy, the celebrated horticulturist, has his residence on the spot, sur-

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rounded by upwards of two thousand varieties of the queen of flowers,—from the double-thorned and single-leaved monophylla, which most people mistake for a barberry bush, to standards of perpetual roses, thirty feet high.

In consideration, however, of the large portion of experimental ground subjoined to the gardens, the government has recently instituted on the spot a school more important to the interests of the country than the cultivation of roses, which, nevertheless, form a thriving branch of national commerce.

The *Ecole des Vignes* is devoted to experiments on the growth and melioration of the vintage of France; and if the same admirable results are to be expected which have manifested themselves in the floral school, serious advantages will reconcile the grumbling horticulturists to the loss of a portion of the funds and territory they formerly monopolised. Nothing, meanwhile, can exceed the beauty of the gardens adjoining the palace, at the period of the blossoming of its celebrated lilacs and standard rose-trees.

The frequenters of the gardens of the Luxembourg belong to a totally different order from those of the Tuileries or Palais Royal; consisting of a few formal dowagers of the Faubourg, with their equally old-fashioned cavaliers,—the more fashionable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, which contains some princely hotels, betaking themselves in their carriages to the Tuileries or Bois de Boulogne;—and of the students and professional men belonging to the Pays Latin, the name assigned to the vicinity of the schools of law, physic, and divinity.

After the restoration, the Luxembourg gardens formed the chief resort of the smaller emigrant families, on their return from England, ruined in fortunes, and too proud or too old to solicit the favours of the new court.

The Petit Luxembourg, a small palace adjoining, which was occupied by Cardinal Richelieu while the Palais Royal was building, is now an official residence; and contains a suite of apartments used as a state prison for political offenders preparatory to being tried by the Chamber of Peers.

CHAPTER VI.

Church of St. Roch—The Boulevards—Porte St. Denis.

If such a word as fashionable could be applied without irreverence to places of divine worship, the churches of the Assumption and of St. Roch might be cited as occupying the same place in Parisian life as those of St. George and St. James in London; the religious ceremonies of the court and nobility being usually solemnised in these two edifices.

The church of St. Roch is situated in the Rue St. Honoré; and by the removal of some opposite houses which has long been planned, the handsome façade would form a prominent feature viewed from the gardens of the Tuileries. At the period of its erection in 1653, when the first stone was laid by Louis XIV. and his mother, Anne of Austria, St. Germain l'Auxerrois was the Aulic church,—the palace of the Tuileries being incomplete. The church of St. Roch then overlooked the gardens of the Hotel de Crequy Lesdiguières.

For nearly half a century the works proceeded slowly; and the church would probably have remained incomplete, but for the liberality of the financier Law, who, by way of bribe to the clergy to overlook his delinquencies as a Scottish adventurer, bestowed one hundred thousand livres towards its completion. It was not, however, till twenty years after this gratuity that, in the year 1740, the church was consecrated.

The portal designed by De Cotte, is somewhat at variance with the original plan by Lemercier, being adorned with ranges of Doric and Corinthian columns, surmounted by a pediment and cross, to the height of ninety-one feet. This front, which is eighty-four feet broad, is approached by a handsome flight of steps extending along the whole breadth. So advantageous a station, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the town, has necessarily rendered it the scene of many highly interesting historical events.

Both in the first and second revolution the steps of the church of St. Roch have played their part. When Marie Antoinette was conducted to execution from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution, it was from this desecrated spot that the cheers of the populace arose with their most bitter virulence to insult the passage of the unfortunate queen; and on the famous day of the Sections, which established Bonaparte in the consulate, it was by clearing them with his cannon that the future emperor first gave evidence of the firmness of his despotic will. A tremendous struggle also occurred on the steps in 1830; when a stand was successfully made upon them by the populace against the gendarmerie.

It is in this church that the queen of the French performs her devotions; and the ladies of the royal family may be seen, throughout the winter, alighting from an unostentatious carriage, escorted only by servants in a plain livery to the modest tribune consecrated to their use.

St. Roch, being the parish church of the second arrondissement, one of the richest in Paris, the church, though not remarkable for architectural beauty, is served in the most sumptuous style. The clergy are remarkable for their handsome appointments, the music is excellent, and the most popular preacher of the day is usually engaged. On Sundays, a concourse of brilliant equipages attests the attraction of this courtly temple, compared with others less ostentatiously consecrated to divine service.

In St. Roch are a few sepulchral monuments, —a rare embellishment of continental churches. Among others, a mural tablet dedicated by the present king, when Duke of Orleans, in 1821, to the memory of Corneille, who died in the Rue d'Argenteuil, immediately behind the church; a figure of the infamous Cardinal Dubois, represented in prayer; a monument to Le Notre, the planter of the gardens of Versailles and the Tuileries; to Mignard, the painter; Maupertuis; the Maréchal d'Asfeld; and several others. The monument of the Abbé de l'Epee was destroyed at the revolution; but a medallion, containing the portrait of Madame de Jully, the sister-in-law of Madame d'Epinay, and rendered notorious by her scandalous memoirs, still remains.

Behind the high altar is a vast casket, formed of cedar of Lebanon, with richly gilt ornaments, on a pedestal of coloured marbles; in which are deposited the reliques belonging to the church, classed and divided by fluted columns.

But the most remarkable object in the church of St. Roch is the Lady chapel behind the choir, on an altar under the dome of which is a beautiful group, executed in marble by Anguier, which formerly adorned the altar of the Val de Grace, representing the infant Jesus in the manger, accompanied by the Virgin and Joseph. The altar is enriched with a gorgeous covering of needle work; and the entrance of the chapel and adjoining aisles are adorned with fine pictures by Vien, Delorme, Champmartin, and others. Behind the Lady chapel, is that of the holy sacrament, fitted up in imitation of the inner sanctuary of a Mosaic tabernacle, the light being excluded by crimson curtains. From this you descend by steps into a low vaulted chapel containing a Calvary, the figure of Christ from the chisel of Anguier having formerly stood on the altar of the Sorbonne. During passion week this chapel is resorted to by innumerable devotees, and, in combination with the fine music of the service, produces a startling effect.

The church of St. Roch may be taken in evidence of the revival of religious feeling remarkable in the higher classes of Parisian society, since the restoration of the Bourbons. At all hours of the day, a considerable number of persons may be found, absorbed in their devotions; but the stated ceremonies of the church are attended there by throngs of persons, to a degree requiring the interference of the police. Here, or at the Assumption, are solemnised the grand weddings of the Faubourg St. Honoré, after previous celebration of the civil tie in the mairie of the arrondissement. The outward ceremonial is nearly the same practised in England. But it is difficult to conceive a more interesting coup d'œil than is presented by the old church, when enlivened by groups of this description.

Another striking ceremony of the Catholic church is observed with remarkable form in the church of St. Roch; the service for the repose of the dead on the 2d of November,—the day following that of All Saints, one of the four grand holidays of the year.

On the Jour des Morts the altar is hidden from view by the representation of a colossal silver cross on a background of black serge, and round the whole church are suspended funereal draperies and escutcheons. The gloomy state of the weather at that season of the year, combined with the depressing effect of the requiem of Mozart, or the funeral masses of Palestrina or Pergolese, produces a most lugubrious effect on the mind of the spectator.

After the celebration of this mass, it is the custom to resort to the different churchyards without the walls, re-decorate the graves, and burn tapers to the memory of the dead. On such occasions, the cemetery of Père la Chaise presents a very singular appearance, from the multitude of mourning groups resorting thither for the execution of their pious duty; and the falling leaves of its avenues, and fading flowers of its funeral gardens, augment the depressing influence of the scene.

It must be admitted, however, that from the very heterogeneous nature of the assemblage in the City of the Dead, a degree of bustle prevails in the course of the day, characteristic of a matter of routine rather than of deep feeling; and numbers of the lower classes, resorting thither with flowerpots and garlands of yellow everlastings in their hands, appear to consider it the pleasure promenade of a holiday, rather than as a religious observance.

The route from the West End of Paris to the heights of Charonne, on which is situated the cemetery of Père la Chaise, lies along one of the gayest thoroughfares in the world, the far-famed Boulevards—one of the great local distinctions of

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the French capital. The Boulevarts may be described as a wider Regent Street, planted with trees, and serving to encompass the city with a rich belt of sparkling shops and stately mansions, theatres, and other public edifices.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a gayer spot. A perpetual *air de fête* seems to enliven the motley scene. Few public rejoicings, or popular pastimes in England, present so joyous a series of entertainments, as the every day routine of the Boulevarts.

Let it not be supposed, however, that a section of any portion of the three miles' space contained between the church of the Madeleine and the column of the Bastille, is to be taken as a specimen of the rest. The character of the Boulevarts varies essentially at every quarter of a mile; a peculiarity constituting a considerable merit in a public promenade.

To the fashionable world a very small portion is beaten ground; namely, the part extending between the Rue de Richelieu and the Place de la Madeleine, adjoining the French and Italian operas, and containing the two leading clubs,—the Union and the Jockey,—besides one or two others of less distinction; the fashionable *restaurant* called the Café de Paris, and the only *glacier* of eminence in Paris, the Café Tortoni; which is equally celebrated as affording a gathering-place for minor speculators of the stock exchange, and a breakfasting-house for clubless dandies.

To the gay world, all the rest is terra incognita. But it does not the less afford matter for reflection and diversion to the curious stranger.

The Boulevarts, or Boulevards, owe their origin to the improvements that took place in Paris under the reign of Louis XIV., when the fortifications of the city were destroyed, and the ditches filled up. At the suggestion of Colbert, the king determined to form a wide road upon the site of the northern ramparts, and plant it with trees; and in 1670, the Boulevart or bulwark from the Rue St. Antoine to the Rue St. Martin was opened for public use.

Up to that epoch, the Portes St. Denis, St. Martin, St. Antoine, and St. Honore, were fortified gates, constituting the chief entrances of the city. In consequence of the improvements, the old towers were now thrown down; and in 1672 the triumphal arch which bears the name of the Porte St. Denis was erected in place of the old gate constructed under Charles IX. The Porte St. Denis was built at the cost of the city of Paris, in commemoration of the recent victorious campaign in the Low Countries; in which, in the space of two months, the army subjected forty towns and three provinces to the French dominion.

This monument, which is seventy-two feet in height, has a central arch of which the span is twenty-five feet, besides two arches five feet wide by ten feet high in the piers. It is richly sculptured with military trophies and bas reliefs, especially one over the central arch, representing the grand monarque on horseback, crossing the Rhine at Tolhuis; and bearing on the frieze, in bronze letters, the inscription Ludovico Magno. The sculpture, including a fine bas relief of the siege of Maestricht, was executed partly by Girardon and partly by Anguier. The arch is considered one of the most perfect and harmonious specimens of the mixed school of architecture in vogue in the time of Louis XIV., but owes its present noble condition to the complete reparation effected by order of Napoleon in 1807; when, being in a ruinous condition, the sculptures were thoroughly restored by Cellerier.

The area formed before this gate by the junction of the Rue St. Denis with the Boulevarts, has, on most occasions of popular tumult, afforded an important scene of action. Both here, and at the Porte St. Martin, occurred some of the most terrible struggles connected with the Revolution of July.

The southern Boulevarts were formed some time after the completion of those of the north, and were not finished till 1761; nor was it till the reign of Napoleon that the Boulevart of the north was extended as far as the Seine.

The Boulevart du Nord, which is five hundred yards in length, is divided into twelve portions, under the names of Boulevart de Bourdon, St. Antoine, Filles du Calvaire, du Temple, St. Martin, St. Denis, Bonne Nouvelle, Poissonnière, Montmartre, des Italiens, des Capucines, and de la Madeleine.

The most fashionable portion, and the one which consequently contains the most brilliant shops, is that named the Boulevart des Italiens, from containing the Italian opera. Every day the aspect of this busy and populous thoroughfare exhibits improvements, by the demolition of the old houses, and the construction of mansions of noble architecture,—by the felling of all obstacles and incumbrances, and by a general replanting,—the venerable trees being partly decayed from age, and in a great measure destroyed during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies. It is only in a small portion of the Boulevart Montmartre, and that of the Temple, that the ancient aspect remains unaltered.

The greatest improvement, however, effected in the Boulevarts has been the introduction within these few years of a handsome asphaltic pavement of considerable breadth, affording at all seasons of the year a dry and amusing promenade; and by the regular lighting, in which it was so long deficient. At present, nothing can be more brilliant than the scene it presents at night, with its shops, clubs, and coffee-houses, illuminated by reflectors, and enlivened by the gay throngs crowding to and from six or eight well frequented theatres. At all hours of the day, however, it presents a perpetual panorama, more especially in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix, and of the Café de Paris; under the trees in front of which chairs are let out for the use of fashionables of a flashy order, who resort thither to eat ices, read the newspapers, and listen to bands of itinerant musicians.

At some distance further, the Boulevarts assume a more solidly commercial appearance, in the vicinity of Bourse and the Rue Bergère, containing many banking houses and private residences. Further still, on the Boulevarts of St. Denis and St. Martin, and the neighbourhood of the Jewish quarter, the shops and population are much the same as in other parts of the city; towards the Marais and the Faubourg St. Antoine, they are chiefly of a wholesale character.

The private residences on the Boulevarts are few in number, and gradually disappearing, on account of the great value of the ground for commercial purposes: in within these few years, the Hotel de Biron, the gardens of whose elegant pavilions extended to the Boulevart des Capucines, has given place to a row of houses; and the principal ones remaining are the mansion of the banker Rougemont, the beautiful garden of which exists in the same state as when inhabited by the President Lamoignon, in the time of Louis XIV., and a few fine houses in the Rue Basse du Rempart, which overlook the Boulevart des Capucines.

The Boulevart du Temple, in which are situated all the minor theatres of Paris, is a favourite resort of the populace; and forms a sort of perpetual fair, from the succession of puppet shows, mountebanks, and itinerant orchestras constantly exhibiting there, more particularly on Sunday evenings.

On the Boulevart de Bondy, in the immediate vicinity, stands a magnificent fountain, known by the name of the Chateau d'Eau, executed by Girard in 1811, at a cost of £7000 sterling. It consists of five concentric basins placed one above the other, from which the water falls in successive sheets, in addition to the streams issuing from the mouths of the antique lions adorning the four pedestals. The largest of these basins, composed of Chateau Landon stone, is ninety feet in diameter.

Round this fine and vivifying monument, the waters of which are constantly playing, a flower market is held once a week; and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene then presented by this airy portion of the Boulevart.

At no great distance from this spot, facing the Café Turc, in whose gardens evening concerts of a cheap order are held during the summer, is the small house from one of whose wings the infernal machine of Fieschi was discharged. There is nothing remarkable in the aspect of the house, which is now occupied by casual tenants.

At the furthest extremity of the Boulevart, however, is a site still richer in historical associations,—the Place de la Bastille.

Until the year 1565, when, in consequence of the death of Henri II. from the wound received in tilting at a tournament from the Count de Montgomery, the palace of Les Tournelles, in which the fatal event took place, was deserted by Catherine de Medicis, the fashionable quarter of Paris was the Marais, comprising the Quartier de St. Antoine; in which, among other public edifices, was situated the fortress of the Bastille, in latter years used only as a state prison.

Like most edifices of a similar nature, the Bastille became odious in the sight of the people; and, as the receptacle of individuals arrested by virtue of a lettre de cachet, was the scene of many memorable abuses of authority. It was consequently against this monument of arbitrary power that the first outbreak of the populace was directed in 1789; and its capture by their hands, and the deliverance of the unfortunate victims therein confined, were followed by its total demolition, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly.

A great portion of the materials of the Bastille was employed in the construction of the Pont de Louis XVI.; but for many years after its destruction, the vast area remained encumbered with heaps of rubbish,—fragments of the old fortress which had played so memorable a part in the civil wars of Paris.

According to the plans of the Directory, the mout of the desecrated pile was converted to an important public purpose under the name of the Canal de St. Martin; and a project was devised by Baron Denon to erect a magnificent fountain on the spot. Upon a semicircular arch over the canal, was to stand a colossal elephant of bronze, seventy-two feet in height, from the trunk of which was to issue a prodigious jet of water. One of the legs of this enormous animal was to have contained a staircase enabling persons to ascend to the tower upon its back, which would

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have commanded a fine view. Nothing more of this splendid design was completed than the plaster model, which is still exhibited to the curious.

Upon the base constructed under Napoleon to receive this monument, it was proposed, at the period of the restoration of the Bourbons, to place a colossal figure of the city of Paris. But a fatality seemed attached to the spot. Long before the figure could be cast, the throne of Charles X. was overthrown; and the pedestal was re-destined to support a monument in honour of the Revolution of July. The present ornament of the Place de la Bastille consists in a bronze column of the Doric order, a hundred and thirty feet in height, and eleven in diameter. Including the base, and the figure representing the genius of France on its summit, which measures fifteen feet, the column of the Bastille has the advantage of the column in the Place Vendome by twenty-five feet.

One moiety of the column is devoted to commemorate the names of the persons who fell in the taking of the Bastille; the other half to the memory of those who were killed on the spot in July 1830. The cost of this monument was about £50,000 sterling.

The Porte St. Martin is a second triumphal arch, which stands on the Boulevards near the Chateau d'Eau, smaller in proportions, but more classical in design, than the Porte St. Denis. It was built in 1674 by Bullet, a pupil of Blondel, the architect of the latter monument; and is also intended to record the military triumphs of Louis XIV.—who is represented as a colossal Hercules, with a full-bottomed wig, and a club in his hand repelling an eagle. The Porte St. Martin underwent a complete reparation in 1820.

CHAPTER VII.

Hôtel de Beaumarchais—Porte St. Antoine—Place Royal—Hôtel de Sully—Hôtel de Sens—Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers—The Temple.

Not very far from the site of the Bastille stood, till within the last twenty years, the beautiful hotel and gardens of Beaumarchais, the author of the philosophical comedy of the *Mariage de Figaro*, the influence of which was not without its effect in hastening the epoch of the revolution. The hotel was sold and demolished in 1823, to make way for a canal, uniting the basin of La Villette with the moat of the Bastille; and a public depot of salt has been appropriately constructed on that part of the gardens of the witty dramatist which border upon the Boulevards.

Nearly opposite to this is the small theatre of the Porte St. Antoine, opened under the auspices of Victor Hugo, the poet, who resides in the adjoining quaint old square of the Place Royale,—commenced in the time of Henri IV., upon the site of the tilting ground of the Palais des Tournelles.

Nothing can be more striking than the effect produced by retreating from the west end of the town or crowded Boulevards on a sunny summer day, into this secluded quarter, which exhibits all the torpor and tranquillity of an obscure Flemish town.

The Marais, more especially the Rue des Tournelles and a portion of the Rue St. Antoine, contains, however, many princely old mansions, which are now occupied by families connected with the courts of law, or by manufactories. The chief cause of the desertion of the Marais by families of rank, is the unwholesomeness of the situation, which originated the removal of the court, and eventually the migration of its satellites. In the time of Henri IV., when Sully, as grand master of the artillery, inhabited the Arsenal closely adjoining, it still however remained the fashionable quarter of the town; and thirty years later, we find from the letters of Madame de Sévigné, whose hotel, beautifully decorated by Jean Goujon, and known by the name of the Hotel de Carnavalet, is still to be seen in the adjacent street of the Culture St. Catherine, that her abode was surrounded by the hotels of families of the highest consideration.

The Place Royale, which consists of a regular square of houses of red brick, coped with stone, with high peaked roofs, and on the basement floor a wide but low arcade, was completed under Louis XIII.; a statue of whom was placed by Cardinal Richelieu in the centre of the garden, which is divided into alleys, ornamented by four granite fountains, of no great beauty. In the first revolution, this figure was destroyed; and has since been replaced by an equestrian statue, of white marble, from the chisel of Dupuy, which, rising in the centre of the chestnut trees, produces a very striking effect. It is, however, somewhat marred by an unsightly prop under the horse, rendered necessary by the weight of the statue.

In the Rue St. Antoine, immediately adjoining the Place Royale, is the Hotel de Sully, the work of Ducercean, richly sculptured and ornamented. The ancient royal residence, the Hotel de St. Paul, stood near the same spot; a portion of which, formerly inhabited by Charles V. in 1360, by whom it was purchased from the Archbishop of Sens, is still standing, under the name of the Hotel de Sens. This curious old specimen of the domestic architecture of the middle ages is now a wagon office, and likely soon to be demolished, though one of the choicest specimens of antiquity in the French metropolis.

Another curious monument in this quiet quarter of Paris is the Arsenal, originally erected in 1396, by the city of Paris; but having been destroyed two centuries later by a terrible explosion, reconstructed on a finer scale by Charles IX. It was not, however, till the reign of Henri IV., that the Arsenal assumed much importance; at the period when his minister Sully was grand master of the artillery, and presided over the works. It was on his way to visit the Arsenal, along the Rue de la Ferronnerie, that the king was assassinated, in 1610.

The foundries created at the Arsenal for the casting of cannon were devoted, under Louis XIV., to the casting of the bronze statues destined to adorn the palaces of Marly and Versailles. But in the time of the regent Duke of Orleans, considerable additions were made in the Arsenal; and a handsome modern residence erected for the use of the grand master, containing many commodious suites of apartments. It was in one of these that Madame de Maintenon spent the last years of her life; and the spot is still dear to the lovers of literature, as the residence of Charles Nodier, one of the most elegant of modern romance writers, who occupies the post of librarian. The public library of the Arsenal, founded by the Marquis de Paulmy d'Argenson, is a very fine one, and contains one hundred and ninety thousand printed volumes, besides nearly seven thousand manuscripts, including many valuable missals and other illustrated works. The apartments of Sully, gilt and ornamented in the style of the bedchamber of Marie de Medicis at the Luxembourg, remain nearly in their original condition.

Near the Arsenal are the remnants of the famous convent of the Célestins, once rich in sepulchral monuments; having been the royal church and place of interment till the demolition of the palace of the Tournelles. Many of these monuments were preserved at the revolution by Monsieur Lenoir, the founder of the Musée des Monumens Français, and have been deposited at St. Denis.

The Faubourg St. Antoine also contains the memorable prison of La Force, formerly the Hotel of the duke of that name; but converted, in 1780, to its present use, for which it is peculiarly ill adapted. A new lateral entrance, in an obscure street, offers an admirable specimen of prison frontage. It is intended that this prison shall be transferred to a more propitious locale. Another interesting monument in this quarter of the town, is the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, a collection of models of every modern improvement in machinery connected with the arts and manufactures, commenced at the beginning of the first revolution, under the auspices of the Abbé Grégoire, with the collections of Vaucanson and Pajot d'Ozembray.

In 1798, these valuable models were first collected in the dormitories of the fine old abbey of St. Martin des Champs; when a law was passed, obliging all persons taking out a patent, to deposit a model of the improvement introduced, in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. In 1810, a school of drawing and mathematics was added to the establishment, by Napoleon, connected with branch schools of similar purpose, in various cities of the provinces.

The buildings alone of this interesting institution are well deserving attention. The chapel of the abbey was constructed in the thirteenth century by Pierre de Montereau, the architect of the matchless Sainte Chapelle, and the refectory is also the work of the same great master. A curious pulpit, with a balustrade of pierced stone work, is very beautiful; and the galleries, containing the machines, are remarkable for their proportions and extent. The modern staircase is one of the finest in Paris.

On the site of the gardens of this wealthy and important old monastery, a public market with handsome fountains has been erected. The neighbourhood contains a tower or two with peaked roofs, which once formed part of the boundary wall of the majestic abbey of St. Martin.

At no great distance, in the Rue du Temple, is an expiatory chapel, erected in 1823, on the site of the prison which witnessed the sufferings of Louis XVI. and his family, and now belonging to a convent of Benedictines.

The Temple, a fortress belonging to the knights of St. John, was built in 1222, and consisted of a large square tower flanked with four turrets, which for a time served as a treasury to the kings of France, and subsequently as a depository for the archives of the order of Malta.

In 1792, Louis XVI. and his family were imprisoned in the Temple, from whence the unfortunate king was led to the scaffold; and the tower being now converted into a state prison, Pichegru, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Sir Sidney Smith, and other remarkable personages, became prisoners in the Temple. The tower containing those memorable apartments was destroyed in 1805.

Previous to the revolution, the Temple possessed the privilege of royal palaces, of affording sanctuary from the laws; and all that portion of the old precincts not included in the apartments

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of the grand prior, was the property of private persons, and let to small tradespeople and insolvent debtors. The palace of the grand prior, which was built in 1566 by Jacques de Souvré, after the plans of Delisle, was repaired early in the eighteenth century, by the Chevalier d'Orléans, then grand master; and in 1812, it was again repaired and embellished by the Emperor, with a view of affording a residence for the Ministre des Cultes. In 1814, the Duke d'Angoulême being nominal prior, it was converted into a convent of Benedictine ladies, which it still remains. A portico of Ionic columns, adorned with colossal statues by Pujol, forms the entrance; and the front towards the court is also ornamented with statues. Between the convent and the Marché du Temple stands the Expiatory Chapel, in memory of Louis XVI., the high altar of which is embellished with pictures by Lafond.

The Fontaine de Vendome, attached to the walls of the old Temple, is named after the Chevalier de Vendome, one of the grand priors.

A melancholy but not unnatural association with the prison of the unfortunate family of Louis XVI. suggests a notice of their final resting-place,—the Cimetiere de la Madeleine; on the site of which has been erected the Expiatory Chapel of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré.

After the interment of the king and queen in the parochial churchyard of the Place de la Révolution where they suffered, the ground, purchased by a Monsieur Descloseaux, was ostensibly converted by him into an orchard, with a view to secure it from popular animosity. But the royal graves were kept sacred by his pious care; and the flowers growing there annually preserved for the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, the ground was re-purchased by Louis XVIII.; the remains of his royal brother and his queen carefully exhumed and transported in great state to St. Denis; and over the spot where they had lain, which contained also the bodies of innumerable victims of the guillotine, besides a vast number of the Swiss guard, was consecrated an expiatory chapel, after the design of Fontaine, in the form of a cross, surmounted in the centre by a dome. This elegant little structure contains monumental statues of the king and Marie Antoinette, in white marble, each supported by an angel; with an inscription in letters of gold on an entablature of black marble, recording thn last will of Louis XVIII. A series of bas reliefs surrounds the chapel; under which is a subterranean chapel, containing, on the precise spot where the body of the king was found, an altar of gray marble.

Mass is daily performed in the chapel; the effect of which ceremony, and the associations with which it is connected, is solemn and interesting. A small funereal garden, planted with cypresses, surrounds the chapel.

Meanwhile, in place of the old church of La Madeleine, which, in the reign of Louis XV., was found inadequate to the wants of the parish, a new church was commenced in 1763, opposite to the Rue Royale, after the designs of Constant d'Ivry. The revolution intervening, caused the works to be abandoned; but in 1808, Napoleon determined to appropriate so fine a site to his projected Temple of Glory.

A new building was consequently commenced by Vignon, after the plan of a Roman temple. But on the downfall of Napoleon, in 1813, Louis XVIII. resolved to re-convert the Madeleine into a Christian church, to receive monuments to the memory of Louis XVI. and his family.

The works were accordingly resumed; though at one time, on the demolition of the opera-house after the assassination of the Duke of Berri, it was contemplated to devote the unlucky site of the Madeleine to the erection of a new académie de musique!—

The church is now complete as regards its exterior adornments, and may be cited as the most beautiful produced in Europe by the genius of modern architecture.

The building is surrounded by a peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, sixty feet high and six in diameter, channeled, with flat surfaces like those of the Pantheon at Rome. The capitals are nine feet high, the whole being formed of the beautiful white stone of Chateau Landon.

The southern portico may be termed double, having a second row of columns; and of this, as in the portico of the northern end, eight columns support the pediment, while eighteen adorn the sides of the building. An alto relievo by Lemaire, representing the Last Judgment, adorns the pediment of the southern portico the figure of our Saviour in the centre of which is seventeen feet high. On a tablet in the frieze is an inscription—

D. O. M. SUB INVOC. S. M. MAGDALENÆ.

The roof is covered with copper; and the corridor, formed by the space between the columns and the building, has a richly carved ceiling,—the wall being divided into niches, resting on a surbasement.

The church of La Madeleine stands nobly isolated; one front overlooking the Place de Louis XV. through the fine avenue formed by the Rue Royale; the other, a handsome new street of considerable width, called Rue Tronchin. The area on either side is planted with trees, having a simple stone fountain in the centre; near which, twice a week, is held the flower market of La Madeleine.

Correspondent and richly sculptured doorways, at either end, lead into the interior of the edifice. The structure forms a vast hall, undivided by aisles, with a semicircular termination at the northern end, to receive the high altar. The light is wholly admitted from above, by means of three domes the centres of which are formed into skylights, with a similar opening over the altar. The domes are supported by Corinthian columns, standing detached from the walls; and the three recesses thus formed, are destined for altars. A range of small Ionic columns, standing on a surbasement eight feet high, surrounds the building, and supports the gallery above.

The high altar is approached by a flight of steps; and the pavement of the church, bases of the columns, and walls, are richly encrusted with highly polished French marbles, producing a beautiful effect. The stone composing the interior of the church is of dazzling whiteness, and the ceiling carved in compartments, with garlands of flowers and exquisite mouldings. It was subsequently determined to gild these ornaments, in order to obviate the uniform whiteness of the interior; which is nevertheless painted in fresco, in various medallions and compartments, by a new process of great durability, by the hands of Abel de Pujol, Girard, Thomas, Ziegler, and others. Alto relievos by Foyatier, Pradier, and Rude, adorn the domes. The organ is to be placed under the vaulted roof of the vestibule; on either side of which are lateral chapels for the baptismal and marriage services.

Nothing can exceed the grandeur of this fine interior; which, in point of decoration, will far exceed any modern church. Some time, however, must still elapse before it can be consecrated to divine service. Meanwhile, the edifice constitutes one of the boasts of the capital; and, viewed by moonlight from the opposite side of the Boulevarts, forcibly recalls the glories of the Parthenon, or some of the antique temples of Sicily.

The name of the church of La Madeleine still, however, in spite of all its changes of destination, connects itself painfully with the memory of those who were consigned to an ignominious grave in the precincts of its ancient cemetery, amid the horrors of the Reign of Terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hôtel de St. Aignan—Hôtel des Archives—Hôtel de Ville—Origin of Paris—Nôtre Dame—Hotel Dieu—La Morgue—Palais de Justice—Conciergerie—Sainte Chapelle—Hôtel Lambert.

To return from this digression to the dull and tranquil streets of the Marais; among the more densely populated portions, or lower town of the city of Paris, will be found a quarter rarely visited by foreigners, containing many ancient hotels replete with historical reminiscences; such as that of St. Aignan, a fine old structure in the Rue St. Avoye, built by Le Muet, on the site of the house where the Connétable Anne de Montmorency died of his wounds in 1567; which, on passing into the hands of the eccentric Président de Mesmes, lost the name of the Hotel de Montmorency.

A few streets further, stands the curious old Hotel de Soubise, upon the site of the abode of the Connétable de Clisson, and, till the last century, inhabited by the noble family of Rohan. A gatehouse still remains of the old structure, crowned with a turret of the fifteenth century.

The grand suite of apartments on the first floor remains nearly as when inhabited by the illustrious family of Guise, two centuries ago; while several of the smaller apartments, more recently decorated, contain frescos from the pencil of Boucher.

It is now the Record Office,—containing the invaluable collection of the archives of France deposited there under the reign of Napoleon, the project having originated with the National Assembly. Though at one time of far higher interest, as concentrating the noble collections conquered by Napoleon from foreign countries and restored at his downfall, the historical museum of the archives of France is in the highest degree important, and admirably well arranged; in the first instance, under the care of Camus, and more recently of Michelet the historian.

Among the miscellaneous objects of interest deposited at the museum of archives, are the ancient charters of the abbeys of St. Denis and St. Germain des Pres, granted by Dagobert and Childebert, and engrossed upon linen or papyrus; all the diplomas of nobility and acts of sequestration of the kingdom, from the earliest times, and the confiscated papers of all persons convicted of high treason, for many centuries, down to Fieschi and Alibaud; the iron chest made by order of the National Assembly, to contain the golden bulls of the papal decrees; the wills of the successive sovereigns of France; the plate of the

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assignats: the autograph letters that passed between Napoleon and Louis XVIII.; the livres rouges of Versailles which formed one of the titles of accusation against the royal family; besides innumerable autograph letters of unequaled interest.

In the same neighbourhood stands the Italian Cardinal, belonging in the last century to the Cardinal de Rohan, celebrated in the memoirs of Marie Antoinette for the mysterious transaction of the diamond necklace; now devoted to the magnificent establishment of the Imprimerie Royale, an institution which owes its origin to Francis I. This institution is well deserving a visit; most curious specimens of typography, particularly in the Oriental languages, being executed there with rare precision. When Pope Pius VII. was received at the Imprimerie Royale, the Lord's prayer was printed, in his presence, in one hundred and fifty dialects.

The royal ordinances and government papers are here executed; and at the revolution in 1830, the mob broke into the printing office, and destroyed some of the valuable steam machinery, hoping to break up the establishment. It is, however, still supposed to be the richest in the world in founts of type of every language; and the printers and compositors are paid on an unusually liberal scale, so as to attach them for life to the institution.

In this quarter stands the vast central establishment and depositories of the Mont de Piété; so named because the proceeds of its loans upon pledges are applied by government, on the system of the Italian Monte de Pietà, to the benefit of the public hospitals.

The principal churches in this quarter of the town, are those of St. Paul, in the Rue St. Antoine, a fine structure in which Cardinal Richelieu performed the first mass upon its completion in 1641, in presence of Louis XIII. and his court, and the subject of frequent allusions in all memoirs of that and the succeeding reign;—and St. Gervais, nearer to the Hotel de Ville, and two centuries older, having been consecrated in 1420. It is a highly interesting church; the Lady Chapel behind the choir being a chef d'œuvre of art. St. Gervais possesses a few fine pictures, some painted windows by the celebrated Cousin, and a fine monument to the memory of the Chancellor Le Tellier.

In the adjoining square, the memorable Place de la Grève, for centuries the place of public execution, stands the Hotel de Ville; always a monument of considerable interest, and since its recent completion, a pile of unique beauty as a specimen of the architecture of the middle ages.

The original Hotel de Ville was erected by the municipality of Paris, in 1357, on the site of a mansion belonging to Philip Augustus, and known by the name of the Maison de la Greve, a house on the shore, from its vicinity to the river.

It was not, however, till 1533, that the first stone of the present edifice was laid by the Prevot des Marchands; and the chief part of the structure was added in the reign of Henri II. from the plans of Dominico di Cortona. It was finished in the time of Henri IV., a modern equestrian bas relief of whom, in bronze, crowns the central doorway, replacing the original one destroyed during the revolution; when, as well as in the wars of the Fronde, the edifice sustained considerable injury.

It was preserved from destruction by being made, in 1801, the seat of the Prefecture of Paris, when it underwent complete repair; and, within the last two years, the city of Paris has expended a sum of nearly £200,000 in doubling the façade, and completing the quadrangle. The Hotel de Ville is now thoroughly isolated; and from the opposite quay presents the appearance of a beautiful palace.

It is here that the municipality of Paris holds its fêtes on all occasions of public rejoicing; and it is also the residence of the Prefet de la Seine, whose hospitalities during the winter season are of a princely nature. In the ancient part of the building, opened on these occasions, is the Salle du Trone, a splendid gallery extending the whole length of the front, and celebrated for the scenes which occurred there during the first revolution. The room in which Robespierre held his council, and the table on which he was laid after his jaw had been broken by a musket shot, are also to be seen at the Hotel de Ville.

In addition to its important municipal offices, the Hotel de Ville contains a public library of sixty thousand volumes, rich in MS. and miscellaneous collections.

From the Place de la Greve, a small suspension-bridge for foot passengers, leading to the Ile de la Cité, is now known by the name of the Pont d'Arcole—from that of a young man killed in defending it against the royal guards in 1830, while heading the people with the tricoloured banner in his hand. Both here and at the Hotel de Ville considerable slaughter took place; and the popular banner floating on its walls afforded the first signal of the success of the revolution of July.

The Ile de la Cité, usually for distinction called the Island, contains the germ of the French capital, as it existed under the name of Lutetia;—the wandering tribe by whom that city was created having assumed the name of Parisii, or Parisians.

Half a century before the Christian era, on the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, this island was covered with the fishing hovels of the Parisians; and it was by Julius Cæsar that the city of Lutetia was built and fortified. A temple of Jupiter was erected near the present site of Notre Dame; an Montmartre manifestly takes its name from the temple of Mars,—Mons Martis.

On the introduction of Christianity, these temples gave way to the shrines of the Holy Catholic Church, just as they had themselves replaced the rude altars of the Druids of ancient Gaul; and in the course of the five hundred years during which Lutetia remained submitted to the Roman empire, the city was extended both to the northern and southern banks of the Sequana or Seine.

The emperor Julian is known to have spent three winters in the capital of the Gauls, in a palace, the ruins of which in the Rue de la Harpe are now known as Le Palais des Thermes—mentioned by Gregory of Tours, as well as by Ammianus Marcellinus in 360. Several of the laws of the emperor Valentinian are dated from the ancient Lutetia.

It was not till the third century that the gospel of Christ was introduced into the city, by St. Denis, who suffered martyrdom at Montmartre; and the first Christian chapel, dedicated to St. Stephen, was erected on the island during the reign of Valentinian. Clovis was the first monarch who, in the year 524, embraced Christianity; and by him a church was dedicated to St. Genevieve, and the city placed under her protection. The walls of the city, added by this king, subsisted till the time of Louis le Gros.

From this period till that of Hugues Capet, who was elected king in 987, the city underwent considerable vicissitudes, having been sacked and nearly destroyed by the Normans. By Hugues Capet were laid the foundations of the Palais de Justice; and the cathedral church of Notre Dame, as it now stands, was commenced by his son Robert, on the site of a chapel dedicated by Childebert to the Virgin.

In the fourteenth century were founded the colleges of Paris; more especially the school of La Sorbonne, by Robert Sorbon, in 1250, in the quarter still familiarly called the Pays Latin. The principal courts of justice were founded under Philippe le Bel; and under Charles V. the city was surrounded by walls and ditches to defend it from the incursions of the English.

It was at this time that the fortress of the Bastille and Palais des Tournelles were erected. Devastated by civil wars, and depopulated by the plague, the city, under Charles VII., was in so miserable a condition, that refuge was afforded there to the malefactors of other countries, with a view to its repeoplement.

It was not, in fact, till the auspicious reign of Francis I., at the general revival of arts and letters, that Paris assumed the importance it has ever since maintained among the cities of Europe. By this monarch the old fortress of the Louvre was demolished, and the new palace commenced,—the Hotel de Ville founded,—the Quai de la Tournelle completed;—and, in 1563, the palace and gardens of the Tuileries were commenced by his successors.

Under Henri IV. the Pont Neuf was completed; and the Place Royale, Place Dauphine, and neighbouring quays were constructed. The great achievement, however, of this reign was the gallery uniting the palace of the Louvre with that of the Tuileries.

In the time of his son Louis XIII., the princely taste of the Cardinal de Richelieu accomplished improvements in almost every quarter of Paris; and to this period may be attributed many of the aristocratic hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain.

In the time of Louis XIV. no fewer than eighty new streets were opened, and thirty-three churches erected. The Place Vendome and Place des Victoires were commenced; the Hotel des Invalides, the Observatory, and the Pont Royal, finished; the planting of the Champs Elysees and Tuileries laid out; the ancient moats were filled up; and the most important improvements achieved in every direction.

In the reign of Louis XV. a considerable number of fine private residences arose in the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré; and the Palais Bourbon, the Ecole Militaire, the church of St. Genevieve, the Place de Louis XV., the Ecole de Médecine, and the fine manufactory at Sevres, were erected. New outer Boulevarts were formed, by which the villages of Chaillot, Monceaux, and Le Roule were included in the city; and the exterior wall was divided by the present handsome gates and Barrieres, with a view to facilitating the duties of the *octroi*; a change which gave rise to the punning line of

Le mur murant Paris rend Paris mur-murant.

By the unfortunate Louis XVI. was commenced the church of La Madeleine,—the adjoining cemetery of which was fated to receive his mutilated remains; and the church of St. Philippe du Roule completed. The southern Boulevarts, being also completed, caused the erection of many beautiful residences in that

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direction. Several theatres, the Pont de la Concorde, and, above all, the machinery conveying water to the different quarters of the city, as well as the establishment of the Mont de Piété, owe their origin to his troubled reign.

The epoch of the revolution was necessarily one of havoc and demolition. By the efforts of the Directory, however, many valuable improvements were effected; and most of those great collections connected with the arts and sciences commenced, which the activity and intelligence of the imperial government seemed pre-ordained to bring to perfection. Extensive markets, and slaughter-houses without the walls, besides fifteen fountains in different parts of the city, effected a real benefit for all classes of the community. The churches, all but destroyed during the revolution, underwent complete repair. Four millions sterling are said to have been expended on these varied and valuable improvements.

The period of the restoration of the Bourbons was one of continuation of the works commenced under the empire. The chief monuments illustrating the reign of Louis XVIII. are two expiatory chapels to the memory of his unfortunate brother Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré and the Temple, while in that of Charles X. the construction of various passages for the facilitation of transit, and the placing of the statues upon the Pont de la Concorde, which have been since removed, were the principal embellishments.

At the revolution of 1830, the spirit of improvement, so active during the ascendency of Napoleon, received a fresh impulse. Several of the finest edifices, long left unfinished, have been since completed; such as the triumphal arch of l'Etoile, the church of La Madeleine, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Hotel de Commerce, the Hotel de Ville, all of which claim a more detailed notice.

Meanwhile, the structures originally erected in the island have retained their pristine importance as the Metropolitan Church and Seat of National Justice of a city, the extent of which has increased between the reigns of Philip Augustus and Louis Philippe—that is, between 1211 and 1841—from 252,085 hectares to 3,450,000.

Of these structures, the first in importance is the cathedral church of Notre Dame, one of the finest Gothic monuments in existence. The date of this church is variously given; or rather, it has been achieved, like most ancient cathedrals, at different epochs, beginning in the eleventh century. The high altar was consecrated in 1082, and the western front built by Bishop Maurice de Sully, in 1223, the name of the architect being preserved on the wall as Maitre Jehan de Chelles. The last addition to the church is a small portal, erected in 1407, by Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, the assassin of the Duke of Orleans, in expiation of his crime.

The form of the church is regularly cruciform, —with double aisles surrounding both the choir and the nave, and an octagonal termination towards the east. At the western extremity are two fine and perfectly similar towers, which form conspicuous objects from most parts of the city, and were evidently intended to support spires.

By the gradual demolition of the buildings with which it was originally surrounded,—the adjoining palace of the Archbishop of Paris having been destroyed by the revolutionary mob so lately as 1831,—the cathedral now stands perfectly detached, and may be viewed to advantage on all sides; the area caused by the latter event having been recently leveled and planted with trees as far as the river. The space in front of the cathedral, called the Parvis de Notre Dame, formed by the demolition of many mean houses by Maurice de Sully, was, till the year 1748, so much elevated above the pavement of the church, that a flight of thirteen steps was necessary to descend into it. But the ground has since been lowered to its present gentle slope.

The length of Notre Dame is nearly four hundred feet, and the height of the towers two hundred and four feet; the western side front being one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide. The architecture is of the purest pointed order; and executed with the greatest care and delicacy. The three retiring arches of the portals of the western front are of exquisite beauty and richness.

During the revolution, the high altar, and many of the richest ornaments of the interior, were utterly destroyed. They were restored by Napoleon; and all the accessories that could be collected, carefully replaced. Among these, was a fine marble group by Coustou placed over the altar, representing the Descent from the Cross.

The lateral chapels of Notre Dame exhibit many rich monuments and altars. The sacristy, which was built by Soufflot, at the expense of Louis XV., contains many precious relics; but it was wantonly plundered by the populace after their attack upon the archiepiscopal palace in 1831. Among other objects destroyed, were the rich coronation robes of Napoleon, and the robes bestowed by him upon that occasion on the clergy of the chapter.

The palace, originally founded by Maurice de Sully, but rebuilt in the seventeenth century by the Cardinal de Noailles, was a handsome structure, and the gardens surrounded the eastern end of the cathedral, and filled the whole space to the bank of the river.

To enter minutely into the history and description of Notre Dame would fill a volume. Michelet, the historian of France, and Gilbert, author of the History of Napoleon, have done much to illustrate the metropolitan church; but of late years, the attention of the public has been drawn towards it in a far more interesting manner, by the fine romance of Victor Hugo, "Notre Dame de Paris," the descriptions contained in which are as accurate as they are striking and picturesque.

Closely adjoining the church of Notre Dame, as if to afford a practical illustration of the union of faith and good works, stands the ancient hospital of the Hotel Dieu, said to be founded in the seventh century by St. Landry, Bishop of Paris. Philip Augustus and St. Louis were among the early benefactors of this venerable institution, and two of the wards were added by Henri IV. It contains one thousand beds. The present entrance was constructed in 1804, after the designs of Clavareau, by order of Napoleon; the hospital having assumed, during the revolution, the name of Hospice d'Humanité, which was renounced under the Emperor for its old title of Hotel Dieu. The wards are attended by the sisters of the order of St. Augustin, and the internal organisation of this enormous establishment is of a highly interesting nature. The situation, however, on account of the increase of the city, has become disadvantageous; and the vicinity of the river, which bathes its foundations previous to flowing through Paris, is supposed to be pernicious. From time to time, government has entertained hopes of being able to afford a more satisfactory locale; but the expensive additions lately made to the old structure, which has nothing but extent and solidity to recommend it, seem to imply that there is no likelihood of a change. The buildings are separated by a branch of the river; over which is a bridge covered with a glazed passage, serving as a place of exercise to the patients.

The narrow streets adjoining Notre Dame contain one or two specimens of pointed architecture, —portions of old churches, converted into warehouses; and near the Pont Notre Dame, the oldest bridge in Paris, being of the date of 1499, stands a house pointed out by a mural inscription as being that of the Canon Fulbert, uncle to Abelard's Eloisa.

On the Quai du Marché Neuf, adjoining the Parvis de Notre Dame, rising from the bed of the river, stands a small stone mansion of simple form, yet never viewed without awe—La Morgue, —in which are deposited the bodies of all persons found dead in the city or river, till claimed by their relatives.

The bodies thus found are stripped and placed in a current of air on leaden trays, with a small jet of water trickling over them,—the clothes of each individual being suspended above, to facilitate recognition. The public is admitted to view them through a grating; and if not claimed, the bodies are subjected to anatomical purposes, and buried at the cost of government. It will readily be imagined that scenes of the most heartrending nature are constantly occurring at the Morgue.

Divided by a few streets from the cathedral, stand the ancient law courts of Paris. Part of the Palais de Justice is said to have been erected at the same time as Notre Dame, by Robert, son of Hugh Capet, about the year 1000; and till nearly the end of the fourteenth century it was the seat of royalty; Francis I. being the last sovereign who made it his residence.

In 1618, the fine old hall called the Salle du Palais was destroyed by fire; and a new building constructed by Desbrosses on the site. The front of the present edifice was not added till 1760. It has a magnificent ascent of steps; and the court-yard is enclosed by a rich balustrade, which has been all but demolished at every successive revolution.

The celebrated Salle des Pas Perdus, where the unlucky personages engaged in lawsuits are supposed to wander up and down while their cause is pending, is a vaulted gallery two hundred and sixteen feet in length, by eighty-four in width; and was erected in 1622. It contains a monument to Malesherbes, the courageous defender of Louis XVI., designed by Dumont in 1822. Among the curiosities in this northern wing, is a vaulted chamber of the thirteenth century, called the Souricière or Kitchen of St. Louis. The Court of Assizes and Tribunal de Première Instance adjoin the Salle des Pas Perdus; the gallery connecting which with the Cour de Cassation is adorned with portraits of eminent French legists and a statue of St. Louis; in a recess behind which the will of Louis XIV. was deposited, and formerly bricked up by the parliament of Paris. The Cour de Cassation occupies the chamber in which the ancient parliament held its sittings, having been reinforced by Peyre in 1810, under the auspices of Napoleon. Statues of the Chancellors d'Aguesseau and l'Hopital, by Deseine, adorn the adjoining court. The law courts of Paris are considered inconvenient and inadequate. On occasion of remarkable criminal trials, they are thronged with the idlers of the fashionable world, seeking

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the same morbid excitement as at a melodrama of the Porte St. Martin.

The Conciergerie, which forms part of the courts, was the prison attached to the palace at the period when it was a royal residence. It takes its name from the concierge or keeper of the bailiwick of the palace, which enjoyed certain privileges and immunities, and retains all the characteristics of feudal times. Prisoners are usually removed from other prisons to the Conciergerie a short time previous to trial. I was from hence that, under the Bourbons, the Comte de Lavalette effected his escape by the connivance of his wife and several Englishmen of note; and dungeons are still shown, untenanted, as those of Madame Elizabeth, Robespierre, and Louvel the assassin of the Duke of Berry. The court or préau, a hundred and eighty feet long, serving for exercise to the prisoners and surrounded by galleries connected with their cells, was built in the thirteenth century.

The cell occupied by Marie Antoinette was converted by the Bourbons into an expiatory chapel, adorned with pictures by Simon, Pajou, and Drolling, representing the sufferings of the queen. But during the revolution of 1830, these were removed; and a fine inscription on the altar, said to have been composed by Louis XVIII., was obliterated.

During the massacre of the prisoners on the 2d of September, 1792, two hundred and thirty persons were butchered in the Conciergerie.

The first public clock known in Paris was affixed to a tower of the Conciergerie, thenceforward known as la Tour de l'Horloge; having been made in 1370 by a German invited into France by Charles V. The bell called the Tocsin du Palais, which united with that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in giving the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was suspended at the same time.

The most interesting object however, connected with the Palais de Justice, is the Sainte Chapelle; one of the most beautiful Gothic monuments extant. It was built in 1245, by St. Louis, to receive the true cross, the crown of thorns, and a portion of the relics purchased by him of the Greek emperor. The architect was Pierre de Montereau;—and the chapel remains nearly in its original condition, even to the richly stained glass windows. It is impossible to conceive any thing more elegant than the decorations, or lighter than the design of this architectural gem; which, with its relics, is said to have cost St. Louis a sum equal to £130,000 of the present time. At the first revolution, it was converted into a record office; indeed the lower portion of the chapel still remains encumbered with the archives of the courts of law.

The Sainte Chapelle has however another claim to attention, as immortalised in the Lutrin of Boileau for the litigious character of its college or chapter. The satirical poet was himself interred in the Sainte Chapelle; where a tombstone of equivocal authenticity is pointed out as covering his remains. A complete restoration of the chapel is now in progress.

Not far from the Palais de Justice stands the prefecture of police, once the residence of the first President of the Parliament of Paris. An archway, forming an entrance to the cours-yard, is said to be the work of Jean Goujon, and is ornamented with the monograms of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers. It is here that foreigners are required to deposit their passports on arriving in Paris.

The space called the Place du Palais, on the eastern side, in front of the law courts, is used for the infliction of the punishment of the *carcan* or pillory. On the adjoining quay, the Quai Desaix, a flower market is held twice a week; forming a singular contrast to the destination of the adjoining street.

The island, or Ile de la Cité, is connected with the shore by various bridges; the most important being the Pont Neuf, which touches the extreme point of the island, traversing from the northern to the southern bank of the Seine. This was commenced under Henri III. by Ducerceau,—interrupted in its progress by the troubles of the Ligue,—and finished in 1664, at the expense of Henri IV. It is one thousand and twenty feet long by seventy-eight broad, and has seven circular arches.

In the reign of Louis XIII. a bronze equestrian statue of his father was erected on the portion of the island which forms its junction with the bridge, a bronze horse having been presented to the sculptor of Henri IV. by her father, Cosmo de Medicis, for the purpose. This was destroyed in 1792; and on the site, Napoleon was preparing to construct a granite obelisk, two hundred feet high. The downfall of the emperor caused the abandonment of the project; and in 1817 a new statue of Henri IV. was erected on the spot, by public subscription, modelled by Lemot, and formed of the metal of several statues of Napoleon and his generals, demolished by order of government. Even with these advantages the cost of the statue amounted to £16,000. The total height is fourteen feet. The pedestal of white marble, adorned with bas reliefs in bronze, bears appropriate Latin inscriptions.

The island called the Ile de St. Louis is connected with the Ile de la Cité by a double suspension bridge, called the Pont Louis Philippe, opened to the public in 1834. This island was called the Ile aux Vaches, and used for pasture ground, till the time of Henri IV. But it was completely built over during the reign of his son: all the houses now standing being erected in the seventeenth century, as well as the church of St. Louis de l'Ile, finished in 1664, by Levau, which contains some tolerable pictures.

The most remarkable edifices in the island, however, are the Hotels Lambert and de Bretonvilliers, formerly residences of rich presidents of the parliament, and renowned in the memoirs of their time. The ceilings of the former were painted by Lesueur and Lebrun; but the rich gilding and panneling of the grand gallery is, at present, partly concealed by military bedding, of which it serves as an official depository. A beautiful exterior staircase, with a scrollwork balustrade of pierced stone, is the chief external ornament. But this curious mansion is also rich in historical associations, as the residence in which Voltaire planned the Henriade, and the spot where Napoleon received, from his minister Monsieur de Montalivet, in 1815, the first intimation of his downfall. The Hotel de Bretonvilliers, built by Ducerceau, is now converted into a brewery. These two hotels have afforded models for most of the Parisian decorators.

At the extremity of the Ile St. Louis, where the river view is of singular beauty, is the great wood and charcoal market; the former being deposited in stacks on an adjoining island, known by the name of l'Ile des Louviers; near which, in the river, is the celebrated swimming school of Lagny,—the water being peculiarly pure and glassy during the summer season.

CHAPTER VII.

Pont d'Austerlitz—Jardin des Plantes—La Pitié—Halle aux Vins—Palais de l'Institut—Ecole des Beaux Arts—St. Germain l'Auxerrois—Halle aux Bles.

At the junction of the eastern Boulevart with the Seine lies the bridge of Austerlitz finished in 1807, by Beaupré and Lamandé, an elegant structure consisting of five arches of cast iron, upon piles of stone, which cost a sum of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Closely adjoining is the Jardin des Plantes, founded by Louis XIII., in 1635, at the suggestion of his two physicians, Hérouard and De la Brosse. Tournefort, Vaillant, Jussieu, and many other eminent naturalists contributed to the early prosperity of the institution; and in 1739 the great Buffon became its superintendent. In our own time, the name of Cuvier has imparted almost equal distinction to the appointment.

When the universities and other learned bodies were suppressed, during the reign of terror, it was apprehended that the name of Jardin du Roi would be fatal to the interests of natural history. But the populace, on being assured that the botanical garden was devoted to medicinal purposes and the laboratory to a saltpetre manufactory, satisfied themselves with declaring them national property.

Under the reign of Napoleon, the establishment was restored to more than its original importance; and immense additions were made to the collections of the museum, by purchase, as well as by right of foreign conquest.

The establishment of the Jardin des Plantes is under the control of the minister of the interior; and contains a botanical garden with superb conservatories, a gallery of anatomy, a series of collections illustrating the three grand departments of natural history, a gallery of botany, a menagerie of living animals, and a succession of laboratories and lecture-rooms for every branch of national science.

The menagerie was originally added to the Jardin du Roi on the removal of Louis XVI. from Versailles; when, the animals contained in the royal collection being neglected, it was proposed that shelter should be afforded to them in the Jardin des Plantes; a large portion of which was eventually disposed with enclosures and sheds for the purpose. Near them are steam conservatories for the reception of tropical plants. On a rising ground stands a fine cedar of Lebanon, the first grown in France, which was presented by Dr. Collinson in 1734; and the conical hill, on the side of which the tree is planted, commands a beautiful view of the city of Paris and the surrounding landscape. Two fine palm-trees, twenty-six feet high, which stand on either side the door of the botanical amphitheatre, were sent from Sicily to Louis XIV., a century ago.

The gallery or museum of natural history, is nearly 400 feet long, simple in its architecture, and three stories high. It contains an invaluable collection of minerals, arranged by Haüy; the unique geological collection arranged by Cuvier; a zoological collection, a botanical gallery, and a cabinet of comparative anatomy, also arranged by Baron Cuvier; the number of preparations amounting to nearly 14,000.

A fine library of 13,000 volumes completes the collection; which, as a museum of natural history, is admitted to be the finest and most

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comprehensive in the world. The funds are provided by the state; and whether as regards the professorships connected with it, or the number of pupils, the establishment was never in so high a state of prosperity as at the present moment.

Close at the rear of the Jardin des Plantes stands the public hospital of La Pitié, founded in 1612, and containing nine hundred beds: opposite to which is the Fontaine St. Victor, designed by Bernini, standing against an old tower of the fifteenth century, once inserted into the boundary wall of the abbey of St. Victor. The prison of St. Pélagie is in the immediate vicinity; occupying an old convent suppressed at the revolution.

Not far distant, on the Quai St. Bernard, is the Halle aux Vins, or wine market, the first stone of which was laid in 1813. It is divided into four streets, called Rue de Champagne, Rue de Bourdeaux, Rue de Bourgogne, and Rue de la Cote d'Or; and in the seven warehouses, adjoining the quay, are contained 400,000 casks of wine—1500 casks being frequently received into the market in the course of a day. Wines placed in this official depot pay no excise duties till sold.

Descending the river, and having passed the series of public monuments already described, the first object that presents itself on the southern shore, after the Pont Neuf, is the Hotel des Monnaies, or Mint, erected on the site of the Hotel de Conti in 1768; the plans being furnished by Antoine, and the first stone laid by the Abbé Terray, the minister of finance. The frontage, three stories high, is three hundred and sixty feet long and seventy-eight feet high, and presents a handsome appearance. The monetary collections of France are contained in a magnificent saloon; and in the different apartments of the eight courts into which the building is divided, the various operations of coining are carried on, as well as the verification and stamping of all the gold and silver articles made in the city.

The collection of medals is of great value and interest.

To the west of the Mint stands the Palais de l'Institut, once the Collége Mazarin, a structure which originally cost a sum of £100,000, and was endowed by Cardinal Mazarin for the education of the sons of sixty gentlemen of Roussillon, Alsace, Pignerol, and Flanders, provinces annexed to the crown under his administration. The meeting of the French institute takes place in a hall, formerly the chapel of the college; having a fine dome and portico, and in the vestibules, many marble statues of eminent men, such as Montaigne, D'Alembert, Racine, Pascal, Lafontaine, Montesquieu, and others.

The grand hall is fitted up with benches in a semicircular form, opposite to which, are the seats of the president and secretaries; and in the recesses formed by the ancient chapels, galleries for spectators. A fine library, consisting of one hundred thousand volumes, is annexed to the institute, in which stands the famous statue of Voltaire, executed by Pigalle. Into this library, which is peculiarly rich in scientific works, French and foreign, visitors must be introduced by order of a member of the institute, or the intelligent librarian, Monsieur Philarète Chasles. From the front of the institute, a footbridge called Le Pont des Arts leads to the opposite palace of the Louvre: which, when the bridge was finished, in 1804, was called Le Palais des Arts.

By turning from the Quai Voltaire, into the Rue des Petits Augustins, will be seen one of the most striking modern institutions of Paris,—l'Ecole des Beaux Arts,—founded in 1816, on the site of the ancient convent of Les Petits Augustins.

The school is divided into two grand classes, one of painting and sculpture, the other of architecture, and is superintended by numerous professors of the first order. Annual prizes are distributed by government to the pupils; those who achieve the grand premium being sent to Italy, to study three years at the national expense. An annual exhibition takes place of the works of the students, both in the school and at the academy at Rome.

The old buildings of the Petits Augustins were occupied under Napoleon by the museum of national monuments, preserved by Monsieur Lenoir from the wreck of the revolution. But on the restoration of the Bourbons, a decree was passed to replace those monuments in their original places in churches and elsewhere; and the site was then allotted to the present school. It was not, however, till after the revolution of July, that the works were carried on with any degree of spirit; and they have now been admirably completed, under the direction of Monsieur Duban.

An oblong court paved with marble is surrounded with buildings of three stories,—Tuscan, surmounted by Ionic, with an Italian attic, in the style of the fine palace on the Quai D'Orsay. The eastern front is adorned with a series of arcades and sculptured medallions, representing eminent masters; and the southern and northern sides are merely facades concealing the buildings of the old monastery. Perfectly detached stands one façade of the Chateau Gaillon, erected at the revival of the arts, by Cardinal d'Amboise; preserved by Lenoir, on the demolition of the chateau by the Bande Noire, and one of the few ornaments left unclaimed.

An entrance has been formed into the old chapel of the Petits Augustins by a portal of the Chateau d'Anet, built by Henri II. for Diana of Poitiers; and the interior of the chapel has been beautifully restored and embellished.

The main body of the edifice is divided into museums, galleries, and lecture rooms; the staircase being richly encrusted with marble and a variety of beautiful ornaments. The chapel is destined to contain copies of the works of Michael Angelo, and casts from the antique; and in one of the galleries is deposited the library of architecture, formerly kept at the Institute.

A series of curious antiquities is to be found in the various courts; and in the second a curious granite font, twelve feet in diameter though formed of a single block, and richly sculptured. This basin, which was brought from the Abbey of St. Denis, bears an inscription proving it to be the production of the thirteenth century.

On the opposite bank of the river to the Palace of the Institute, adjoining the palace of the Louvre, of which, when a royal residence, it was the Aulic Church, stands St. Germain l'Auxerrois, erected as part of a monastery in 998, by Robert, the founder of Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice.

A college or chapter was afterwards annexed to the establishment, which enjoyed high celebrity, till eclipsed by the Sorbonne; and existed till 1774, when with its privileges, it was transferred to the cathedral church.

While devoted to the use of the court of France, this church was the frequent object of royal munificence. At the revolution it escaped with little injury; but an unlucky attempt having been made by the Carlists, on the 13th of February, 1831, to celebrate a funeral mass there to the memory of the Duke of Berry, a popular commotion arose, and the whole contents of the fine old church were pillaged and destroyed.

On this occasion, the populace proceeded from St. Germain l'Auxerrois to level with the ground the residence of the Archbishop of Paris, adjoining Notre Dame. From that period, the church remained closed,—preserved from further popular injury by being declared the Mairie of the fourth arrondissement; but for some time afterwards it was sentenced to demolition, as lying in the line of the magnificent street projected from the Louvre to the Barrière du Trone; which would be the means of opening some of the most ruinous and impure portions of the old city. This plan has been probably since abandoned; for the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois is now in progress of reparation, as it must otherwise have fallen into ruins.

The cloisters formerly surrounding it, were famous for having witnessed the last hours of Gabrielle d'Estrées, who died, as it is supposed of poison, in the deanery; as well as for the death of Admiral Coligny, who was shot from a window of the house adjoining the deanery, immediately before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for which the tocsin of St. Germain gave the signal. The result of Etienne Marcel, in 1356, also originated in these cloisters.

The earliest portion of the original structure of St. Germain l'Auxerrois now existing is the western doorway, which is of the thirteenth century; but the present high altar was not built till 1612. A great portion of the church, which is cruciform, was built during the regency of the Duke of Bedford.

Not far from the church, toward the river, is the Place de l'Ecole, a small square containing an unsightly fountain; and in the adjoining street stands a curious old house, formerly the Hotel de Rohan Montbazon, inhabited by Admiral Coligny. In the Rue des Bourdonnais, at no great distance, is the ancient Hotel de la Tremouille, now a silk mercer's warehouse,—containing a beautiful Gothic tower and winding staircase, of the fourteenth century, which in 1363 belonged to the Duke of Orleans, brother to King John.

The square of the Chatelet is in the same neighbourhood, on the site of a court of justice and public prison, suppressed at the revolution. The buildings being destroyed in 1802, a fountain was in 1808 erected on the spot, after the design of Brulle, and in commemoration of the victories of Napoleon.

Proceeding from the Chatelet through the Rue de la Féronnerie, where, opposite to the house, No. 3, Henri IV. was assassinated by the hand of Ravaillac, it is easy to attain the Marché des Innocens, which contains another fountain of far greater beauty and higher interest; being designed by Pierre Lescot, and sculptured by Jean Goujon, in 1551. It was removed from the Rue aux Fers, where it originally stood, to the centre of the market, upon its creation on the site of the old churchyard of Les Innocens; which after the lapse of eight centuries had become, from the accumulation of human bodies, so great a

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nuisance to the neighbourhood that, in 1786, the remains were exhumed, and transferred to the catacombs.

A fourth side was added by Pajou at the time of removal, to complete the design. The fountain, which is forty-two feet high, is composed of four arches with Corinthian pilasters, supporting a vase, out of which the water falls in triple cascades, in addition to the streams issuing from the mouths of four recumbent lions, at the angles of the square basin forming the base.

In a curious old street adjoining the markets, the Rue de la Tonnellerie, is the house where Molière was born, in 1620;—his father being one of the court upholsterers.

In the same quarter stands the Halle aux Blés, a vast circular building, finished in 1767, after the designs of Le Camus, on the site of the ancient Hotel de Soissons, built by Catherine de Medicis;—the only remnant of which is a Doric column, erected by that queen in 1572, ninety-five feet high, and intended for astrological purposes. A sun-dial is now affixed to the shaft, which marks the hours at all seasons,—with a fountain issuing from the base.

The roof of the hall of the Halle aux Blés, considered a chef-d'œuvre, was constructed by Brunet in 1811, covering a space of one hundred and twenty-six feet in diameter.

The Bank of France stands in a neighbouring street, the Rue de la Vrilliere; for the duke of which name it was erected by the famous Mansart in 1720. It was afterwards inhabited by the Comte de Toulouse, whose fine gallery of pictures was destroyed at the revolution. The painted ceiling still exists; and under Napoleon, the whole was repaired and devoted to its present purpose.

The general post office, in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, a large unsightly edifice, was purchased by government from the family of D'Armenonville, in 1757; having been formerly the magnificent residence of the Duc d'Epernon.

The fine church of St. Eustache stands also in this neighbourhood, begun in 1532, and completed in the following century. This interesting structure is a remarkable specimen of the style of La Renaissance des Arts, or Italianised Elizabethan, the arches being pointed, and the shafts of the series of columns slender almost to absurdity. The effect, however condemnable the principle, is very striking. The church is three hundred and eighteen feet long, by one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, and ninety feet in height, the largest in Paris after Notre Dame; and contains some painted glass, and the marble tomb of Colbert; who, as well as the poet Voiture, and several other eminent historical personages, was buried in St. Eustache. The choir of this church is distinguished for the excellence of its music.

Returning to the river, and following the quays facing the long façade of the gallery of the Louvre, many noble residences will be found on the Quai Conti, besides innumerable interesting shops, exclusively devoted to objects of virtù. Among them, at No. 5, is the Hotel formerly inhabited by the celebrated Baron Denon, the traveller and antiquarian; and at No. 1, the former residence of the Marquis de Villette, where Voltaire expired, in a chamber which, for forty-seven years, was kept closed by the succeeding proprietors; a circumstance which gave rise to a thousand absurd rumours concerning this mysterious apartment.

Nearly opposite is an iron bridge of three arches, opened in 1834; and, further on, the Pont Royal, built by Mansart, in 1684, by order of Louis XIV.

It is four hundred and twenty-two feet in length, and was constructed with some difficulty, on account of the force of the current. The street to which it leads, in the Faubourg St. Germain, is still called the Rue du Bac, from the *bac*, or ferry-boat, in which the Seine was crossed to attain the Tuileries, previous to the erection of the Pont Royal.

From this bridge to that of La Concorde the river assumes a noble aspect; having on its northern shore the fine groves and gardens of the Tuileries; and on its southern, a succession of princely mansions, divided from the quay by gardens, their entrances being in the Rue de Lille.

The first of these is the Hotel Prasslin, with a noble terrace towards the river; divided from which by a vast but unsightly cavalry barrack, is one of the stateliest edifices of modern times, the Palais du Quai d' Orsay, commenced by Napoleon under the administration of the Duc de Cadore, and that period destined to become the residence of the minister for foreign affairs. It was left incomplete till the year 1830, when Charles X. allotted it for the triennial exhibition of the products of French industry; the temporary buildings for which never cost less to government than a sum of £12,000. But since the accession of Louis Philippe it has been gradually progressing towards completion, under the direction of Monsieur Lacornay.

This splendid pile consists of a vast quadrangle with two smaller courts adjoining, forming, with the surrounding building, wings to the centre. The river front presents a long series of windows under the arches of a Tuscan colonnade, surmounted by a similar series of the Ionic order, crowned by an attic in the Italian style.

The court is surrounded by galleries and arcades, also in the Italian style; the ceilings being richly gilt. Four splendid staircases conduct to the four grand suites of apartments, which are decorated in the richest and noblest manner, the galleries being inlaid with the different marbles of France. It is, in fact, considered of too gorgeous a nature to be appropriate to the official purposes for which it is destined.

A little further towards the palace of the Legion of Honour, formerly that of the Prince de Salm, for whom it was built in 1786; and upon whose execution, eight years afterwards, during the revolution, it was disposed of by lottery, and won by a coeffeur, who, in 1803, disposed of it to the imperial government for its present purpose. The entrance and court are handsome, decorated in the principal front with Corinthian columns; and towards the quay there is a fine saloon, in the form of a rotunda, the diameter of which is forty feet.

Along the quay stand the noble residences of the Dukes of La Trémouille, D'Havary, and others, as far as the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies, which fronts the Pont de la Concorde.

Here may be seen, in the bed of the river, one of the floating baths which contribute so much to the comfort and cleanliness of the French. Between the Pont Royal and Pont Neuf are innumerable others, among them the celebrated Bains Vigier; the wealthy proprietor of which is a member of the Chamber of Deputies. The price of these baths varies from one penny to ten; and the distribution is highly commodious. Attached to one or two of them are swimming schools. Above the bridge of La Concorde are numberless buttoirs de linge, or washerwomen's booths, which somewhat deteriorate from the charm of the river.

There is scarcely a stronger point of contrast between Paris and London than their respective rivers; the magnificent Thames, with all its commercial associations, presenting, perhaps, the most active thoroughfare of London; the Seine, navigable only for small craft,—woodcuts or wine barges from Burgundy,—or cargoes of corn, paving stones, or manufactured goods from Normandy,—exhibiting only a couple of diminutive steamboats, in place of the hundreds constantly in transit on the Thames and crowning its waters with a perpetual canopy of smoke.

The buildings of Paris are no where seen to better advantage than from the bridges. The view from the Pont Royal of the island, with the picturesque turrets of the Conciergerie and towers of Notre Dame, for instance, forms a beautiful picture; of which the atmosphere is as clear, and the waters as glassy, as if unconnected with a populous city. To a person newly arrived from London, the cloudless sky appears to have attained a sudden elevation. At the bridge of Austerlitz, the Seine is blue and limpid, from having received the waters of the Marne; and on the suspension bridge leading from the Champs Elysées to the Invalides, the rural landscape towards Passy, and the heights of Bellevue, afford as beautiful a termination at one extremity, as the domes and towers of the city at the other. Of the former, the most striking to the eye of a stranger are the gilt dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the fine cupola of the Pantheon, the domes of the church of the Assumption and hospital of Val de Grace, and the small cupola of the observatory. Of the latter, the noble Gothic tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, 156 feet in height, (of which the church was destroyed in the revolution, and a market erected on the site,) and the double towers of Notre Dame, are the most remarkable; but so few in number comparatively with our own metropolis, that the peaked roofs of the palace of the Tuileries and Hotel de Ville, and the lofty frontage of the church of St. Gervais, form prominent land-marks from many parts of the city.

The most advantageous points for viewing Paris from the surrounding heights, are the Rue Basse at Passy; the gardens of the interesting old abbey of Montmartre, where a telegraph is erected; the steps of the chapel in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and the Mount in the Jardin des Plantes.

The column of the Place Vendome, the towers of Notre Dame, the gallery of the domes of the Invalides and Pantheon, are also resorted to for the purpose, particularly by English travellers, who, as Jefferson Hogg, in his Tour in Switzerland, observes, have "an especial genius for knocking their heads against the sky."

CHAPTER X.

Pont de la Concorde—Palais Bourbon—Chamber of Deputies—Place de Louis XV.—Elysee Bourbon.

The bridge of Louis XVI., or Pont de la Concorde, was erected at the breaking out of the first revolution; fifty thousand pounds having been appropriated to its construction, which was completed in 1791. It is a handsome bridge, nearly five hundred feet in length; and a portion of the

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materials of the old Bastille were used in the building. For many years, twelve colossal statues of white marble graced the pedestals inserted at intervals along the parapets; but the effect of these being considered injurious, they have been removed to the courtyard of the National Museum at Versailles; being effigies of the worthies of France, by the first sculptors of the day.

At the extremity of this fine bridge stands the Chamber of Deputies, erected in 1722, for the duchess dowager of Bourbon, by an Italian named Girardini, and Massart. It afterwards fell into the hands of her grandson, the Prince de Condé; and though still incomplete at the breaking out of the revolution, had then cost upwards of a million sterling, and was one of the first mansions plundered by the populace. The council of five hundred appropriated it to their use in 1795,—followed by the Corps Legislatif; and during the imperial reign it was arranged and beautified to become the seat of the Chamber of Deputies.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Prince de Condé claimed it as his property; and for many years the point was disputed by the state; till, in 1829, it was decided that government, on payment of a certain sum to the prince, should retain possession of the part devoted to legislative purposes, which had been rebuilt at public expense. Very recently, the whole remaining portion, formerly inhabited by the unfortunate Duke of Bourbon, consisting of a beautiful pavilion encompassed with gardens, and opening to the Rue de l'Université, has been purchased of his heirs by government, and annexed to the palace of the Chamber of Deputies for the habitation of the president.

The private portion of the Palais Bourbon includes ten different courts, has stabling for two hundred and fifty horses; and the garden terrace extends to a length of fifteen hundred feet.

The interior of the Chamber of Deputies, is a semicircular hall, ornamented with twenty Ionic columns of white marble, with gilt capitals; the president's chair and tribune of the speaking member forming the centre of the axis of the semicircle. Allegorical statues by Pradier, Foyatier, and other modern sculptors, adorn the chamber; and in front of the tribune, or rostrum, is a bas relief in marble. The galleries for public accommodation contain five hundred persons; and in an upper gallery are seats for the reporters.

The seats of the deputies are amphitheatrically disposed, and reach the base of the columns; the whole being fitted up with green and gold, and a space left before each member to form a desk. The lower bench is appropriated half to the ministers of state, the other half to the functionaries of the chamber; and when about to speak, the member quits his place, and ascends the tribune commanding the whole assembly. Every deputy has his specific place, and retains it throughout the session. Singular agitation sometimes prevails in consequence of disputes for possession of the tribune, the decision resting with the president, who is continually ringing a little bell placed on the table before him, to enforce order and silence. The greater number of the deputies read their speeches; but a few of the leading lawyers in the chamber, as well as Monsieur Thiers, Monsieur de Traey, and other men of note, trust to their power of oratory, and acquire a proportionate influence over their auditors.

The lobbies and offices connected with the chamber are airy and commodious. In one of the anechambers is a fine statue of Mirabeau.

The library, which consists of forty-four thousand volumes, contains also some curious MSS., particularly those of Rousseau. The gallery in which these are deposited has a vaulted ceiling; and the English visiter will find there a complete series of the parliamentary reports and papers of our house of commons, which are regularly interchanged between the two governments.

Tickets of admission to the debates are readily obtained; and on occasion of any important question, the tribunes of the royal family and corps diplomatique are thronged with fashionable auditors of both sexes.

The northern front of the Chamber of Deputies, facing the bridge, is adorned with a suspendous portico built by Puget in 1804, at a cost of £70,000 sterling. In a breadth of one hundred feet, on the summit of a flight of twenty-nine handsome steps, it has twelve Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment enriched with an historical bas relief.

At the foot of the steps are colossal statues, upon pedestals eighteen feet high, of Justice and Prudence, as well as portrait statues of Sully and Colbert, and the Chancellors l'Hopital and D'Aguesseau. The portico, which is utterly incongruous with the building of which it forms the entrance, is now regarded as in false taste, though at one time much admired, and forming a striking feature viewed from the Place de Louis XV.

Of all the improvements effected of late years in the French metropolis, the reorganisation of this noble Place is the most imposing.

The Place de Louis XV. is an area of seven hundred and fifty feet by five hundred and twenty-eight; which, till the middle of the last century, consisted of a vacant plot of ground, dividing the Champs Elysées from the gardens of the Tuileries; impassable during the winter from the mud, —in summer from the dust.—By the year 1772 it was converted into an irregular square, after the designs of Gabriel, having fosses with stone balustrades, with pavilions placed octagonally. The original object was to place in the centre of the Place an equestrian bronze statue of Louis XV., voted by the city of Paris after the peace of Aix la Chapelle; which was destroyed with great difficulty by the populace on the 12th of August, 1792.

The Place de Louis XV. was then converted into the Place de la Révolution; a permanent guillotine being erected there, which served for the execution of the king and queen, and the greater part of the nobility of France.

A plaster colossal cast of Liberty then graced the centre of the Place; which, in 1800, gave way to a column announcing the name of the square to have been again changed into Place de la Concorde.

On the downfall of Napoleon, in 1815, it resumed its original designation of Place de Louis XV., which was again varied to Place de Louis XVI. on the accession of Charles X.

From that epoch till the year 1836, it remained in an unfinished state. But under the auspices of Louis Philippe, the whole area has now been admirably paved, and lighted by forty magnificent candelabra for gas: the fosses diminished in size and replanted; and the pavilions surmounted by colossal statues, representing the eight principal cities of France.

In the centre, subjected to so many successive projects, has been placed on a noble pedestal the obelisk of Luxor, an Egyptian monolithe of granite seventy-two feet in height; and on either side of this, divided by the carriage road and noble foot terraces of asphaltic pavement, two noble fountains, embellished with allegorical bronze figures of river gods, which throw up superb jets of water, in addition to the copious stream falling from a reversed patera into a second basin.

The brilliancy and beauty of the Place de Louis XV., when on a summer afternoon these fine fountains are playing, hundreds of persons promenading on the terraces, and innumerable handsome equipages proceeding towards the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, form one of the most striking pictures of metropolitan luxury that can well be imagined.

The objects surrounding the Place de Louis XV. are of the noblest nature;—on two sides, the groves of the Tuileries and Champs Elysées, having at the entrance of the latter two lofty pedestals surmounted by restive horses checked by a groom—the work of Coustou and formerly adorning the palace of Marly,—with corresponding groups at the entrance of the Tuileries gardens while on the opposite bank of the Seine are seen the fine portico of the Chamber of Deputies, the dome of the Invalides, and a line of noble mansions; and on the corresponding side, the two magnificent structures of the Garde Meuble or Admiralty, with their Corinthian façades, in which Gabriel attempted to rival the colonnade of the Louvre. Between these, at the extremity of the noble Rue Royale, is discovered the noble front of the Madeleine—the Parthenon of modern Europe.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer assemblage of architectural or national monuments; and the entrance into Paris from Neuilly may be pronounced the most majestic approach to any capital in the world.

It was in the Rue Royale, adjoining the Place, that, on occasion of the public rejoicings for the marriage of Louis XVI, with Marie Antoinette in May 1770, three thousand persons were trampled to death;—chiefly from the obstructions produced by the unfinished state of the streets and structures connecting the quays with the Boulevards. This terrible event, and the destruction of two thousand eight hundred persons by the guillotine on the same spot, associates a melancholy impression with the splendours of the otherwise brilliant and imposing Place de Louis XV.

At the corner of the Place de Louis XV. is a fine Hotel, now occupied by the Ottoman embassy, forming the residence of Grimod de la Reyniere, author of the celebrated Almanac des Gourmands; a small café, opening externally under the terrace of which occupies a vaulted chamber, said to have been built as a refuge for the former proprietor during thunder-storms, of which he was much in awe.

At the other extremity is the Hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, occupied for many years by Prince Talleyrand, and purchased at his death for about £180,000 by the Rothschild family. It is now let in apartments to different families; among others, to a legitimate successor of the prince in the person of the Princess Lieven, whose society comprises nearly the same personages that figured in the salon of the Machiavel of the age. Between these two mansions, forming part of the fine structure erroneously known

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by the name of the Garde Meuble, is the Hotel of the Duc de Crillon.

At the further extremity of the Faubourg St. Honoré stands the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, inhabited by Napoleon after his return from the island of Elba; and in 1814 and 1815, by the Emperor Alexander and the Duke of Wellington.

This fine mansion, erected in 1718, after the plans of Molet for the Comte d'Evreux, was purchased fifty years afterwards by Louis XV. for Madame de Pompadour, and re-purchased after her death from her brother the Marquis de Marigny, as a residence for ambassadors extraordinary during their sojourn in Paris.

In 1773 it fell into the hands of Beaujon the fermier general, by whom it was fitted up in the most gorgeous manner; and, after his death, was bought by the Duchesse de Bourbon, who resided there till the revolution.

During the ten following years, being national property, it was used for public offairs, chiefly to contain the printing offices for government papers,—the Imprimerie Royale being partly destroyed. On its reorganisation, the Elysée was opened as a place of public entertainment; but having been purchased in 1804 by Murat, became the residence of the sister of Napoleon till, on their nomination to be king and queen of Naples it was bought by Napoleon, with whom, on account of the privacy of the gardens for daily exercise, it was a favourite residence.

It was again his fortune to reside there during the period of the Cent Jours; and in 1816, the Elysée Bourbon was bestowed by Louis XVIII. on his nephew the Duc de Berri, who lived there till his assassination, when his royal widow and children removed to the palace of the Tuileries.

The palace is still crown property; but having been stripped of its furniture by the sale of the property of the Duc de Bourdeaux, is in so wretched a condition, that the sum of £50,000 is the estimate for placing it in a habitable state.

The apartments are interesting from their historical associations, as well as from some curious fresco paintings in the worst taste, by Dubois, the figures by Vernet, representing the chateau of Dusseldorf and Neuilly, then occupied by Murat.

In a small apartment, now called a chapel, was the Depot of imperial maps, where Napoleon is said to have traced the plans of his campaigns. The gardens are laid out with shrubberies in the English style; but the spot has a deserted and melancholy aspect.

CHAPTER XI.

The Champs Elysées—Quartier Beaujon—Arc de l'Etoile—Champ de Mars—Ecole Militaire—Hotel des Invalides.

The Champs Elysées were created in 1616, by Marie de Medicis, during the minority of Louis XIII.; who, having purchased the tract of ground lying between the extremity of the gardens of the Tuileries and the river, caused it to be planted in avenues, and surrounded by a fence with iron gates, with a view of affording exclusive recreation to the court. It then bore the name of Cours la Reine, which the road nearest to the Seine still retains.

In 1670, a considerable addition was made to the ground, under the ministry of Colbert, who purchased the portion adjoining the village of La Roule, and laid it out with plantations and grass-plots. This new promenade was called Le Grand Cours, to distinguish it from that of the queen.

It was not till the reign of Louis XV., when his mistress Madame de Pompadour became proprietress of the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, which from the extremity of the Faubourg St. Honoré overlooks the Champs Elysées, that considerable alterations were made there. A portion of the ground was annexed to her house as a garden; while the remainder assumed its present designation. At her suggestion, the plantations of Colbert, which impeded the view from her house, were cut down; but at her death, in 1764, the ground was replanted in its present form, and a number of cafés and other buildings erected. Towards the new Barrière de l'Etoile the ground was considerably lowered, so as to afford a more agreeable view from the palace of the Tuileries; and at that period the Champs Elysées became the fashionable promenade which it has ever since remained.

The length, from the Place de Louis XV. to the Arc de l'Etoile, is a mile and a quarter; the grand avenue being in a direct line from the central pavilion of the palace to the bridge of Neuilly, through the arch. The extreme breadth of the Champs Elysées is seven hundred yards; but the eastern boundary is not much more than half that extent.

During the occupation of the allies in 1814, a Cossack camp was formed on this spot. The succeeding year, the English troops were encamped there; and considerable injury was necessarily sustained by the plantations. Three years afterwards, all was repaired, and great improvements effected; among others, an opening was made towards the front of the noble Hotel des Invalides; and the roads, which are still far from good, were amended by drainage.

Two large squares on either side are left clear for military evolutions—they are constantly taking place in the carrés during the summer season; and on occasions of public rejoicing, military spectacles are exhibited to the soldiery on the same spot.

In the Avenue de Marigny, and on the side bounded by the Faubourg St. Honoré, stand many of the noblest residences in Paris; among others, the Hotel Borghese, now the property of the British embassy, the Hotels of the Duc d'Albufera, the Marchioness de Pontalba, the Duc de Stacpole, Monsieur Delmar, the Duc de Saulx; and nearer to the Faubourg du Roule, the charming residence of the Comte de Flahault, the scene of some remarkable diplomatic fêtes during the empire.

On the opposite side, adjoining Chaillot, is the Hotel Marbeuf,—and to the right, nearly on the summit of the ascent, a new quarter called the Quartier Beaujon, created on the site of the hotel and gardens of the famous financier Beaujon, the founder of the hospital and chapel bearing his name, in the adjoining Faubourg du Roule. These gardens were open to the public at the period of the occupation of Paris by the allies; and it was there the Montagnes Russes, a dangerous amusement afterwards suppressed by government, and pleasantly described in Moore's "Fudge Family in Paris," were first established. This quarter is chiefly occupied by villas and boarding schools. The royal stables are situated in a handsome structure in the Rue des Ecuries d'Artois, adjoining the Champs Elysées.

Half way up the central road, or Avenue de Neuilly, is the Rond Pont,—destined at various periods to receive a variety of embellishments, and where a fountain is about to be erected. Near this spot are a variety of cafés and guinguettes, devoted to the pleasures of the people; among others, the vast Salle de Mars. Of late years, a temporary equestrian circus has been erected there every summer, capable of holding two thousand persons, where the troop of Franconi performs nightly. There are also two public concerts in the open air; the gardens of the Chatelet, and the Concert d'Eté, the performances in which are highly meritorious. Minor exhibitions of tumblers, conjurors, and dancing-dogs, abound on every side; and the whole promenade of the Champs Elysées, throughout the summer months, exhibits a perpetual fair. On occasions of public illumination for the fêtes of July, or royal birth-days, nothing can exceed the beauty of the Champs Elysées. Early in the spring, the drive is resorted to by the fashionable world every afternoon, in the same manner as the Ring in Hyde Park; possessing over the Bois de Boulogne the advantage of being regularly watered. During the summer, it is frequented by the same order of persons from dinner-time till dark, the usual dining hour of the Parisians being six o'clock. On these occasions the show of equipages is very brilliant, though on the average greatly inferior to those of our own country.

On the two days preceding Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday, occurs what is called the promenade de Longchamp, from the name of an abbey in the Bois de Boulogne celebrated during the last century for the beauty of its church music, to which the fashionable world used to repair to hear the office of Les Ténèbres chanted by the opera chorus. Though the abbey was abolished at the revolution, the custom of repairing to Longchamp in Passion Week had taken such deep root, as a means of displaying the spring fashions, and new equipages of the beauties of the day, that it still prevails, though the motive has ceased to exist. It may be observed, however, on every successive year, probably owing to the uncertainty of the weather at that early season, that there are more gendarmes to keep order in the throng, and pedestrian spectators, than carriages in the drive. The spring fashions and colours in Paris are proverbially determined by les Modes de Longchamp.

Nearly opposite the Rond Pont is a desolate-looking avenue leading to the river, called l'Allée des Veuves; having been used for the airings of the widows of the fashionable world, at a period when it was considered indecent for persons in very deep mourning to appear in the brilliant avenue of the Champs Elysées.

A little further on, is a new quarter called Le Quartier de François I. from a curious villa erected there; the façade of which was constructed and sculptured for that monarch by Jean Goujon, and brought from Moret, near Fontainebleau.

But the grand ornament of the Champs Elysées is the noble triumphal arch at the entrance of the Barrière de l'Etoile, recently completed. This noble monument was first devised by Napoleon, and a decree passed for its erection, in February, 1806. One of the architects selected to form the design, M. Chalgrin, unfortunately died during the early progress of the work; the first stone having been laid by a simple workman in August, 1806, on the emperor's birthday, during the administration of the Duc de

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Cadore. The foundations of stone for this enormous superstructure were laid to the depth of twenty-five feet below the surface.

A temporary arch of wood and canvas was erected on the spot in honour of the nuptials of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, the imperial bride making her triumphal entry into the capital under an arch formed according to the original design. The works were thenceforward entrusted to M. Goust; but being abandoned on the downfall of the emperor, they remained ten years inactive.

After the Spanish campaign of the Duc d'Angoulême, in 1823, it was resolved to complete the Arc de l'Etoile in honour of his victories; and by 1828, considerable progress had been made under the direction of Monsieur Hugot.

In 1832, the works were resumed under the auspices of the new government; and the whole having been submitted to the superintendence of M. Blouet, commissions were given for the sculptures intended to complete this magnificent monument, which, from first to last, has cost £400,000 sterling.

The extreme height of the Arc de l'Etoile is one hundred and fifty-two feet, by one hundred and thirty-seven of breadth, and sixty-eight of depth. The elevation of the centre arch is ninety feet by forty-five; the transversal arches of the piers being fifty-seven feet by twenty-five.

The arch faces towards Paris on one side, towards Neuilly on the other; the piers on either side being ornamented by projecting pedestals, supporting colossal groups of sculpture. A bold cornice forms the impost of the main arch; and in the spaces between this and the frieze are compartments adorned with fine alto reliefs.

The attic has also a rich cornice and entablature; and under the piers of the grand arch are inscribed the names of all the victories of Napoleon; under the transversal ones, the names of the generals who tended to their achievement.

Of the four groups of sculpture gracing the piers, of which each figure is in the proportion of eighteen feet, the northern one, executed by Rude, and generally considered the best, represents the departure of the army in 1792. The southern one of the same front by Cortot, represents the triumph of Napoleon in 1810. On the western front, both groups are by Etex; the one representing the resistance of the French against the allied army in 1814; the other, the peace concluded in 1815.

The alto reliefs are by Seurre, Lemaire, Fouchere, Chaponnière, Marochetti, and Goethe; representing the passage of the bridge of Arcola, the taking of Alexandria, the death of General Marceau, the battle of Jemappes, and the battle of Austerlitz; and these are considered more meritorious, in point of spirit and execution, than the larger groups.

Of the ninety-six victories, the names of which are inscribed under the grand arch, a few will strike the English spectator with surprise as being usually claimed by the British army; among others, the battle of Toulouse.

In each of the piers is a staircase, leading to a suite of vaulted rooms in the interior of the monument, over the arch; and from the platform on the summit of these, nothing can exceed the magnificence of the view over Paris and the environs. The concierge is an old soldier of the empire.

The arch, situated on a lofty platform of considerable extent, is viewed to advantage on all sides, and forms a conspicuous object for many miles round. It is surrounded by a circular area, with handsome bronze posts and chains, well lighted at night with gas lamps.

On the southern bank of the Seine, opposite to the Champs Elysées, are two of the most striking monuments connected with the military interests of France; the Champ de Mars, and the Hotel des Invalides.

The Champ de Mars is a vast area, two thousand seven hundred feet by one thousand three hundred and twenty in extent, fenced by a fosse and surrounded by a belt of trees. This spot is destined to military exercises for the garrison of Paris; and in May and September, the Paris races, under the patronage of government, take place on four successive Sundays.

The most remarkable purpose, however, to which the Champ de Mars has been devoted, was the Fête de la Fédération in July, 1790; when the present embankments were formed by the gratuitous labours of sixty thousand persons.

It was then that the celebrated chorus of "*ça ira*" was composed for the encouragement of the labourers; and on the altar of La Patrie, erected in front of the Ecole Militaire, Louis XVI. took the oath to maintain the new constitution imposed upon him by the revolutionists.

Immediately after the return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, previous to the Waterloo campaign, a Champ de Mai was held in his presence on the same spot: and it was there also that Louis Philippe distributed their standards to the National Guard, after the revolution of July.

At the southern extremity of the Champ de Mars, fronting the Seine, stands the noble building of the Ecole Militaire, now used as barracks; but destined by Louis XV., by whom it was erected in 1752, for the gratuitous education of five hundred young men of noble birth, whose families were connected with military life. Foreigners were admissible, on paying about one hundred pounds entrance.

The structure, which was built after the designs of Gabriel, and took ten years for the completion, is composed of two handsome courts; one front having a gallery enriched with Doric columns, while the grand front unites on the three stories the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; the central projection having ten handsome Corinthian columns;—on the pediment over which is a fine clock by Lepaute, supported by allegorical figures.

The interior is nobly distributed,—having a superb chapel, the roof of which is supported by twenty Corinthian columns, a fine hall, and a Salle de Conseil, adorned with military trophies. The interior was, however, ravaged during the revolution, and the paintings destroyed.

An observatory attached to the school in 1768, by the Duke of Choiseul, for the famous Lalande, still exists, but is of no great importance.

The Ecole Militaire, which was very unpopular as an aristocratic institution, was suppressed by a decree of the council, immediately previous to the assembly of the States General; and the buildings were destined to be converted into a public hospital supplementary to the Hotel Dieu. During the revolution, however, they were used for cavalry barracks; and having been completely restored under Napoleon, were organised for the same purpose, to which they have ever since been devoted.

In the Champ de Mars were deposited, in several different pits, a considerable proportion of the bodies of the victims of July, which were transferred thither by night in barges. Small enclosures, bearing the tricoloured flag, mark the spot of their interment.

Immediately opposite to the noble front of the Ecole Militaire is the bridge of Jena,—commenced in 1806, and finished in 1813, under the imperial auspices, after the designs of Dillon. It is nearly five hundred feet long, and has five semicircular arches; being the first formed in the metropolis on a horizontal line. The general architecture of the Bridge of Jena is both simple and noble, a miniature of Waterloo Bridge.

The name of "Jena," a victory gained by the French over the armies of Prussia in October, 1806, rendering it obnoxious to the Prussians, they were on the point of blowing up the bridge when in possession of Paris in 1814. After many negotiations between the Council and Marshal Blucher, it was agreed that the bridge should be spared, on certain concessions; among which, was the change of its name into Pont des Invalides. By the present government, however, the original name, which had been constantly in use among the people, has been restored.

On the northern shore, opposite to the bridge of Jena, plantations were made and foundations laid by Napoleon for a palace of marble, intended to be erected for the King of Rome, on the site of the old convent of the Dames de St. Marie.

The Hotel des Invalides stands at the north-western extremity of the Faubourg St. Germain, fronting the river and the Champs Elysées; being a college for the decayed military of the French nation.

The first military hospital founded in Paris was by Henri IV. in 1596; who devoted to this purpose a secularised monastery in the Faubourg St. Marcel. This being found inadequate, the institution was removed by his son, Louis XIII., to the old episcopal chateau of Bicêtre near Paris: nor was it till the reign of Louis XIV., and at the instigation of his minister, Louvois, that the present magnificent establishment was projected. By the year 1706 the whole was completed.

The second church, with its magnificent dome, was afterwards added by Mansart, for the purpose of military thanksgivings.

The Hotel des Invalides has fifteen courts, and covers sixteen acres of ground. The governor is a marshal of France, with other general officers as sub-commandants; the corps of officers, inmates of the establishment, amounting to two hundred, and the soldiers to four thousand men. The buildings, however, are calculated to contain seven thousand invalids. The governor, who is in possession of seventy-one rooms, has a stipend of £1600 per annum. Every soldier, after thirty years' service, or if disabled by wounds, is entitled to the benefits of the institution, which is under the control of the minister of war.

The frontage of the Hotel measures six hundred and twelve feet, the centre being decorated with Ionic pilasters, supporting an arch, under which is an equestrian portrait of Louis XIV. in bas relief; bearing the inscription—

Ludovicus Magnus,
Militibus regali munificentia
In perpetuum providens,
Has ædes posuit
An. M.DC.LXXV.

The principal court yard is surrounded with handsome buildings, having well-proportioned arcades and galleries, and measuring three hundred and twelve feet by a hundred and ninety-

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two. The four refectories are spacious, each being a hundred and fifty feet long; and the kitchens are especially deserving notice. Among other gigantic cooking utensils are two coppers, calculated to cook twelve hundred pounds of meat each,—being the daily consumption of the establishment, when full.

The library, presented by Napoleon, contains twenty thousand volumes; and in the adjoining council chamber is an ill-executed collection of portraits of the marshals of France, removed in succession from the Salle des Maréchaux at the palace of the Tuileries.

The Church of the Invalides is divided into two portions, the Eglise Ancienne and the Dome; the first consisting of a nave, with side aisles supporting a gallery that rises behind the arches of the central part, which rest upon Corinthian pilasters. Above the cornice are arched windows,—the light from which falls upon the banners ranged along the church. This nave is two hundred and ten feet long, by seventy-two feet broad, and sixty-six feet high; and in the time of Napoleon boasted three thousand flags, conquered by the French on the field of battle! Previous to the entrance of the allies into Paris, in 1814, the Duc de Feltre, minister of war, caused these trophies to be burned, and the sword of Frederick the Great, deposited at the Invalides, to be broken, rather than have them re-conquered by the enemy. Great opposition, however, was made to the execution of this order by the Invalids.

The flags now adorning the church consist of two English flags, and a considerable number of Spanish, Portuguese, and Algerine standards. In the nave are monuments to the memory of one or two governors of the Invalides; the Comte de Guibert, who died in 1786, and the Duc de Coigny, who died in 1822.

A Lady Chapel has been recently formed opposite to the pulpit, which is of white marble, with gilt ornaments; and a superb metallic balustrade rails off a portion of the nave to form a choir. The high altar consists of a splendid canopy supported by Corinthian pillars, situated at the junction of the two churches, and serving for both.

The second church, added by Mansart, consists of a rotunda surmounted by a dome, rising from a square hall, a hundred and thirty-eight feet in length. The total height is three hundred and twenty-three feet, from the pavement to the summit of the cross; the former being a chef d'œuvre of art, inlaid with different coloured marbles in fleur de lys, cyphers, and the Cordon of the St. Esprit. This pavement was about to be torn up by the revolutionary mob, in 1793, as containing emblems of the Bourbons; and was preserved only by the presence of mind which suggested that "the lillies of France could not be better placed than where they might be trodden under foot by all good patriots." The high altar, which was at that time completely demolished, was restored by Boischard during the reign of Napoleon, and is very magnificent. There are six lateral chapels to the dome, embellished with pictures by Coypel and Bon Boulogne,—a monument by Lebrun to Marshal Turenne, and another to Vauban, the great military engineer.

The exterior of the dome of the Invalides is very imposing. The tower is surrounded by forty composite columns in pairs, with buttresses at the four points corresponding with the angles of the lower story, surmounted by an attic with circular headed windows, from which springs the graceful curve of the dome,—ribbed into twelve compartments, and adorned with military trophies, which, as well as the ribs, are richly gilt. A lantern, surmounted by a spire and globe with a cross, also gilt, rises above the dome, which is of wood covered with lead, the two outward domes being of stone.

The southern front of the dome of the Invalides is adorned with a handsome Corinthian portico, with allegorical statues placed in front of the pilasters of the upper story.

A new interest has within the last year been attached to the church of the Invalides, from the consignment of the remains of Napoleon to this their well-merited resting place.

The bodies of Mortier, Duc de Trevise, and the rest of the victims of the attempt of Fieschi on the life of Louis Philippe in July, 1835, are also deposited in a vault under the dome.

After visiting the Hotel des Invalides, an appropriate excursion may be made into the adjoining Faubourg St. Germain, to inspect the Musée d'Artillerie, established in an ancient convent of Jacobins adjoining St. Thomas d'Aquin.

This national collection of armoury was commenced during the empire, from the confiscated spoils of the royal palaces, the Chateaux of Chantilly, Sedan, and others; and was soon splendidly enriched by the spoils of the imperial arms.

It was nearly destroyed by the Allies in 1814; and in 1815, the Prussians carried off five hundred and eighty chests of arms.

The museum is, however, still rich in valuable and highly interesting objects, disposed in five galleries; one to contain suits of ancient armour, the others modern arms and models of the machines and instruments in use for military service.

Among the curious relics of ancient armour, is the cuirass of the great Condé, the helmet of the Connétable de Montmorenci, the armour and arms of Henri IV., Bayard, Turenne, Crillon, Mazarin, Biron, and other eminent generals. The armour of Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, Charles VII., Joan of Arc, Charles le Téméraire; the sword worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia; and the beautiful suit of Venetian armour presented by that republic to Louis XIV. in 1688. The poignard with which Henri IV. was assassinated by Ravaillac, is also among the curiosities of the museum.

The armoury is admirably arranged. An equestrian figure of Francis I., in order of battle, graces one of the galleries. The adjoining church of St. Thomas d'Aquin is the fashionable church of the Faubourg St. Germain, as belonging to the parish containing the greatest number of residences of the old nobility. It is celebrated for the excellence of its preaching and beauty of its music; and was built early in the last century after the design of Bullet. The interior, one hundred and thirty-two feet long by seventy-two high, is adorned with Corinthian pilasters; and a few good pictures are to be found in the aisles.

CHAPTER XII.

Private Hôtels of the Nobility—L'Abbaye—St. Germain des Près—St. Etienne du Mont—Scottish College—Tomb of James II.—Pantheon or St. Geneviève—Gobelins—St. Sulpice.

Among the fine Hotels of the aristocracy to be found in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas d'Aquin, are the residences of the ministers for the home department, commerce, and public instruction;—the Hotel de Galifet, built in 1785, after the designs of Legrand, and long occupied by ministers of state, as well as by the Duke of Northumberland during his residence at Paris, as ambassador extraordinary for the coronation of Charles X.;—the celebrated convent of Panthémont, now a cavalry barrack; the Hotel de Luynes, the Hotel de Grammont, the Hotel de Valentinois, the Hotel inhabited by Cambacérès, the scene under Napoleon of magnificent entertainments; the Hotel de Biron, now the extensive convent of the Sacré Cœur, the Hotel Penthièvre, the property of Madame Adelaide, inhabited by a rich American, and having the chapel for the celebration of divine service in the American form closely adjoining; the Hotel de Chatillon, built by Mansart, now a convent of Sœurs de Charité; the Abbaye aux Bois, a religious community into which secular boarders are admitted, among others the celebrated Madame Recamier; the Hotel d'Eckmuhl, where Marshal Davoust, created prince of that name, died in 1823, long occupied by Count Appony the Austrian ambassador; the Hotel de Chatelet, and many others of great extent and magnificence.

Of these ancient Hotels, erected at a period when the territory was so much less valuable, the chief characteristic is their detachment from the noise of the street,—being uniformly situated entre cour et jardin, with a spacious courtyard in front, and a garden behind, as in Devonshire and Burlington Houses in Piccadilly, which appear to have been constructed on the model of the Parisian Hotels. The consequence is that the streets containing the greatest number of fine residences, such as the Rue de Grenelle and Rue de l'Université in the Faubourg St. Germain, or the Rue d' Anjou St. Honoré, present to the passengers an ugly series of portes cocheres: and it is only when these are accidentally left open by the concierge, that the mansion, with its portico or striped awnings, becomes perceptible to eyes profane.

In the new quarters of the town, on the contrary, the ground is so precious that the greatest economy of space is observed. Gardens are a luxury unthought of; and instead of a courtyard in front, the mansions themselves face the street, having mean inner courts insufficient to afford turning room for a carriage. This is especially the case in the new district near the Madeleine, built upon the site of the old chantiers or wood-yards; as well as in the quarter which calls itself the New Athens, in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette. The detached residences of the Place St. Georges, more particularly an elegant residence belonging to Mr. Welles, the American banker, are built on the model of English villas.

The hotel now belonging to Count Duchatel, the minister, in the Rue de Varennes, formerly the property of the eccentric Seguin and renowned as the scene of his mad exploits, may be cited as a favourable specimen of a modern Parisian mansion. The gallery, of which the floor is inlaid with highly polished foreign woods, and the walls painted with arabesques and medallions in the style of the Renaissance, is remarkable for the tastefulness of its decorations.

A new house in the Rue Vanneau is noticeable for its fanciful façade of the same school; and a café on the Boulevart Italien, and several houses at the other extremity of the Boulevarts, besides the new residences adjoining the Rue Neuve du

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Luxembourg, may be cited for the rich carvings in stone which adorn their frontage.

In the Faubourg St. Germain, are numberless hospitals and charitable endowments of the highest interest; such as the Val de Grace, a military hospital, the dome of whose church was painted by Mignard; the Enfans Trouvés, in the old convent of the Prêtres de l'Oratoire; the Maternité, in the ancient abbey of Port Royal; the hospital for sick children, an admirable institution; the hospital of La Salpêtrière, partly devoted to necessitous, partly to insane persons; the Hospice des Ménages, for the reception of decayed families; and various others.

The military prison of the Abbaye, so celebrated for the horrible scenes which occurred there during the reign of terror, usually attracts the foreign visiter. This was originally a prison attached to the wealthy Abbaye of St. Germain des Pres; the church of which, nearly adjoining, must not be passed over without notice.

Founded in 550 by Childebert, the son of Clovis, to contain certain reliques which he had brought from Spain, the estates with which the abbey was endowed extended from the petit pont of Paris to the village of Sevres. The building, erected on the site of a Roman temple, was sacked and destroyed by the Normans in the eighth and ninth centuries, and the rebuilding of the present church was not commenced till the eleventh century.

From the time of its consecration till the seventeenth century, no material changes were made; but in 1643, a stone vaulting was substituted for the wooden one originally covering the choir, and the tomb of Childebert, since removed to St. Denis, was placed in the centre of the church.

The abbey was surrounded by mosted walls and turrets, like that of St. Martin; and the abbots were usually nominated by the king from some noble house. Casimir, king of Poland, was abbot of St. Germain des Pres, after the abdication of his crown in 1668. A tomb whereon the monarch is represented making a votive offering of his crown, is one of the chief ornaments of the church; which also contains fine monuments of the Duke of Douglas, and the Earl of Douglas and Angus, of the 17th century; besides the graves of Descartes, Montfaucon, Mabillon, and a cenotaph to the memory of Boileau. The learned Montfaucon and Mabillon belonged to the fraternity of St. Germain.

The church is cruciform, and though from the various periods of its erection, necessarily discordant, is a highly interesting monument. The modern high altar is rich and beautiful; and the aisles contain a few good pictures. It is two hundred feet long by sixty-five broad, and sixty high, and many of the grotesque capitals of the ancient columns are unique both for design and execution. The enormous privileges of the abbey were curtailed in 1674; and the establishment having been altogether suppressed at the revolution, a saltpetre manufactory was set up in the buildings, by the explosion of which the library and refectory were destroyed, and the church much injured; two towers being totally overthrown. The abbot's residence, an unsightly brick building erected by the Abbot Cardinal de Bourbon in 1586, still exists to the east of the church,—as well as the ancient prison, or Abbaye.

St. Germain des Prés being in a ruinous condition, was repaired by order of Charles X.; and the works were completed by Louis Philippe, in 1836.

At the eastern extremity of the Faubourg St. Germain stands another highly interesting church, the beautiful structure of St. Etienne du Mont, formerly a chapel to the abbey of St. Genevieve; and, till the seventeenth century, in order to evade the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Paris, only approachable through the small church of St. Genevieve, though parochial from the reign of Philip Augustus.

Few of the older portions of the edifice remain;—the new church founded upon them was consecrated in the year 1626; the first stone of the portal being laid in 1610 by queen Margaret de Valois. The church is cruciform, and built in the mixed Italian style; the chief peculiarity being the height of the aisles as compared with the rest of the building.

Separating the choir from the nave is a magnificent screen, having round the pillars of entrance two spiral staircases of exquisite lightness, with balustrades of pierced stone-work of unequaled beauty. A pendent key-stone, twelve feet deep, supported by iron-work, ornaments the vaulting of the cross.

The church of St. Etienne du Mont is rich in miscellaneous ornaments: among other curious objects, it contains in the chapel of St. Genevieve an ancient tomb, said to have originally contained the body of that saint, and much visited by pious persons. Tapers are constantly burning there, at the cost of votaries of the patron of the city of Paris. A tablet near this tomb, to the memory of Racine, bears an inscription written by Boileau. There is also a monument to Pascal, who was buried here, as well as Perrault the architect, Tournefort the botanist, and Lesueur the painter. Innumerable views of the interior of this church have been painted by the artists of the day; and St. Etienne du Mont afforded a few years ago a striking subject to the London Diorama.

In the Rue du Fossés St. Victor, near to this church, is the Scottish college, founded by David, Bishop of Moray, in 1325, and re-founded by Beatoun, Archbishop of Gloucester, in 1613. It was rebuilt by Robert Barclay in 1665.

Suppressed at the revolution, the college is now a seminary; the endowment being under the control of an administrator, named by the minister of public instruction. In the chapel, which has no architectural merit, are several monuments interesting to English travellers; one to the Duke of Perth, erected by James II., of whose son, the Pretender, he was governor; another, over the heart of Mary Gordon of Huntley, his duchess; and several other monuments, to the Duchess of Tyrconnel, to two succeeding Dukes of Perth, Caryl Lord Dunford, Sir Patrick Monteith, and many other Scottish and Irish Catholics. It is recorded that the MSS. of James II., confided by that king to the custody of the college, as mentioned in the inscription on his tomb at St. Germain en Laye, were destroyed during the revolution.

Considerable doubts exist as to the real place of sepulture of the abdicated monarch; and though a cenotaph was erected to his memory by King George IV. at St. Germain, as his parochial church, it is generally believed that he was buried in the chapel of the English Benedictines in the Rue St. Jacques du Haut Pas, which is now a cotton manufactory. By his last will, James II. bequeathed his heart and bowels to the Scottish college.

Adjoining this college is the English convent; the chapel of which contains a few English tombs of no importance. It is of the Augustine order, and devoted to educational purposes. The celebrated Madame Dudevant (George Sand), was at one time among the boarders.

The Irish College, a handsome quadrangular edifice, stands in the same quarter, and is in a flourishing condition. Several Irish persons of consideration are interred in the chapel, which was built in 1780, after a simple plan by Bellanger.

In this quarter stands the unfinished but noble church of the Pantheon, or St. Genevieve, built by Louis XV. at the instigation of Madame de Pompadour on the ruins of the old church of St. Genevieve, founded by Clovis near his palace, in which the body of St. Genevieve was afterwards deposited.

The design was made by Soufflot, the cost raised by a lottery, and the first stone laid in February 1764, by the king. The design is that of a Greek cross; the dome crowning the centre being supported on twelve Corinthian columns, on inadequate to the purpose that they have been replaced by solid buttresses, at variance with the original design. The height of the nave is eighty feet; and the dome, sixty-two feet in diameter, is two hundred and eighty-two feet high, springing from a circular gallery surrounded by thirty-two Corinthian columns. The interior of this dome is painted by Gros, who received four thousand pounds for the work, and was created a baron by Charles X. when he made a state visit to the church; but who finally fell a victim to the disappointment of his ambition as an artist.

The piers supporting the dome are now disfigured by tablets recording the names of those who fell in the revolution of July. This church has been in fact too often the vehicle of demonstrating political changes. During the first revolution, it was ornamented with a variety of reliefs illustrative of philosophical subjects, preparatory to being converted into a Pantheon, or rather mausoleum for the illustrious men of France; at which period, an inscription was placed upon the frieze of the portico which still remains:—

AUX GRANDS HOMMES, LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE.

The reliefs were removed at the instigation of Charles X. in 1826, and orders issued for decorations consonant with the restoration of the Pantheon to its original destination of Catholic worship. But though several millions of francs have been expended on this magnificent structure, the wisdom of expending half as many more for its completion appears doubtful, on account of the imperfections of the foundation; the sinking of the soil,—the church standing immediately over the catacombs or quarries,—having made itself apparent in several portions of the edifice.

The portico is very splendid, being composed of twenty-two noble Corinthian columns, sixty feet high and six in diameter, supporting a pediment a hundred and twenty feet long and twenty four high, adorned with sculptures by David.

During the restoration, the ornament of this pediment was a radiant cross, with the inscription—

D. O. M. sub invoc S. Genovefæ.
Lud. XV. dicavit. Lud. XVIII. restituit.

An interesting portion of this national monument consists in the vaults below the church, in the manner of St. Faith's, under that of St. Paul; —a series of vaulted chambers supported by

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Tuscan columns. In these were deposited, in the first instance, by the revolutionary government, the bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau. To the memory of the latter there is a wretched tomb of painted wood; to that of Voltaire a fine marble statue, which is about to be removed to the church above. Having visited these vaults with the late eminent English sculptor Burlowe, I have his authority for the singular excellence of this figure as a portrait statue.

The remains of Mirabeau were also consigned to the Pantheon; but, at the instigation of popular caprice, were removed or depantheonised by a new decree of the national government.

A considerable number of the great men illustrating the annals of France are interred here; such as Bougainville, the circumnavigator; Lannes, Duc de Montebello, one of the marshals of the empire; Soufflot, the architect of the church; De Winter, the Dutch admiral; and Lagrange, the mathematician.

A remarkable echo exists in these vaults, formed by concentric circular passages.

The Pantheon stands in a highly advantageous area, which is daily receiving improvements. A handsome mairie for the arrondissement has lately been constructed here. The whole is formed upon the territory and dependencies of the old abbey of St. Genevieve: a portion of the buildings of which is devoted to the public library of St. Genevieve, formed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld in 1724, for the use of the canons of St. Vincent, to whom the old abbey was assigned. The library now consists of two hundred thousand printed volumes and thirty thousand MSS.; and is most advantageously situated for the benefit of the young students who abound in this quarter of the town, still called, from the precincts of the old university, the Pays Latin; and containing the colleges of St. Barbe, of Henri IV., of Louis le Grand, and the Royal schools of law and science.

The College de Henri IV. occupies another portion of the buildings of the old abbey, though the front most remarkable was erected so lately as 1825. The sons of Louis Philippe, and those of most of the leading men of his court, receive their education in this establishment.

In the same square, or Place du Panthéon stands the Ecole de Droit, built in 1775, after the plans of Soufflot, with a handsome gateway adorned by four Ionic columns and a pediment. The ancient schools of law, established in the fourteenth century, having fallen into decay, were re-organised by order of Louis XV.

In this quarter of the town, which is one of the most ancient, numberless curious specimens of antiquity are to be met with; particularly the remains of the ancient colleges of the university, now chiefly converted into dwelling houses or warehouses, such as the College de Lisieux, the College des Lombards, the College de la Marche, the College des Cressins, the College Montaigu, la Tour Bichat or Tour de St. Jean de Lateran, a remnant of the palace of the knights of Malta, established in Paris in 1171, under the name of the Chevaliers Hospitaliers.

St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, a small but interesting church in this quarter, contains some fine pictures, and two striking monuments to Lebrun the painter and his mother, the latter of which represents the deceased issuing from her tomb in her grave-clothes at the sound of the last trumpet.

In this neighbourhood stands the old church of St. Médard; in the cemetery of which, at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, occurred in 1727 the absurd scenes which originated the sect of the Convulsionists, and which were only suppressed by a decree closing the cemetery in 1732. In this church is a curious little picture of St. Genevieve by Watteau.

Through this portion of the Faubourg St. Marceau runs the stream of the Bièvre, the waters of which are considered to be peculiarly adapted to the process of dyeing; and for four centuries past it has been frequented for this purpose. In 1450 Jean Gobelin established himself on the Bièvre at a period when the prevalence of tapestry hangings rendered the dyeing of wool an important branch of commerce; the greater portion of the hangings in use in France being imported from Arras, then a Flemish town.

It was not, however, till the reign of Louis XIV. that, at the suggestion of the magnificent Colbert, the royal establishment of the Gobelins was founded on the Bièvre. In 1667, Lebrun the painter was placed as master of design at the head of the new establishment: and from that period, the tapestry of the Gobelins, destined to adorn the royal palaces, or as presents to royal princes, has maintained its celebrity as the most beautiful in the world. The pieces are occasionally a thousand guineas in value, representing the finest pictures of the ancient and modern schools, and requiring the labour of five or six years to complete. A curious effect is produced upon the spectator by the apparently magical address of the workmen,—who, being seated at the back of the loom, and working at the reverse of the tapestry, never see the designs they are calling into existence. A wool dyery, and drawing-school for the workmen, are attached to the establishment, and a course of chemical lectures is annually delivered.

In 1826, the royal carpet manufactory, formerly established at Chaillot in an old soap manufactory, (from whence the name of carpets of La Savonnerie,) was joined to the Gobelins. The beauty and richness of these royal fabrics is scarcely to be imagined,—some of them being valued at £1500. The largest ever produced is one for the gallery of the Louvre, which measures thirteen hundred feet.

Institutions for the education of the blind, and deaf and dumb, are to be found in this quarter,—the latter of which, the creation of the philanthropic Abbé de l'Epée, is of great interest. A sum of £3000 is annually bestowed by government on this institution; and the public exercises of the pupils, which take place monthly, are much attended.

At the elevated extremity of the avenue leading from the southern Boulevart to the gardens of the Luxembourg, stands the Observatory, built by Perrault under the patronage of Colbert, in the reign of Louis XIV. But the great astronomer, Cassini, having been summoned from Bologna for the purpose, declared the building to be most inappropriate; and considerable additions were made at his suggestion.

The building is eighty-five feet high, crowned by a platform, entirely built of stone without the intervention of wood or iron, with vaulted ceilings and staircases. Still, it is considered imperfect for astronomical purposes.

There is also a series of subterraneous chambers for experimental purposes, the descent into which is by a spiral staircase of three hundred and sixty steps.

The meridian line of the centre of the Observatory, forms the point of admeasurement for the longitude of French astronomers; and its prolongation from Dunkirk to Barcelona, as extreme points, comprises a quarter of the terrestrial meridian,—the ten millionth part of which constitutes the metre, or universal standard of long measure in France.

The Board of Longitude assembles at the Observatory; which contains a fine collection of scientific instruments, and many objects of interest, as well as an appropriate library.

On the open space of ground between the gardens of the Luxembourg and the Observatory, Marshal Ney was shot in 1815, after his trial at the Luxembourg.

The entrance to the catacombs is in the Rue d'Enfer, closely adjoining. But these excavations, which are supposed to contain the remains of three millions of human beings, removed from the suppressed cemeteries of Paris in 1784, are now closed to the public, on account of the danger produced by the frequent falling in of the roofs of the quarries.

Some curious old houses will be found in the Rue Mouffetard, near the Gobelins; and in the adjoining arrondissement, the Palais des Thermes, inhabited by the Emperor Julian, the ruins of which are interesting only to antiquarians.

Near it, in the Rue des Mathurins, stands the Hotel de Cluny, erected by Jacques d'Amboise, abbot of Cluny, in 1505, remaining nearly in its primitive state; and said to have been inhabited by the Duke of Brandon on his marriage with the Queen Dowager of France, sister to Henry VIII. It contains a miscellaneous museum of antiquities, collected by the learned owner Monsieur de Sommérard, which considerably deteriorates from the interest otherwise created by this choice specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century.

The Ecole de Médecine stands in the vicinity, founded in 1469. The present edifice was, however, erected under Louis XV. in 1769, after the plans of Gondouin, on the site of the old College de Bourgogne. The front towards the street, nearly two hundred feet long, is adorned with sixteen Ionic columns; and a colonnade of four rows of Ionic columns unites the wings. A portico, with six fine Corinthian columns, adorns the main building; the amphitheatre of which is calculated to accommodate twelve hundred students,—more than double which number are usually attached to the faculty.

A variety of curious scientific and anatomical collections are contained in the establishment, as well as a valuable library. The Musée Dupuytren, founded by the university of Paris, is placed in the refectory of the Cordeliers; many portions of which ancient monastery are devoted to public purposes.

In the Rue Hautefeuille, adjoining, are several very curious old mansions, chiefly occupied by printing establishments.

In the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine is the public school of design for the workmen of Paris, under the direction of Monsieur Belloc; whose accomplished wife has conferred a real benefit on the rising generation of France as translatress of the works of Miss Edgeworth. In this street, is also the house in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

Nearly opposite the Collège de St. Louis, in a neighbourhood abounding with objects of interest to the antiquarian, stands the College of La Sorbonne, the celebrated school of divinity founded in 1253 by Robert Sorbon. The edifice now standing was commenced in 1629 by Cardinal

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Richelieu, who was partly educated at the college; and whose fine tomb, by Girardon, exists in the southern transept of the chapel,—the dome of which was painted by Philippe de Champagne.

The Sorbonne was so much injured at the period of the first revolution, that it was in a dangerous state till repaired by Napoleon,—the roof having actually fallen in. It has since been used as a law-school; and is now devoted anew to divine worship.

David the painter had his atelier in the old chapel of the Collége de Cluny in the Rue de la Sorbonne.

Behind it, in the Rue St. Jacques, is the Théatre du Pantheon; a small theatre formed out of the ruins of the church of St. Benoit, and still exhibiting traces of its origin. The church of St. Come, said to be the oldest in Paris, was demolished five years ago, to make way for the new Rue Racine, leading from the Rue de l'Ecole de Medecine to the Odeon.

This theatre, repeatedly destroyed by fire, was rebuilt in its present form in 1820, and will contain 1700 persons. The Italian Opera was removed thither on the burning down of the Théatre Italien on the Boulevards, in 1833.

One of the finest modern edifices of the Faubourg St. Germain is the church of St. Sulpice, begun in 1655 by Anne of Austria, after the plans of Leveau, but still incomplete.

The portico, constructed by Servandoni, is composed of Dorie columns, forty feet high, supporting a balustrade, the pediment having been destroyed by lightning.

This church, cruciform in design, is four hundred and thirty-two feet long by one hundred and seventy-four, and ninety-nine feet high. The interior is wholly of the Corinthian order, and very noble. It has a splendid organ, richly carved and ornamented with seventeen figures; and a pulpit, resting on a spiral staircase, at the head of which are statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

At the entrance of the church, are two fonts for holy water formed of two gigantic natural shells, presented to Francis I. by the Venetian republic, of the trideacma gigas kind, commonly called *benitier* in France. The rock-work on which they are placed is the work of Pigalle; by whom there is a fine statue of the Virgin in the Lady Chapel. There are a few good pictures by modern artists in the various chapels; and in the chapel of the Trinity some fine wainscoting. The vaults under the church are let as warehouses to booksellers, who abound in this quarter of the town; an appropriation fertile in jests to the unlearned.

Only one of the towers of St. Sulpice has been completed, which is two hundred and ten feet in height; it was added by Chalgrin in 1777, and supports the telegraph corresponding with Germany. The other, built by Maclaine in 1749, bears the telegraph corresponding with Italy.

According to the plan of Servandoni, two fine fountains were to be erected in the grand square before the portico, in a line with the two towers; but this was never executed. In the peace of Amiens, a single one was placed by Napoleon in the centre of the square, which has since been removed to the middle of the Marché St. Germain. On the southern side of the Place, is a large plain building, now occupied as a barrack, built in 1820 as a seminary for the Jesuits.

The difficulty of providing funds for the completion of this fine church was in a great measure obviated by the zeal of the curé Languet de Gergy, who exerted himself through a long series of years for that object; but who is supposed to have addressed himself somewhat too strenuously to the pious bequests of his parishioners on their deathbeds, for the interests of the church of St. Sulpice.

In the Rue de Vaugirard, in addition to the palace and gardens of the Luxembourg already noticed, are many interesting old structures, formerly convents, now chiefly hospitals or charitable institutions; among them, the convent of Les Carmes, now the convent des Dames Carmelites, having a chapel ornamented with handsome columns of black marble. Here commenced the revolutionary massacres of the prisoners, on the second and third of September; several hundred priests being the first victims, to whose memory a mass is annually performed in the chapel. This convent has been celebrated for a century past for its laboratory; which produces the famous Eau de Mélisse and Blanc des Carmes.

The Carmelite Convent in which the celebrated Mademoiselle de la Valliére took the veil, is in the Rue d'Enfer behind St. Jacques du Haut Pas.

The Ecole Polytechnique, an admirable institution, richly endowed and founded by a decree of the convention in 1795, occupies the ancient buildings of the Collége de Navarre.

CHAPTER XIII.

La Bourse—New Fountain in the Rue de Richelieu—Opera et Académie de Musique—Conservatoire—Bibliothque Royale—Restaurants and Cafés—Old and New Paris.

A more striking change cannot well be imagined than from these ancient quarters of Paris, dark with associations of the middle ages, and grave with the solemnities of the "three black graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity," to a spot where the graces are all couleur de rose, and the associations regard a future age rather than the gloomy annals of the past. The Quartier de la Bourse, or Quartier Industriel, is a district where money-getting, and money-spending, absorb every human faculty and purpose; and in place of the dreary courts of the Sorbonne, or obsolete mansions of the Rue Hautefeuille, the gorgeous shops of the Rue Neuve Vivienne, and the glaring concert room of Musard, display their gaudy attractions for the benefit of those gamblers on a larger scale, the speculators of the stock exchange; or those gamesters of more sober and plausible pretence, who, impatient of the tardy realisation of competence by patient industry, would fain convert the wheel of fortune into the paddle of a steamer; and by the illegitimate, though not unlawful by-ways of the commercial world,—by puffing, or the meretricious splendours of their shops and cafés,—allure the unwary to purchase the most worthless goods at the most exorbitant prices.

The Rue de Richelieu, Rue Vivienne, Rue de la Bourse, and that part of the Boulevards adjoining, contain shops as splendid as gilding, plate glass, and varnished mahogany can make them; but they contain also the bureaux d'agence of all the bubble speculations of the day.

The Bourse, or Exchange, is built on the site of the old convent of the Filles de St. Thomas; and was commenced under Napoleon in 1808, after the designs of Brongniart. The building is a parallelogram, two hundred and twelve feet by a hundred and twenty-six; surrounded by a peristyle of sixty-six Corinthian columns, with an entablature and attic. The western front is approached by a noble flight of steps.

The hall, or exchange, on the ground floor, is one hundred and sixteen feet long, by seventy-six broad, surrounded by arcades of the Dorie order, with basements of marble;—between each of which is inscribed the name of one of the commercial cities of Europe. The wall is also adorned with fresco paintings, of a self colour, by Abel de Pujol and Megrin;—the allegorical figures of which are ten feet high. This hall, which will contain two thousand persons, is richly paved with marble.

The rest of the interior of the Bourse is filled up with commercial chambers, the court of bankruptcy, and other offices.

The establishment is equally remarkably for its splendour and the good order that prevails in every department. But as an architectural monument, the Bourse is beginning to sink in public estimation. The number and size of the columns seem to demand a superstructure of more importance than a mere entablature concealing the roof; and since the completion of the Madeleine, the design of the Bourse has been pronounced heavy and imperfect.

Till this fine building was completed, the commercial business of Paris was negotiated in a wretched temporary building that succeeded the church of Les Petits Peres, devoted to the purpose during the revolution. The first meeting of mercantile men in Paris for financial intercommunication was in 1724, at the Hotel Mazarin, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, a splendid edifice then inhabited by the financier Law:—

Ce financier célèbe
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui par les règles de l'algèbre
Menait la France à l'hôpital.

Opposite to the Bourse, stands a theatre, devoted to the opera comique after the destruction of the theatre Feydeau, to make way for the new Rue des Panoramas.

In a space called the Place de Louvois, opening out of the Rue de Richelieu, has recently been erected a magnificent bronze fountain, at the cost of £6,000.

This useful and highly decorative monument occupies the site of the old opera house, which was closed by government after the assassination of the Duc de Berri as he was quitting the theatre, in 1820, and subsequently demolished. The city of Paris voted funds for the erection of an expiatory chapel on the spot, and the foundations were laid; when the revolution of 1830 caused the works to be suspended. Eventually, the foundations were removed, the ground leveled and planted, and the present fountain placed in the centre.

The theatre thus destroyed was very inadequate to the requirements of the Académie de Musique; a new Salle for which is to be erected in place of the present one in the Rue Lepelletier, whenever a suitable situation can be found. With all its imperfections, however, the old opera house sufficed to bring forward many chef d'œuvres of the lyrical art, such as the operas of Meyerbeer and Rossini, as well as ballets of the rarest perfection; which owe their merit not alone to the genius of the composer and performer, transferrable elsewhere, but to the careful attention bestowed by the administration on the minutiæ of getting up. The Huguenots, for instance, was ten months in rehearsal, before it was considered

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sufficiently perfect in its choruses to be given to the public; and on occasion of the production of such a piece, the box office is not even opened for many days;—all the boxes and stalls being retained beforehand for ten or twenty representations. The opera is open three times a week, and receives from government a subvention of £25,000 a year, besides £5,000 a year for retiring pensions. It is, in fact, an affair of state, having the Conservatoire for its nursery; an establishment formed in the *garde nacinle*, or Salle des Menus Plaisirs, in the Faubourg Poissonnier, to afford instruction in music, singing, dancing, and declamation, for the general benefit of the Parisian theatres. Casimir Delavigne, the dramatist, is the nominal director of the dramatic classes, and resides with his family at the Conservatoire.

In the Rue de Richelieu also stands the Theatre Français, the last strong hold of the legitimate drama.

Adjoining the Palais Royal, it was built for the Duke of Orleans in 1787, and is a handsome theatre, capable of accommodating 1500 persons. The Foyer, or saloon, contains an interesting collection of fine marble busts, connected with the dramatic art; and in the hall, are full-length statues of Voltaire, Talma, and Le Kain.

The company of the Théâtre Français is also under the immediate patronage of government, and is so organised as to form one of those intimate associations vital to the interests of the stage. The Théâtre Français gives the law to the theatres of France, and possesses traditions which may be termed the code of dramatic genius. The manner in which the legitimate drama, tragic and comic, is supported at this house, is beyond all praise. For the comfort, however, of those who have witnessed the inadequacy of Shakspeare to attract the playgoing world of London, be it observed, that so thoroughly had Racine, Corneille, and Molière ceased a few years ago to attract in Paris, that the Théâtre Français was on the eve of bankruptcy previous to the début of that gifted and charming actress, Mlle. Rachel. The romantic dramas of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Casimir Delavigne, had been vainly called in as nostrums to revive the pulse of the expiring theatrical audiences of Paris.

In the Rue Vivienne, is Musard's promenade concert room, renowned for the disorder of its bals masqués; and in the same street, the excellent literary establishment of Messieurs Galignani, whose English newspaper, admirably conducted, is a valuable resource to all English visitants on the continent; being a compendium of intelligence, judiciously selected without regard to politics, from all the London papers.

In the Rue de Richelieu, also stands an establishment little in accordance with the noise and bustle of so commercial a quarter of the town, the Bibliotheque Royale.

The royal library, commenced with missals and other MSS. in the time of St. Louis, was increased from reign to reign, and transferred from palace to palace; till, in 1721, on the failure of Law's bank—established in the Hotel de Nevers, in the Rue de Richelieu, a portion of the old Hotel de Mazarin, divided after the death of the Cardinal among his heirs,—the royal library was transferred thither, where it has ever since remained.

On the death of Louis XV., the number of books amounted to a hundred thousand volumes. They are now estimated at nine hundred thousand, besides eighty thousand MSS., and one million of historical papers. The catalogue of the MSS. fills twenty-four volumes!

During the empire, the spoils of the Vatican, of the library of St. Mark's at Venice, and innumerable others, enriched the collection; which still, however, though diminished in value, abounds in precious objects.

The edifice in which it is contained, has nothing to recommend it but extent. There is, however, a fine gallery, one hundred and forty feet long by twenty-two broad, of which the ceiling is painted in fresco, by Romanelli. In this, will be found some missals of the fifth and sixth centuries, a MS. of Josephus, the MSS. of Galileo, Fenelon, the memoirs of Louis XIV. in his own handwriting, and numberless other treasures of the same description. In addition to the collections of books, which are freely open to the public, the galleries being constantly crowded with readers, are cabinets of medals, antiques, and engravings; the latter, to the number of one million two hundred thousand plates, contained in six thousand five hundred portfolios, and comprising all the ancient and modern productions of the art.

Tables, with inkstands, occupy the centre of the galleries; and for the general benefit, not a word of conversation is permitted. The person who wants a particular book writes the name on a slip of paper, and hands it to the nearest librarian; when it is speedily brought and placed on the table beside him. The books are ranged along the wall, in cases with wire gratings, which the librarians only are permitted to approach. Literary persons of respectability are allowed to have books at their own residences; but there is no place more advantageous for taking notes than the library itself, where every facility is afforded. Monsieur Letronne, the present or recent librarian, is an eminent antiquarian; but the number of subordinates employed in such an establishment is very considerable.

Interest is constantly made with government by the literary classes to transfer the royal library to a more tranquil spot, and a building affording better accommodation. But it is contended, on the other hand, that the present situation is highly centrical, and remote from the other public libraries of the city;—and the expense of erecting a proportionate edifice in a suitable situation, would be greater than is likely to suit the views of the chambers, while so vast a number of public buildings remain in progress.

In this quarter, including the Palais Royal and a portion of the Boulevards, will be found the greater number of the celebrated cafés and restaurants of Paris; though the most fashionable of the latter, the Rocher de Cancale, stands in the obscure Rue de Montorgueil, at the end of the Rue Montmartre; a locality to which it owes a renown for fish dinners, rivaling those of Lovegrove, as being the depository of the famous huitres de Cancale, and other produces of the Norman coast. To judge fairly of the merits of the Rocher, the Frères Provençaux, or any other eminent restaurant, the dinner must be ordered the preceding day, in a *cabinet particulier*, for a small party at forty, for a large one at twenty francs a head.

An excellent dinner in the salon will cost about half the latter sum; but for a few francs, a French gentleman, by a judicious choice, will provide himself by the *carte* with a luxurious meal.

The restaurants are resorted to by females, though not of the higher ranks. The cafés, with the exception of the Café Tortoni, famous for its ices, remain exclusively the territory of the gentlemen; who resort thither for the enjoyments of newspapers, billiards, chess, or dominos. In those qualified as Cafés Estaminets, smoking is allowed; and, from the brilliancy of their decorations and lighting, many of these are of regal magnificence; such as the Café Cardinal on the Boulevards.

Opposite to the Palais Royal, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, is the Café de la Régence, exclusively frequented by chess-players; and at the corner of a narrow street adjoining, a café on the site of the celebrated cabaret renowned for the orgies of la Régence, and the creation of the order of roués.

The Café de Paris, a celebrated restaurant, commanding a cheerful view of the Boulevards, is the one to which strangers mostly resort for the full succession of breakfast, dinner, coffee, ices; and, during the carnival, the supper concluding the orgies of the bal masqué. Here, also, minor stock transactions and other speculations are carried on;—and a variety of curious phases of Parisian life are hourly developed in a spot frequented by most of the notorious loungers of the day.

By far the greater number of cafés are to be found on the Boulevards, on account of the attraction of that airy and animated situation; and the Café Turc affords to the sober inhabitants of the Marais, the same diversions provided for the Quartier de la Bourse by the Concert Musard and Café Tortoni. Every quarter of Paris boasts a superabundance of coffee houses, if less distinguished by illumination or medallions and encrustations *à la moyen age* as much frequented and as remarkable for the excellence of their *café noir*, as the best London club.

The more ancient portions of the city, however, are little likely to attract the mere lounger; the streets, as still to be seen in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville, being thus truly and unpleasantly characterized by one of the most popular modern writers of France.

"The widest portion of the Rue du Tourniquet, where it joins the Rue de la Tixéranderie," says Balzac, "is scarcely five feet across; so that, in rainy weather, a dingy stream rises rapidly between the walls of the old houses, carrying with it the dirt and rubbish deposited in a heap at every door by the inhabitants: the street being too narrow to admit the passage of a scavenger's cart, these people are compelled to trust to casual storms, to relieve them from such encumbrances. How is such a street to pretend to neatness?—When in summer time a meridian sun darts its rays direct into Paris, a perpendicular gleam penetrates for a moment into the depths of the street, without abiding there long enough to dry the permanent damp established from the pavement to the first floor of those dim and gloomy mansions. The inhabitants, compelled to light their candles at five o'clock in summer, are seldom able to extinguish them throughout the winter; and when some hardy pedestrian, in crossing from the Marais to the Quays, ventures to take the line of the Rues de l'Homme Armé, des Billettes, and des Deux Portes, towards the Rue du Tourniquet, he will feel as if emerging from a series of cellars, when he reaches the Quay."

Such are the remnants of Paris bequeathed to us by the sixteenth century. Of the seventeenth, the Place Royale and its adjoining streets may be accepted as a specimen. Of the eight-

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centh, the noble streets of the Faubourg St. Germain and Faubourg St. Honoré,—the last strongholds of aristocracy; while in the new quarters of the town, the modest streets of the Quarners de la Madeleine, des Mathurins, de Notre Dame de Lorette, des Champs Elysées, and the Quartier Neuf du Luxembourg, exhibit only the aspirations after comfort arising from easy competence. The subdivision of fortunes has, however, stamped a character of mediocrity upon the genius of the place: the greatest happiness of the greatest number being necessarily fatal to the magnificent preponderance of a few.

No more obscure outlets, however,—no gloomy *culs de sac!*—The transit of foot passengers is facilitated in bad weather by a series of airy and commodious passages, in the style of the Burlington Arcade, but narrower and better lighted, containing shops as brilliant as those of the Palais Royal. The principal of these,—the Passages de l'Opera, de Choiseul, de l'Orme, Vivienne, Colbert, Vero-Dodat, and the commercial Passage du Saumon, being constantly thronged with the superfluous population of loungers. The vast number of passages and arcades in Paris, will not fail to remind the winter pedestrian that,

> Saving Covent Garden, he can hit on
> No place that 's called piazza in Great Britain;

the name of piazza having been blunderingly applied to the arcade, instead of to the open space or piazza, it purports to surround.

In all these newly erected streets, however narrow, the construction of foot pavements completes the charm of cleanliness and commodiousness perceptible in the distributions of the new era; while the introduction of gas conduces to the safety as well as the comfort of persons compelled to traverse, after dark, the less frequented quarters of the town.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cemeteries—Père la Chaise—Montmartre—Mont Parnasse—St. Catherine—Picpus—Inhumation of the Remains of Napoleon.

A portion of the public monuments of Paris remains to be considered, which affords a still more marked contrast to the stir and tumult of the Quartier Richelieu, than that focus of lively interests to the tranquil streets of the Pays Latin:—a contrast between the city of the living, and the city of the dead.

The cemeteries of Paris are situated at various points of the city, on the Boulevart Extérieur;—the property of government, and created by the Consulate, in the year 1800. A decree of the National Assemblies in 1790 had, however, prohibited burial in churches, and enacted the formation of public cemeteries.

The most interesting of these cemeteries, is one which has acquired European renown, under the name of Cimetiere du Pere la Chaise, from that of the confessor of Louis XIV, attached to the monastery of Jesuits of the Rue St. Antoine, who had a country house on the heights between Belleville and Charonne bestowed upon them by a pious lady, who purchased it of the heirs of Regnault, a rich grocer, by whom, in the fourteenth century, a magnificent mansion was erected there, called La Folie Regnault.

Louis XIV. entitled the Pere la Chaise to alter the obnoxious name to that of Mont Louis; and being eventually sold in 1763, for the payment of the debts of the community, it was purchased in 1800 by the municipality of Paris, to form the first national church yard. It then contained forty-two acres; and having been decorated by Brongniart, was consecrated in 1804. It now extends to a hundred acres, surrounded by walls, and carefully guarded.

Considerable differences of opinion exist concerning the national taste displayed in the public cemeteries of France; many people regarding it as frivolous, profane, and disgusting; others admiring the decency and good order of the spot, the substantial nobleness of many a family mausoleum; and, above all, awed and instructed by so vast an assemblage of the graves of distinguished men, comprehending the greatest names connected with the arts and sciences, literature and armies, of modern France.

The eminence on which the cemetery is developed, commands one of the finest views in the environs of Paris.

That many of the monuments should be disfigured by ridiculous inscriptions and ornamental puerilities, is only to be expected in a collection of more than thirty thousand sepulchres; moreover, as was observed by Henry Bulwer, in one of his clever sketches, we must always take into account, the distinction between French nature and human nature. The fantasticality of the emblems of grief exhibited at the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, is quite as genuine an illustration of the affliction of a Parisian, as the simplicity of our plainest gravestones of the decent sorrow of an English mourner.

The most stately monument is that of the Countess Demidoff, a marble temple containing a sarcophagus surmounted by a coronet; remarkable for its noble simplicity of design, and for some curious anecdotes connected with the distribution of the surrounding vaults;—the most interesting as a specimen of sculpture, the fine statue of General Foy, executed by David, representing the general in the act of addressing the chamber of deputies, from a temple surmounting a sepulchral chapel. This monument was executed by national subscription. Near it, are appropriately placed the tombs of Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and Casimir Périer: the latter adorned by a splendid monument, placed in a noble area purchased for the purpose by the city of Paris.

Many of Napoleon's marshals are also interred here, with suitable honours; such as Suchet, Duc d'Albufera,—Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl,—Lefévre, Duc de Dantzig,—Massena, Prince d'Essling,—Gouvion de Cyr,—the Duc de Valmy, Regnault St. Jean d'Angély, Kellerman, the unfortunate Marshal Ney and his colleague Colonel Labedoyere, both victims of military execution.

Among other names of the illustrious dead, will be found those of La Place, the astronomer, Cuvier, Haüy, Parmentier, Daru, Tallien, Volney, Désaugiers, Méhul, Géricault, Delille, Parny, Chenier, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Visconti, Suard, Talma, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Cottin, Hérold, Bellini, Isabey, St. Just, with innumerable others, equally memorable.

Most of the considerable families of France possess sepulchral chapels on the brow of the hill; each having a rich altar, beneath which the extremities of the coffins, inserted and cemented into stone niches, are perceptible;—many of these chapels possess considerable beauty of elevation. On the highest portion of the hill, and nearly together, are the graves of the English, none of them of public interest, or specific beauty. On the same eminence, are the collected graves of the persons who died during the prevalence of the cholera.

About the centre of the cemetery, stands the chapel, a simple elegant Doric temple, commanding a splendid view; and from no spot of the cemetery, will its avenues of limes and chestnuts, and the green heads of its acacia trees, be seen to greater advantage. The profusion of flowers adorning the graves, to ensure a succession of which at all seasons of the year, a considerable number of "*entrepreneurs de jardins funèbres*" are established in the vicinity, impart during the summer season an air of gaiety to the spot, not a little increased by the multiplicity of blackbirds and other songbirds, who build unmolested in the trees of the new enclosures.

In 1814, on the investiture of Paris by the allies, several important batteries were erected on these heights; and a stand was made there by the Ecole d'Alfort, against the Russians under Barclay de Tolly, who formed their camp in the cemetery, and cut down a considerable number of trees for fuel.

In 1815, an action took place on the same spot; so that the interments of the city were forced to be made in the old churchyard of St. Cathérine, re-opened for the purpose, in order to secure the lives of the assistants from the balls of the enemy.

One of the most interesting monuments contained in Pere la Chaise is the Gothic tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, of the thirteenth century, originally erected by Pierre le Vénérable in the priory of St. Marcel, and preserved at the revolution by Monsieur Lenoir in the Musée des Monumens Français, from whence it was removed to this cemetery. Cenotaphic monuments are also erected to the memory of La Fontaine and Moliere.

It is asserted that one hundred millions of francs, or four millions sterling, have been expended within the walls of the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, during the last five and thirty years! —If this be correct, the visiter will be induced to wonder at the absence of any remarkable sepulchral group, in a country so abounding in sculptors and the patrons of sculptors, as France, rather than at the general richness of the monuments. It is, however, a branch of the arts in which the French rarely indulge their imagination; and with the exception of a monument by Couston, to the memory of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, father and mother of Louis XVI., and his royal brothers, in the cathedral at Sens, and one to Marshal Saxe at Strasburg, I can scarcely recall to mind any of signal merit, unless the royal sepulchres at St. Denis.

Next in importance to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, is that of Montmartre; which, being formed out of the stone quarries formerly existing on the spot, displays the most picturesque inequalities of ground.

It was the first established of the new burial grounds, under the name of the Champ de Repos. Many noble families have tombs there: the Ségurs, d'Agesseaus, Montmorencys, Voyer d'Argensons, and others. Pamela, the protegée of Madame de Genlis, and widow of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is interred at Montmartre; and a tomb with an absurd inscription, purporting to be that of a young prince of Saxe Coburg, and in reality the offspring of the notorious Jeune Grecque, is pointed out to strangers.

The Cimetiere du Mont Parnasse was opened so lately as the year 1824, and contains, in

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addition to a few fine monuments to members of the families of Gevures, Duguesclin, and Montmorency-Laval, the graves of all the persons executed for political offences during the reign of Louis Philippe, as being the parochial burial ground of the Barriere St. Jacques, where the guillotine is now erected for public execution. It is also the burial ground of the public hospitals.

The Cimetiere de Vaugirard, being completely filled, is no longer used, except for the poor of its arrondissement; and contains no graves of note except those of Mademoiselle Chiron and Laharpe.

The Cimetiere de Sainte Catherine has been closed for the last five and twenty years; and contains nothing of note but the monument of General Pichegru, memorable for his conspiracy against Napoleon. In a small private cemetery in the Rue de Picpus, adjoining a boarding school which was formerly a convent of the order of St. Augustin, are the sepulchres of the noble families of Noailles, Grammont, Montagne, Lamoignon; where, in the family grave of the former repose, under an unostentatious monument, the remains of General Lafayette, of whom, as of many modern heroes, it may be said that he survived his immortality.

To the memory of a hero whose renown, momentarily obscured, has of late acquired a renovated lustre,—the Emperor Napoleon,—a noble monument is about to be erected in the church of the Invalides, to which his remains have been solemnly consigned with a degree of pomp and veneration unprecedented in the history of royal obsequies of modern times, and at a cost of £50,000.

After having been brought home in triumph from St. Helena, in the autumn of 1840, in a frigate commanded by the Prince de Joinville, the son of Louis Philippe, the body of the illustrious exile was towed from Havre de Grace to Paris by a flotilla of steamboats, with the most stately and imposing ceremonial; landed at Neuilly, under a salute of twenty-one rounds of artillery, and conveyed on an imperial car, thirty-three feet high, adorned with twelve colossal statues upholding the sarcophagus, and drawn by sixteen black horses gorgeously caparisoned with hangings of cloth of gold, to the esplanade of the Invalides.

Galleries were there erected to contain thirty-six thousand persons; and a series of arches, trophies, tripods, and statues, illustrated the whole route of the cortege. Within the church of the Invalides, funeral draperies, footcloths, and escutcheons, in addition to a countless multitude of spectators attired in the deepest mourning, produced a most lugubrious effect. Hundreds of lustres and candelabra, some of them fourteen feet high, illuminated the venerable pile; and in the centre of the chair, fronting the altar, was placed a magnificent catafalque, lined with violet-coloured velvet, and adorned with imperial emblems, to receive the sarcophagus, on the spot where the tomb of Napoleon will be eventually placed. The reverberation of the cannon without, and the sound of muffled drums, enhanced the interesting solemnity of the scene as the procession passed slowly up the aisle, the pall borne by Generals Gourgaud and Bertrand, the faithful followers of Napoleon, and the venerable marshals of France, survivors of his victories. The funeral service was performed by the archbishop of Paris with four assistant bishops; and the Requiem of Mozart, and the funeral marches composed for the occasion by Auber and other eminent musicians, were performed by the most distinguished artists attached to the Académie de musique and Italian opera.

The royal family, the great officers of state, the learned and scientific associations of Paris, were present at the ceremony; and it is computed that one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and thrice as many spectators, assisted in the progressive spectacle.

The removal and impartition of the remains of Napoleon were the magnificent projection of Louis Philippe, just as the removal and appropriation of the Obelisk of Luxor was designed by Charles X. Both these measures were effected by a vast expenditure of money and labour;—the one, an imitation of the Emperor Constantine, who transported to Rome an obelisk twice the size of that of Luxor;—the other, a tribute to the self-love of the most vainglorious people in the universe. Most foreigners will be of opinion that the Theban obelisk, as well as the ashes of the great soldier, commanded a far higher interest in their original position, than after being paraded as a show for the populace; St. Helena having been emphatically termed the Calvary of atonement of the Emperor Napoleon.

The interments in Paris are placed under the jurisdiction of an official company, called the Entrepreneurs des Pompes Funèbres, or undertakers general, by whom funerals are divided into seven classes, and the appropriate expenses specifically regulated by a tariff; the lowest class amounting to six shillings and eighpence; the highest to £180.

Ground is purchased for sepulture in the various cemeteries, either on lease for six years, at the rate of £2 per metre; or freehold, at the rate of £5 per metre. The performance of any religious ceremony may be dispensed with; or the service of any creed or sect performed, according to the will of the survivors.

For the poor of each arrondissement, a *fosse commune*, common grave or trench, is set apart in the various cemeteries; and even for the higher classes, the custom of burying in lead is rarely practised; the chief expenditure at funerals regarding the performance of masses and offerings to the clergy.

The burial place of the reigning family is at Dreux, a fief inherited by Louis Philippe from his grandfather the Duc de Penthievre; in which family mausoleum is interred one of the most gifted princesses of modern times, the Princesse Marie, Duchess Alexander of Wirtemberg, second daughter to the king; immortalised by her statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which the lapse of a few years has sufficed to familiarise to all the countries of Europe, as completely as any of the chef d'œuvres of ancient or modern sculpture.

The monuments of the former sovereigns of France, are placed in the royal abbey of St. Denis, about a mile to the north of Paris; who were buried there from the times of Dagobert, to those of Louis XV.

This church, in which was formerly deposited the famous Oriflamme, or consecrated banner of France, contains a magnificent series of royal tombs. Devastated at the period of the revolution, when the royal remains were exhumed, and the lead of their coffins, as well as of the roofing of the abbey, converted into bullets, a complete reparation was ordered, in 1806, by Napoleon; who intended to convert the royal vault into a place of sepulture for the imperial dynasty.

Further reparations have lately been effected; and the monumental series of St. Denis, so often disunited and injured, again presents an interesting study to the antiquarian, as that of Westminster, or the Capuziner Convent at Vienna.

The repairs effected since the revolution, at St. Denis, are computed at the sum of £600,000.

One of the great charms of Paris, as a metropolitan residence, consists in the peculiarly rural character of the environs. Up to the very gates of the city, the country is *really* country; and within view of the exterior Boulevards, small farms are carrying on their agricultural operations, with all the rude simplicity of our remote counties. Instead of the ten miles of villas and Londonised hamlets surrounding our metropolis, the student walks out from the Pays Latin to watch the progress of the harvest; or from the Quartier des Invalides proceeds to botanise in the woods of Meudon or Vincennes.

This is again partly the result of the absence of coal smoke. It is well known that many species of flowers,—the yellow rose, for instance,—will not blossom within ten miles of London. Paris, on the contrary, produces the finest flowers, not alone in the royal gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg, but the nursery grounds of the famous rose-growers, Noisette and Laffay; which, in the Faubourg St. Germain, enjoy advantages such as it would behemain, enjoy advantages such as it would behemain to retreat many miles from London to secure.

In the older portions of Paris every house of note has its garden; and it is sometimes startling, to a narrow, gloomy, obscure street, to perceive at the extremity of a long passage, a grove of green acacias, or one of those gaudy flower-plots, which the dry and sunny climate clothes with such brilliant colours. Every body quotes from Horace Walpole the description of the gardens of the Hotel de Biron, with their three thousand pots of China asters ranged along the alleys. But though this species of horticultural magnificence is out of date, some of the private gardens in the Quartier St. Lazare, or in the Faubourgs St. Germain or St. Honoré, are still of the greatest beauty. These patches of freshness and verdure among the old buildings, produce a cheering as well as salubrious effect upon the population.

The French are passionately fond of flowers; and though debarred by the limitation of their fortunes and the high price of fuel from the cultivation of rare exotics, their advantages of climate enable them to enjoy an unusual profusion of common garden flowers, at an easy rate. It is the same with their fruits. Peaches, pears, apricots, grapes, and melons, abound in the streets; but the rare varieties of grapes and pines afforded by our succession houses, are luxuries unknown. Pine apples are not cultivated by more than half a dozen persons; and the greater portion of those sold by the *marchands de comestibles* are imported from England. On the other hand, the Chasselas grapes, produced in abundance in the vineyards near Fontainbleau, from a species of vine of which the original plant in the palace gardens, is said to have been brought from Cyprus by St. Louis, the grape being distinguishable by having only a single pip; and the peaches Montreuil, a village near the Bois de Boulogne, equal the best productions of our fruit-growers.

The villas in the environs of Paris are less eitable either for beauty or magnificence than those of London. Nevertheless, the heights of Belleville, Issy, Ville d'Avray, and St. Cloud,—the shores of the river at Neuilly, Auteuil, Suresnes, and above all the beautiful valley of

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Montmorency, and Enghien with its lake and mineral waters, boast a number of charming residences; without including the wider range of St. Germain, St. Leu, Versailles, and Chantilly. The drive from St. Cloud to Versailles, by Ville d'Avray, exhibits some beautiful specimens of forest scenery; and many of the points of view in the vicinity of Meudon on one side, and Marly on the other, are deserving the attention of all lovers of the picturesque.

One of the most interesting villas in the neighbourhood of Paris, is the private domain of the king at Neuilly; where the royal family continue to enjoy, during the summer months, the peaceful privacy of domestic life. The mansion is in the Italian style, and contains an interesting collection of modern pictures; and the gardens consist of a hundred acres beautifully laid out. The bridge of Neuilly, seven hundred and fifty feet long, was designed by Perronet, and erected in place of the ferry where, a century before, Henri IV. and his queen were precipitated into the water from a ferry boat, in which the horses of their carriage had taken fright. Neuilly, or rather the opposite village of Courbevoie, is the only spot near Paris where pleasure-boats are to be had for hire,—aquatic diversions finding little favour with the Parisians.

Adjoining Neuilly, and not two miles from the city, the banks of the river are covered with vineyards, producing the wretched vintage in use among the lower classes, as vin de Surênes. The same côte exhibits fields of roses de Puteaux, cultivated by the perfumers and confectioners for distillation.

The great charm of the rural environs of Paris, however, consists in the Bois de Boulogne,—an extensive wood situated scarcely a mile from the Barriere de l'Etoile, and divided into an endless number of avenues for public recreation.

The Bois, which takes its name from a village of great antiquity to which it adjoins, and where the beautiful villa of Baron Rothschild is deserving notice, was considerably deteriorated by age and neglect at the period of the revolution; though Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette resided, till the death of Louis XV., in its beautiful chateau of La Muette, adjoining Passy. In becoming national property, a great quantity of timber was sacrificed to the axe; but during the empire, it was replanted and replaced in the order that becomes so valuable a source of enjoyment to the citizens of Paris. The approach of the allies, in 1814, caused the large trees still standing to be felled for the erection of barricades; and in 1815 a British camp was formed on the spot, and considerable injury produced to the young plantations, to the infinite mortification of the Parisians. On the restoration, however, all was anxiously repaired; the royal family, who traverse the Bois de Boulogne daily on their road to Versailles, or St. Cloud, being especially interested in its prosperity.

At that period, also, the beautiful villa of Bagatelle, now the property, by purchase, of the Earl of Yarmouth, belonged to the Comte d'Artois; for whom it was erected, before the revolution, by Belanger, in less than two months, in pursuance of a wager.

A variety of villas surround the Bois de Boulogne; and within its gates are several cafés, restaurants, and public ball-rooms. Most of the duels of Paris are decided in the Bois; and a waiter at one of the cafés, who is skilled in surgery, is said to have dressed the wounds of a thousand persons. These hostile encounters, however, too often give rise to afflicting scenes little in accordance with the cheerful destination of the spot.

The chateau de Madrid occupies the site of a favourite villa of Francis I., and in one or two remote portions of the wood, such as the vicinity of the Mare d'Anteuil, some remains of the ancient timber-trees will be found. But the great charm of the Bois consists in the rich bloom of its alleys of chestnuts and acacias, and its broomy thickets; among which, throughout the summer-season, groups of Parisians of the middle classes will be found enjoying their family repasts on the grass, while the fine equipages of the wealthy, and parties of equestrians, parade the shady avenues on every side. But for the sandy nature of the soil, and the impossibility of watering a promenade of such immense extent, the attraction of the Bois would be unequaled.

The Bois de Vincennes, in the plain at the opposite extremity of Paris, adjoining the Barriere du Trone, affords similar recreation to the lower classes, but from its remoteness from the fashionable quarters of Paris, is secure from the intrusion of the *beau monde*.

CHAPTER XV.

Fashionable Society—The coteries of the Faubourg St. Germain and Chaussee d'Anin—*A Signature de Contrat de Mariage*—The Carnival—Expenses of Paris—Public Amusements—Literature

It would scarcely be reasonable to conclude a volume purporting to describe the metropolis of France at the present day, without adverting to those characteristic distinctions of classes and manners, which constitute the indications of social history.

The population of Paris differs superficially from that of London in the more specific nature of its classification. Work and play do not constitute the sole barriers of demarcation, allowing the intervening distinctions to confound themselves at will. In France, the professional classes, the artists and men of letters, stand proudly apart. The same difference still prevails in this as a century ago,—when Congreve disdained to be visited by Voltaire as *un homme de lettres*, while Voltaire assured him that, if only a gentleman, he should not have echoed so far to visit him.

The society of Paris is remarkable for an absence of ostentation among the higher classes, originating perhaps in the limitation of their means, but important as counteracting the distinctive classification adverted to, and promoting the fusion of the educated classes.

The largest fortunes in France do not exceed thirty thousand a year; and there are probably not a dozen noble families who boast of more than half that amount. To possess four thousand a year, (*cent mille francs de rentes*,) is considered great opulence; and double that sum, is cited as the revenue of a prince.

The destruction of property consequent upon the first revolution and the succeeding political vicissitudes, added to the subdivision of fortunes enacted by the code Napoleon, has so equalised inheritance in a kingdom where only three or four majorats, or entailed properties, still exist, that the domestic splendours of the ancient nobility are necessarily curtailed. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of their habits of life; and the only households in Paris cellar for their magnificence, belong either to foreigners, or individuals connected more or less with commercial life. Extravagance always creates mistrust and contempt among the French. People unusually expensive in their habits, are sure to be guilty of some lapse of taste or etiquette, which provokes the powerful lash of Parisian ridicule. As regards themselves, prudence takes precedence among the cardinal virtues; and as regards their neighbours, they are apt to indulge a hearty laugh at the expense of those who ruin themselves to obtain their applause.

The noble mansions of the old aristocracy, of which the revolution spared at least the walls for our edification, are for the most part now divided into separate suites of apartments, and let to different families; nor has the French capital any thing to exhibit in rivalship with those finesque houses of our own nobility, so rich in collections of virtu, and so remarkable for the finish and comfort of their distribution. The few private collections of pictures, sculpture, or medals, ne-morable in Paris, belong to wealthy foreigners; or persons enriched, like Marshal Soult, by the spoils of conquest.

On the other hand, the barriers of the great world are not the less carefully set up, that they are no longer enriched with gilding; and in spite of the fusion of classes produced by the peremptory interference of the emperor, and conciliation of the reigning family, there exists in the Faubourg St. Germain an exclusive coterie, guarded round by heraldic escutcheons, and preserved from sacrilege by a perpetual sprinkling of holy water;—which, in order to enliven itself by diversions for which its own fortunes are inadequate, has recourse to the hospitality of the foreigners resident in Paris, the Thorns, Tufnakins, and Demidoffs of the day, or the more recondite galeries of the corps diplomatique.

The French society of New Paris, meanwhile, is happily represented by a variety of circles uniting the good grace and good manners of the *vieille cour* with the intelligence and enlightenment of modern progress; and in the quarter of the Faubourg St. Honoré, more especially, will be found innumerable charming residences, whose weekly parties present the most agreeable society of the day. Of the best of these an accurate notion may be given, by comparing them with the country houses of England; their nightly coteries rarely exceeding in numbers the Christmas parties of our nobility.

The most showy households in Paris are those of the great bankers, and others of the commercial class, usually designated as the society of the Chaussée d'Anin; and distinguishable by the English word "fashionable," from their dignified rivals of the Faubourg. But below these, and so thoroughly distinct as to secure them from the rivalship which vulgarises the secondary classes of London, are the modest professional and commercial coteries, content to enjoy their comfortable and respectable independence. It is among these, perhaps, that the superiority over a similar order in London is most perceptible, as regards the pleasures and graces of life. It is to these that the cheap amusements and unostentatious pastimes of Paris are dedicated; and they are indebted to its multiplicity of theatres and concert-rooms, for redemption from that grave monotony of domestic life, which too often causes the English character to degenerate into dulness, and its virtues to lose their gloss in unsociable reserve.

It is difficult to assign too much praise to the graciousness, and consequent grace of deportment, distinguishing the high official society in France; a superficial merit, perhaps, but not the

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less appreciated by those whose temporary sojourn in the land does not necessitate too close an inquiry into the intrinsic qualities concealed under so high a polish. To people accustomed to the shyness of English nature,—shyness so often productive of abruptness of deportment,—the charm of French courtesy is almost soothing. The readiness of the French in conversation, their communicativeness of disposition, and aptitude in seeking to please and be pleased, are certainly productive of the happiest results as regards the promotion of social intercourse. It is admitted by candid persons of all nations, that, after a long residence in Paris, the society of all other capitals produces the impression of provinciality. The English admit this as regards Vienna,—the Germans as regards London,—the Americans, as regards every metropolis in Europe; but all allow it, unless when blinded by national prejudices in favour of their own court and country.

Another source of sociability consists in the abolishment of morning visits, so uncertain as a means of acquaintanceship, in favour of weekly parties, which every person once properly introduced into a house and invited by the master or mistress to return, is privileged to attend to the end of his days. Thus, every house permanently established forms a coterie of its own;—centralising the opinions and predilections of a knot of acquaintances, whom the progress of years generally converts into friends. The indifference of the French to the ostentations of life,—to the mania for "keeping up appearances," so fatal to the comfort and fortunes of the English,—is one of the great sources of a sociability, which rarely, however, degenerates into that uncermonious familiarity sure to end in ruptures and estrangement. The code of acquaintaneeship among them is, in fact, as well understood and as rigidly maintained, as that of friendship among ourselves.

Their friendships, however, it must be admitted, rarely deepen into the cordial attachments so frequent in England and Germany. They prize a companion so long as he is present, and capable of conducing to their satisfaction; but death, or exile, or even long absence, make an end of the affair; as in a law plea, his rights are forfeited. The anecdote of Madame du Deffand, who, during the last illness of her friend Pont de Veyle, joined a gay supper party, and replied to an observation of the hostess, that "Monsieur Pont de Veyle was doubtless better, since they had the pleasure of seeing her?" "No! he died this morning, or of course I should not have been here to-night,"—conveys the history of most similar attachments.

Among the peculiarities of French society, is that of their matrimonial alliances; which, with rare exceptions, are the result of family arrangements. A suitable match is sought out by mutual friends; and unless some distaste should be expressed by either of the young people a marriage is usually the sequel. Such alliances, based upon parity of fortune, age, and condition, rather than upon those preferences, the growth of casual acquaintance, which so often lead in England to disproportionate matches and personal disappointment, have of course their good and evil points for consideration.

In France, a young person being frequently betrothed from childhood to some kinsman, or the son of some intimate friend of her family, the latter years of her education are influenced by the habits of life she is destined to assume. If there be less of the romance of life in this matter-of-fact system, there is greater certainty of that moderate and rational species of happiness, which secures a peaceful existence, and the consequent cultivation and expansion of the domestic virtues.

Another circumstance favourable to domestic unanimity in France, is the mutual understanding in pecuniary matters occasioned by the definite and well-understood nature of family rights. The capricious distribution of fortunes peculiar to our land of liberty, and the system of excluding women of the higher classes from all share or interest in the pecuniary arrangements of the family, often leads to a want of mutual confidence in economical matters, which a clearer understanding would secure from the most calamitous results. There is scarcely a Frenchwoman of any class of life not perfectly familiar with the interests of her husband and family.

The *signature du contrat* is the closing preliminary of a *mariage de convenance;* and commonly the signal for the presentation by the bridegroom of what is termed the *corbeille de mariage*, being a richly ornamented casket, containing the family jewels, lace, India shawls, trinkets, perfumes, and a sum of money, destined as a wedding present to the bride. In families of consideration, the value of the diamonds is accurately specified in the marriage contract.

The families of both parties are usually assembled for the signature of a marriage contract, which constitutes a family event of much importance; and though it may occasionally happen among the nobility of the *ancien regime* that the bride and bridegroom appear on that occasion almost for the first time in each other's presence, in the respectable middle class the marriage is far oftener the result of youthful attachment. The bitter satire conveyed by the old comedy, in a dialogue between a countess and her daughter,—

"*Com.* Mademoiselle, on vous marie demain.—
Made. Si j'osais, Maman, vous demander avec qui!—
Com. Comment donc, Mademoiselle; est-ce-que cela vous regarde?"

—has ceased to touch upon an existing grievance.

To particularise the numberless subdivisions separating rich from poor, the speculators with millions whose gambling is respectable, and the speculators with hundreds, whose attempts are stigmatised as mere adventure, would scarcely interest the casual visitant to Paris. To the eye of the English family spending the winter months in a gayer capital than their own, little is apparent beyond the gay and brilliant classes frequenting their own and other embassies, objects of uneasiness to them as the fountain head of the lively Parisian persiflage which kills by an epithet, and mortally wounds by a sneer; and the lower class, —the street population,—which meets them on the Boulevarts, in the gardens of the Tuileries, the theatre or the concert-room.

It has been said of Paris, that it is the city where the disreputable classes appear the least disreputable; a mere consequence of the general advance of civilization, which repudiates every thing overly offensive. It must not be supposed that the demoralisation is the less complete for being the less apparent.

On those occasions when the more and less respectable extremes of society are brought into contact, the eyes and ears are not offended as in England. Intoxication is a rare spectacle; and not another city in Europe would have emerged from the temptations of the revolution of July, so unstained by any excesses save those arising from infraction of the law. Not an act of infamy is on record as connected with the insurrection of the three days;—the sacred champion-hip of liberty appearing to have converted the populace into the people.

On occasion of public rejoicings, it is almost always safe to intermingle with the crowd. The decency of attire arising among the lower classes from having an appropriate dress, instead of assuming the cast-off garments of their superiors, imparts an air of decency to the working-people of Paris; while the grisettes, that unique and most Parisian class, derive from the superiority of their *lingerie*, and the niceness and cleanliness of costume consequent upon the absence of smoke and the excellence of French clear starching, a *gentillesse* to which the work-women of England have no pretence.

The fetes of July in the Champs Elysées, or Mardi Gras on the Boulevarts, bring forth a population of decent, cheerful, happy people, as orderly in their deportment as the more fashionable frequenters of the public promenades.

The frolics they go to witness, if not altogether so unobjectionable, seldom involve any serious breach of propriety.

Cars and carriages containing groups of madly joyous persons, usually connected with the theatres, are seen galloping along the Boulevarts, flinging sugar-plums at the passengers, and crowning the pleasures of the day by what is termed the *descente de la Courtille;* after issuing from the masked balls at daybreak the following morning, to breakfast in some of the inferior cafés beyond the Boulevart du Temple, commonly called the quarter of La Courtile;—an extraordinary scene, which few respectable persons have witnessed.

Nothing can exceed the gravity with which respectable middle-aged people parade their children in the most ridiculous costume on these occasions. *Mon pro lege* is accepted as a universal apology; and it may be observed that the French are as absolutely indifferent to the ridicule cast by foreigners on any of their national customs, as they are sensitive to ridicule incurred through any ignorance or infringement of their own of the habits of society. Fashion is their peremptory law of the day; and not to divine it before the law of to-morrow render it obsolete, is an unpardonable fault in their estimation.

The position occupied by foreigners in Paris is precisely such as might be expected, in a capital which forms a central point of attraction to all the countries in Europe. To expect that the Parisians will receive with open arms a mob so heterogeneous and so fluctuating, is out of the question. But persons, of whatever nation, provided with letters of introduction, especially if diplomatic, are sure of being warmly welcomed; and once established in French society, are fixed there for life.

Among the lower classes, the English are nearly as much an object of antipathy as the French among ourselves; and there is far less servility than in England practised by the lower orders towards their superiors, whether of their own or foreign nations. But in general, the traveller is sure of a civil reception, and those aids and services, of which every person in a foreign country stands in hourly occasion.

The French tradespeople are punctual and orderly. They give no credit, and they give no trouble; assuming to themselves the indepen-

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dence of a distinctive class, indifferent to the affairs and gossip of their betters, but taking a lively interest in politics, as the presiding influence of their fortunes. The domestic life of this order of French society is characterised by the utmost regularity and virtue.

The comparative expenses of London and Parisian housekeeping are often discussed. It is probable that persons of very small or very large fortunes gain by a residence in the French capital; while those of moderate income have greater advantages in England. The luxuries of life are incomparably cheaper in Paris; and though an income of £1,000 or £2,000 per annum may accomplish the same position in either capital, £4,000 a year in France is equal to £10,000 in England. This arises in a great measure from their stationary habits, from the smaller number of servants composing a great establishment, and from the inferior manner in which they are accommodated. The upper servants of France absorb half the expense required by those of the English aristocracy. The stables and equipages also, so costly in England, are of less importance.

Public amusements, such as the French and Italian operas, are less expensive, and enjoyed with greater moderation; and the fetes of the French, though brilliant as regards illumination, are of a more economical order than our own. There is less prodigality, less ostentation; no forced fruits or exotic flowers; no "chickens' wings for half the town;"—but simply, good music in a well-lighted series of rooms, with plenty of ices for refreshment, and bouillon for support. The ball rooms of Paris are consequently secure from that voracious class of the community which, till supper time, encumber the dancing-rooms of London.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the wisdom of the government of France in providing or protecting sources of public recreation for the lower classes. The mercurial nature of the French, prompted by their cheerful and exciting climate, renders the taste for pleasure almost as natural an appetite as hunger or thirst; and the cry they boast of having inherited from the Romans, "*Du pain et des spectacles!*" is answered by the prudence of their legislators, by encouragement of the arts, and their adaptation to popular enjoyment,—by the construction of theatres and concert-rooms,—the institution of public holidays, and the enlargement of public gratification by leaving the promenades and institutions of the city open to hackney coaches and plebeian visiters, as well as to the showy equipages of the wealthy or the monopoly of the titled great.

It is scarcely to be supposed that the guinguettes and hastringues of Paris are so injurious to the health and morals of the population, as the gin-palaces of London. When a public fete takes place among the lower orders of England, it is usually attended with disorders, on account of the excitement arising from the rarity of the occurrence; while among the French,

> When old and young come forth to play,
> Upon a sunshine holiday,

at some public garden, the presence of a gendarme at the door is usually a gratuitous precaution. The wisdom of a system of orderliness conducing to the general enjoyment, is enforced by a stronger law than that of municipal authority.

Of all the successive governments of France, with their varying policy, none has been found rash enough to abolish the procession of Bœuf Gras on Shrove Tuesday; and the working people who go to gather lilacs on May-day in the wood of Romainville or Pre St. Gervais,—roses and strawberries at midsummer in the gardens of Fontenay,—and every first Sunday of the summer months to admire the waterworks of St. Cloud,—in addition to the annual festival of *les Grandes Eaux* at Versailles, and the daily shows of the Champs Elysées and Boulevarts du Temple,—are much less likely to trouble their hearts with discontent and heads with politics, than a population over whom the leaden mace of quarter sessions jurisdiction extends its dispiriting authority. In the provincial towns of England, the wax-work exhibits its shreds and patches of royalty with the fear of the cage before its glassy eyes; and the great unpaid have been known to commit even Punch himself as a rogue and vagabond.

Jacques Bonhomme is, in short, not only by temperament a merrier fellow than John Bull, but is encouraged in his innocent mirth. At all the public fetes of Paris, the Prefet de la Seine is officially present; and without affecting the dignified contempt that would be exacted among ourselves of a solemn magistrate presiding over the sports of the populace. On the king's birth day, the city of Paris offers to the court a magnificent display of fireworks, and an illumination of the Champs Elysées, which constitute one of the annual holidays of the year; and on the anniversary of the revolution of July, four days are devoted to the commemoration; on two of which, public concerts, jousts upon the river, gratuitous performances at the different theatres, military spectacles, mats de cocagne, and all the ordinary popular pastimes, are provided for the people upon the most liberal scale. On the morrow, they return to their work, cheered by this momentary relaxation.

Even in trifling matters, the *agremens* of life are not considered unworthy the care of the legislation. Though all the public markets, of which there exist more than a dozen in different parts of the city, keep up a sale of flowers as well as fruit, three specific flower-markets are held twice a week, in various quarters of Paris, enabling the inhabitants to adorn their houses and apartments at a trifling cost; and accommodating the finest lady of the Fauhourg with rare exotics, as well as the humble ouvriere with her *pot de basilic*,—*rosier du savetier!*—à quatre sous. The gay and orderly aspect of the Marché aux Fleurs of La Madeleine, or the Quai Désaix, on a summer's day, is not easily overlooked by those from whom the flower-stalls of Covent Garden are removed by the distance of three or four parishes, or concealed by the incumbrance of a string of vegetable carts. In England, the utile is apt to predominate over the dulce; and the erection of two noble fountains in Trafalgar Square, as a mere source of public ornament and pleasure, would probably produce a general outcry of profligate extravagance.

It is true that much of the attention paid by the French government to the mere decoration of the city, is a politic conciliation to the national vanity of the French;—a weakness which, turned to account by the adroitness of legislative genius, has been as much the source of national triumph to France, as either inherent bravery or intrinsic talent. The magniloquent bulletins of Napoleon, so admirably addressed to the characteristic foible of the French, induced them to allow themselves to be led to the slaughter in Spain, or to famine and frost in Russia, in the individual hope of carrying, according to the proverbial vaunt, "the baton of a marshal of France in every knapsack," and in the collective ambition of suspending new banners in the church of the Invalides, and new pictures in the gallery of the Louvre. The assumption of the name of *la grande nation* has perhaps done more to aggrandise the French, by inciting them to act up to their reputation, than all the prose of the old parliaments of Paris, or all the eloquence of its modern chambers.

"An Englishman," observes Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, "is proud of his nation, because it belongs to himself; a Frenchman is proud of himself, because he belongs to his nation:" and this national pride has greatly tended to place the country upon that pedestal of power, which not even the enmity of allied Europe was able to overthrow. Had the same feeling which animates the French imparted unanimity to the Irish, centuries of misery and degradation might have been spared to a land which would never have become an English province, to our detriment and her own.

Of the comparative morality of Paris and London it is unnecessary to treat in pages specifically devoted to the illustration of external objects; and unless, by a stretch of speculative philosophy, the prison and the Morgue were to be weighed in the balance against the palace and the theatre, it would be as irrelevant to lift the veil from the gloomy mysteries of Bicêtre or the Enfans Trouvés, as to include among our illustrations a view of some dreary *impasse* of the Quartier de la Greve. The capital of a population of thirty-three millions necessarily concentrates as great a diversity of natures, and consequently of crimes, as half a dozen states of the empire, or of the Italian peninsula; and the darkness of the shadows is probably in proportion to the excess of light perceptible in the civilisation of Parisian life.

The assemblage of the representatives of so many opposite provinces has also perhaps its influence in promoting the vivacity of the population of Paris. The natives of the north and south of France are almost as distinct in idiosyncrasy as Europeans and Asiatics; and the fierce republican of Marseilles, and devoted royalist of La Vendée—the phlegmatic Alsatian, and haughty egotist of Gascony,—can scarcely come into collision, without eliciting sparks such as serve to brighten the social atmosphere by their harmless scintillation.

The wit of the Parisians has been for centuries proverbial; and when the government of old France was said by Champfort to be an absolute monarchy, "*modéré de chansons*," it was not songs he intended to designate as the modification of the despotism of Versailles, but *bon-mots*; the *chansons* of Paris containing in the last century the same bitter essence of popular wit, which the lighter dramatic pieces of the present day concentrate in their couplets. On the French stage, to place a bon-mot in a song, has the same effect as printing it in Italics. The public is sure not to miss the point which stings home in the refrain of a popular vaudeville.

No national crisis—no public event—no sect—no doctrine—escapes in Paris the branding iron of the bon-mot. Several light daily papers flourish exclusively upon the emission of a series of witticisms upon public men and public measures. In private life, conciseness of language, combined with liveliness of imagination, is sure to supply a certain gay terseness of phraseology,

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which, if not exactly wit, sounds so like it as to form a very agreeable substitute.

The humour of the lower classes is equally remarkable; though in the leading modern works which purport to describe them, the novels of Paul de Kock and Ricard, and the comic songs of Levasseur, they are made rather the passive than the active instruments of a lively author;—unlike the pages of Dickens, which invest the slang and peculiarities of the uneducated classes with the inherent humour that constitutes the wit of the unsalivated.

The literature of France, as established in Paris at the present moment, pretty much resembles the excessive efflorescence of the hothouse, which weakens the strength of a plant for the display of a moment. There are thousands of what are called "popular writers of the day;" there are very few for posterity. Pensions and ribands, a place in the Academy, "a name, a wretched picture, and worse bust," constitute the premiums of those whose works crowd the cabinets de lecture with subscribers, but whose chefs d'œuvre possess the temporary brilliancy of a feu d'artifice. A few such writers as Messrs. Tocqueville, Beranie, Thierry, and Thiers, and a single poet, Béranger, will probably survive their century; but such writers as Victor Hugo, Madame Dudevant, Alexander Dumas, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Balzac, Saintine, St. Beuve, De Vigny, Musset, Janin, Karr, Souvestre, Bernard, Soulie and Sue, however they may conduce to the delight of the public or the brilliancy of the world of letters, constitute rather a via lactea of literary glory, than a constellation of stars of the first magnitude. The French have neither a Scott nor a Byron in their muster roll of living writers.

The exciting interests of politics appear to have absorbed the fame, and consequently to have diminished the enthusiasm of *les gloires litteraires*. Had Voltaire and Rousseau flourished at the present day, they would have been arguing in the chamber, and attempting to influence the budget by word of mouth, instead of organising by word of literary expressions and measures of mankind. It is an age of movement,—an age of hurry and precipitation. Writers do not allow themselves time to write, or readers to read; and the nineteenth century will consequently lay no over-weighty burthen of classics upon the shoulders of posterity.

The ephemeral literature of the day is the gainer. The periodicals of Paris, whether as political organs or literary authorities, are of the highest merit; while the stage, though no longer illustrated by a Corneille or a Moliere, possesses small change for the latter in a myriad of sparkling and striking dramatists, whose unwearied powers of invention supply a succession of novelties which secure a succession of audiences.

Such is the surface of PARIS: a glance at which will unquestionably recompense the effort, to persons weary of the monotonous and unattractive streets of London; of which the very recently erected ones alone affect the slightest architectural distinction.

In a series of eighteen well mounted and well attended theatres, an agreeable substitute will be found for the dull evenings encountered by foreigners in our own metropolis, unless at the short period of the year when the pleasures of the season are going on; whereas in Paris there is no moment when the traveller finde himself at fault for entertainment. From the month of October, when the Italian Opera opens, the amusements of the winter season commence; continuing without intermission till the king's fete, the first of May; from which period, throughout the summer, the cheerfulness of the public promenades, concerts, and breakfasts, replaces the more brilliant succession of winter fêtes.

From such an excursion, the traveller will probably return, like the French from their three days' holiday, to his accustomed occupations, cheered and lightened in spirit by the contemplation of the fine monuments, and busy, joyous population of

PARIS IN 1841.

The Peasant and the Prince.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE PEASANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOVER IN THE WOOD.

One fine afternoon in April, 1770, there was a good deal of bustle in the neighbourhood of the village of St. Menehould, in the province of Champagne, in France. The bride of the Dauphin of France,*—the lady who was to be queen when the present elderly king should die,—was on her journey from Germany, and was to pass through St. Menehould to Paris, with her splendid train of nobles and gentry; and the whole country was alive with preparations to greet her loyally as she passed. The houses of the village were cleaned and adorned; and gangs of labourers were at work repairing the roads of the district;—not hired labourers, but peasants, who were obliged by law to quit the work of their own fields or kilns, when called upon, to repair the roads for a certain number of days. These road-menders were not likely to be among the most hearty welcomers of the Dauphiness; for they had been called off, some from their field-work just at the time when the loss of a few days would probably cause great damage to the crops,—and others from the charcoal works, when their families could ill spare the small wages they gained at the kilns. These forced labourers would willingly have given up their sight of the Dauphiness, if she would have gone to Paris by another route, so that this road-mending might have been left to a more convenient season.

The peasants round St. Menehould were not all out upon the roads, however. In the midst of a wood, a little to the north of the village, the sound of a mallet might be heard by any traveller in the lane which led to the ponds, outside the estate of the Count de D——.

The workman who was so busy with his mallet was not a charcoal-burner; and the work he was doing was on his own account. It was Charles Bertrand, a young peasant well known in the village, who had long been the lover of Marie Randolphe, the pretty daughter of a tenant of the Count de D——. When they were first engaged, everybody who knew them was glad, and said that they would be a happy couple. But their affairs did not look more cheerful as time went on. Charles toiled with all his might, and tried so earnestly to save money that he did not allow himself sufficient food and rest, and was now almost as sallow and gaunt-looking as his older neighbours; and yet he could never get nearer to his object of obtaining a cottage and field to which he might take Marie home. Marie grew somewhat paler, and her face less pretty; for, besides her anxiety for her lover, she had hard living at home. Her father and mother had her two young brothers to maintain, as well as themselves; and no mil, no efforts on the part of the family could keep them above want. Their earnings were very small at the best; and these small gains were so much lessened by the work her father was called out to do upon the roads,—and, of the money brought home, so much went to buy the quantity of salt which they were compelled by law to purchase, that too little remained to feed and clothe the family properly.

This story of the salt will scarcely be believed now; but it was found, throughout France, seventy years ago, to be only too true. An enormous tax was laid upon salt, as one of the articles which people could not live without, and which therefore everybody must buy. To make this tax yield plenty of money to the king, there was a law which fixed the price of salt enormously high, and which compelled every person in France above eight years old to buy a certain quantity of salt, whether it was wanted or not. By the same law, people were forbidden to sell salt to one another, though one poor person might be in want of it, and his next door neighbour have his full quantity, without any food to eat it with. Even in such a case as this, if a starving man ventured to sell salt for a loaf of bread, he was subject to severe punishment. Now, Marie's brothers were just ten and nine years old; and the hardships of the family had been increased since these poor boys became the cause of their father having to buy their portion of salt. Just able before to get on, the family were, by this additional tax, brought down to a state of want; and Marie begged her father not to say a word about giving her a single penny, to help her marriage with Charles; for she saw well that he would never be able to do it. Her poor father could not contradict her.

As he could do nothing for her, he did not like to oppose the plan which the young people were found at length to have talked over. Charles knew that, in cases of great poverty, huts had been built in a wood, or caves scooped out in the side of the chalk-hills, where people lived who could not hire, or buy, or build a house. He told Marie that he would build a hut in the wood, and that they would then marry, and live or starve together, since there was no use in waiting longer, seeing, as they did, that their prospect never could improve. The lord of the chateau would not object, he was sure; as the lords always got out of their peasantry much more service than would pay for the stakes and twigs

* It is not certain how the heir of the throne of France came to be called Dauphin—(in the same manner as the heir of the English throne is called Prince of Wales,) but the reason is supposed to be this. Dauphin is French for Dolphin. An ancient noble family in France had a dolphin in their coat of arms, and called their family after it, and also their territory, known by the name of Dauphine. The last of this race of independent nobles yielded up his territorial authority to the kings of France, whose heirs from that time (1349) to the last French Revolution, in 1830, have borne the title of Dauphin.

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of a hut in the wood. Marie was easily persuaded, though her mother wept at the idea of the cold winter, and the damps of spring, and the ague of autumn, that she knew caused terrible suffering to the poor who lived in the woods and caves. The good woman tried to console herself with taking great care of a pair of fowls, which were to be her wedding present to her daughter.

So here was Charles, this day, at work in the wood, with Marie's brothers to help him. One well-wisher had lent him an axe, and another a mallet; and he cut and drove stakes, while Robin and Marc collected twigs from the brushwood, moss from the roots of trees, and rushes from the margin of the ponds. They had chosen such a spot as they thought Marie would like; for she would not be persuaded to come, and choose for herself. She only dropped that the hut ought to stand above the fogs of the ponds; and she left the rest to Charles. Charles had found a little green recess among the trees, on a slightly rising ground; Robin and Marc declared for it at once, when he showed them how he could cut away the brushwood, so as to leave a pathway to the pond, and a pretty view of it when it gleamed in the sun, as it did this afternoon. The boys clapped their hands; and Charles, feeling a glow at his heart, as if Marie and he were going to be happy at last, began to sing as he drove his corner stakes.

"You will have a pleasant life of it here in the woods," said Robin, bringing as large a load of rushes as his two arms would hold. "I should like to live here, as you are going to do. You have only to look into that pond for three minutes to see more fine fish than you will want for a month after."

"The fish will do us no good," said Charles. "If a fish-bone is found within a furlong of where I live, (here where nobody else lives,) off I am marched straight to jail. And the count's bailiff has surprisingly sharp eyes."

"I would bury the fish-bones in the night-time," observed Marc, coming up with a faggot of twigs; "but I would have the fish, if I wanted them, for all the bailiff."

"If you go to yonder jail," said Charles, "and ask the folk how they came there, some of them will tell you it was by trying to get fish, when they were hungry, for all the bailiff. Or, if not fish, something else from the woods and warrens,—a rabbit, perhaps, or a couple of doves."

"I hope the bailiff won't put me into jail for my rabbits," said Marc; "for I have not eaten them. I have a pretty litter of rabbits for Marie; and you will help me to make a hutch for them, behind the house. I should say hereabouts."

"Do you know no better than that?" said Charles. "Your father could have told you in a minute, if you had asked him, that it is against the law for anybody to keep rabbits and pigeons except the nobles."

"Pigeons!" exclaimed Robin. "Why, that is too bad! I have the prettiest pair of doves, from this wood, that ever was seen. I took them from the nest, a month ago; and I tell Marie that their cooing will set all the doves in the wood cooing, so that she will have music all day long while you are away at work."

"No matter for all that," said Charles. "It would be a pretty treat for Marie; and it is a pretty thought of yours: but Marie must be content to hear the count's pigeons coo; for the first day the bailiff finds any tame ones, he will wring their necks, and make her or you suffer for having them. I can't allow a rabbit or a pigeon here, boys, say what you will. They will be my ruin. Ah! I see you are vexed with me: but I did not make the law, and have no more liking to it than you: but I can tell you, quick as the bailiff's eyes are upon everybody, they are most so upon people who live, as I am going to do, with fish, and pigeons, and rabbits all close round about them, and oftentimes wanting a meal, as I fear Marie and I shall do."

The boys declared that if Charles would not take home their presents, they would keep them and bear the risk themselves. They might thus let Marie have a rabbit or a bird to eat, now and then, if she could not keep them in their live state, as a pleasure.

As the floor of the hut could not be too much trodden, in the absence of planks and bricks, Charles and the boys gave it a first treading now, as soon as the six biggest stakes were driven in. Like all their peasant neighbours who were not barefoot, they wore wooden clogs; and with these all three stamped and tramped with might and main.

They were so busy at this work, that they did not perceive that any one was approaching, till Robin, happening to turn round, exclaimed—

"Why, here is Marie!"

Charles bounded out of the enclosure, threw his arms round Marie, and covered her cheek with kisses; so delighted was he with her for coming, as he thought, to see how the work went on, without even waiting till he went for her.

"Stay, stay, Charles!" exclaimed she, as soon as he would let her speak. "Hear what I came for," she added, mournfully, and almost impatiently. "You must give over this work for to-day; and perhaps for many days more. You must go away somewhere, out of sight, till the strangers have left the place; or there is no saying what may happen. Father says so; and it was my mother that bade me come. She could not come herself, and so leave me among the soldiers."

"Soldiers! what soldiers?" asked all at once.

"The soldiers are come that we were warned would come whenever the count should bring his family home, and the dauphiness pass through; and there are so many that there is not a house within two miles of the village that has not some quartered in it. We have three at home; and what we are to do for them we don't know, nor how long they will stay. The first thing, however, Charles, is for you to keep out of sight. Father says if you don't the count's people will certainly be laying hold of you for military service."

Charles struck his mallet against a tree, as if he wished to knock its head off. Between fear, anger and disappointment, he was quite in a passion. He could not reasonably deny that all his and Marie's hopes might depend on his hiding himself till the bustle was past; but it made him wretched to think of skulking in idleness, when his protection and assistance would be most wanted by Marie and her family.

"Now don't do that, love," said Marie, gently holding his hand, as the dull shock of his blows echoed through the wood. "That noise will bring somebody. The count himself, and his family, are not far off; and his people are all about. Do be quiet, Charles."

"Quiet, indeed! And what are you to do with three soldiers, when you have not enough for yourselves?"

"I don't know, indeed," said Marie, tearfully, as she remembered that her mother's cherished pair of fowls was doomed already for supper. She did not mention this; but said that the soldiers were calling for fuel, as they liked a good fire in spring evenings; and that her brothers must make haste home, each with a faggot, which would serve as an excuse for having been so long in the wood, if the count's people should have their eyes upon them. She herself must make haste back, Marie said, as the soldiers wanted their linen washed by the next morning. Her mother was trying to borrow some wood-ashes, as they had scarcely any soap; and it was time now that they were at the wash-tub. She must be gone.

The boys were more eager than Marie to be at home. They were in fear for their rabbits and doves. They were heaping up their faggots with all speed, when they heard noises from the lane which made them pause. There was the sound of wheels, and the tramp of many horses, and the voices of a large company.

"It is the count and his family," said Marie, "coming to the chateau by the shortest road. No—do not go, boys," she entreated, as they left their faggots, and began forcing their way through the brushwood towards the pond, that they might see the sight in the lane. "Robin, dear Robin!—Marc,—come back! Do come back now! You will see them much better to-morrow. They will make a much grander show to-morrow. Charles, do make them stay here!"

Charles did not attempt this. He was thinking of something else; for he had observed Marie's colour change when the cavalcade was first heard in the lane. He fixed his eyes upon her as he said,—

"Had you seen the count and his train when you found us here?"

"Yes," she replied, looking in his face; "I had crossed the corner of neighbour Thibaut's field, and was upon the stile when the party turned into the cross-road; and I had to wait till they were all past."

"How many were there?"

"O, more than I can tell. There was a coach full of ladies, and six horses to it. And some more ladies on horseback, and some gentlemen, and many servants."

"Did any of them speak to you?"

"They gave me good day. But, Charles, I could hardly return it dutifully to them." She hid her face on her lover's shoulder as she whispered, "It made my heart sink to nothing, and does now, to think that I cannot be married without his consent,—that great count's! When I saw his grandeur, I thought it never could be."

"Never fear," said Charles, relieved from some feeling of dread which he hardly understood, but still with a heavy heart. "If his grandeur be all you are afraid of, never fear. He will be too busy to attend to such an affair, and will send us a word through the bailiff, or the curé, if we can get him to speak for us. Or we can wait a few days, till they are fairly gone with the Dauphiness, and then marry; and the thing done, he will not take it amiss that we did not trouble him for his consent, at such a busy time."

"See, what are the boys doing?" exclaimed Marie, who saw through the trees that her brothers were making the humblest of their rustic bows, repeatedly, and with extraordinary earnestness. "Come further back into the woods,"

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she whispered. "Here, behind this thicket;—here no one can see us from the lane. Hark! Can you hear what those voices are saying?"

No words could be distinguished; but the boys soon came running back, and, to Marie's great relief, followed by no one.

Her brothers were full of what they had seen. The cavalcade was very grand. The great coach looked quite full of ladies with their large white hats, covered with feathers, and flowers, and ribbons. Some more ladies in light blue riding habits rode the most beautiful sleek horses; and so did the gentlemen. One of the young gentlemen stopped, or tried to stop; but his horse would not stand, but kept wheeling round and round the whole time he was speaking with them. He asked them whether they did not live in this wood; and when they said "No," he asked whether somebody did not live in it. Upon their saying that they knew of no inhabitant, he further inquired whether, if he came bird-nesting, or with his fishing-rod, they did not think he should find some sort of a habitation among the trees. And then he asked whether they were not the Count's peasantry; and what their names were, and how many there were in the family; and whether the bailiff was kind to them. By that time, the gentleman's horse began to bolt across the lane, and all the party, but one groom, were almost out of sight; so the gentleman took off his hat, and bowed down to his saddle, looking very funny,—not mocking, but in play, and galloped off; and the groom laughed and nodded, and galloped after his master.

Charles now turned away, and with desperate tugs pulled up the stakes he had driven with so much satisfaction, and threw them into the thicket. He filled the holes, scratched up with brambles the ground he and the boys had trodden, and strewed it over with green twigs, so that no token of his late labour was left to attract the eye of the passer-by. The boys looked ruefully on his proceedings; and Marie appeared to forget that her mother wanted her, as she gazed. She soon, however, observed that the lane was empty now, and they must be gone. Sending her brothers on before, she stayed one moment to entreat Charles to be patient under the separation and delay of a few days; and proposed to him that he should be found, that day week, at a certain cave in the chalk-hill, two miles off, where she would send to let him know when the danger was over, and he might appear again.

Charles made no promises,—spoke no word of any kind. He kissed her fervently, and would scarcely let her go: and when she looked back from the verge of the wood, she saw him leaning his forehead against a tree. She feared he was weeping very bitterly.

CHAPTER II.

COMPANY TO SUPPER.

Marie's mother received her with a look almost of reproach; so overpowered was the poor woman with the business of providing lodging, food, fire, and washing for three strangers, when she had no money, and few other means of making them comfortable. The men seemed to behave well. One of them was absent, helping his host to bring in his share of the forage, to be provided by the village, for the cavalry now awaiting the arrival of the Dauphiness. The other two guests were sitting before the door, one smoking, and the other every now and then looking in, and addressing some civil word to the hostess, who was plucking her fowls with a heavy heart.

"I thought you were lost," said she to her children, as they entered. "Robin, fill the boiler; and Marc, blow the fire under it. Your sister and I shall have to be at the wash-tub and ironing board all night."

The soldiers were very sorry this trouble should be caused by them. Was there no one in the village who could relieve them of this part of their work? That the linen should be ready by the morning was indeed indispensable, as the Dauphiness might arrive at any hour of the next day; but to stand at the washtub at midnight! it was terrible to think of. However terrible, there was no help for it. Every housewife in St. Menehould had soldiers quartered upon her house, and her hands therefore full, instead o. being able to wash for another. Besides this, the Randolphes could not pay for such service. Moreover, the family had to give up their beds (which were but poor cribs in the wall) to the strangers; and as they had to be up, they had better be employed than idle.

As soon as Robin and Marc had done all they could for their sister in the washing shed, they hastened to the soldiers, and made the acquaintance which boys like to make with strangers who have travelled and seen wonderful things. First, they found out that one soldier was called Jérome, and that the other, who never ceased smoking, pretended to have so many names, that they saw he either meant to make a joke of them, or did not choose to say what his real name was. Then the boys told their own names and ages, and those of all the family; but they did not mention Charles, having learned that much prudence from the distress they saw in the faces of their sister and mother. Then it appeared that the soldiers could tell a great deal about the Dauphiness.

"Will she be here to-morrow?" asked Marc.

"That depends upon where she is to-night," replied Jérome. "The last I heard of her was at Strasburg. You know she is a German, and comes from Germany."

The boys had never heard of Germany, near as they were to it, and did not know where Strasburg was. So they asked about something that they could understand; what the great lady's name was, and how old she looked.

"Her name is Marie-Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine; and her age is——Let us see. Comrade, how old is she exactly? I heard tell, I think, that she is fifteen."

"O, that can't be!" exclaimed the boys. "Married at fifteen! and our Marie is——"

Here Robin remembered that he must not allude to Charles, and stopped.

"She was born on the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon——"

"Is that where she lives?"

"No, I think not. Whether Lisbon is in Germany, I am not certain: but I don't think she and her mother were in the earthquake: but I know that it happened the day she was born, and that it hurts her spirits to think of it. She takes it for a sign that she will live unhappy, or die in some dreadful way."

"You have not served out of France," observed Randolphe, as he came up, with the third soldier, and seated himself on the bench. "You have not seen either Lisbon or Germany, I suppose; for I can tell you that Lisbon is a good way off from any place where this princess has been. Well, I am sorry to hear anything hurts her spirits; but, to be sure, the great earthquake was an awful thing."

"I am thinking," said Jérome, "that a good many thousand people must have been born that same day; I hope they are not all troubled with bad spirits. It would be a curious sight to see so many people of fifteen all low about the manner of their lives and deaths."

"She is very low sometimes, however," observed his comrade. "When she was leaving the city she lived in, she wept so that nothing was ever seen like it. She covered her eyes, sometimes with her handkerchief, and sometimes with her hands; and looked out many times from the coach-window, to see her mother's palace once more."

Every one thought there was no great wonder in this. A young girl, leaving her own country for ever, to be the wife of a foreign prince whom she had never seen, and could not tell whether she should like, might well be in tears, Randolphe said. Had she cheered up yet?

"Yes, indeed," said Jérome. "That she has. When she saw the fine pavilion on the frontier, she was pleased enough."

The boys wanted to hear about the pavilion.

"It was there," said Jérome, "that she was to be made a French princess of. It was a very grand sort of tent, that cost more money than I can reckon."

Randolphe sighed.

"There were three rooms," continued Jérome; "a large one in the middle, and a smaller one at each end. In one of these smaller rooms she left everything she had worn, even to her very stockings, and all her German attendants; and then she went through to the other, where she found her French attendants, and her fine French wardrobe."

"And shall we see her in some of her new clothes?" asked Marc.

"Certainly." And Jérome went on describing the princess's dress, and told all he had heard of her jewels, and furs, and laces, till the soldiers observed that their host had sighed very often. One of the soldiers then said that it was enough to make poor men like themselves sad to hear of such luxury, when they were hungry in the long summer days, and cold all the long winter nights.

"What need you care?" said the host, somewhat bitterly. "You are provided for by law, when we country people are ground down by it. You come upon us, and must be served with the best, when we have not enough for ourselves."

The third soldier declared that he thought this a very uncivil speech. Jérome said that he, for his part, could dispense with civility in such a case, when he happened to know where the truth lay. He assured Randolphe that soldiers like himself were as little pleased with the state of things as any countryman. They themselves were the sons of peasants; and many had led a cottage life, and knew how to pity it. But he must say, a soldier's life was very little better. The army could not get its pay. Glad enough would soldiers be to save trouble to their hosts, if they had a little money in their pockets; but pay was not to be got, in these days, by soldiers, any more than if none was due to them.

His smoking comrade thought there must be an earthquake somewhere in France, swallowing up all the money; for nobody could tell where it all went to.

"How can you say that," said Randolphe, "when you think of the numbers of idle people

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that are feeding upon those who work?—I hear you, wife," he said, in answer to a warning cough from his wife within. "It is no treason to say that in this land there are swarms of idle folk, living upon the toil of us who work."

The guests declared that they were men of honour, who would be ashamed to repay hospitality by reporting the conversation of their host. Besides, nobody in France could question the fact. To say nothing of the old king, languishing in the midst of costly pleasures, so vicious that by every indulgence he purchased the curses of virtuous families, and the hatred of the poor,—besides all the extravagances in that quarter, there were the nobility, sitting heavy upon the people throughout the land, like the nightmare upon the sleep of a wearied man. These nobles must all be rich,—must all be pampered in luxury, though not one of them would work with his head or hands. If a nobleman had five sons, they must all be pampered alike; and the sons of five hundred peasants must be oppressed, to supply the means.

Randolphe said he had little thought to see the day when he should hear soldiers say these things openly at his own door. His face brightened as he declared this, though his wife again coughed more than once.

Jérome replied that it was a common thing now to hear these things told; for the oppressed do get to speak out, sooner or later. The story of the king's meeting a coffin was in every body's mouth. No one here had heard it: so Jérome told that the king was fond of asking questions of strangers, and particularly about disease, death, and churchyards; because he thought his gay attendants did not like to hear of such things. One day, he was hunting in the forest of Sénard, when he met a man on horseback, carrying a coffin. "Where are you carrying that coffin?" asked the king. "To the village yonder." "Is it for a man or a woman?" "For a man." "What did he die of?" "Of hunger." The king clapped spurs to his horse, and rode away.

"He might find the same thing happening in many other villages," said Randolphe, stroking the thin cheeks of his boy Robin. "Look here!" showing the boy's arm. "Is this an arm that can work or fight as a Frenchman's should do, when my boy is a man?"

"Things may be different when that boy is a man," said the smoker, between two whiffs of his pipe.

"How? Where? When? Why? Is any thing going to be done for the poor?" asked Randolphe and his family, within and without doors.

"I don't know when and how: but I think you need not ask why, if you live some days of the week upon boiled nettles, as many of your neighbours do. Those that have looked into the matter say that the country people (they who really do the work of the land) possess only one third of the country, and yet pay three fourths of the taxes. One does not see why this should go on, when once they choose that it shall not: and many think that they won't choose it much longer."

"And then something will be done for the poor?" said the hostess, coming to the door.

"Certainly; unless the rich do something for the poor first; which would be their wisest way."

"But if the rich should not choose to do any thing for us?" said Robin.

"Then they must look to themselves."

"And what will happen to them? What will happen to the Dauphiness?"

"O, poor lady! there is no saying that. She knows little of what the French people are suffering, and nothing of what they are thinking. How should she? What notion should she have of poverty and the poor, when she is now buying, out of her allowance, a pair of ear-rings that cost 360,000 francs?"*

"You are joking, comrade."

"No, it is true." She thinks there is no harm in it, because she will pay the whole out of her allowance, year by year; and the diamonds are so rare and wonderful that she thinks she has a good bargain. What should she know of poverty and the poor?"

"God bless her!" said the hostess, "and may she never know what it is to eat boiled nettles, for want of any thing better!"

"I wish she would have done with throwing away our money in diamonds, at that rate," said Randolphe, gloomily. "The people will not love her if she does. We all know it is what we pay for this cursed salt, and our poll-tax, and all our grinding taxes, that go to pay for such freaks as these."

"Well, love," said his wife, "she is young, and may learn. Don't let us be grudging to her as a stranger."

"Not I, love; I would grudge her nothing, if only I could give my family food that would make them plump and rosy, as I hope to see this lady to-morrow, and if I could but apprentice my boys to some trade that would give them a chance of a better living than their father had before them, and take them a little from under the Count's hand, for that is very heavy upon us. If my boys have nothing better before them than to divide my poor field, and live as peasants under the Count, I don't know that I should cry to lay them in their graves before I lie down myself."

"And cannot you apprentice one of them, at least?" inquired Jérome.

"How can I? Besides the transaction between the nation and me, there is a great sum to be paid to the king upon the indenture, and another and a larger before the lad begins his trade. What can a poor peasant do with his boys but make them poor peasants than himself, if that is possible? But it is not possible. Is there coarser woollen than this that I wear? Is there a tougher leather than my belt is made of? And is there any thing for the feet poorer than our wooden clogs? And as for food, we are as far from health and strength on the one hand, as we are from the grave on the other—just half way. So my boys will be poor peasants, like their father, if they can make his field yield double; and if not, they will be in their graves."

The boys trembled, and would have cried if they dared. Their mother wept outright: and the good-natured Jérome could only shake his head and sigh, and mutter that he feared that was the plight of millions more in France. His smoking comrade again gave out, between two puffs, that before these boys were men, every thing might be changed, and the nobles might chance to find their mouths stuffed with boiled nettles, for one thing, just to show what they were like. This speech made the boys laugh. Their mother wiped their eyes, and gave notice that supper, such as it was, was ready. She knew there was nothing that could satisfy three men, if they happened to be very hungry; she could only say that here was all she had.

Her guests unswered her with a civil nod, and sat down at her board with alacrity, saying that the fowls looked savoury, and the bowl of milk good for a thirsty man after a march. Some of their comrades in the village had wine, they knew; but nothing was said about it; for the soldiers' pockets were empty, like those of their host.

It was growing dark. Randolphe made what blaze he could by throwing light wood upon the fire. By law he was bound to furnish candles to his guests; and some soldiers whom he had entertained had required this of him; but his present guests felt no disposition to do so, after what they had heard. They cut up their fowls by fire-light: then, before beginning to eat, they exchanged glances, the consequence of which was that the boys were called, made to sit down each between two soldiers, and treated with mouthfuls of savoury fowl. Can it be wondered at that they forgot, till afterwards, that they were eating poor Marc's fowls, which they had hoped to see peeking about in the wood?

The lively talk that was going on round the table was soon interrupted by a loud rap upon the door, made by a heavy staff, such as the Count's followers usually carried when they went on messages. Randolphe was not fond of receiving visits from the Count's people, and he now desired Robin to go to the door, and see what was wanted. The message was heard by those within, for the boy showed it aloud from door to door of all the peasantry of the Count's estate. Randolphe and another were wanted to-night, to flog the ponds.

"I will go myself, because I must," observed Randolphe: "but how to find another I don't know, so I shall just let that alone."

"They won't forgive you for not taking a second," remarked his wife. "You will have to pay dear, one way or another: and yet I can't ask you to take one of the boys.—It is bad enough for you, a poor rest between two days' labour to stand flogging the ponds till field-time in the morning."

"Have you often to do this night-work, neighbour?" asked Jérome.

"Only when the family are at the chateau. They are so used to live in Paris, away from country noises, that they cannot sleep in the country for the noise of the frogs, unless the ponds are flogged: so, when they come, we have that work to do."

"Cannot you poison the frogs?" asked Jérome.

"O, yes, father!" cried Marc. "You poison rats: cannot you poison the frogs, and have done with them?"

The smoker here muttered something which made his comrade jog his elbow, and the host say, "Hush! hush!" What he was muttering was, that if they wanted to get rid of a nuisance, the aristocrats were fewer than the frogs.

Randolphe was evidently anxious to be gone after he had heard this speech. He would not say another word on his own grievances, or those of his neighbours. He fetched his woollen cap, and stood only undecided as to what he should do about furnishing a second, to work with him that night. He glanced from one boy to the other: but both looked too pale to stand in the damps through an April night. He repeated that he would take no second; but while he said so,

* This is fact; but it happened a little later in her history, immediately after she became queen. 360,000 francs are about £15,000.

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there were images in his mind of fine or compensation, bringing increased hardships, on the morrow. At this moment a voice from the darkness without called his name, and said he need not look any further for a comrade.

All the family knew that this was Charles's voice; but even the little boys had learned so much caution from hardship, that they did not speak, but only looked at each other. Jérome observed that it told well for his host that he had a neighbour ready, without asking, to help him in so irksome a service.

The soldiers contrived to make room for the boys to sleep, thinking it quite enough that the law obliged Randolphe to flog the ponds, and his wife and daughter to toil in the shed all night, without the addition of the two half-fed lads having to lie down on the clay floor, or not at all. So each boy had a share of the crib, and a corner of the rug.

CHAPTER III.

A HOLIDAY MORNING.

The boys were wakened in the morning by a rap on the door, like that of the preceding evening. When they had rubbed their eyes and got up, they found that their mother was speaking with no less a person than the bailiff from the chateau. It took little time to slip on the only day-garment each had: and then, as their mother stood in the doorway, one looked out under each of her arms, to see what was going on.

"Ah! you little fellows," said the bailiff, "I have some business with you. What have you to do with pigeons, when you know 'tis against the law for you to keep them? Come, no excuses; I saw a brood of pigeons on the ridge of the roof, as I came."

"How are we to help the Count's pigeons lighting on our ridge, if they choose, please sir?" said Marc.

"Nay, Marc, no tricks!" said his mother. "The pigeons are theirs, sir; got from the wood, and a present for their sister: but you see, sir, how trickery and falsehood come. If there were no reasons why my boys should not do such an innocent thing as bring up a brood of pigeons, the thought of an untruth would not enter their heads; but you see what you tempt them to, by driving them so very hard about almost the only pleasure they have."

"It is not I, good woman," said the bailiff. "Do not say I drive them hard—I did not make the laws; but it is my business to see that the laws are regarded between the Count and his people; that is all. Come! While your daughter puts on her gayest ribbon, I will go round, and see about these pigeons."

Marie had no gay ribbon to put on, though she must go immediately with her father before the Count. It was the bailiff's errand to say this. While she made herself as neat as she could, and her father was called in from the field (to which he had gone straight from the ponds, because he knew there was no meal ready for him at home), the bailiff examined the premises, followed at a distance by the boys, in terror for their rabbit-hutch. Of course, the rabbits were found; and of course, they were carried off. Robin rolled upon the ground in his grief, and Marc looked as if his heart was bursting. The bailiff was so sorry for what he felt it his duty to do, that, against all rule, he offered the boys one young rabbit and one young pigeon to keep. At first, these were accepted; but Marc was sure that Robin's rabbit would pine alone; and Robin was certain Marc's pigeon could never live solitary; and they gave up these last remains of their treasures. To do it with a good grace was more than they were equal to; and when Marie and her father set off for the chateau, they left the boys crying bitterly.

It did not make Marie the more easy to see her lover skulking at a distance, all the way they went. The bailiff was close at hand; and she believed that his quick eyes would note all Charles's doings. Every time he spoke, which he did frequently and civilly, she dreaded his asking what business that man had, watching them from under the shade of the wood; but each time she was relieved by hearing some question or remark about the reception of the Dauphiness in the village. She had to say all that must be said to the bailiff; for her father was busy thinking. He was glad when they were left alone, so that he could tell Marie what was in his mind. There was time enough to do this. When the great iron gates of the avenue closed behind them, the bailiff told them to go straight on by the main road. He was going by a side path, but would meet them farther on, and take them to the Count.

This was the opportunity Randolphe wanted, to tell his daughter that he thought it best now to ask the Count's consent to her marriage with Charles, formally and properly. Marie trembled, and grew sick at heart as she heard this, and implored her father not to mention Charles,—so sure was she that her marriage would be prevented if Charles were spoken of. Her father declared, however, that he knew the Count and his ways, and was certain that, his notice being attracted, nothing could now prevent his becoming acquainted with the minutest of their family circumstances; and that the most politic course would be to appear to desire his consent, and only to have waited his arrival at the chateau to request it. Randolphe had decided upon his plan, and Marie had only to submit.

The bailiff met them at the head of the avenue, and led them to the morning apartment of the Count, which he entered first, after being announced, leaving his companions in the hall. The door was presently opened, and he beckoned them in.

The Count was sitting in his morning-gown beside a table, on which stood a small silver tray, with his coffee-cup upon it. His valet was dressing his hair. Two of his sons were in the room; one playing with his dogs in a recess of the window, and the other reading the newspaper.

"Come closer," said the Count, in answer to Randolphe's bow. "Nearer—come close up to the table."

The truth was he could not otherwise see them well while his hair was in the hands of his valet.

"Is it possible?" he said, as if to himself, while he looked at the peasant and his daughter. "Are you Randolphe? I had heard your name for so long, and so often, among my people, that I had imagined you one of the principal of them. But you appear wretchedly poor, eh?" he continued, looking into the sallow, unshaven face before him. "I am afraid you are very poor, eh?"

"Well nigh heart-broken with poverty, my lord."

"There is some mistake," resumed the Count. "How is this?" said he, looking towards the bailiff; and then, calling to his son in the window, "Casimir, how is this?"

The bailiff answered first:—

"Randolphe is wretchedly poor, my lord, as you say; but there is no one of your people hereabouts who is less so."

The youth's reply was, that, in the question of arrangements for receiving the Dauphiness, he supposed the principal peasants belonging to the chateau would be spoken to; and he had mentioned Randolphe, understanding him to be one of them.

Marie saw that this youth was the one who had stared her out of countenance, at the stile, the afternoon before: the same who had talked with her brothers on the verge of the wood.

The Count was for dismissing his visitors at once, saying that they would not answer his purpose for the arrangements of which he had meant to speak with them. They were not, however, let off so easily as they had now begun to hope. The young man asked some questions from the window, which put it into the Count's head to ask more, till Randolphe thought it prudent not to keep back his story, but to request the Count's consent to Marie's marriage, as if that had been his own part of his errand this morning.

The Count evidently cared nothing about the matter, and would have given his consent as a matter of course, if his son Casimir had been anywhere but in the room. As it was, there were so many questions, the inquiries about Charles were so minute, that Marie grew vexed and angry, and by a look invited her father to say something about the Count's time, and be gone. The youth who was reading certainly pitied her, for he said, without raising his eyes from his newspaper,—

"Be quiet, Casimir. Casimir, how can you! Do leave these poor people to make themselves happy their own way. It is no concern of yours."

"It is my father's concern that his people should not live on his land when they cannot do service for it. Why, it appears they have not anything like a cottage to go to. My father cannot look to them for anything. You see, sir, you can depend upon them for nothing, in their present circumstances; and I do not see how you can consent to their marrying yet. If this fellow Charles, now, would do his duty, and serve for three years, there would be some chance for their settling comfortably afterwards. They would lose nothing by waiting, if they settled comfortably at last."

"Please your lordship," said Randolphe, in a hoarse voice, "they have waited so very long already, and there is no prospect . . ."

He glanced at Marie to see how she bore this. She seemed to be just falling; and he drew her arm within his, to keep her up.

"We will take care that there is a prospect," said Casimir. "We do not intend to lose sight of you. We may do some kind things for Marie."

Marie tried to speak; but before she could utter a sentence, the Count discovered that the valet had arrived at the last bow of the pig-tail, and that he must make a decision and conclude this interview. He therefore pronounced that Charles should be sent on military service for three years, and gave orders to the bailiff to see that the young man was brought in for the purpose, in the course of the morning. He then bade good-day to his peasant dependent, and

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hoped he would see better times, and do the best he could for the young people before their wedding-day, as he would now have a considerable interval in which to meditate his duty as a parent to so pretty a daughter.

While the Count was saying this, Casimir slipped round towards the door, and, as Marie passed near him, thrust a piece of gold into her hand. Marie had never had a piece of gold in her hand before, and she did not like it now. She looked at Casimir with such a look as he had never before met from human eyes, and threw his gift between his two dogs in the window.

The Count did not see nor heed this. Randolphe thought his graver son dull; for there was a sudden crackle of the newspaper, and the reader's face was crimson to the temples.

"We have one friend there, I fancy," muttered the unhappy father, as he went out. "But for that, I think you and I had better drown ourselves in the ponds between this and home."

"Charles!" gasped Marie in his ear. "Send Charles away! I can get home alone."

Her father took the hint. They parted in the shade of the avenue, as soon as they could suppose themselves unwatched from the chateau. Randolphe cut across into the wood where he had seen Charles half an hour before, while Marie went homewards with tottering steps, looking away from the ponds, from a feeling that her state of mind was too desperate for her to trust herself on the brink of deep waters.

CHAPTER IV.

HOLIDAY INDEED.

It was a comfort to Marie, on reaching home, to find that no soldiers were there. The guests of the preceding night had been summoned to their duty, as the royal train might be certainly expected in the course of the morning. The good-natured Jérome's heart had been touched by the lamentations of the boys for their lost favourites; and he had told them that, if they could leave off crying, so as to make their faces fit to be seen by the train of nobles, they might look out for him on the roadside, and he would try to place them where they might see the Dauphiness. They had made every effort to look cheerful, and were thinking more about the Princess than of pigeons and rabbits when their sister returned; but when they witnessed her burst of weeping on her mother's bosom—when they heard that Charles was to be carried off for a soldier for three years, that there was to be no hut in the wood, and no new brother-in-law for them, they cried more bitterly than ever.

In the midst of this scene, Jérome came by on horseback. He could not stop; but he called out that the bond had been heard already, and pointed to the place where the boys should go and take their stand. They did not now care anything about the procession, or the coach with six horses, or the handsome ladies, or the noble gentlemen that Jérome had promised they should see. Their mother wished that they should not miss such a sight: but they did not move as she said so. When, however, Marie turned her face towards them, and said, "Go, dears: pray do," they took their caps, and walked away: they thought it so kind of Marie to care for their pleasure at such a time.

Jérome paused again, after they had gone a few yards, and nodded and beckoned. They ran, and kept up with his horse, till he stopped opposite the post-house. He told them hastily that he was to be stationed here; and he was glad of it, as it was expected that the party would halt at the post-house. He desired the boys to keep close behind at his horse's tail, where nobody would meddle with them. They must not notice him till spoken to, and must take care of his horse's tread: all the rest they might leave to him. There was presently an opportunity for him to speak a few words more to them; and he could not help saying how sorry he was to see how they had been crying since he had left their cottage. Of course, this brought out the story of Charles, and the new misfortune threatened to the family. Jérome was not the only one who heard the tale. His smoking comrade was by his side: and it was exactly the kind of story to which his ears were most open. The two soldiers conversed together in a low voice for a minute or two, and then sat bolt upright and silent, as if they had been made of stone, and had not each carried a pitying heart under his stiff uniform and steady countenance. When the military music was heard coming nearer and nearer, and distant cheers were borne on the breeze, the commanding officer rode by, and saw nothing in the demeanour of these two soldiers to distinguish them from all the rest of the line, who were thinking only of themselves or the Dauphiness.

She came, preceded by so many attendants on horseback, and inferior carriages, which passed without taking any notice of the post-house, that Robin and Marie heard the people about them lamenting that there would be no halt, and that they should barely see the Princess after all. They were mistaken, however. It was one of the plans of the journey that the royal carriage should stop for a few moments at every post-house, whether fresh horses were wanted or not, in order that the loyal feeling of the people should be cherished by a sight of her who was to be their queen, and whose appearance was indeed likely to captivate all eyes and hearts.

The six bay horses were checked precisely at the right spot; and all which preceded the royal carriage halted at the same moment. The air was rent by a cheer,—such a cheer as convinced the Count and his family how faint, in comparison, their welcome had been, when they had appeared from the by-road to the chateau half an hour before. When his train had taken their station at the entrance of St. Menehould, there had been a few cries of "Long live the Count our lord!" but they were a mere whisper compared with the acclamation which greeted the Dauphiness.

The royal carriage was open almost all round, so that the Princess was conspicuously visible. She was full as beautiful as any of the gazers had expected. Her complexion was fresh and fair, her countenance smiling, and her blue eyes full of spirit and feeling; and though she looked no more than fifteen (her actual age), all thought, as she moved her stately head in answer to their greeting, that they had never seen so dignified a lady.

In about two minutes from the halting of her carriage, Jérome turned his head round with a hasty smile to the boys; and before they knew what it meant, his and his comrade's horses began scrambling and sidling. Jérome's opened a way for the boys to escape into the road from the danger of a kick; and as soon as they were safe there, the horses began to prance, and make yet more confusion. The Dauphiness looked that way, as Jérome intended that she should; and when her attention was fairly fixed, he called to the boys to come back to their places.

As Jérome had hoped, their doleful faces, all swollen with crying, attracted the notice of the Princess, who had hitherto met only smiling countenances wherever she turned, since she had entered her new country. These traces of tears carried back her thoughts to her own weeping, some days before, on leaving Vienna; and she suddenly beckoned to the children. In a moment a hundred voices bade them go forward to the carriage; a hundred hands pointed and pushed, so that they were presently within hearing of the kind questions of the young Princess.

She asked what made them so unhappy on this day, when every one else looked pleased and joyful. They could scarcely help crying again at the question; but they were old enough to know that every thing might depend on their behaviour at this moment: and they strove to speak, and to speak plainly. Had they been ill? the Princess asked, observing to her ladies that they looked sadly thin. No, they had not been ill, they replied; they were only very unhappy today.

"Tis not that," cried Marc, indignantly, as he heard this. "We left off crying about the rabbits and pigeons long ago: did not we, Robin? It is about Charles and Marie."

"Tell me about Charles and Marie," said the Princess, in broken French, "and then all about your pigeons."

"Charles and our sister were just going to be married, and we had begun a house in the wood for them; and we have had to pull it to pieces again; and this morning the Count says Charles must go for a soldier for three years; and Marie is crying at home so——"

Marc could not go on for his own tears.

"The Count's sons had, by this time, made their way through the closing crowd, to hear what was going on.

"Casimir," said his brother, "your bad work of this morning must be undone, you see. Do your part with a good grace. Bring my father to receive the commands of the Dauphiness."

Casimir yielded. While he was gone, his brother explained to the Princess the rights which the Count had over this family, as over the other peasants of the neighbourhood. He ventured to answer for his father, that he would see the hardship of this particular case, and would permit some arrangement to be made, by which Charles might be spared the threatened misfortune, and restored to his hopes of a speedy marriage.

"Where is this Charles?" asked the Princess. "I will not ask to see the tearful Marie before so many eyes."

Robin had seen Charles, just before, near the spot; for Charles was desperate, and would neither hide nor attempt to escape. He roamed about half-mad with the suffering of his mind, among the holiday groups of St. Menehould; and when called, was not long in presenting himself.

"Alas! is this the bridegroom?" asked the

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Princess, shrugging her shoulders, with an expression of pity.

"He looks better than that sometimes, when he plays with us," said Marc, zealous for his friend Charles.

"But his dress!" said a lady, who had seldom before seen a peasant, and was not familiarised with the coarse woollen garment and leathern belt, so common among the country people.

"It is just what father wears, and everybody," maintained Marc.

By this time the Count was waiting the pleasure of the Princess, ready to assure her of his patronage of any persons she might please to favour. The Dauphiness asked whether such poverty as she witnessed was not a thing hitherto unheard of,—whether such misery could be common in the country she had just entered? The brilling of some of her ladies, and the annoyance in the faces of some gentlemen of her suite, showed her that she had asked an imprudent question. Yet she was only fifteen, and was to be hereafter the queen of this country; and if she had never done worse things than asking such questions, she might have lived beloved, and died lamented, in a good old age.

She saw another thing in the countenances of her attendants,—that it was time to be gone. She therefore requested of the Count, as a favour to herself, that he would settle Charles advantageously on his lands; and smiling at the young man, she declared that she would answer for Charles's fidelity to his lord. Charles was on his knees at the word, too much overpowered to speak, but promising all by his clasped hands and heaving breast. The Count declared he should have a cottage and a field that very day, and his hearty consent to take Marie home as soon as the priest could marry them.

The Dauphiness asked one of her attendant gentlemen for her purse, and gave the boys gold for Marie. They were to tell her to make her cottage comfortable with it.

"As for yourselves," said she, "what did I hear just now that you wanted? Canary-birds, was it?"

"Pigeons,"—"rabbits," said the boys; "but never mind them now."

"O, but I do mind; you shall have some money for that too."

The bailiff explained that it was not poverty, but the law, which interfered with the boys' pleasures. Pigeons abounded in the wood, and could feed themselves; but it was against the law for any under the rank of a noble to keep them. The Dauphiness supposed that this was as it should be; for she was apt, through life, to believe that the nobles were by nature entitled to all things, and might give only such leavings as they did not wish for, to inferior people: yet she was pleased, and repaid the bailiff with a gracious smile, when he said that all laws melted away before the wishes of a royal bride, and that these peasant boys should have their rabbit-hutch and dove-cot henceforth by special permission.

None waved their caps more vehemently, none shouted "Long live the Dauphiness!" more vigorously, as the cavalcade set forth again, than Robin and Marc. When the last horseman vanished in the dust of the road, the attention of the crowd turned upon the favoured family of Randolphe. The poor man himself had retired overpowered, and no one could tell where he was. Charles was with Marie already. But the boys remained in the road; they were hoisted on the shoulders of neighbours, having first delivered the precious gold pieces into the hands of the curé, lest they should lose Marie's treasure in the bustle. Robin would not be carried a step towards home till he had been allowed to speak to Jérôme. He threw his arms round the neck of the good-natured soldier, and said that it was he who had made Marie's fortune. Then Jérôme had to shake hands with every person in the crowd; and every man who had a house or cottage begged Jérôme to be his guest. Jérôme laughed, and said, that among so many, he should not have known what to reply, and how to choose his host; but that he and his comrades were at St. Menehould only for the occasion which was now passed, and before night they would be twenty miles off.

Before sunset, accordingly, Jérôme and the smoker were riding side by side on the road to fresh quarters, each with a fine bouquet of spring flowers at his breast, given by Marie. They were talking of the events of the morning, of the sudden rescue of a worthy family from the depths of misery. The smoker could no be cheered even by what he had witnessed; and he spoke as gloomily and sententiously as if the pipe were now between his lips, and his words coming forth in a cloud of smoke. Jérôme could not but own, however, that there was much truth in what he said, when he declared, "It is all very well, and I am glad this one family is saved. But it is only one of many hundred thousand miserable families. What is to become of all the rest, who may not have the luck to see a royal bride pass their way? It is not a few royal smiles and gold pieces, here and there, that will save the royal, or the noble, or the poor, while the law and the customs of the great oppress and destroy a hundred to pamper one. If this young Dauphiness were to do this deed over again every hour of the year, she could not do more than put off for a little while the storm that will burst upon her and all of us, when the poor can endure no more."

THE PRINCE.

ROYALTY.

It is a common belief, among those who have not learned to be wiser, that to be a king, or one of the king's family, is the same thing as to be perfectly happy. It is probable that all persons living in a country where there is a royal family have thought so at some time of their lives. The poor man who lives under the harsh orders of some superior, fancies the king with his crown on his head, ordering all things as he likes. Hard working servant girls think of the queen as driving about in her carriage all the morning, and going to the play every evening. Children, when tired of their lessons, or sent from some favourite book on an errand in the cellar, or a walk in the cold, imagine the royal princess and princesses doing what they like, and putting upon others whatever is disagreeable. Unless some circumstances should bring home to their minds the truths that royalty does not exempt from sickness and death, and from the troubles of the heart and mind, such persons may go on for the greater part of their lives envying royal personages who, perhaps, would gladly be peasants, or in any rank but the highest, the evils of which many a sovereign has found to be more than could be borne.

The poor people of France, at the time of the story you have just read, were as ignorant as I have described about royalty and its privileges. There was also something worse than ignorance in their minds about the inhabitants of the splendid royal palaces of Paris and Versailles. It has been shown how poor and how oppressed some of the country people were; this poverty and oppression, accompanied with ignorance, caused, in some parts of the kingdom, and especially in Paris, passions of fear and hatred which were then terrible to witness, and are now, after seventy years, dreadful to think of. One anecdote will show the mind and temper of some of the people of Paris about the time when the Dauphiness entered France.

The old king, Louis XV., had ruined his health, as well as made himself detested, by his vices. At one time, when he was very ill, Paris was crowded with hungry wretches who had come up from the country, in hopes of finding a living in the capital. The police had orders to clear the city, every now and then, of these beggars, and send them back to their native places. On one occasion the police carried off some children of respectable persons, in hopes of getting large sums of money for ransom. The mothers of these children, seeking them in the streets and squares, and weeping as they went, attracted crowds; and a report was spread and believed at once, that the physicians of the king had ordered for his cure baths of children's blood! Those who believed this nonsense rose in a riot, before it was found that the missing children were alive and safe; and several of the poor misled rioters were hanged.

This story proves more than the ignorance of the suffering people. It shows how the royal family and their attendants were regarded,—how tyrannical and cruel, how selfish and how powerful, they were thought. The royal family was, from this time forward, greatly wronged by the people; but it was because the people had already been much more wronged by the rich and powerful. They had been so ground down into poverty and wretchedness, that they felt the fiercest envy, the most brutal rage, towards all the wealthy and noble, believing them born to be unboundedly happy and to make everybody below them as miserable as they pleased. Never, perhaps, were the absurd notions of the privileges of royalty held in such exaggeration as by the common people of France at this time; and never, perhaps, was a more intense hatred shown among men than by those who abolished this royalty. The story of the young king Louis XVII., which is now to be told, is a standing lesson to all who may imagine that to be a prince is to be happier than other people.

ROYAL WAYS.

Louis XVII. was born in 1785. He was the second son of the princess who passed through St. Menehould from Vienna, after her marriage. From being Dauphiness she had since become queen, and her eldest boy was now the Dauphin. This second son, whose history we are to follow, was called the Duke of Normandy; and as he was never likely to be any thing more, there was less pomp and fuss about him than was made about his brother, the heir to the throne. Yet, from the day of his birth, he had an establishment of his own: and while a little unconscious baby, not knowing one person from another, and wanting nothing but to eat and sleep, he was

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called the master of several ladies, waiting-women, gentlemen, and footmen, who were appointed to attend upon him.

We happen to have full accounts of the way of living of this royal family in the days of their prosperity, as well as of their adventures when adversity overtook them. Up to the time when the Duke of Normandy was four years old, life in the palace was as follows.

The oldest members of the royal family were the king's aunts,—the great aunts of the Duke of Normandy. There were four sisters, all unmarried. One of them had gone into a convent, and found herself very happy there. After the dulness of her life at home, she quite enjoyed taking her turn with the other nuns in helping to cook in the kitchen, and in looking after the linen in the wash-house. Her three sisters led dreadfully dull lives. They had each a spacious apartments, with ladies and gentlemen ushers to wait on them,—a reader to read aloud so many hours a day, and money to buy whatever they liked. But they had nothing to do,—and nobody to love very dearly. They were without husbands and children, and even intimate friends; for all about them of their own age and way of thinking were of a rank too far below their own to be made intimate friends of. These ladies duly attended divine service in the royal chapel; and they did a great deal of embroidery and tapestry work. When the proper hour came for paying their respects to their niece the queen, they tied on their large hooped petticoats, and other articles of court-dress, had their trains borne by their pages, and went to the queen's apartment to make their courtesies, and sit down for a little while, chiefly to show that they had a right to sit down unasked in the royal presence. In a few minutes they went back to their apartments, slipped off their hooped petticoats and long trains, and sat down to their work again. They would have liked to take walks about Paris and into the country, as they saw from their windows that other ladies did; but it was not to be thought of,—it would have been too undignified; so they were obliged to be contented with a formal, slow, dully drive, each in her own carriage, each attended by her lady-in-waiting, and with her footmen mounted behind. They were fond of plants, and longed above everything to be allowed to rear flowers with their own hands, in a garden; but this too was thought out of the question; and they were obliged to be content with such flowers as would grow in boxes on their window-sills in the palace. Madame Louise, the one who became a nun, employed a young lady to read to her while she yet lived in the palace. Sometimes the poor girl read aloud for five hours together; and when her failing voice showed that she was quite exhausted, Madame Louise prepared a glass of *eau sucrée* (sugared water) and placed it beside her, saying she was sorry to cause so much fatigue; but that she was anxious to finish a course of reading which she had laid out. It does not seem to have occurred to Madame Louise to take the book herself, or ask some one else to relieve her tired reader.

The king, Louis XVI., would probably have been a dull man in any situation in life. His mind was dull. But his tastes showed that he might have been better and happier in many places than in his own palace. Till he fell into misfortune, and showed a somewhat patient temper, he seems not to have attached anybody to him. He was very silent, though now and then giving way to strange bursts of rudeness, which made his children and servants afraid of him. For many years after he married, his wife was not sure whether he cared at all about her. There must always be some doubt of this, for a time, in the case of royal marriages, which take place, as his did, without the parties having ever met, or being able to tell whether they shall like one another. The king's manners were such that it was difficult to say whether he cared about any body,—except, indeed, one person; and that person was not the queen, nor his aunts, nor his children, but,—a locksmith of the name of Gamin.

There were three employments that the king was so fond of, that he seemed to have no interest left for anything else:—first, of lock-making; secondly, of hunting; thirdly, of studying geography. As long as he could spend his hours with his huntsmen, with Gamin, or marking his copper globe, or colouring maps, he seemed to care little how his ministers managed his kingdom, or how his wife spent her time, and formed her friendships.

A person who had the opportunity of examining his apartments gives an account of them which shows how far the king liked the common course of royal life, and how differently he employed his hours in private from what his people supposed. On the staircase which led from one to another of his small private apartments, hung six pictures of the king's hunts, with exact ladies of the game he had killed,—the quantity, the kind of game, and the dates of the occasions, divided into the months, the seasons, and the years of his reign. In a splendid room below stairs hung the engravings which had been dedicated to him, and designs of canals and other public works. The room above this contained the king's collection of maps, spheres and globes. Here were found numbers of maps drawn and coloured by the king,—some finished, and many only half done. Above this was a workshop, with a turning-lathe, and all necessary instruments for working in wood. Here, while no one knew where the king was, did he spend hours with a footman, named Duret, in cleaning and polishing his tools. Higher up was a library, containing the books the king valued most, and some private papers relating to the history of the royal families of Hanover, England, Austria and Russia. In the room over this, however, did his majesty more delight to spend his mornings. It contained a forge, two anvils, and every tool used in lock-making. Here he took lessons of Gamin, who was smuggled up the back stairs by Duret; and here the king and the locksmith hammered away for hours together; while all about the room might be seen common locks, finished in the most perfect manner, secret locks, and locks of copper splendidly gilt. Gamin was a vulgar-minded man; and he treated the king ill, both at this time and after adversity had overtaken the royal family. In these early days, he felt that the king was in his power, so afraid was his majesty of the queen and court knowing about this lock-making, and Gamin having it in his power to tell, any day. He spoke gruffly to the king, and ordered him about as if he had been an apprentice; to which the king always submitted. He not only endured this treatment, but intrusted Gamin with various secret commissions, which were sometimes of great importance. The account which Gamin gave of the king was that he was kind and forbearing, timid, inquisitive, and very apt to go to sleep.

There was one more apartment, a sort of observatory, on the leads, in which was an immense telescope. Duret was always at hand, either sharpening tools, or cleaning the anvil, or pasting maps; and the king employed him to fix the lens of the telescope so as to suit his majesty's eyes; and there, in an arm-chair at the end of the telescope, sat the king, for hours together, spying at the people who thronged the palace courts, or who went to and fro in the avenue.

While his majesty was thus pursuing all this child's play in private, his people were starving by thousands, and preparing by millions to rebel; the government was deep in debt, the ministers perplexed, and the wisest of them in despair, because they never could get his majesty to speak or act, even so far as to say in council which of two different opinions he liked the best. He would sit by, hearing consultations on the most important and pressing affairs, and after all leave his ministers unable to act, because he would not utter so much as "Yes" or "No." He had no will, and nothing could be done without it. What a pity, for suffering France, and for the mild Louis himself and all his family, that he was not a hunter or a mechanic instead of a king!

The little Duke of Normandy knew nothing of all this, and saw very little of his father in any way. What did he see his mother doing? The formality of the court was such that he saw less of his mother than almost any other child in the kingdom of its parents; but the sort of life the queen led was as follows.

She had been married, as we know, at fifteen, when she was not only very inexperienced, but very ignorant. Her mother, the Empress of Austria, was so busy governing her empire, that she could pay little attention to the education of her children. She gave them governesses; but these governesses indulged their pupils, doing their lessons for them,—tracing their writing in pencil,—casting up their sums,—whispering to them how to spell,—doing the outline of their drawings first, and touching them up at last. The consequence was that when this young girl entered France, a bride, at fifteen years of age, she knew next to nothing; and though she took some pains, she never learned to spell well in French, or to write grammatically, even after she declared that she had forgotten her native language—German. She was very clever, notwithstanding. She had a strong, firm and decided mind. Her ignorance, however, was an irreparable evil,—especially her ignorance of men and common life. She had no means of repairing this ignorance. Everybody flattered her; every one yielded to her in the days of her prosperity; so that she knew no will but her own, till some mistake, which it was too late to set right, showed her how she had been deceived. Even during the happiest years of her life, while all appeared to go well, she was perpetually getting into scrapes, and making enemies; and we shall see by and by how, on one occasion, her inexperience cost, in its consequences, the lives of herself and all her family but one.

Of her many mistakes, however, none was so fatal as that of concluding that all was well because no one told her to the contrary,—of passing her days in splendour and pleasure, giving her whole mind to acting plays, masquerading, and inventing new amusements, and now and then providing for dependents by giving a license to sell some necessary article dear to the poor, while the poor were growing desperate with famine. She was careless and selfish, but she was not hard-hearted; for whenever she wit-

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nessed misery she hastened to relieve it, often sacrificing her own pleasures for the purpose; but the people, hunger-bitten and in rags, seeing her splendour, and hearing reports of far more than was actually true, believed her hard-hearted; and from being proud of her and devoted to her, when she entered France as a bride, they learned at last to hate her from the bottom of their souls.

There would be no end to the story of how many attendants the queen had, and what were the formalities observed among them. We will only briefly go over the history of a day, in order fully to understand how great was the reverse when she became a prisoner.

The queen was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bedchamber entered the room, and came within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pincushion, and in the other the book containing patterns of all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-six for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear in the course of that day;—one during the morning, another at dinner, and the third the evening,—a card-party, a ball, or the theatre. The book was then delivered to a footman, who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers these dresses and their trimmings; while another woman filled a basket with the linen, &c., which her majesty would want that day. Great vapers of green taffety were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing-room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and sometimes in her bath. Her linen dress was trimmed with the richest lace; her dressing-gown was of white taffety; and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were of white dimity trimmed with lace.

Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled into the room upon castors. The bathing-gown was of fine flannel, with collar and cuffs, and lining throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath. Meantime, one of the ladies warmed the bed with a silver warming-pan, and the queen returned to it, sitting up in her white taffety dressing-gown, and reading; or, if any one who had permission to visit her at that hour wished to see her, she took up her embroidery. This kind of visit, at a person's rising, is customary abroad; and it had been so long so at the court of France, that certain classes of persons were understood to have a right to visit the queen at the hour of her levée, as it was called. These persons were the physicians and surgeons of the court; any messengers from the king; the queen's secretary and others; so that there were often, besides the ladies in waiting, ten or a dozen persons visiting the queen as she sat up in bed, at work, or taking her breakfast.

The great visiting hour, however, was noon, when the queen went into another room to have her hair dressed. We see in prints how the hair was dressed at that time,—frizzed and powdered, and piled up with silk cushions, and ribbons and flowers, till the wonder was how any head could bear such a weight. It took a long time to dress a lady's hair in those days. The queen sat before a most splendid toilette-table, in the middle of the room. The ladies who had been in waiting for twenty-four hours now went out, and gave place to others in full dress, with rose-coloured brocade petticoats, wide hoops, and high head-dresses with lappets, and all the finery of a court. The usher took his place before the folding-doors; great chairs and stools were set in a circle for such visitors as had a right to sit down in the presence of royalty. Then entered the ladies of the palace, the governess of the royal children, the princes of the royal family, the secretaries of state, the captains of the guard, and, on Tuesdays, the foreign ambassadors. According to their rank, the queen either nodded to them as they entered, or bowed her head, or bated with her arm upon her toilette-table, as if about to rise. This last salutation was only to the royal princes. She never actually rose, for her hair-dresser was powdering her hair.

It was considered presumptuous and dangerous to alter any customs of the court of France; but this queen thought fit to alter one, among others. It had always, before her time, been the etiquette for the lady of the highest rank who appeared in readiness in the queen's chamber, to slip her majesty's petticoats over her head in dressing; but when her majesty was pleased to have her hair dressed in high head-dress, she could go over it, but must be slipped up front her feet, or used to step into her closet, to be dressed by her favourite milliner and one of her women. This change gave great offence to the ladies who thought they had a right to the honour of dressing the queen.

Her majesty came forth from her closet ready to go to mass in the chapel, on certain days; and by this time her chaplains were in waiting among her suite. The royal princesses and their trains stood waiting to follow the queen to the chapel; but, strangely enough, this was the hour appointed for signing deeds of gift on the part of the queen. These gifts were too often licenses for the exclusive sale of articles which all should have been left free to sell. The secretary of the queen presented the pen to her majesty; and at these hours she signed away the good will of thousands of well-disposed subjects. At such a moment, while she stood, beautiful and smiling, among a crowd of adorers, and while her husband, with smutted face and black hands, was filing his locks in his attic, how little did either of them think that their elder son was sinking to his grave, and that the storm of popular fury was even now growling within their dominions,—the tremendous storm which was to prove fatal to themselves!

At this hour of the toilette, on the first day of the month, the queen was presented with her pocket money for the month,—the sum which she might do what she liked with, and out of which she made presents. This sum was always in gold, and was presented in a purse of white kid, embroidered in silver, and lined with white silk. Its amount was, on an average for the year round, £12,500. It was by saving out of this allowance that she paid for the pair of diamond ear-rings which she bought soon after her marriage; but it took six years' savings to pay for that one ornament. She was young and giddy when she bought those jewels, and she paid for them out of her own pocket money; but, as has been seen, the purchase did not sound well in the ears of peasants who boiled nettles for food when they could get no bread, from the pressure of the taxes. Whether the discontented knew it or not, a good deal of this monthly gold went in charity—charity, which did not do half the good that self-denial would have done.

Her majesty was waited on at dinner by her ladies. She dined early, generally eating chicken, and drinking water only. She supped on broth, or the wing of a fowl, and biscuits which she steeped in water. She spent the afternoons among her ladies, or with her two most intimate friends,—the Duchess de Polignac, for some time governess to the royal children, and the Princess de Lamballe, superintendent of the household. After a time the friendship with both these ladies cooled; but while it lasted, the pleasantest hours the queen passed were when working and conversing with these ladies. After the private theatre was given up, the evenings were commonly spent in small dull card-parties; but sometimes in more agreeable parties, in the apartments of one or other of her two friends. It was thoughtless and undignified of the queen to act plays, to which the captains of the guard, and various other persons, were in time admitted as spectators; but though her best friends would have been glad that she should have abstained from such performances, it is not surprising that she inclined to an amusement that gave her something to think of and to do, and from which she really learned more of literature than she could otherwise have done. Amidst the deplorable dulness of such a life as hers, we cannot wonder that studying some of the best French dramatic poetry, and feeling for the hour that she was the companion and not the queen, should have been a pleasure which she was sorry to forego. She sorely lamented afterwards that she had ever indulged in it.

But it may be said, she had children and she had friends. Could she not make herself happy with them? Alas! she found herself disappointed there,—as she was whichever way she turned for happiness. Though her friend, the Duchess de Polignac, was governess to her children, and though she had hoped by this plan to enjoy more freedom with them than by any other means, all went wrong. The other gentlemen and ladies—the tutors and under-governesses who were about the children—became jealous of the duchess, and taught the children to dislike her. The Princess de Lamballe also had misunderstandings with the duchess: and the queen and her children's governess began to be equally hated by the people, who believed that the duchess instigated the queen to all the bad actions of which she was reported guilty.

The Duke of Normandy was three years old when the serious misfortunes of his family began. Up to that time he had seen only what was bright and gay. He himself was a little rosy, plump, merry child, with beautiful curling hair, and so sweet a temper that everybody loved him. He found many to love. There was his beautiful kind mother. She could not do for him what a mother of a lower rank would have done; she could not wash and dress him, and keep him on her lap, or play with him half the day, or walk in the sweet, fresh fields with him, and she often opened her arms to him, and always smiled upon him, and loved him so much, that some ill-natured people persuaded his elder brother, the Dauphin, that the little Duke of Normandy was his mother's favourite, and that she did not care for her other children.

Then there was the Princess Royal, the eldest of the children. She was at that time eight years old, and as grave a little girl as was ever seen at that age. She rarely laughed or played, but she was kind to her brothers and the people about her.

Next was the Dauphin, a year younger than

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his sister. He was sinking under disease; and it made every one's heart ache to see his long sharp face, and his wasted hands, and his limbs so shrunk and feeble that he could not walk. His tutor could not endure the duchess his governess, and taught the poor fretful child to be rude to her, and even to his mother. When the duchess came near to amuse him, he told her to go away, for he could not bear the perfumes that she was so dreadfully fond of. This was put into his head, for she used no perfumes. When the queen carried to her poor boy some lozenges that she knew could not hurt him, and that he was fond of, the under-tutors, and even a footman of the Dauphin, started forward, and said she must give him nothing without the advice of the physicians. She knew that these were the very people who were always putting it into the Dauphin's head that she was more fond of his little brother, and she saw that it was intended to prevent her having any influence with her own sick child; and bitterly she wept over all this in her own apartment.

One day, some Indian ambassadors were to visit the king in great splendour, and it was known that there would be a crowd of people in the courts and galleries to see them. The queen desired that the Dauphin might not be encouraged to think of seeing this sight, as it would be bad for him, and she could not have him exposed, deformed and sickly, to the gaze of a crowd of people. Notwithstanding her desire, the Dauphin's tutor helped him to write a letter to his mother, begging that he might see the ambassadors pass. She was obliged to refuse him. When she reproached the tutor with having caused her and her boy this pain, he replied that the Dauphin wished to write, and he could not vex a sick child,—the very thing which he compelled the mother to do, after having fixed the subject in the boy's mind, and raised his hopes.

There was another sister, younger than the Duke of Normandy—quite a baby. The Duke of Normandy used to see this little baby every day, and kiss her, and hear her crow, and see her stretch out her little hand towards the lighted wax candles, which made the palace almost as light as day. One morning, baby was not to be seen: everybody looked grave; her mother's eyes were red, and her face very sad. Baby was dead; and, young as he was, Louis did not forget Sophie immediately. He saw and heard things occasionally which put him in mind of baby for long afterwards.

There was one more person belonging to the family, whom the children and everybody dearly loved. This was their aunt Elizabeth, the king's sister, a young lady of such sweet temper—so religious, so humble, so gentle—that she was a blessing wherever she went. She disliked the show and formality of a life at court, and earnestly desired to become a nun. The king and queen loved her so dearly that they could not bear the idea of her leaving them. They devised every indulgence they could think of to vary the dulness of the court. They declared her of age two years before the usual time, and gave her a pretty country house, with gardens, where she might spend her time as she pleased; and he encouraged her in taking long country rides, as she was fond of horse exercise. At last, when she was full of gratitude for her brother's kindness, he begged her to promise not to become a nun before she was thirty, when, if she still wished it, he would make no further opposition. She promised. We shall see, by and by, what became of this sweet princess when she was thirty.

She was at this time twenty-three years old. She was a great comfort to the queen, not concealing from her that she thought the Dauphin was dying, and the nation growing very savage against the royal family; but endeavouring to console and strengthen her mind, as religious people are always the best able to do. The poor queen began to want comfort much. She went to bed very late now, because she could not sleep; and a little anecdote shows that her anxieties made her again as superstitious as she had formerly been, when she dreaded misfortune because she was born on the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon.

In the table of her dressing-room, four large wax candles were burning one evening. Before they had burned half way down, one of them went out. The lady in waiting lighted it. A second went out immediately, and then a third. The queen in terror grasped the lady's arm, saying, "If the fourth goes out, I shall be certain that it is all over with us." The fourth went out. In vain the lady observed that these four candles had probably been all run in the same mould, and had therefore the same fault. The queen allowed this to be reasonable, but was still much impressed by the circumstance.

For one of the impending evils there was no remedy. The Dauphin died the next June, when the Duke of Normandy, then four years old, became Dauphin. It may give some idea of the formality of the court proceedings to mention that, when a deputation of the magistrates of Paris came, according to custom, to view the lying-in-state, the usher of the late Dauphin announced to the dead body, as he threw open the folding doors, that the magistrates of Paris had come to pay their respects.

THE DAUPHIN LOSES HIS GOVERNESS.

Little Louis had no cause to rejoice in his new honours. Much more observance was paid to him within the palace, now that he had become heir to the throne; but out of doors all was confusion: and five weeks from his brother's death had not passed before the little prince had to endure one of those fits of terror of which he had but too much experience from that time forward.

The two principal royal palaces were, that called the Tuileries, in Paris, and that of Versailles, twelve miles from Paris. At this time, July, 1789, the royal family were at Versailles. The discontented, long-murmuring people of Paris rose in rebellion, because their favourite minister, Necker, who had managed the money affairs of the nation well, and was more likely to take off taxes than any other minister, had been dismissed from his office. The nation were determined to have him back again; but, having once risen in rebellion, they aimed at more achievements than one. On the 14th of July the people of Paris besieged and took the Bastille, the great state-prison, where, for hundreds of years, victims had suffered cruel imprisonments, often without having been tried. The very sight of this gloomy castle was odious to the people; and they pulled it down, leaving not one brick upon another, and carrying the prisoners they found there on their shoulders through the city, in triumphant procession.

While this attack on the Bastille was taking place, there was a ball given in the orangery at Versailles, where the court ladies and the officers of the troops danced, and laughed and talked, and took their refreshments, as if all was well. The French parliament was sitting in the town of Versailles; and they sent some of their body repeatedly that day to the palace, to tell the king of the danger, and urge him to do what was proper: but there was no moving the king to do anything, that day, any more than on other occasions; and he only sent word to the parliament to mind their own business. The inhabitants of Versailles were alarmed at the reports that arrived from Paris, and they were all on the watch, consulting in the streets, or wondering in their own houses what would happen next. Some rogue rumours reached the palace; but the court ladies danced and laughed away in the orangery, till the time for breaking up the ball arrived. Late at night, a nobleman who had a right to demand an audience of the king at all times, arrived, made his way, dusty as he was, to the king's chamber, and told of the rebellion, the destruction of the Bastille, and the murder of two faithful officers, well known to the king. "Why," said the king, as much surprised as if nothing had happened to warn him, "this is a revolt." "It is not a revolt," said the nobleman: "it is a revolution."

The Dauphin was fast asleep when this alarm arrived. He saw, the next morning, that every one about him was in terror, and that the courts of the palace were filled with a crowd of ill-looking angry people. His governess appeared greatly alarmed; and well she might be; for the mob outside were shouting her name, and saying that they would be revenged on her for giving the queen bad advice. The king had gone to address the parliament, promising to do all that they had advised the day before, and to recall M. Necker, the favourite minister. While he was gone, one of the queen's ladies came to the room where Louis was with his governess, unlocked the door with the queen's key, and told him that he was to go with her to his mother. The Duchess de Polignac asked whether she might not take him herself to the queen: but the lady messenger shook her head, and said she had no such orders. She knew very well that if the people who were looking up at the windows should once see the duchess, they would be ready to pull her to pieces. The duchess, understanding the lady's countenance, took the child in her arms, and wept bitterly. Louis did not know what it all meant; but it frightened him. The messenger tried to console the duchess with promising to bring Louis back presently; but she said, weeping, that she knew too well now what to expect. One of the under-governesses asked whether she might take the prince to his mother, and did so.

The queen was waiting for the boy, with the Princess Royal by her side. She stepped out into the balcony with her two children, and repeatedly kissed them in the sight of the people. Little Louis might well be glad to step back from the balcony into the room again; for the mob was very noisy and rude. The lady who had been sent to summon him slipped out among the people, to hear what they were saying. A woman, who kept a thick veil down over her face, seized her by the arm, told her she knew her, and desired her to tell the queen not to meddle any more in the government, but to leave it with those who cared more for the people. A man then grasped her other arm, and said he knew her too, and bade her tell the queen that times

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were coming very different from those which were past. Just then, the queen and the children appeared in the balcony. "Ah!" said the veiled woman, "the duchess is not with her." "No," said the man, "but she is still in the palace, working underground, like a mole: but we will dig her out." The queen's lady had heard quite enough. She was glad to go in and sit down, for she could scarcely stand. She thought it her duty to tell the queen what she had heard; and the queen made her repeat it to the king.

One of the king's aunts was at her tapestry-work that day, in a room which looked towards the court, and where there was a window-blind through which she could see without being seen. Three men were talking together; and she knew one of them. They did not whisper, or speak low; and one of them said, looking up at the window of the throne-room, "There stands that throne of which there will soon be left no remains."

While such a temper as this was abroad, it mattered little that everything seemed set right for the time by what the king said to the parliament. The members escorted him back to the palace, and the people cheered him. All Paris cheered when the news arrived that the people's minister was to be restored to his office; and a messenger was sent off to M. Necker that night.

The Duchess de Polignac and her relations now saw that they must be off, if they wished to preserve their liberty—perhaps their lives. After the next day, Louis never saw his governess more. She bade him good-night at his bed-time; and in the morning she was far away. She went disguised as a lady's maid, and sat on the coach-box, leaving the palace just at midnight. The queen bade her farewell in private, with many and bitter tears, forgetting any coolness that had lately existed between them in the thought of their former friendship, and the care the duchess had taken of her children. The duchess was not rich; and the queen, after they had parted, sent her a purse of gold, with a message that she might want it on the journey.

It was a perilous journey. The party consisted of six, of whom two were gentlemen. When they arrived at Sens they found the people had risen. The mob stopped the carriage to ask, as they had been asking of other travellers who came the same road, if those Polignacs were still about the queen. "No, no," said one of the gentlemen, "they are far enough from Versailles. We have got rid of all such bad subjects." The next time the carriage stopped, the postilion stood on the step, and whispered to the duchess, "Madam, there are some good people in France. I found out who you were at Sens." They gave him a handful of gold.

The queen wept the more bitterly on parting with her friend, because she would have been glad to have gone away too. It was talked of: and some of the king's relations, with their families, set off the same night as the Polignacs, and were soon out of danger beyond the frontier. The question had been whether the king should go with them, or show himself in Paris, and endeavour to come to an understanding with his people. This question was debated for some hours by the royal family and some of their confidential friends: and the king let them argue, hour after hour, without appearing to have any will of his own. "Well," said he, when he was tired of listening, "something must be decided. Am I to go or stay? I am as ready for one as the other." It was then decided that he should stay. The queen, meanwhile, had been making preparations for departure, in hopes that they should go. She probably saw that it would have been all very right to stay if the king meant to act vigorously, and to save the monarchy by joining with the nation to reform the government; but that, since acting vigorously was the one thing which the king could not do, it would have been better for all parties that he should have left a scene where his apathy could only do mischief, exasperate the people, and endanger his own safety and that of his family. The queen had burned a great many papers, and had her diamonds packed in a little box, which she meant to take in her own carriage; she had also written a paper of directions to her confidential servants about following her. As she saw her jewels restored to their places, and tore the paper of directions, with tearful eyes, she said she feared that this decision would prove a misfortune to them all.

The king was next to go to Paris. He set out from Versailles at ten in the morning after the departure of the Polignacs. He was well attended, and appeared, as usual, very composed. The queen kept her feelings to herself till he was gone; but she had terrible fears that he would be detained as a prisoner in his own capital. She shut herself up with her children in her own apartment. There she felt so restless and miserable that she sent for one after another of the courtiers. Their doors were all padlocked—every one of them. The courtiers considered it dangerous to stay: and they were all gone. Though this afflicted the queen at the moment, it happened very well; for it taught her to place no dependence on these people another time. It must have been a dreary morning for the children—their father in danger, their governess gone, and their mother weeping, deserted by her court. She employed herself in writing a short address, to be spoken to the National Assembly at Paris (which may be called the people's new parliament), in case of the king not being allowed to return. She meant to go with her children, and beg of the Assembly that they might share the lot of the king, whatever it might be. As she learned by heart what she had written (lest she should not have presence of mind to make an address at the time), her voice was choked with grief, and she sobbed out, "They will never let him return."

He did return, however, late in the evening. He had had a weary day. He had been received with gloom, and with either silence or insulting cries. It was not till, at the desire of the mayor of Paris, he had put the new national cockade in his hat, that the people cheered him; after which they were in good humour. This cockade was made of the three colours which are now seen in the tricolour flag of France,—red and blue, the ancient colours of the city of Paris, with the white of the royal lilies between.* In these troubled times a white cockade was a welcome sight to royal eyes, as an emblem of loyalty; while red and blue colours were detestable, as tokens of a revolutionary temper. When the king himself was compelled to wear them, it was a cruel mortification. It was, in fact, a sign of submission to his rebellious people. Glad indeed was he to get home this night, and endeavour to forget that he had worn the tricolour. He kept repeating to the queen what he had said in the hearing of many this day, "Happily, there was no blood shed; and I swear that not a drop shall be shed by my order, happen what may." These were the words of a humane man: but it was hardly prudent to speak them during the outbreak of a revolution, when they might discourage his friends, and embolden the violent.

* The Fleur-de-Lys (lily) was blazoned in the royal arms of France for many centuries.

LAST NIGHT AT VERSAILLES.

From this day forward the king met with insults whichever way he turned,—even at the doors of his own apartments. It was resolved by the National Assembly that all the men in France should be armed and wear a uniform, and be called the National Guard. One day, the Dauphin's footmen all appeared in this uniform, and the king's porters, and almost every man about the palace. What displeased the king yet more was, that the singers in the royal chapel appeared in the same dress. It was absurd and shocking to see their part of the divine service performed by men in the uniform of grenadiers. The king said so, and forbade that any person should appear in his presence again in that dress. But the time was past for the king's orders to be obeyed. He was destined to grow weary enough of the sight of this uniform.

A great part of the king's own guard had joined the revolutionary party; but one company remained, whose commanding officer was proud of their loyalty, and declared he could answer for its continuance. He was mistaken, however. One morning at the end of July, when the royal family rose and looked out from their windows, they did not see a single sentinel anywhere about the palace. Such a sight had never been witnessed before as the palace of Versailles without a guard. On inquiry, it turned out that the whole company had marched away in the night, to join their former comrades in Paris.

During the month of August, crowds had at various times assembled in Paris, with the declared purpose of going to Versailles, to separate the king from his bad advisers, and to bring the little Dauphin to Paris, to be brought up better than he was likely to be at home. One would think that such assemblages and such declarations would alarm the king and queen, and cause them to make some preparations for putting themselves, or at least the Dauphin, in safety. Because these crowds were several times dispersed, however, the royal family appear to have thought nothing of the danger; and in September they committed an act of imprudence which brought upon them the worst that was threatened. The truth is, they were ignorant of all that it most concerned them to know. They did not understand the wants of the people, nor the depth of their discontent; nor had they any idea of the weakness, ignorance and prejudice of the gentlemen and ladies about them, whose advice they asked, and on whose narrow views they acted. There were a few wise and good men in the nation who understood both sides of the question, and who were grieved for the hardships of the people, and for the sufferings of the royal family; and happy would it have been for all if the king and queen could have been guided by these advisers. The chief and best of these was that excellent patriot and loyal subject the Marquis Lafayette. While he was adored by the people, he did all in his power to aid and save the royal family; but, unhappily, the king distrusted him, and the queen could not endure him. She not only detested his politics,

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but declared that she believed him (the most honourable man in the world) to be a traitor, and laid on him the blame of misfortunes which he had no hand in causing, and for which he grieved.

The king hed a regiment from Flanders on whom he was sure he could rely. It came into some one's head that if this regiment and the faithless body-guard could be brought together, the loyalty of the latter might be revived and secured. So there was an entertainment given in the theatre of the palace of Versailles, where the soldiers of the two regiments were to make merry, sitting alternately at table. Such a feast, if every man there was loyel in the extreme, could signify little, while there was out of doors a whole rebellious nation,—millions of hungry wretches clamouring for food end good government; and, whether such a meeting signified much or little, it was certain that the king and his family should have had nothing to do with it, after he had been to Paris to assure the people of his relience upon them, assuming their cockade as a declaration thet he was in earnest.

The friende of the royal family thought this,—even the queen's own ladies. One of them was requested by the queen to enter the theatre, and observe what passed, in order to report it to the king and her. What was the surprise of this lady, when, in the midst of the entertainment, the doors were thrown open, and their majesties appeared, the queen having the Dauphin in her arms! The sight of them, looking gratified and trustful, roused all the loyalty of the soldiers present; and some imprudent acts were done. The queen's ladies handed white cockades to the officers: the party drank the healths of the king and queen, omitting that of the nation; they cheered the loyal air, "O, Richard! O, my king, the world is all forsaking thee;" and the whole company were presently in e delirium of hope, and of defiance of the people of Paris. The queen afterwards declared in public that she was delighted with the Thursday's entertainment; and thie set the people inquiring what had delighted her so much. They made many inquiries. "Why wae this Flanders regiment brought to Versailles?" "How did it happen that the king had at present double the usual number of his Swiss guards?" "Where were all those foreign officers from, who were seen in the streets in strange uniforms?" The people, exasperated afresh hy finding that, though the harvest was over, there was still a scarcity of bread, were in a temper to believe the worst that was told them; and it seems now very probeble that much of it was true. They were told that these same soldiers had breakfasted together, and that they had planned to march upon the Netional Assembly, and destroy it. They heard e report that the king meant to go away to Metz, and to return at the head of an army, to crush all those who had risen against him. Nothing could now prevent the people from doing what they had threatened,—going to Versailles, to separate the king from his evil counsellors, and bring the Dauphin to Paris. Some went further than this, saying to General Lafayette that the king was too weak to reign; that they would destroy his guards, make him lay down his crown, and declare the Dauphin king, with Lafayette and others to manage the affairs of the empire till the boy should be of age.

This was said to Lafayette on the morning of the 5th of October. Grieved as he wee to see that the mob were resolved to go to Versailles, he saw what he must do, since he could not keep them back. He detained them as long as he could by speeches and arguments, while he sent messengers by every road to Versailles, to give notice of what might be expected; and he declared his intention of leading the march when the people would be detained no longer. Several of his messengers were stopped; but some who went by by-roads reached Versailles and gave the alarm. Meantime, he contrived to make the march so slow, as that he and his thirty thousand followers were nine hours going the twelve miles to Versailles. Lest the royal family should not be gone, as he hoped, he made the crowd halt on the ridge of the hill which overlooked Versailles, and swear, with their right hands lifted up towards heaven, to respect the king's dwelling, and be faithful to the orders of the Assembly they themselves had chosen. Unhappily, all he did was of little use. He arrived at near midnight; but another mob—a mob of women, savage because their children were hungry—had been in possession of Versailles since three in the afternoon.

Though it became rainy during the latter half of the day, so that the thousands out of doors were all wet to the skin, the morning had been fair; and the king went out hunting, as usual, while the queen spent the morning at her favourite little estate of Trianon. The Dauphin was et home, with his new governess, the Merchioness de Tourzel, little dreaming, poor child, that there were people already on the road from Paris who wented to make him e king, instead of his father. One of the ministers, hearing unpleasant rumours, took horse, and went to try to find the king. He met him in the woods, some way from home, and conjured him to make haste back. The king, however, rode as slowly as possible, till more messengers appeared with news thet the mob of desperate women was actually entering the avenue. Then he had to spur his horse; and he arrived safe. The queen had returned before him. She had been sitting, alone and disconsolate, in her grotto at Trianon, reflecting on the miserable prospects of her family, when a line was brought to her from one of the ministers, begging that she would hasten home. As soon as the king returned, orders were given to have the carriages ready at the back doors of the palace; and the children (kept out of sight) were equipped for a journey.

The want of decision in the royal movements, as usual, ruined everything. When the king had received and dismissed a deputation of the women, there was a shout of "Long live the king!" and he then thought it would not be necessary to go. Not long efterwards, when the people were seen to be as angry as ever, and to be insulting the royal guard, the carriages were again ordered. Some of them, empty, attempted to pass the back gates, to ascertain whether others might follow with the family; but the mob were now on the watch, and the carriages were turned back. The hour for escape was gone by.

When little Louis was got ready for the journey, it was by candlelight, and past bed-time. Perhaps he was not sorry when his things were taken off again, and he was laid in his bed, instead of getting into the carriage, on a pouring rainy night, to pass through or near e disorderly mob, who might be heard from within the palace crying "Bread! Bread!"

Little Louis did not know all the disorder of that mob. Thousands of women, wet to the skin, were calling out "Bread! Bread!" till they were hoarse. They threatened his mother's life, believing that to her influence and her extravagance it was owing that their children had no bread. Some sat upon the cannon they had brought. Some dried their wet clothes at the fires that blazed on the ground: and haggard and fierce did the faces of both men and women look in the light of these fires.

By the orders of certain officers and members of the Assembly, provisions were brought from the shops of Versailles; and groups were seen eating bread and sausages, and drinking wine, in the great avenue; and not there only, but in the House of Assembly itself,—the parliament-chamber at Versailles. Hundreds of poor women, wet and dirty, rushed in there, and sat eating their sausages while the members were in debate, breaking in sometimes with "What is the use of all this? What we want is bread." The king was told of what was going forward; and yet it was six hours before he could make up his mind what answer to give to the messages sent him by deputations from the rioters. The answer he gave at last, late at night, could be no other than that which they chose to have: though the king was well aware that the people did not know what they were asking, and that he should never be able to satisfy them. What they asked, and made him promise in writing, was an abundance of food—"a free circulation of corn," as they called it,—believing that the wealthy, and the millers and bakers under them, kept large hidden stores of grain, in order that bread might be dear.

Louis understood nothing of ell this; but he was aware that all was confusion and danger. About two hours after midnight everybody in the palace was suddenly relieved, and led to believe that the danger was past. General Lafayette entered, and pledged his life that they should be safe: and everybody was accustomed to rely on Lafayette's word. He heppened to be mistaken this time,—to think better of the temper of the people outside than they deserved; but what he said he fully believed. With him came some messengers from Paris, to entreat the king, among other things, to come and live among his people at Parie. This was the very thing the king was least disposed to do; but he dared not say "No." He promised to consider of it. Lafayette and his companions then went away; and between two and three o'clock almost everybody but the guards went to bed.

I say *almost* every body. The queen desired her ladies to go to rest: but two of them were still uneasy and distrustful, and thought that the queen's servants should not all sleep while thousands of people who hated her were round about the very doors. They watched in the ante-chamber: and it was their vigilance which saved her life.

About five in the morning the Dauphin was snatched from his bed, and carried into his father's room. There were his mother, aunt, and sister; and his mother wes in a passion of tears. Clinging round the king's neck, she cried, "O! save me! Save me and my children!" There was a dreadful noise. Not only was there the clamour of an angry multitude without, but a hammering and battering at all the doors, and fierce cries, and clashing of arms—all the dreadful sounds of fighting—from the queen's apartments. The mob had indeed forced their way in. Her two watchful ladies had heard the shout from the corridor, given by a faithful guard at the peril of his life, "Save the queen!" They lifted

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her from her bed, threw a dressing-gown over her, and hurried her across a great apartment which divided her rooms from the king's. This was her only way of escape, and even this appeared at first to be closed; for the door which led from the queen's dressing-room to this apartment, a door which was always kept fastened on the inside, was now, by some accident, found to be locked on the outside. It was a moment of dreadful suspense,—for the fighting behind came nearer. The ladies called so loud that a servant of the king's heard them, and ran to unlock the door. Even as they crossed the large apartment, the mob were battering at the doors.

Presently some soldiers came from the town; and General Lafayette appeared, addressing the people in passionate speeches, in favour of respecting the persons and dwelling of the royal family. The palace was soon cleared; but the terrors of the household did not disperse with the intruders who occasioned them.

It is believed that this sudden uproar was caused by a quarrel between one of the body-guards and the people without. Some shots were fired; and a young man, known to the mob, was killed. They were instantly in a rage, shook at the gates, beat in, and, as they hated the queen most, sought her first.

This was the last night that the royal family ever spent in their palace of Versailles.

A PROCESSION.

It was too plain to all now that everything must be yielded to the people, if lives were to be saved. As soon as it was light, Lafayette led into a balcony the commander of the Flanders regiment—the body-guard—with a huge tricolour in his hat, instead of the royal white cockade. All the soldiers of the regiment immediately mounted tricolour cockades, and were cheered by the mob. The king appeared on the balcony, with Lafayette, and they cheered him too; but some voices cried that he must go to Paris.

The mob then demanded to see the queen. She asked for her children; and they were brought to her, probably not very willing to face the noisy multitude. She took Louis in her arms, and led his sister by the hand, and stepped out on the balcony, with Lafayette by her side. There was a shout, "No children!" It does not seem clear why the people would not have the children too; but the queen believed that it was intended that some one should shoot her as she stood, and that the children were not to be endangered. She gently pushed them back, and bade them go in, and then stepped forward in the sight of the people, with her hands and eyes raised to heaven. Lafayette took her hand, and kneeling reverently, kissed it. This act turned the tide of the people's feelings, and they cheered the queen. It was finely done of Lafayette both for presence of mind and noble feeling.

Here was the difference between the enraged people and their enlightened leaders. Lafayette was a friend of the people, and an enemy to tyranny: but he had not been ground down by poverty, reared in hunger and brutal ignorance, and taught to hate proud and selfish oppressors with a cruel hatred. Such was the difference between him and this wretched mob, whom we feel more disposed to pity than to blame, so great was their ignorance, and so terrible had been the sufferings of their lives. Lafayette's eyes were opened by knowledge and reflection, while theirs were closed by passion and prejudice. They believed that all royal rulers were wicked, and the queen the most wicked of all; and that if she were but out of the way, with a few more, all would go right,—bread would be cheap, the nobility less extravagant and oppressive, and the king willing to govern by men of the people's choice. Lafayette saw that all this was very foolish. He saw that nothing could be worse than the state of France,—the tyranny of the nobility,—the extravagance and frivolity of the court,—and the wretchedness of the people. He was for amending this; but he knew that these sins and woes were the growth of many centuries, and that no one person, or dozen of persons, was to be blamed as the cause. He probably saw that the queen was as ignorant in one way as the mob in another; and was therefore to be pitied. She had never been taught what millions of people were suffering, and did not know how to frame her conduct so as to spare their irritated and wounded feelings; and therefore she had filled up her youth with shows and pleasures, and from year to year given to her dependents the means of enriching themselves at the expense of the poor, without being in the least aware of the mischief she was doing. It was in the knowledge of all this, in deep sorrow and compassion for both parties in this great quarrel, and with an earnest desire to bring them to bear with each other, that Lafayette kissed the queen's hand in the balcony. He heart must have beat with hope and gladness when he heard the people immediately shout "Long live the queen!"

Again the cry was "The king to Paris!" and still the king was as unwilling as ever to go. He wished to consult the Assembly about it, and sent to ask them to come, and hold their sitting in the palace. While they were deliberating whether to do so, the mob became so peremptory, so noisy, that the king dared no longer hesitate. He did the same thing now that no experience could teach him to avoid, in great affairs or small: he refused as long as possible what the people had set their hearts upon,—then hesitated, and at last had to yield, when it was no longer possible to show any good grace in the action. From his failures, a lesson might be taken by all rulers of a nation which has learned to have a will of its own, and to speak it:—a lesson to grant with readiness and a good grace what must be, or ought to be yielded, and to refuse with firmness what ought not to be granted. Louis XVI. never could even get so far as to settle in his own mind what ought, and what ought not to be granted; and unhappily there was no one about him well qualified to advise. The queen was firm and decided; but she was so deficient in knowledge that she was always as likely to guide him wrong as right. Now, however, there was no longer room for doubt. The king said, from the balcony, "My children, you wish that I should follow you to Paris. I consent, on condition that you do not separate me from my wife and children." He also stipulated that his guards should be well treated; to which the multitude consented.

It was, however, far from their intention that the king should *follow* them to Paris. They did not mean to lose sight of him, for fear he should slip away. They caused General Lafayette to fix the hour at which the king would go. One o'clock was fixed.

Till one, the royal grooms were preparing the carriages to convey the royal family and suite,—a long train of coaches. The servants in the palace were packing up what they could for so hurried a removal. The royal children did no lessons that day, I should think; for Madame de Tourzel, who was to go with them, must have been in great terror for the whole party. Lafayette was establishing what order he could, riding about pale and anxious, to arrange what was called the Parisian army. For two nights (and what nights!) he had not closed his eyes. The people meantime searched out some granaries, and loaded carts with corn, to take with them to Paris.

A more extraordinary procession was perhaps never seen. Royal carriages, and wagons full of corn, the king's guards and the ragamuffin crowd; round the king's carriage a mob of dirty, fierce fish-women and market-women, eating as they walked, and sometimes screaming out close at the coach-door, "We shall not want bread any more. We have got the baker, and the baker's wife, and the little baker's boy:"—such was the procession. There was another thing in it which the king and queen saw, but which we must hope the children did not,—the heads of two body-guards who had been killed early in the morning, in the quarrel which led to the attack upon the queen.

The queen sat in her coach, seen by the vast multitude, for five long hours,—calm, dignified, and silent. From one till two the royal carriage had to stand, while the great procession was preparing to move; and it did not enter Paris till dusk,—till six o'clock. It was still raining,—a dull, drizzling rain. Louis could not have liked to hear himself talked about as he was by the loud dirty women that crowded round the coach; nor to hear them speak to his mother. Some pointed to the corn-wagons, and told her they had got what they wanted, in spite of her. Some said, "Come, now, don't you be a traitor any more, and we will all love you." There were two hundred thousand people in this procession.

When they reached Paris, the royal family did not go straight home to the Tuilleries. There was something to be done first. They had to go to the great city hall, to meet the authorities of Paris. The mayor received them, and welcomed them to the city; and the king replied that he always came with pleasure and confidence among his good people of Paris. In repeating what the king had declared to those assembled, the mayor forgot the word "confidence." The queen said aloud, "Say *confidence*:—with pleasure and confidence."

Then there were many speeches made, during which poor little Louis, tired as he was, had to wait. Called up before five in the morning, and having sat so many hours in the carriage, with guns and pistols incessantly popping off, and yells and shouts from such a concourse of people, he might well be tired: but before they could go home, the king had to show himself in the balcony of the city hall, by torch-light, with a great tricolour cockade in his hat. It was just eleven o'clock before they got to their palace of the Tuilleries.

There every thing was comfortless,—for there had been no notice of their coming. The apartments had been occupied by the servants of the court, who, turning out in a hurry, left every thing in confusion. Probably Louis did not mind this,—glad enough to get to bed at all after such a long and dreary day. This was the 6th of October.

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THE DAUPHIN AT PARIS.

In the morning of the 7th, some magistrates came, bringing upholsterers with them, and asked the king how he would be pleased to be lodged. They were ready to dispose and furnish the palace as he liked. He answered gaily that others might lodge as they pleased, he had nothing to say to it. He was apt to be sulky occasionally, in his most prosperous days; and it was natural that he should be more so now. Sometimes, when the queen made anxious inquiries about the state of affairs, he answered, "Madam, your affair is with the children." He knew that he was, in fact, a prisoner in his own capital; and that it must at any rate be long before he could leave it. He was losing the fine hunting season; and there was no saying when he might hunt again. This grieved him very much. He sent for his locksmith, and did a little filing, now and then; but he was losing his pleasure in every thing.

Some of the women who had walked by the royal carriage yesterday, came this morning, and stationed themselves before the queen's windows, requesting to see her. One of them told her that she must send away all bad advisers, and love her people. The queen replied that she had loved the people when she lived at Versailles, and that she should go on to love them now. They repeated to her some reports that they had heard against her,—that she had wished in the summer that Paris should be fired upon; and that she would yesterday have fled to the frontiers, if she had not been prevented. She replied that they had heard these things, and believed them; and that while some people told and others believed what was not true, the nation and king would never be happy. One woman then spoke a few words of German: but the queen interrupted her, saying that she was now so completely a French woman, that she had forgotten her German. This delighted the women much; for some of the jealousy of the queen which existed was on account of her being a foreigner. They clapped their hands; and asked for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat. She took them off with her own hands, and gave them to the women. They divided them to keep; shouting, "Long live Marie Antoinette! Long live our good queen!"

It was found, during the whole long period of her residence where she now was, that everybody who talked with the queen liked her; her bitterest enemies were heard to shout as these women did, when once they had heard her speak; and soldiers, who had spoken insultingly of her before they knew her, were ready to lay down their lives for her when they became her guards! The reason of this was, not merely that she was beautiful, and that she spoke in a winning manner, when she knew how much depended upon her graciousness;—it was chiefly because the ignorant and angry people had fancied her a sort of monster, determined upon her own indulgence at all cost, and even seeking their destruction, and delighting in their miseries. When, instead of this monster, they found a dignified woman, with sorrow in her beautiful face, and gentleness in her voice, they forgot for the time the faults she really had, and the blameable things she had really done. When again reminded of these, in her absence, the old hatred revived with new force; they were vexed that she had won upon them, and ended by being as cruel as we shall see they were.

She found, this morning, how frightened her little boy had been the day before. There was some noise in the court-yard of the palace. Louis came running, and threw himself trembling into her arms, crying, "O, mamma, is to-day going to be yesterday again?" When they were settled, and everything was done to make him as happy as a child should be, he did not forget what he had seen yesterday. He had walked with his mother, or with Madame de Tourzel, in the gardens of the Tuileries, but he had a little garden of his own, railed in, and a little toolhouse for his spade and rake. There the rosy, curly-headed boy was seen digging in the winter, and sowing seeds in the spring; and, sometimes, feeding the ducks on the green ponds with crumbs of bread. Still he did not forget what he had seen and heard. One day, his father saw the boy looking at him very gravely and earnestly. The king asked him what he was thinking about. Louis said he wanted to ask a very serious question, if he might; and the king gave him leave.

"I want to know," said Louis, "why all the people who used to love you so much are now so angry with you. I want to know what you have done to put them in such a passion."

The king took him upon his knee, and said,—

"My dear, I wished to make the people happier than they were before. I wanted money to pay the expenses of our great wars. I asked it of the parliament, as the kings of France have always done before. The magistrates who composed the parliament, were unwilling, and said that the people alone had a right to consent that this money should be given. I called together at Versailles the principal people of every town, distinguished by their rank, their fortune, or their talents. These were called the States-General. When they were assembled, they required of me things which I could not do, either for my own sake or yours; as you are to be king after me. Wicked persons have appeared, causing the people to rebel; and the shocking things that have happened lately are their doing. We must blame them, and not the people."

So spoke Louis XVI. to his young son: and from many other (and by other evidence) we learn how little he was aware of the true causes and nature of the great revolution which was taking place. It appears that he really thought that this revolution was owing to the sets of the last few months, and not to the long course of grinding oppression which had begun hundreds of years before he was born. He believed that the violence he witnessed was owing to the malice of a few "wicked persons," and not the exasperation of a nation,—the fury of many millions of sufferers against a few hundreds of the rich and powerful. This was not the first time of the king's showing exceedingly little he understood of what was taking place, and what ought to be done. When it was absolutely necessary to the peace of the kingdom to have a minister who would relieve the people of the heaviest taxes, the king removed such a minister, and thought he was doing what he could to make up for this, by retrenching some expense in the palace. For instance, it had always been the custom for the two first bed-chamber women of the queen to have for their own all the wax-lights placed daily in the whole suite of royal apartments, whether lighted or not. These they sold for many hundred pounds a-year. When the king began to retrench, he took from these women the wax-light privilege; and the candles which were not lighted one evening served for the next. The ladies were not pleased at being thus deprived of a large part of their income; but this, with the few other retrenchments made by the royal family, was right. All these retrenchments were nothing, however, in comparison with what was wanted. The peasantry still had to pay the grievous land-tax, even when they were reduced to so boiled nettles and grass. The poor still had to buy the quantity of dear salt ordered by law, even when they had no meat to eat it with. The labouring man and his sons, weakened by hunger and spent with toil, still had to turn out and work upon the roads, without wages, while wife and young children were growing savage with want in their ruined hut. It was all very well for the king and queen to burn fewer wax-lights; but far happier would it have been could the monarch have seen and known that the thing wanted was to relieve the poor from these heavy oppressions; and that his duty was to uphold a minister who would do it, even if every rich and noble person quitted his court, and turned against him. This, however, was not to be expected; for the king and queen lived amongst, and were acquainted with, not the poor, but the noble and the rich, and heard only what they had to say.

It is not known whether little Louis was ever told what the poor suffer. It is probable that he heard something of it; for his elder brother and sister certainly had, upon one occasion. It was the queen's custom to give her children a stock of new playthings on New Year's day. One very hard winter, she and the king heard of the sufferings of the poor in Paris from cold; and the king ordered a large quantity of wood to be purchased with his money, and given away. The queen commanded the toyman to bring the new toys, as usual, on New Year's eve, and spread them out in one of her apartments. She then led the children in, showed them the playthings, and said these were what she meant to have given them; but that she had heard that so many poor families were perishing with cold, that she hoped they would be willing to do without new toys, and let the money go for fuel for the poor. The children consented, and the toyman was sent away, with a present of money to console him for the disappointment of having sold nothing. It is probable that Louis also, when old enough to understand, was told of the sufferings of the poor: but it is difficult to give an idea of what want really is to children who have half a dozen ladies and footmen always at their orders, and who are surrounded with luxuries which seem to them to come as naturally as the light of day, and to belong to them as completely as their own limbs and senses. We have all heard of the little French princess who, when told by her governess how many of the poor were dying of starvation, in a hard season, said, she thought that was very foolish; and that, rather than starve, she would eat bread and cheese. She had no idea that multitudes never tasted any thing better than the coarsest black dry bread; and that it was for want of this that many were perishing. How should she know? She had never seen the inside of a poor man's hut, or tasted any but the most delicate food.

Louis wished to know what he ought to do, now that the people were so angry with his father. The queen told him that he must behave civilly and kindly to the magistrates, when they came; to the officers of the people's army,—the National Guard,—and to everybody that belonged to Paris. Louis took great pains to do

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this: and when he had an opportunity of speaking kindly to the mayor, or any other visiter, he used to run up to his mother, and whisper in her ear, "Was that right?"—He once said a thing which pleased the mayor of Paris very much. The mayor showed him the shield of Scipio, which was in the royal library, and asked him which he liked best, Scipio or Hannibal. The boy answered that he liked best him who had defended his own country.

At this time he read, not only of Scipio and Hannibal, but much besides. The royal family, out of spirits, and not knowing what would happen next, led a very quiet life in the Tuilleries, from the 6th of October, when they were brought there, till the beginning of the next summer.

During this season, the queen never went to the theatre. She gave no concerts, or large entertainments; and only received the court twice a week, where everybody came wearing white lilies, and bows of white ribbon, while tricolour cockades were sold at all the corners of the streets; and the National Guards stopped all who did not show red and blue cockades. The queen went to mass, and dined in public with the king, twice a week, and joined small card-parties in the evenings. The Princess de Lamballe, who had returned to resume her office in the palace, gave gay parties; and the queen went a few times, but soon felt that, in her circumstances, a private life was more suitable. One evening she returned to her apartments in great agitation. An English nobleman had been exhibiting a large ring, which he wore, containing a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair. She looked with horror upon Cromwell, as a regicide; and she thought the English nobleman meant to point out to her what kings may come to when their people are discontented with them. It was probable that the gentleman meant no such thing: but he was guilty of a very thoughtless act, which gave a great deal of pain.

The queen's mind was so full of the revolution, that she found she could not fix her attention upon books. Work suited her best; and she sat the greater part of the morning working, with the Princess Elizabeth, at a carpet intended for one of their apartments. After breakfast, she went to the king, to converse with him, if he was so inclined. She then sat by, at work, while the children did their lessons, which was the regular employment of the morning. They all walked in the palace gardens; and the queen returned to her work after dinner. She could talk of nothing but the revolution; and was extremely anxious to know what everybody thought of her,—particularly persons in office. She was for ever wondering how it was that those who hailed her with love and joy, when she came as a bride from Germany, should so fiercely hate her now. It is a pity that she did not now learn to know and trust Lafayette. It might have saved her, and all who belonged to her; but she was prejudiced against him from his being a friend of the people, and in favour of great changes in the government.

Thus the winter passed wearily on. If the people of Paris were jealous of the queen's wish to get away, and suspicious of her meaning it, if possible, they were not far wrong. Some or other of the nobles and clergy were continually planning to carry the royal family, either to Rouen (a loyal city) or to the frontiers, to meet the king's brother and friends, and the army they were raising. It would probably have been done, but for the king's irresolution. He would neither speak nor stir about it.

One night in March, at ten o'clock, when the children were asleep in bed, the king and queen were playing whist with his next brother and sister-in-law (who had not gone away), and the Princess Elizabeth was kneeling on a footstool beside the card table, looking on. M. Campan one of the most trusty of the queen's attendants, came in, and said, in a low voice, that the Count d'Inisdal had called to say that every thing was planned for an escape. The nobles who had contrived it were collected to guard and accompany the king;—the National Guard about the palace were gained over; post-horses were ready all along the road;—the king had only to consent, and he might be off before midnight. The king went on playing his cards, and made no answer. "Did you hear," said the queen, "what Campan has been telling us?" "I hear," said the king; and still went on playing. After a while, the queen observed, "Campan must have an answer of some kind." Then, at length, the king spoke. "Tell the Count d'Inisdal," said he, "that I cannot consent to be carried off." The queen repeated, "The king cannot *consent* to be carried off," meaning it to be clearly understood that he would be very glad to go, if it could be so done as that he might say afterwards that he had had nothing to do with the plan. The Count d'Inisdal was very angry at the message. "I see how it is," said he. "We, the king's faithful servants, are to have all the danger, and all the blame, if the scheme fails." And off he went.

The queen would not give up her hopes that the nobles would understand how glad the royal family would be to go, and would come for them. She sat till past midnight wrapping up her jewels to carry away; and then desired the lady who assisted her not to go to bed. The lady listened all the night through, and looked out of the window many times; but all was still, and no one but the guards was to be seen. The queen observed to this lady that they should have to fly. There was no saying to what lengths the rebellious people would go, she declared, and the danger increased every day.

There was indeed no respite from apprehension of danger. About a month after, on the 13th of April, there was a good deal of agitation in Paris, from the debates in the Assembly having been very warm, and such as to make the people fear that the king would be carried away. Lafayette promised the king that if he saw reason to consider the palace in danger, he would fire a great cannon on a certain bridge. At night, some accidental musket shots were heard near the palace, and the king mistook them for Lafayette's cannon. He went to the queen's apartments. She was not there. He found her in the Dauphin's chamber, with Louis in her arms. "I was coming to you," said the king. "You see," said she, clasping her little son close, "I was at my post."

While thus suffering, and certainly not learning to love the people more on this account,—while distrusting Lafayette, and knowing no one else who could give them the knowledge and advice which would have been best for them, the royal family were confirmed in their worst prejudices and errors by letters which reached them from a distance. Those who wished to write to them in their distress were naturally those who sympathized most with them, and least with the people. One instance shows how absurd and mischievous such a correspondence was. The Empress Catherine of Russia wrote to the queen, "Kings ought to proceed on their course without troubling themselves about the cries of the people, as the moon traverses the sky without regard to the baying of dogs." Whether the queen saw the folly of these words, and thought of the proper answer to them,—that a king is a man like those who cry to him for sympathy, but the moon is not a dog,—we do not know; nor whether she perceived the insolent wickedness of the sentence; but she saw the unfeeling absurdity of writing this to a king and queen who were actually prisoners in the hands of their subjects. If the king had been active, decided, and equal to the dangers of the times, he would have made use of this winter in Paris to go among his people, and learn for himself what was the matter, what they wanted, and how much could be done for peace and good government: and then this correspondence from a distance might have done no harm: but, indolent and passive as he was, everything seemed to conspire to prevent all mutual understanding between him and the nation.

AT ST. CLOUD.

One of his wishes was, to a certain degree, gratified at length. He got a little more hunting when June came. To the surprise of the court, and many besides, the royal family were quietly permitted to go to their country house at St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris, when the weather became too warm for a comfortable residence at the Tuilleries. The National Guard followed them; but the king rode out daily, attended only by an officer of General La Fayette's staff. The queen was guarded by another of these officers, and the Dauphin by a third.

It seems rather strange that so much liberty should have been allowed, when so lately every precaution was taken to prevent the flight of the family. During the past winter and spring, and the next season, the leaders of the revolution kept a constant watch upon the palace, and knew all that went on there. They knew what persons were admitted at back doors to consult with the queen. They also knew, after the family returned from St. Cloud, how many horses were in the royal stables, and how many of them stood constantly saddled and bridled. They knew how the royal carriages were kept stuffed with luggage, ready to start at a moment's warning,—the royal arms being nearly rubbed out from the panels. They declared also that they knew that the king's old aunts meant to go away, carrying off, not only plenty of treasure, but little Louis; and that a boy, very like Louis, had been in training some time, to represent him, when the true Dauphin should have been carried to his uncle, over the frontiers. All this was published in the newspapers, so that, if the old princesses had any such plan prepared, they were obliged to give it up. Thus were the family guarded in Paris, before and after, and yet, in June, they were riding and driving about St. Cloud, believing that they might go off any day they chose. Perhaps, however, this might not have proved so easy as they thought. There might have been spies about them that they did not know of; and, since nothing could be worse than their management of all business matters, from inexperience and want of knowledge of other people's minds and affairs, their enemies might feel pretty

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secure that the royal prisoners could not fly far without being caught.

There was a plan for escape completely formed, as we know from the lady to whom the queen confided it. No one doubted of the entire success of this scheme; and the lady daily expected and hoped to have to wait in vain for the return of the royal family from their drive.

They went out every afternoon at four o'clock; and often did not return till eight, and sometimes even not till nine. The king went on horseback, attended by grooms and pages on whom he could rely. The ladies, in a carriage, were also followed by grooms and pages. The plan was for all to ride to the same place on a certain afternoon, by different roads,—the king on horseback, the queen and her daughter, and the princess Elizabeth, in a carriage; the Dauphin and Madame de Tourzel in a chaise; and some of the royal suite in other vehicles. On meeting in a wood, twelve miles from St. Cloud, the three officers of Lafayette's staff were to be gained over, or to be overpowered by the servants; and then all were to push on for the frontier. Meanwhile, the people at home would wait till nine o'clock, quietly enough. Then, on becoming alarmed and looking about, they would find on the king's desk a letter to the Assembly, which they would instantly forward. It could not reach Paris before ten; and then the Assembly could hardly be got together, or messengers sent after the fugitives, before midnight; when the royal family would have had a start of eight hours.

The lady to whom the queen confided this scheme approved it, but asked no questions, and hoped she should not be told the precise day, as she was to be left behind, and wished to be able to say that she had not known that they intended more than an afternoon drive when they went forth. One June evening, nine o'clock came, and none of them were home. The attendants walked restlessly about the courts, and wondered. The lady's heart beat so that she was afraid her emotion would be observed. But presently she heard the carriage-wheels; and all returned as usual. She told the queen that she had not expected to see her home to-night: and the queen replied that they must wait till the king's aunts had left France, and till they knew whether the plan would suit the wishes of their friends over the frontier.

It was believed by many persons, and certainly by Lafayette, that there were plots, at this time, against the life of the queen. An agent of the police gave notice of an intention to poison her. The queen did not believe it. She believed that her enemies meant to break her spirit by calumny; but she had no fear of poison. Her head physician, however, chose to take precautions. He desired one of her ladies to have always at hand a bottle of fresh, good oil of sweet almonds, which, with milk, is an antidote against corrosive poisons. He was uneasy at the queen's habit of sweetening draughts of water from a sugar-basin which stood open in her apartment. He was afraid of this sugar being poisoned. The lady therefore kept a great quantity of sugar pounded in her own apartment, and always carried some packets of it in her bag, from which she changed the sugar in the basin, several times a day. The queen found this out, and begged she would not take the trouble to do this, as she had no fear of dying by that method. Poor lady! she said sometimes that, but for her family's sake, she should be glad to die by any means. She was indeed unhappy; but she had not yet learned how much more unhappy had been multitudes of her people before they hated her as they now did. She grieved to see her daughter growing up grave and silent, and her little boy of five years old surrounded by sorrowful faces, and subject to terrors at an age when he should have been merry, and smiled upon by everybody near him: but she knew nothing of the affliction of thousands of mothers who had seen their children dying of hunger on heaps of straw, in hovels open to the rain; or of the indignation of thousands more who had seen their lively, promising infants growing stupid and cross under the pressure of early toil, and in the absence of all instruction. All this had happened while she was paying £15,000 for a pair of diamond ear-rings, and using her influence in behalf of bad advisers to the king. She might wish to die under her sorrows: she little knew how many had died under their most intolerable sufferings.

THE ENTERPRISE.

The longer the revolution went on, exhibiting more and more fully the incapacity of the king, the more were the intoxicated people tempted to exult over him, sometimes fiercely, and sometimes in mockery. It is not conceivable that they would have ventured upon some things that were said and done, if the king had been a man of spirit; for men of spirit command personal respect in their adversity. The great original quarrel with the king, it will be remembered, was on matters of finance,—about the vast debts of the state, and the choice of a minister who would wisely endeavour to reduce these debts, and at the same time to relieve the people from some of the pressure of taxation. Towards the end of this year, 1790, the Assembly had decreed the discharge of the debts of the state; and (whether or not they might prove able to execute what they had decreed) the people were highly delighted. It was the custom to serenade the royal family on New Year's morning. On this New Year's day, the band of the National Guard played under the king's windows an opera air which went to the words, "But our creditors are paid, and we are consoled." They would play nothing but this air; and finished it, stopped and resumed, over and over again. They might have been sure that the king knew what they meant by playing it at all.

Another New Year's day custom was to present gifts to the royal children. On this day, some grenadiers of the Parisian guard came, preceded by military music, to offer a gift to the Dauphin. The gift was a set of dominoes made of the stone and marble of which parts of the Bastille had been built. On the lid of the box were engraved some verses, of which the sense was as follows:

"These stones of the walls which enclosed so many innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been made into a toy, to be offered to your Highness, as a token of the love of the people, and a lesson as to their strength."

The queen would not allow her son to have this toy. She took it from him and gave it into the hands of one of her ladies, desiring her to preserve it as a curious sign of the times.

If the royal family received insults from people who could not feel for them, it was equally true that their adherents exasperated the feelings of persons who quite as little deserved insult. Such was the effect of mutual prejudice. General Lafayette, still in hopes of bringing the opposing parties to some understanding, frequently went to the palace of the Tuileries, where now, during the winter, the royal family were once more established. As there was little use in conversing with the king about affairs, these interviews were generally with the queen,—a fact which prevents our wondering much at the common accusation that the queen meddled with the government, and did mischief by it. One day when Lafayette was with the queen, one of her majesty's ladies observed (intending to be heard by the general's officers) that it made her uneasy to think of her majesty's being shut up alone with a rebel and a robber. An older and more prudent lady, Madame Campan, seeing the folly of such a speech, at a time when every thing might depend on General Lafayette's good-will, reproved the person who had spoken; but it is curious to see how much more she thought of the imprudence than of the injustice of the speech. She observed that General Lafayette was certainly a rebel: but that an officer who commanded forty thousand men, the capital, and a large extent of country, should be called a chieftain rather than a robber. One would think this was little enough to say in favour of such a man as Lafayette, yet the queen the next day asked Madame Campan, with a mournful gravity, what she could have meant by taking Lafayette's part, and silencing the other ladies because they did not like him. When she heard how it was, the queen was satisfied: but we, far from being satisfied, may learn from this how difficult it must have been to help the royal family and court, while they thought and spoke of the best men in the nation in such a way as this. In truth, there were miserable prejudices and insults on both sides: and at this distance of time, Lafayette, with his love of freedom, and his good will towards all the sufferers of both parties, rises to our view from among them all as a sunny hill-top above the fogs of an unwholesome marsh.

The next event in the royal family was the departure of the old princesses. They got away in February; and, though stopped in some places on their journey, crossed the frontiers in safety. They might probably have remained secure enough in Paris; and their departure was not on their own account, so much as that of the king. He could not have attempted to fly, while his aged aunts remained in the midst of the troubles. When they were disposed of, he felt himself more free to go or stay. The old ladies earnestly entreated the sweet princess Elizabeth to go with them, representing to her how happy she might be at Rome in the exercise of the religion to which she was devoted. But her religion taught her that her duty lay, not where she could say her prayers with the most ease and security, but where she could give the most help and consolation. She refused ease and safety, and declared her intention of remaining with her brother's family to the end,—whatever that end might be.

The queen immediately (that is, in March) began her preparations for departure. Remembering how easily they might have got away from St. Cloud, last summer, it was determined to start from St. Cloud this time. On the 15th of April, notice was given to the Assembly that, the king having become subject to colds of late, the royal family would remove into the country in a few days.

The people of Paris discussed this plan very earnestly. Lafayette wished that the king should live at any one of his palaces that he pleased. But so much had been said, all through the win-

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ter, about his majesty's leaving Paris, that it had now become a very difficult thing to do. The papers on the royal side had proudly threatened that the king would leave his people, if they were not more worthy of his presence. The revolutionary papers had said that the king should not go, to raise up armies of enemies at a distance. All Paris had been kept awake by stories of saddled horses in the royal stables, of packed carriages, and a host of armed nobles always hovering about, ready to rescue him and murder the people. It does indeed appear that latterly there had been various mysterious meetings of gentlemen, who were secretly armed: and report, which always exaggerates these things, declared that thirty thousand such armed gentlemen were hidden in the woods, about St. Cloud, and that they would overpower the people's guard, and carry off the family.

Some may wonder why the nation, if sick of their king, did not let him go, and rejoice to be rid of him. The reason why they detained him so carefully was this: they knew that his brother and friends were raising an army at a distance: and they saw that, if once the royal family escaped from their hands, they should have all Europe down upon them: whereas, if they kept the family as hostages, their enemies would let them alone, in the fear that the first march of a foreign army into France would be revenged upon the lives of the very persons whom it was desired to save.

Considering all these things, the people resolved that the royal family should not go to St. Cloud.

First, numbers of the servants were sent off, to get everything made ready for the king, who was to follow on the 18th, to dinner. The servants were allowed to go without opposition; so that on the 18th, the apartments at St. Cloud were ready, the dinner was cooking, and the attendants looking out along the road to Paris, wondering why the carriages did not appear, and fearing the dinner would be spoiled. Nobody came to eat it, however, unless it was given to the National Guard, a detachment of whom had gone forward, to be on duty about the palace.

At one o'clock, the great royal coach, drawn by its eight black horses, drove up to the palace gate in Paris; and immediately the alarm-bell from a neighbouring church-steeple began to sound. The family were almost ready; but multitudes of people, summoned by the bell, collected presently, and declared that the coach should not move. Lafayette and his officers came up, and did what they could in the way of persuasion: but the crowd said, "Hold your tongues. The king shall not go." They shouted, on seeing one of the royal family, "We do not choose that the king should go." The royal party, however, entered the carriage, and the coachman cracked his whip; but some seized the reins and the horses' heads; others shut the gates: and a multitude so pressed round the heavy coach that it rocked from side to side. Such of the royal attendants as attempted to get near for orders were seized, their swords taken from them, and their persons roughly handled. The children must have been grievously terrified; for even their mother, so calm in danger, passionately entreated from the carriage-window that her servants might not be hurt. The National Guards did not know how to act. Lafayette and his officers rode hither and thither, trying to open a way: the driver whipped, the horses scrambled and reared; and the people pressed closer and closer, so that the great coach rocked more and more;—all in vain: it did not get on one inch.

All this, amidst tremendous noise and confusion, went on for an hour and three quarters. Then Lafayette rode up to say that he would clear the way with cannon, if the king ordered it. The king was not the person to give any order at all; and least of all, such an order as that. So the royal family alighted, and returned into the palace, while the coach went back to the coach-house, and the eight black horses to their stalls.

The king and queen were not sorry for what had happened. This act of violence must prove so plainly to all the world that they were prisoners, that all the world would now think them justified in getting off in any way they could. They might now devote themselves to the one great object of escape.

Poor little Louis must have been very sorry. He had seen the hay-making at St Cloud, last summer; and now he must have been pleased at the thought of the sweet fields and gardens of the country, and the woods just bursting into leaf. There was nothing about St. Cloud. He knew nothing of armed nobles lurking there, to save him and his family. What he thought of was the violets and daffodils, and fresh grass, and sprouting shrubs,—the young lambs in the field, and the warbling larks in the air. And now, when actually in the carriage to go (his garden tools probably gone before), he had to get out again, and stay in hot, dusty, glaring Paris; and what was far worse, in danger of seeing every day the sneering, angry faces which had been crowding round the carriage for nearly two hours: and of hearing, wherever he walked, the cruel laugh or fierce abuse with which his parents were greeted when they attempted to do anything that the people did not like. No doubt, the little boy's heart was heavy when he was lifted from the coach, and went back into the palace.

How much happier he might have been if he had been one of the children he had seen haymaking at St. Cloud, the year before! Or even as the child of a Paris tradesman he might have been happier than now, though the children of the tradesmen of capital cities seldom have a run in the fields, or gather violets in the fresh woods of April. But, as a shopkeeper's child, he might at least have seen his father cheerful in his employment, and his mother bright and gay. He might have passed his days without hearing passionate voices, and seeing angry faces; without dreaming of being afraid. It was now nothing to him that he was born a prince, and constantly told that he was to be a king. He saw nothing in his father's condition that made him think it a good thing to be a king; and he would have given all the grandeur in which he lived, all the ladies and footmen that waited upon him, all his pretty clothes, all his many playthings, all the luxuries of the palace, to be free from the terrors of the revolution, and to see his parents look as happy as other children see theirs every day.

He did not know it, but preparations were from this time going on diligently for an escape, —for a real flight by night.

We must not suppose that in this, any more than in other affairs, the king showed decision, or the queen knowledge and judgment. They could not show what they had not: and it was now too late for the king to become prompt and active, and for the queen to learn to view people and things as the rest of the world did, brought up, as she had been, in ignorance and self-will. She often complained (and we cannot wonder) at having to live and act among people who showed no presence of mind and good sense: but, really, the king, and everybody concerned, might well have complained of the ruin which her folly and self-will brought upon the present scheme,—the last chance they had for liberty. Not that she only was to blame. There were mistakes,—there was mismanagement without end; showing how little those who are brought up in courts, having everything done for them exactly to their wish, are fit for business, when brought to the proof.

The case was just this. Here were the king and queen, with a sister and two children, waiting to get away from Paris. They had plenty of money and jewels; plenty of horses and carriages; plenty of devoted servants and friends—friends at hand, ready to help; friends at a distance, ready to receive them; and every court in Europe inclined to welcome and favour them. The one thing to be done was to elude the people of Paris, and of the large towns through which they must pass.

In such a case as this, it seems clear that, in the first place, everything at home should go on as usual up to the very last moment; that there should be no sign of preparation whatever, to excite the suspicion of any tradespeople or servants who were not in the secret.

In the next place, it is clear that the king should have separated from his family on the road. His best chance was to go with one other gentleman, and to travel as private gentlemen are in the habit of doing. While he went by one road to one country, the queen and princess should have gone by another road, under the escort of one or two of the many gentlemen who were devotedly attached to their cause. The children might, with their governess, have gone, under the charge of another gentleman, to Brussels, to the arms of their aunt (their mother's sister), who held her court there.

In the third place, they should have taken the smallest quantity of luggage they could travel with, without exciting suspicion, carrying on their persons money and jewels, with which to buy what they wanted when they were safe. They should have travelled in light carriages, and have made sure by employing drivers and couriers who knew the respective roads, of encountering no difficulty about meeting the relays of horses, and of exciting no particular observation at the post-houses. These are the arrangements which ordinary people, accustomed to business, would have made. We shall see how the queen chose that the affair should be managed.

During the month of March (before the attempt to go to St. Cloud) the queen began her preparations for an escape to another kingdom. Madame Campan (in whom she had perfect trust, and with good reason) was in attendance upon her during that month. The queen employed her in buying and getting made an immense quantity of clothes. Madame Campan remonstrated with her upon this, saying that the queen of France would always be able to obtain linen and gowns wherever she went: but the queen was obstinate. Though it was necessary for Madame Campan to go out almost disguised to procure these things,—though she was obliged, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, to order six petticoats at one shop and six at another,—and to buy one gown in one street and two in another, —and though this great load of things would be

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sure to attract notice, however they might be sent off, nothing would satisfy the queen but having with her a complete and splendid wardrobe for herself and the children; and this, after she and the king had a hundred times wondered how it came to be told in the newspapers that so many horses were kept saddled in their stables, and that such and such persons had paid their visits by the back-door. After having suffered for months from spies, the queen would not agree to the simple plan of doing nothing which spies might not see, and tell all Paris if they chose. As it was, it was well known when Madame Campan went out, where she went, and what about, from the very day her shopping began.

Madame Campan endeavoured to use more disguise by getting her own little boy measured for the clothes which were intended for the Dauphin; and by asking her sister to have the Princess Royal's wardrobe made ready as if for her daughter. But these poor expedients were seen through, as might have been expected. How much easier and safer it would have been to have no ordering and making at all!

These clothes were not all to go by the same coach which conveyed the family. Most of them were sent in a trunk to one of the queen's women, who was now at Arras, from whence she was to proceed to Brussels with these clothes, to meet her mistress. Of course, the sending off of this trunk was observed.

All this was not so foolish as what followed. The queen had a very large, expensive, and remarkable toilet case, called a nécessaire, which contained everything wanted for the toilet, from her rarest essences and perfumes down to soap and combs. It was of fine workmanship, and had much expensive material and ornament about it. In short it was fit for a splendid royal palace, and no other place. The queen consulted Madame Campan about how she should get this nécessaire away. Madame Campan entreated her not to think of taking it, saying that if it was moved from its place, on any pretence, it would be enough to excite the suspicions of all the spies about the court. The poor queen, however, seemed to think that she could no more do without her nécessaire than go without shoes to her feet. The nécessaire, she declared, she must have; and she hit upon a device which she thought very clever for deceiving any spy, but which deceived nobody. Though Madame Campan herself hoped it might afford a chance of doing so. The queen agreed with the ambassador from Vienna (who was in her confidence) that he should come to her, while her hair was dressing, and, in the presence of all her attendants, request her to order a nécessaire precisely like her own, for her sister at Brussels, who wished to have exactly such a one. The ambassador did as he was desired; and the queen turned to Madame Campan, and requested her to have a nécessaire made by the pattern of the one before her. If the plan had succeeded, here was an expense of £500, incurred, at the time when money was most particularly wanted, and great hazard run; and all because the queen could not be satisfied with such a dressing-case as other ladies use. Any of her friends could have supplied her with such a one as she was setting forth.

The nécessaire was ordered in the middle of April. A month after, the queen inquired whether it would soon be done. The cabinet-maker said it could not be done in less than six weeks more. The queen declared to Madame Campan that she could not wait for it; and that, as the order had been given in the presence of all her attendants, nobody would suspect anything if her own nécessaire was emptied and cleaned, and sent off to Brussels; and she gave positive orders that this should be done. Madame Campan ordered the wardrobe-woman, whose proper business it was, to have this order executed, as the arch-duchess could not wait as long as it would take to finish the new nécessaire; and she particularly desired that no perfume should be left hanging about any of the drawers which might be disagreeable to the arch-duchess.

One evening in May, the queen called Madame Campan to her room to wrap up in cotton, and pack, her jewels, which she sent, by the hands of a person she could trust, to Brussels. They sat in a little room by themselves, with the door locked, till seven o'clock, when the queen had to go to cards. She told Madame Campan that there was no occasion to put by the diamonds; they would be quite safe, as there was a sentinel under the window, and she herself should keep the key in her pocket. She appointed Madame Campan to be there early the next morning, to finish the packing; till which time the jewels lay on the sofa, some in cotton, and some without.

The same wardrobe-woman, Madame R——, who was ordered to empty the nécessaire, was clever about her business, and had been engaged in it for many years, and all the year round so that the queen without having much to do with her, had become accustomed to see her, liked her way of discharging her business, and did not dream of distrusting her. Madam Campan did, however. She knew that this lady, having grown rich in her office, gave parties, consisting chiefly of persons of politics opposed to the court,—several members of the Assembly of those politics being frequent there,—and one of Lafayette's staff, M. Gouvion, being a lover of Madame R——'s. This lady was indeed not to be trusted. On the 21st of this month of May, she went and made a declaration before the mayor, that she had no doubt the royal family were planning an escape. She told the whole story of the nécessaire, saying that everybody knew the queen was too fond of her own nécessaire to think of parting with it, when another might be had for a little waiting; and that the queen had often been heard to say how useful this article would be to her in travelling. Madame R—— went on to declare that the queen had been engaged in packing her diamonds in the evening of such a day,—those diamonds having been seen by her lying about, half-wrapped in cotton, on the sofa of such a room; and that Madame Campan had helped the queen, and, of course, knew all about it. It was plain that this woman had a key of the little room, and that she must have been in it, either in the evening while the queen was at cards, or very early the next morning.

The queen confided to Madame Campan a letter-case full of very valuable papers, which was immediately put into the hands of some faithful persons in the city. This proceeding also did not escape the quick eyes of Madame R——. She declared before the mayor that she saw a letter-case upon a chair, which had never been seen there before; that she observed the queen say something about it in a low voice to Madame Campan, after which it disappeared. The mayor took these depositions, as in duty bound: but he let them lie, not wishing to injure the royal family. So the queen went on, more hopeful every day, and not in the least suspecting that her scheme was seen through from beginning to end.

The other persons who were taking part in the plan were a brave officer of the name of Bouillé, and a Swedish Count Fersen, helped by the Duke de Choiseul, who was a colonel in the French army.

Bouillé was near the frontier, collecting together such French soldiers as were loyal, and several Germans, under pretence of watching the Austrians. It was secretly settled for him to meet the royal family near the frontiers, and escort them beyond the reach of their enemies. They really had not so go very far. Montmédy, where Bouillé was making a fortified camp, was less than two hundred miles from Paris; and he meant to meet the royal family, with a guard of hussars, at some distance nearer Paris.

We have seen how the queen neglected the first precautions, and how much risk she ran about clothes and luggage. So it was with the other precautions we mentioned. She did, at one time, intend to send the children to Brussels, under the care of a gentleman who might be trusted: but she changed her mind, and resolved that the whole family, with attendants, should go together.

Again, instead of travelling in light carriages, and in the most ordinary style, so as to excite as little observation as possible, they must all go in the same carriage,—that is, the king, the queen, and two children, the Princess Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel,—six in one carriage, while the attendant ladies were to follow in another. These were great difficulties; and it was over these difficulties that Count Fersen did all he could to help them.

He declared, openly, that a Russian lady, a friend of his, the Baroness de Korff, was about to travel homewards with her valet, waiting-woman, and two children, and that she wanted a carriage for the purpose. The Count pretended to be very particular about this carriage,—a large coach, called a berlin. He had a model made first; and employed the first coachmakers in France. When it was done, he and the Duke de Choiseul made trial of it in a drive through the streets of Paris. They then sent it to a certain Madame Sullivan's, near the northern outskirts of the city. Count Fersen also brought several horses and a chaise, to convey, as he said, two waiting-women; and exerted himself much about getting the necessary passport for the Baroness de Korff and her party. It appeared that Count Fersen was uncommonly polite, or very much devoted to this Baroness de Korff.

In order to put Paris off its guard, the king and queen promised to be present at a great Catholic festival, in the church of the Assumption in Paris, on the 21st of June; meaning, however, to be off on the 20th.

Little Louis knew nothing of all that was going on, nor guessed when he went to bed on the 20th of June, that he should have to get up again presently. As soon as it was dark, his governess took him up, and dressed him, and put a sort of hood over his head, which prevented his face being seen. He was probably as sleepy as a little boy of six, just waked up before eleven o'clock at night, was likely to be; and knew and cared little about what Madame de Tourzel was doing with him. His sister was dressed, and had a hood over her head too; and so had Madame de Tourzel. They were very quiet; for everybody in the palace but those who were in the secret believed that the king was now gone to

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bed. Somebody opened the doors for them, and showed them the way. They passed some sentinels who knew better than to ask them who they were; then went out through a back door where there was no sentinel, along a court and a square, and into a street. A glass-coach was stationed before the door of Ronsin the saddler, as if waiting for some visitors of Ronsin's. The coachman, standing beside his horses, opened the door without any question, and let Madame de Tourzel and the children into the coach. This was no real coachman, however, but Count Fersen.

In a little while came another lady, attended by a servant, as it seemed. She said, "Good-night" cheerfully to him, and stepped into the coach. It was the Princess Elizabeth. If anybody in the street wondered to see ladies coming the same way, one after another, the answer was easy; they had, no doubt, been at the palace; and everybody leaves the palace when the king goes to bed.

Presently the coachman's hand was again upon the door; and a gentleman, stout, in a round hat, was seen coming, leaning upon the arm of a servant. As he passed a sentinel, one of his shoe buckles gave way. He stooped down and clasped it. Glad were the party in the coach when the king stepped in. They were all there now but the queen; and it was rather odd that she should be the last.

One looked from the window, and then another watched; and still she did not come. It most have been a terrible worry,—waiting and waiting there,—the Count afraid of what everybody in the street might think of a coach standing so long before one door;—the party within afraid of something having happened to the queen. Minute after minute passed slowly away, and then,—"What is this? Here is some great man's carriage, with lights all about it, dashing up the street!" It was Lafayette's carriage, evidently in a prodigious hurry: and it went under the arch; it was certainly going to the palace.

It *was* going to the palace. Madame R——'s eyes were as quick as ever. She had told her lover perpetually that she was sure the royal family were going off; and Gouvion had kept constantly on the watch, but could discover nothing. This evening she had told him that she was sure they meant to go in the night. Gouvion sent an express for Lafayette, who came directly. He thought he met no one in the courts,—saw nothing suspicious. The sentinels were all at their posts, and the royal family (as all the palace believed) quietly in their chambers. So Lafayette went away again, telling his officer that he must have been deceived, and bidding him beware of treachery.

Lafayette was mistaken if he thought he had met no one within the precincts of the palace. Under the arch he had whirled past two people,—a lady in white, with something in her hand, leaning on a man's arm. The lady had even touched the spoke of one of his carriage-wheels with that which she had in her hand,—a sort of switch which it was then the fashion for ladies to carry. This lady was the queen, and she was conducted by a faithful body-guard. However faithful this man might be, he did not know the way; and the queen's guard on such an occasion should also have been a well-qualified guide. The queen was flurried with meeting the enemy's carriage rumbling under the archway, with its flaring lights; and, on entering the square, she took the turn to the right hand instead of the left. She and her guard wandered far away, over the bridge, and they knew not where. The queen of France wandering through the streets of Paris, losing her way on foot at midnight! What could she have thought of a situation so new? How must her guard have felt, with such a charge upon his arm! And the Count, standing beside the hackney-coach door; and the party within! We may hope that Louis was fast asleep upon Madame de Tourzel's lap, forgetting all about where he was.

A hackney-coachman came up, and began to talk. The Swedish count talked as like a hackney-coachman as he could. They took a pinch of snuff together, would rather not drink together, and the real hackney-coachman bade good night, and went off without making any discovery. The clocks had struck midnight by this time; but soon after the queen appeared. She had had to inquire her way, which was dangerous. Her companion and the king's were to go with them; so they jumped up, the Count was on the box in a moment; and off they drove,—six inside and three out.

In a little while, there was another panic. The king was sure they were going the wrong way. They ought to leave Paris by the northeastern road; but they were now going straight north. The king might have been sure that the Count knew which way to drive after managing so well all else that he had to do. He was only going to Madame Sullivan's, to make sure that the new berlin was gone to the place where they were to meet it. All was right. Count Fersen's servant had called for the Baroness de Korff's coach, an hour and a half before. So on they went, through the north entrance, turning immediately eastwards; and when fairly free of Paris, they came in sight of the great coach, waiting by the roadside, with its six horses, and the Count's coachman on the box.

The party made haste to settle themselves in the berlin; for too much time had been lost already. Count Fersen was again the driver. His coachman went off in another direction, to have his master's chariot ready for him, at some distance on the north road. Who then was there to drive home the glass-coach? Nobody. So they turned the horses' heads towards the city, and set them off by themselves; and the coach was found next day in a ditch.

Still there was another meeting to take place. At the hamlet of Bondy they were to meet the two waiting-women, with their luggage in the new chaise, and postillions with fresh horses. There they were at Bondy, while every one else was asleep. They had been waiting some time. Here Count Fersen took his leave. How must the party have felt towards him! How must they have longed to say what they must not say before the postillions, in whose eyes Count Fersen must be a driver, and nothing more! He met his coachman and chariot on the north road, and got safely away. It must have given him satisfaction all the rest of his life to look back on this adventure, in which his part was so admirably performed. Perhaps, if he had been of the party for another day or two, things might have gone better with the fugitives than they did.

Now they had to take care of their behaviour, lest, by any forgetfulness, they should cause suspicion as to who they were. Madame de Tourzel had to act the Baroness de Korff, and call the princess and the dauphin her children. The king, who wore a wig, was her valet, and the queen her waiting-maid. The Princess Elizabeth was her traveling companion. We know nothing of how they supported these characters at the places where they stopped. One may imagine the queen putting some spirit into her part; but one can never fancy the king doing anything in the service of Madame de Tourzel. They stopped as little as they could, however. And yet they did not go on fast? How should a heavy coach, with nine people in it, get on fast? How much wiser would it have been to have travelled separately, and like other people! The king's brother and his lady did so; going in common carriages towards Flanders, by different roads, and finding no difficulty. At one point their roads crossed, and they happened to meet while changing horses. They had the presence of mind to take no notice, and drove off their separate ways without a look or sign. The Princess de Lamballe travelled in the same way towards England, without impediment. It was lamentable folly in the king and queen to choose a way of journeying which must attract all eyes.

This sort of notice began almost before it was light. About sunrise, they passed, in the wood of Bondy, a poor herb-man, with his ass and panniers of greens. When the hue and cry began, this herb-man told of the fine new berlin he had seen in the wood of Bondy; and thus set pursuers upon their track. Besides the eight horses wanted for the two carriages, there were three more for three body-guards, mounted and dressed as couriers, but knowing nothing about couriers' business, as the people along the road must have found out, while watching the changing of eleven horses at the different stages. Then the berlin wanted some repairs, and this detained them at Etoges: and the king would get out and walk up the hills, and they had to wait for him: so that, though they gave double money to the drivers to get on fast, they had gone only sixty-nine miles by ten at night. This slowness ruined every thing.

The Duke de Choiseul, Count Fersen's friend, had left Paris ten hours before the royal family, and was waiting, with a party of hussars, at a village, some way beyond Chalons. If the party had kept their time, they would have met their guard, and, finding more and more soldiers all along the road, would have been safe. There would have been no time for the attention of the country people to be fixed on the gathering of military in the neighboorhood. The Duke de Choiseul's pretence for his party was that they were to guard a treasure that was expected. The "treasure" did not arrive; the soldiers lounged about; and it was all their officers could do to keep them out of public houses, where they would be questioned and made suspicious;—for, of course, they knew nothing of the meaning of their errand. It was a great misfortune too that the queen had changed her mind about the day, when it was too late to warn some of the officers; and, they, supposing the party to have set off on the 19th, were now in great dismay; and their soldiers were lounging about twenty-four hours sooner than they should have been. The village politicians did not like what they saw. They began to say to one another that no treasure ought to be leaving the kingdom. Any treasure which had to be guarded by soldiers must be public treasure, belonging to the people, which no one had any right to carry away. Some of these rang the alarm-bell of their parish-church; and, from several places, parties of the national soldiery went out to explore the roads, and met parties of the national soldiery from

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other placee. They agreed that there must be something wron·. At St. Menehould, the National Volunteers demanded three hundred muskets from the town-hall, and stood armed; the same St. Menehould where the former arrival of the queen as Dauphiness had been awaited in a far different temper. In short, the hussars had to ride away, and leave the "treasure" to take its chance. Thus all was confusion, expectation and alarm along the road, for hours before the berlin appeared; the very road by which the queen had entered France, amidst cheers of welcome, in her bridal days!

It appeared afterwards that it was the king's wish to have these soldiers in waiting along the road, while his advisers thought it would be better to keep up the story of the Baroness de Korff till the party actually drew near Montmédy. As it turned out, the king had only lost his desired security; but, by his and the queen's management together, the whole region beyond Chalons was in an uproar before they entered it. Meantime, the party had traveled only sixty-nine of their two hundred miles in twenty-two hours; and little Louis must have been sadly tired before they had gone nearly half way.

On and on they went, however, through the night and all the next day, little knowing how fast messengers from Paris were racing all over the kingdom, to give the news of their flight. Lafayette had been roused, at six in the morning of the 21st, by a note from a gentleman who had been informed that the king's rooms at the Tuileries were empty. The whole city was in consternation, and Lafayette's life in great danger. Tranquillity was preserved, however. Messengers galloped off in every direction; and one of these it was who, going northeast, spread the alarm which made the berb-man go and tell what he had seen in the wood of Bondy. Little did the traveling party think how much faster the mounted messengers were going than they: and on they lumbered, the eleven horses whisking their tails, and the king taking his time in walking up the hills, while the alarm was flying abroad.

It was near sunset on the second evening, when they had gone about one hundred and seventy miles, that one of the body-guards, mounted and dressed in yellow as a courier, came prancing into the village of St. Menehould. His dress attracted all eyes; and so did his proceedings. The gazers saw that this odd courier did not know the post-house; for he spurred past it, and had to inquire for it. The master of the post, Drouet, of revolutionary politics, was in a very bad humour, and had been so all day, having been angry about the mysterious hussars in the morning, and no less angry at seeing the village now full of dragoons, from another quarter, whose business here he could not understand. These dragoons, strolling through the streets, touched their helmets to the party in the carriage, which the waiting-maid of the baroness acknowledged with remarkable grace. The dragoon officer, Dandoins, at first delighted to see the party arrive, presently did not like what he saw, and was pretty sure the village had taken the alarm. He looked full at the pretended courier, from the side pavement, as much as to say, "Be quick! Make haste to change horses, and be off." The dull fellow, not understanding what he meant, came up to him, to know whether he had anything to say. All which was observed by a hundred eyes. Drouet's eyes were the quickest. He thought that waiting-maid's face was like somebody he had seen somewhere in Paris; and the valet, how very like the king! He called to a friend to bring him, quick, a new assignat.* The king's head there, and the valet's head in the carriage, were exactly alike. Now Drouet understood the meaning of his village being filled with hussars in the morning, and dragoons in the afternoon.

The great coach was just driving off; and he dared not stop it, while the armed dragoons were standing about, even if he had been absolutely certain that he had seen the king and queen; which he could not be. So he let them drive off; and then told the friend that had brought him the assignat, desiring him to saddle two of the fleetest horses in the post-house, while he stepped over to the town-hall, to give the alarm. While they rode off, the report got abroad through the whole village. Dandoins wanted his dragoons to mount and ride; but they were hungry, and would have some bread and cheese first. While they were eating, the National Volunteers drew up, with their bayonets fixed, to prevent their leaving the village. The dragoons were willing to stay, and side with the people: and say they did; only the quarter-master cutting his way through, and riding off with a pocket-book, containing secret despatches, which Dandoins had managed to slip into his hand.

The berlin went on faster now; but not so fast as Drouet and his companion were following; while the quarter-master was spurring on to overtake *them*, if possible. What a race!—the fate of France probably depending upon it!

About six miles before coming to Varennes, the party observed a horseman passing, at a gallop, from behind, close by the coach window. In passing, he shouted something which the noise of their carriage-wheels prevented their hearing exactly. They caught the sound, however; and when all was over, agreed that he must have said, "You are discovered!" They did not know whether to take this man for a friend or an enemy. They received another warning from one who was no enemy. A beggar, who asked alms of the king at a place where the coach stopped, said, with much feeling, "Your Majesty is known. May God take care of you! May Providence watch over you!"

The quarter-master, on reaching Clermont after them, called up the dragoons, who were gone to bed; and a few of them followed the royal carriage, under the command of a Cornet Remy. But they lost their way in the dark, and floundered about in fields and lanes, stumbling over fences, before they found the direction in which they should go to Varennes. The rest of the dragoons at Clermont,—all but two,—struck their swords into the scabbard when ordered to draw, and declared for the people, instead of the king.

The Duke de Choiseul, with his hussars, was all the while stumbling about in the cross country, finding it difficult enough to get to Varennes, as he must avoid the high roads. Some of his troop fell and were hurt; and their comrades refused to go on without them. Towards midnight, the alarm-bell of Varennes was heard through the darkness. The duke said it was no doubt some fire: but in his heart he had strong fears of the truth.

Bouillé, junior, sent by his father, had been waiting with his troop six hours at Varennes; and he, supposing that the party would not arrive this day, was in bed and asleep when the berlin reached the village, at eleven o'clock. His troop were, some of them, drinking in the public houses. None of them were ready; and the royal party tried in vain to discover through the thick darkness any sign of a friendly guard, where they had made sure of meeting one. If they could but find these hussars, they believed they should be safe; for they had now no more towns to pass through, and no danger in it.

The berlin stood on the top of the hill, at the entrance of Varennes, while the pretended couriers were riding about, rousing the sleeping village, in search of horses to go on with. The horses were standing, the whole time, all ready, by the orders of the Duke de Choiseul, in the upper village, over the bridge; and the men never found this out. They might have changed horses in five minutes, and proceeded, without having wakened a single person in the place; instead of which, the carriages actually stood five hours on encountering the berlin, which they could just make out in the dark; and then pushed on quickly into the village. It was Drouet and his companion.

They rode to the Golden arms tavern, told the landlord what they came for, and proceeded to block up the bridge with wagons, and whatever else they could find. And the fugitives might have passed that bridge above half an hour before, and be now speeding on with the fresh horses that were standing ready,—if only young Bouillé had not gone to bed; or even if, instead of one of their useless servants, they had had a courier who knew the road, and could have told them of the upper village! Was ever an expedition so mismanaged?

Before the berlin came up (the horses somewhat refreshed with meal and water), the bridge was well barricaded; and (the landlord having roused three or four companions) about half a dozen men, with muskets and lanterns hidden under their coats, were standing under an archway, awaiting the party. Suddenly the lanterns shone out, the horses' bridles were seized, and a man thrust the barrel of a musket in at each window, exclaiming, "Ladies, your passports!"

This was one of the moments which occur now and then in the course of men's lives, as if to show what they are made of. This was the occasion, if the king had been a man of spirit, to forget that he had blood to spill,—to assert his rights as a ruler and as an innocent man,—to daunt his enemies, and cause his friends—to carry off his family in triumph,—to save his crown and kingdom, his life and reputation. Things much more difficult have been done. His enemies were but six; and he and his body guards might have resisted them till Bouillé was roused by the noise, to come up with his hussars, to help and save. It is true, the king did not know that his enemies were but six: but a man of spirit would have seen how many they were before he yielded. It is true he did not know that Bouillé was in bed, and his hussars drinking in the village, but a man of spirit would have

* A promissory note, which passed as money, like a bank note. It bore an engraving of the king's head.

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trusted that help would rise up, or have done without it in such an extremity, rather than yield. Instead of this, what did the king do? He heard what his enemies had to say.

One of the six was M. Sauce, a grocer who lived in the market place, and a magistrate. He said, in the name of his party, that, whether the travellers were the Baroness de Korff and suite, or of a higher rank still, it would be better that they should alight, and remain at his house till morning.

With what a bursting heart must the queen have seen the king quietly doing as he was bid! For twenty-one years she had suffered what a high spirit must suffer in being closely united with a companion who has none; but the agony of this moment must have exceeded all former trials of the kind. She, the woman and the wife, must obey, to her own destruction, and that of all who belonged to her. She said little; but there was afterwards a visible sign of what she must have endured. In this one night, her beautiful hair turned white, as if forty years had at once fallen upon her head.

The king stepped out of the coach, and the ladies followed him. They took each an arm of M. Sauce, and walked across the market place to his shop, the king following, with a child holding either hand. It was strange confusion for little Louis. This was the third night that he had spent out of his bed, He had been asleep, —the whole party had been asleep in the coach; and now this disputing, and the flare of the lanterns, and the presenting the muskets, and the having to get out and walk, must have been perplexing and terrifying to the poor little fellow. There was much noise round about. The alarm bell was clanging; there were lights in all the windows; men poured out of the houses, half dressed, and rolled barrels, and laid trees across the road, that no help might arrive on the king's behalf.

And what did the king do next? He asked for something to eat! "Something to eat" was always a great object with him; and he seemed to find comfort under all trials in his good appetite. He sat now in an upper story of M. Sauce's house, eating bread and cheese, and drinking Burgundy,—declaring this bottle of Burgundy was the best he ever tasted. One wonders that the queen's heart was not quite broken.

She believed that there was yet a chance. She saw M. Sauce's old mother kneeling, and praying for her king and queen, while the tears ran down her cheeks. The queen saw that M. Sauce looked frequently towards his wife, while the king talked with him, explaining that he meant no harm to the nation, but good, since he could come to a better understanding with his people when at a distance and in freedom. M. Sauce, the queen saw, looked so frequently towards his wife, that it was plain that he would act according to her judgment. The queen of France therefore kneeled to the grocer's wife,—not only sat between two piles of candles, reasoning with her,—but kneeled to implore mercy and aid. Fain would the grocer's wife have aided her sovereign, if she dared: but she dared not. Again and again she said, "Think what it is you ask, Madame. Your situation is very grievous; but you see what we should be exposed to. They would cut off my husband's head. A wife must consider her husband first." "Very true," replied the queen. "My husband is your king. He has made you all happy for many years; and wishes to do so still." Whatever Madame Sauce might think of the poor queen's belief that her husband had made his people happy, she replied only, as before, that she could not induce M. Sauce to put his life in danger.

The leaders of the different military parties, hearing one alarm-bell after another beginning to toll through the whole region, made prodigious exertions to reach Varennes, and did so. The Duke de Choiseul and his troop surmounted the barricade, and got in; and the hussars promised fidelity to "the king—the king! and the queen!" as they kept exclaiming. They were led forward to beset M. Sauce's house; but Drouet shouted to his national soldiery to stand to their cannon. On hearing of cannon, the hussars drew back: though Drouet's cannon were only two empty, worn-out, useless field-pieces, which seemed fit only to make a clatter on the pavement.

Count Damas had also arrived; and the king sat consulting with these officers and the magistrates of Varennes,—consulting, when he, with the aid which had arrived, should have been forcing his way out towards the frontier. There he sat, as usual, unable to decide upon any thing; and while he sat doubting, the national soldiery poured in, to the number of three thousand, and would presently amount to ten thousand. While he thus sat doubting, the people were handing jugs of wine about among the hussars; and when their commander came out from M. Sauce's, at the end of an hour, he found them tipsy, and declaring for the nation against the king.

There was still one other chance,—one more opportunity of choice for him whose misfortune was that he never could make a choice. Another loyal officer, Deslons, arrived, with a hundred horse-soldiers. He left his hundred horse outside the barricade, entered himself, and offered to cut out the royal party,—to rescue them by the sword, if the king would order him to do so. "Will it be hot work?" asked the king. "Very hot," was the answer: and the king would give no orders. In the bitterness of her regrets, the queen said afterwards, at Paris, that no one who knew what had been the king's answer to Count d'Inisdal about being carried off, should have asked him for orders;—that the officers should have acted without saying a word to him.

The children were asleep on a bed up stairs, and the ladies remonstrating with Madame Sauce, from hour to hour of this dreadful night: and the end of it all was that it was decided by somebody that the party were to go back to Paris, as the people in the market-place were loudly demanding. The poor queen's doubts and fears thus ended in despair. Weary as they all were, —after having traveled so far, and escaped so many dangers,—and now so near the frontier, so near Bouillé's camp,—so near the king's relations,—so close upon the queen's own country, —they were to pursue their weary way back to Paris,—journeying in disgrace, prisoners in the eyes of all the people, to be plunged again into the midst of their enemies, now enraged by their flight. It would have been easier to a spirit like the queen's to have died, with those who belonged to her, in one more struggle,—in one rush to the camp, than to undergo the slow despair of a return among their enemies.

Her feelings were understood,—the case was understood,—by one of the attendants who had traveled in the chaise,—the Dauphin's head waiting woman. Hoping that gaining time might afford a chance, she threw herself on a bed, and pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and in an agony of pain. The queen went to the bedside; and the woman squeezed her hand, to make her understand the pretence. The queen declared that she could not think of leaving in this state a faithful servant who had encountered many dangers and fatigues for the sake of the family: but a device so obvious was seen through at once, and no indulgence was allowed. The woman had to get off the bed, and enter the chaise again.

The great berlin traveled back more slowly than it came, being surrounded by sixty thousand National Guards, besides the crowds of other people who drew near to see the captive royal family. There was so much indecent joy, so much insult shown by the ignorant and fierce among the crowd, that civility which would have been thought nothing of at another time touched the feelings of the unhappy ladies. The queen was delighted with the manners of a lady at whose house they rested,—the wife of M. Renard, the mayor of Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The mayor waited upon the king at table; and Madame Renard did all she could to make the ladies comfortable. Every thing was done so quietly that the queen did not discover, for a long time, who she was. When, at length, the queen inquired whether she was not the mistress of the house, Madame Renard replied, "I was so, madame, before your majesty honoured this abode with your presence." To us there appears some affectation in this speech: but the queen was now so unused to homage from strangers that she shed tears at the words.

The Dauphin did not travel back, as he came, on the lap of Madame de Tourzel. The National Assembly sent three of its members from Paris to meet and travel with the royal family. Two of these members were to be in the carriage with the king; so that Madame de Tourzel had to turn out. The other member and she joined the two waiting-maids in the carriage behind. The pretended couriers were bound with cords, conspicuous to all eyes, on the top of the berlin.

M. Barnave, one of the king's new traveling companions, was so considerate, polite, and gentlemanly, that the royal party decided and declared that, if ever they regained their power, M. Barnave should be pardoned the part he had taken in the revolution. It does not seem to have occurred to them that they might have been prejudiced against him and others,—that the revolutionary leaders might not have been altogether so wicked and detestable as the Court had been accustomed to call them. Barnave, on his part seems to have been touched by the sorrows of the queen; and it is probable that he discovered now that he had been prejudiced—too strongly wrought upon by the queen's enemies.

A poor clergyman, endeavouring to reach the carriages to offer his loyal greeting, was seized, and roughly handled by the furious mob. Barnave feared they would kill him, as they had already killed one person under similar circumstances. He threw himself almost out of the coach door as he cried, "Tigers, have you ceased to be Frenchmen? From being brave fellows have you turned assassins!" The princess Elizabeth, fearing lest he should fall out of the carriage, grasped the skirt of his coat; and the queen told Madame Campan afterwards that she could not but be struck with the oddity of seeing the princess Elizabeth taking care of the safety of a man whom they had all abhorred as a rebel and a traitor. So vehemently had the whole court detested him, that Madame Campan could scarcely

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believe her senses when she heard the queen speak with earnest regard of the revolutionary Barnave. This is another circumstance which indicates how much guilt and misery might have been saved if the adverse parties could early have come to an understanding, and made their mutual complaints face to face.

Barnave's companion, Pétion, disgusted them all; including Barnave. He behaved with ostentatious rudeness and brutality. The king began to converse with him upon the condition of the nation, and to explain the reasons of his own conduct, saying that he wished to strengthen the government so far as to enable it to be a government, since France could not be a republic. . . "Not yet, indeed," interrupted Pétion; "for the French are not ripe for a republic yet." This brutal reply silenced the king, who spoke no more till he entered Paris.

The ladies offered refreshments to their new companions. Barnave said he had to occupy their majesties with the serious business on which he was sent, but would not trouble them with his personal wants.

Pétion ate and drank greedily. He threw chicken bones out of the window, past the king's face; and when the princess Elizabeth poured out wine for him, he jerked his glass, instead of speaking, to show that there was enough. He took Louis on his knees, and twisted his fingers in the child's curly hair. When eager in conversation, he twisted the boy's hair so as to make him call out. The queen held out her arms, saying "Give me my son. He is accustomed to tender care, and to treatment very unlike this familiarity."

The great coach entered Paris on the Saturday evening, slowly rolling on through hundreds of thousands of gazers. A placard had been stuck up through one region of the city, in the morning, declaring that whoever insulted the king should be caned: whoever applauded him should be hanged. The people were quiet, gaped and stared, and seemed neither very much pleased nor very angry. The king now began to speak once more. As one body of official personages after another met him, he said, over and over again, with an embarrassed sort of smile, "Well, here I am!" Again we cannot help thinking what a pity it was that he was not a locksmith, happy in his workshop in one of the meaner streets of Paris. As for his little son, how happy would Louis now have been to be the son of the poor herb-man in the wood of Bondy, gathering his dewy herbs in the fresh free morning air and sunshine, and going to sleep at sundown, far from crowds and quarrels and fears! Never more was this unfortunate child in the open country. He had this day seen the last of green fields, breezy hills, and waving woods.

The couriers were the first objects of the people's wrath. Some at length left off staring at the king and queen, and seizing the three men in yellow liveries, would have massacred them, if the assembly had not sent a force to rescue them.

Glad was the poor queen to get out of sight of the hundreds of thousands of gazers, and to be within the courts of the Tuileries: but she found little comfort there. Three women only were appointed to wait upon her; and those three were Madame R—— the spy, her sister and niece. It was only after the king had remonstrated with General Lafayette, that the queen could obtain the attendance of her former servants. She much needed the presence of some to whom she could speak without restraint; and yet this was an indulgence she found it prudent to wait for. Immediately on her arrival she caused these few lines, unsigned, to be forwarded by a faithful hand to Madame Campan:—"I dictate this from my bath, by which my bodily strength at least may be recruited. I can say nothing of the state of my mind. We exist: that is all. Do not return till summoned by me. This is very important." It was not till seven or eight weeks after that Madame Campan saw her royal mistress. The queen was rising from bed. She took off her cap, and showed her hair, white as any aged person's, saying that it had become bleached in one night.

PLAYING FALSE.

From this time forward, the National Guards stationed in the palace had orders never to lose sight of the royal family. They therefore, for some weeks, kept the doors open day and night, having their eyes upon the royal party all day, and upon their very beds at night. The queen caused a small bed to be placed between the door of her chamber and her own bed, that she might sleep or weep on her pillow without being exposed to the observation of her soldier-jailers. One night, however, the officer who was on watch, perceiving that the queen was awake, and her attendant asleep, drew near her bed, to give her some advice how she should conduct herself in regard to politics. The queen begged him to speak low, that her attendant might not be disturbed. The lady awoke, however, and was in terror when she saw with whom the queen was conversing. Her majesty then used the smooth and flattering tone which she always appeared to think her enemies would be pleased with, desiring the lady not to be alarmed, for that this officer was an excellent man, no doubt truly attached to the king, though mistaken as to what were the intentions of both the king and herself.

The king one day rose to shut the door of the room where he was sitting with his family. The guard immediately threw it open again, saying that he had orders to keep it open, and that the king would only give himself useless trouble by shutting it. The difficulty now was to find any opportunity for private conversation. This was done through the attachment of one of the guards, who often took a very disagreeable post which nobody else desired to have. This was in a dark corridor where candles had to be used all day, and where therefore no sentinel would like being on guard for twenty-four hours together, in the month of July. St. Prix, an actor, devoted himself, however, to this service, for the sake of the king and queen, who often met here for short conversations. St. Prix, on these occasions, retired out of hearing, and gave notice if he believed any one was coming.

This extreme of insulting rigour did not last long, this time. In August the family were allowed to open and shut their doors when they pleased, and the king was treated with more outward respect. The Assembly was then preparing a Constitution, which it was believed the king would sign; and it would be well that, at the time of doing so, he should appear in the eyes of the world as a king, and not a prisoner who acted merely upon constraint.

The new constitution was prepared, and the king agreed to it; even sending a letter to the Assembly to propose to swear to the new constitution in the place where it was framed,—in their Chamber. The members were highly delighted: all Paris appeared highly delighted. The leaders of parties thronged to Court: their majesties went to the theatres; and when the deputies from the Assembly came to the palace to assure the king how much satisfaction was felt at this agreement of all parties, the queen, the princesses royal and the dauphin stood looking on from a doorway behind. The king pointed to them, saying, "There are my wife and children, who feel as I do."

All this, however, was false and hollow: all these celebrations were but melancholy mirth. All thinking persons must have known that the king could not really approve and rejoice in a new constitution which took from him many and great powers and privileges which he considered to be as truly his own as the throne itself. On the other hand, the royal family believed that this act was only one step towards the destruction of the monarchy altogether,—only one stage towards their own total ruin. So, while each party was applauding the other, and all wore smiles in public, there was no real confidence and joy, except among the ignorant and thoughtless. After the queen had assured the deputies of her approbation and pleasure, she said, in the privacy of her apartment, "These people do not like having sovereigns. We shall be destroyed by their cunning and persevering management. They are levelling the monarchy stone by stone."

The king felt the same. After professing the utmost satisfaction and delight at this settlement of affairs, and hearing from the Assembly, echoed by the acclamations of the people, that he had "obtained a new title of grandeur and of glory," the king appeared at the door of the apartment to which the queen had retired after the ceremony, which was very pale and so wretched, that the queen uttered an exclamation as she looked at him. He sank into a chair, and covered his eyes with his handkerchief, saying, "All is lost! O, why were you a witness to this humiliation? Why did you come to France to see . . . ." His words were echoed by sobs. The queen had seen herself on her knees before him. She now exclaimed to Madame Campan, "Go! go!" in a tone which conveyed, "Why do you remain to witness the humiliation of your king?"

All Paris was illuminated at night, and the royal family were invited to take a drive in the midst of the people. They were well guarded by soldiers, and received everywhere with acclamations. One man, however, with a prodigiously powerful voice, kept beside the carriage-door next the queen, and as often as the crowd shouted "Long live the king!" bawled out, "No, no: don't believe them. Long live the nation!" The queen was impressed with the same sort of terror with which she had seen the four wax-lights go out. Though panic-struck with this ominous voice, she dare not complain, nor ask to have the man removed. While the royal family were driving about the city in this false and hollow triumph, a messenger was setting off for the Austrian court, with letters from them expressive of extreme discontent and alarm at the present state of public affairs.

There were bursts of loyal feeling occasionally which gratified the royal family; but these became fewer and fewer, as it was observed that they were not well taken by the leaders of the revolution. One day this summer, the Dauphin was walking on the terrace of the Tuileries. A grenadier took him in his arms, with some affectionate words; and everybody within sight

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cheered the child. Orders, however, soon came to be quiet on the terrace: the child was set down again, and the people went on their way.

Another day, Louis forgot his plan of being civil to everybody. He had hold of his mother's hand, and they were going to walk in the gardens. A loyal sentinel, lately arrived from the country, made his salute so earnestly that his musket rang again. The queen saluted graciously, but Louis was in such a hurry that he was posting on through the gate. His mother checked him, saying, "Come, salute. Do not be unpolite." She smiled on the sentinel, who professed himself devoted to her for ever.

Some of the first difficulties which arose under the new Constitution, were of a kind which show how impossible it was for the royal family and the people ever to agree in their thoughts and feelings. The new law had provided a military, and also a civil establishment for the royal household;—had provided what the king had declared a sufficient number of attendants, and described their offices,—doing away with many of the old forms, and with much of the absurd extravagance, of the old Court. It was now in the queen's power to please the people by agreeing cheerfully to the new arrangements, and showing that she was not so proud and extravagant as she was reported to be. Instead of this, she clung to the old ways, after having declared her acceptance of the new. She would not appoint people to the offices agreed upon, saying that it was an injury to the old nobility to let them be turned out. To be sure, most of them had fled: but if they returned, what would they say if they found their places filled, and the queen surrounded by persons of a lower rank? One noble lady at this time resigned an office she had been left in possession of, and said that she could not stay now that she was deprived of her hereditary privilege of sitting on a stool unasked in the queen's presence. This grieved the queen; and she said that this was, and would be, the way with the nobility. They made no allowance for her altered circumstances, but deserted her if she admitted to office persons of inferior rank. She could not do without this nobility: she said she could not bear to see nobody come to her card-parties,—to see no throng but of servants at the king's rising and undressing. Rather than give up these old ceremonies, and this kind of homage, she broke through the only part of the Constitution that it was in her power to act upon, and insulted the feelings of the people. Barnave argued with her; but she would not yield.

The rejoicings for the new Constitution took place on the last day of September. During the rest of the year, the royal family, and the most confidential of their servants, were much employed in secret correspondence with the absent princes and nobility, and with the foreign courts. Some of these letters were in cipher, and were copied by persons who knew nothing whatever of the meaning of what they were writing. The queen wrote almost all day long, and spent a part of the nights in writing. Poor lady! she could sleep but little.

Towards the end of the year, a new alarm arose, for which one cannot but think now there was very little ground: though no one can wonder that the unhappy family, and the police magistrates who had the charge of their safety, were open to every impression of terror. The king was told that one of his pastry-cooks was dead; and the man's office was to be filled, of right, by a pastry-cook who, while waiting for this appointment, had kept a confectioner's shop in the neighbourhood, and who was furious in his profession of revolutionary politics. He had been heard to say that any man would be doing a public service who should cut off the king: and it was feared that he might do this himself, by poisoning the king's pastry, now that he would have daily opportunities of doing so. The king was particularly fond of pastry, and ate a great deal of it. It would not do now suddenly to give up eating pastry, so as to set everybody in the palace inquiring why; besides it does not seem to have occurred to the king, under any of the circumstances of his life, to restrain himself in eating. The new pastry-cook had nothing whatever to do but to make and roll out the crusts of pies and tarts; but it was thought so easy a matter to infuse a subtle poison into any of the dishes that stood about in the kitchen, that it was resolved that the king and queen should eat nothing that was brought thence, except roast meat, the last thing which any one would think of poisoning. Other dishes were to be apparently half-eaten, and their contents conveyed away.

Here we see the absurdity of the old court system, with its laws and formalities;—the system by which so many hangers-on were enriched, to the injury of better people than themselves; and by which the king himself was placed in a sort of bondage. Any shopkeeper in Paris might turn away his shop-boy for insolence; any tradesman's wife might dismiss her cook for unwholesome cookery: but here was the sovereign of France compelled to retain in his service a man whom he believed to have said that it would be a meritorious act to murder him; and this man's pastry must be admitted to the royal table every day! The man held the reversion to the office of king's pastry-cook (the right to it when the occupant should die), and the right once acquired, the man could not, by court custom, be got rid of. Thus were court offices not open to merit; but conferred sometimes by favour, and sometimes for money; and greedily grasped at for the great profits they yielded. One wonders that the royal family did not discover that the new state of affairs, if it imposed some restrictions, might have freed them from many annoyances if they could have suited their conduct to their affairs.—We shall now see what trouble was caused by the king's being unable to turn away a kitchen servant whom he could not trust.

The bread and wine wanted for the royal table were secretly provided by a steward of the household. The sugar was purchased by Madame Campan, and pounded in her apartment. She also provided the pastry, of which the king was so fond; purchasing it, as if for herself, sometimes of one confectioner, and sometimes of another. All these things were locked up in a cupboard in the king's study, on the ground floor. The royal family chose to wait on themselves; so, when the table was spread, the servants went out, leaving a dumb waiter and a bell beside each chair. Then Madame Campan appeared with the bread, wine, sugar, and pastry, which were put under the table, lest any of the attendants should enter. The princesses drank no wine. The king drank about half a bottle; and when he had done, he poured into the bottle from which he had drunk about half of that which he dared not drink; and this latter bottle, with some of the pastry from the kitchen, was carried away by Madame Campan after dinner. At the end of four months, the heads of the police gave notice that the danger from poisoning was over; that the plans of the king's enemies were changed, and that future measures would be directed against the throne, and not the life of the monarch. Meantime, did not every labouring man who could supply his family with bread take his meal in more cheerfulness and comfort than this unhappy king?

Everything went wrong. The royal party had never been remarkable for success in their undertakings; and now all that they did turned to their ruin. They corresponded at once with the emigrant princes, and with those leaders at home who were attached to the Constitution; and when, as might have been expected, they found that they could not please both, they distrusted and withdrew from those who were best able to help them. They would not follow Barnave's advice. They believed General Dumouriez a traitor, and broke off from him when he was perfectly sincere in his wish to save them, and had more power to do so than all their emigrant friends together. They distrusted Lafayette; and when, a few weeks later, they were in deeper distress than ever, but might have been protected, and taken to Rouen by Lafayette's army, the queen refused, saying in private that Lafayette had been offered to them as a resource, but that they had rather perish than owe their safety to the man who had most injured them, or even be obliged to treat with him. Thus, rejecting those who could help them, and relying on those who could not, this unwise and unhappy family went on to their ruin.

The foreign courts and emigrant princes were preparing to invade France; and the consequence was that the poor helpless king had to do an act which would have been ridiculous, if it were not too sad to laugh at. As pretended Constitutional King and Head of the Nation, he had to behave in public towards these foreign princes as if they were enemies, when it was for his sake that they were levying armies. By his private letters, written in cypher, and sent in secret, he was urging them to make haste to march to his rescue; and at the very same time he had to go to the Assembly, and propose that they should declare war against these enemies of the nation. He said this with tears in his eyes. It was on the 20th of April that he endured this humiliation. What man of spirit would not rather have taken one side or the other, at all hazards, than have played such a double part as this,—every one seeing through it all the while? If he could act with the people in reforming their affairs, well and good. If he could not,—if he believed them all wrong, and that it was his sacred duty to stand by the old order of things, how much more respectable it would have been to have said so,—to have declared, "You may imprison me—you may destroy me,—but I will stand by my throne and its powers!" In that case, the worst he could have been charged with would have been a mistake. As it was, he stood before the Assembly an object of universal contempt,—proposing, with tears in his eyes, a declaration of war against those who were preparing war at his desire, and for his sake; and every one knowing that it was so.

He and the queen seem never to have understood or believed what was carefully pointed out to them by the advisers whom they distrusted;—that this making war in their behalf could not end well for them. If their foreign friends should be beaten, they would be left more helpless and despised than ever. If the French should be beaten, the frightened and angry people would

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be sure to treat with more and more rigour—and perhaps with fury—the family who had brought a foreign enemy upon them. Their advisers must have been glad at last to be rejected and dismissed; for it must have been provoking to discover, at every turn, the double-dealing of the king and queen; and very melancholy to see them perpetually pursuing the exactly opposite course to that which was noble and wise. One wonders whether, if little Louis had lived to be a man, he would have been as ignorant, selfish, and unwise;—whether there is anything belonging to the old royal family of France which stands between its princes and wisdom and knowledge. If so, one is less sorry that he died so early as he did.

Barnave's last words impressed the feelings of the queen, but had no other effect. He begged to see her once more before he left Paris; and then withdrew from public affairs. He said, "Your misfortunes, Madam, and those of the country, had determined me to devote myself to your service. I see that my advice does not accord with your majesty's views. I augur little success from the plan which you have been induced to follow. You are too far from the help you rely on; and you will be lost before it can reach you. I earnestly hope that I may be mistaken in this prophecy. At all events, I am sure of losing my head for the interest I have felt in your affairs, and the services I have endeavoured to render you. I only ask as a recompense the honour of kissing your hand."

The queen shed tears as she extended her hand to him, and often afterwards spoke of Barnave with regard. It does not appear, however, that either she or the king called in question their own conduct with regard to these men. They induced them to devote themselves to a most hazardous service,—summoned them to secret interviews in the palace, in the night, in dark corridors, or on back staircases, where some spy or another was sure to see them, and report of them to the jealous people; and, after all this, they were dismissed, and left unprotected by the exact contrary of their advice being pursued.—Barnave's dismal predictions were all fulfilled. The royal family did sink down into destruction; and he himself perished, as he had foretold. He now left Paris, and married at Grenoble. The next August, less than three months after his last interview with the queen, his correspondence with her and the king was found in a chest in the palace; and orders were sent to arrest him, and imprison him at Grenoble. He lay in prison fifteen months, and was then brought to Paris, and tried for his life. He made a noble defence; but it was of no avail. He was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1793. When on the scaffold, he seemed suddenly struck with the infamy of the treatment he had met with on every side. He stamped with his foot, and exclaimed, "This then is the reward of all that I have done for liberty!" He was only thirty-two years of age. His unwise and miserable sovereign was not living to mourn the destruction he had brought on this high-minded man; and the fair royal hand which he had so desired to kiss had become cold in death some days before.

To return to the spring of 1792. The palace was now as dismal an abode as ever children grew up in. The king's temper and manners gave way entirely. For ten days he never once spoke, except to say the words necessary in the game of backgammon, which he played with his sister every day after dinner. The queen kneeled to him, imploring him to exert himself. When this availed nothing, she endeavoured to arouse him by the most frightful representations she could make of the danger they were all in,—a danger which increased every day, and which required that he should act, and not sit sulking, while the hours flew by which were bringing destruction on their heads. She sometimes expressed sympathy and tenderness; sometimes showed him his children, and besought him to act for their sakes; and sometimes she asked him proudly whether, if they must perish, it would not be better to die with dignity and honour, than to wait sullenly, as if inviting the rabble to come, and tread their lives out on the floor of their own palace!

In one instance, she prevailed with him against his judgment; and in five days after, bitterly repented it. There was no use in persuading him to a single spirited act now and then, when he had not resolution to follow it up by others: and so she found. In June, the Assembly wished to banish all the clergy, and to form a camp of twenty thousand men, under the walls of Paris. The king would have agreed, telling the queen that the people only wanted a pretence for a general insurrection; and that it would burst forth at the moment of his refusing anything they wished. The queen, however, induced him to use his lawful power of disapproving and forbidding these measures. This happened on the 15th of June. When he declared to his ministers his intention of doing this, three days before, they remonstrated, and the wife of one of them, Madame Roland, wrote a letter, in her husband's name, to the king; a letter so plain-spoken that the king and queen could not read it; and the ministry were all turned out next morning.

THE ROB IN THE PALACE.

The angry people rose. Twenty thousand of the poorest, dirtiest and most savage went to the magistrates in a body, to declare their intention of planting the Tree of Liberty on a terrace of the Tuileries, on the 20th; and of presenting, at the same time, petitions to the king against his late prohibitions about the priests and the army. It was easy to see what sort of petitions these were likely to be; but it had become difficult to make preparation for any expected public event,—there were so many opinions to be consulted, and so much suspicion was abroad.

Early in the morning of the 20th (the day twelve-month of the royal departure for the frontier) a tall Lombardy poplar, which the people called their new of liberty, was lying on a car in the lower part of the city, and the people were collecting in multitudes to make a procession with it to the palace. A messenger from the magistrates spoke to the people against their scheme; but they said they were only going to do what they had a right to do: it was lawful to petition; and that was their errand. So on they went, their numbers being swelled by groups from every by-street on their way. They drew two pieces of cannon with them, and carried abundance of tricolour flags and ribbons; and also various significant emblems, one of which was a bullock's heart with a spear through it, labeled "the Aristocrat's heart." The magistrates next met them; but again the crowd declared they intended only what was lawful, and pushed on.

They read their address in the Assembly, and then went, dancing and shouting, to plant their tree. The iron gates of the Tuileries were all shut, and National soldiers and cannon appeared within; so that the tree could not be planted on the terrace, as designed. There was a convent garden near, which served their purpose, and there was the tree of liberty erected.

While this was doing the Assembly dispersed till evening. The crowd desired that the king would come out, and hear their petition. They waited and waited, pressing against the iron gates, till some were near being pressed to death, and were not in the better humour for that. The king did not appear. After a while, the guard within were told that, if the king would not come out to his people, his people would go in to him. As usual, there was no decision in the treatment of the people. After some hesitation, the guards opened one of the gates. The multitude swarmed in; rushed at a wooden door of the palace; shivered it; and the royal household were at once at their mercy.

Now at last the sovereign and his craving people met, face to face: met, too, that they might petition, and he reply. But they were no longer fitted for coming to an understanding. They despised him as weak, and a double-dealer; and he despised them for their ignorance, their tatters and dirt. He does not appear to have feared them. He showed this day that he was no coward. He was indolent, irresolute, and unable to act; but he could endure. After this day, no one could unrebuked call him a coward. When the mob began battering upon the door of the room in which he was, he ordered it to be thrown open. Some of the gentlemen of his household had rushed in through another door, and requested him to stand in the recess of a large window. They drove up a heavy table before him, and ranged themselves in front of it. They begged him not to be alarmed. "Put your hand on my heart," replied the king: "and see if I am afraid." The Princess Elizabeth flew to see what was doing to her brother. She heard fierce threats from the mob against the queen. They vowed they would have the blood of the mischievous Austrian woman. The attendants begged the princess to go away from the scene. "No," said she, "let them take me for the queen, and then she may have time to escape." They forced her away, however, with what emotions of admiration words cannot express.

The king demanded of the rioters crowd what it was that they wanted. They cried that they would have the patriot ministers back again, and no prohibition about the clergy and the army. The king replied that this was not the way, nor the time, to settle such matters. Those who heard him must have respected him for having at last given a good and decided answer. During the rest of the time, about three hours, he stood in the recess of the window, while the mob,—tattered and dirty as he had probably never seen people before,—passed to and fro before the broad table which stood between him and them. At the very beginning of the scene, one of the people handed him a red woollen cap, such as the furious revolutionary people had taken to wearing, to show their patriotism. This cap the king was bid to wear. He put it on: at it was matter of complaint against him afterwards by his aristocratic adherents, that he had worn the red cap for three hours. The fact was that he did not feel the cap on the top of his hair, matted with pomatum and powder as hair then was, and

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forgot it, till his family noticed it on his meeting them again. He declared himself thirsty; and a ragamuffin handing him a half empty bottle, he drank from it.

The queen had attempted, with her children, to reach the room where the king was, but could not. Each seems to have believed that it was the intention of the mob to murder one or both of them, and there was much said of the murderers' arms which were carried; but it does not now appear probable that there was any such intention. There was nothing to prevent its execution; for the multitude could in a moment have overpowered ten times the number of adherents that were about the royal family; and the Assembly were not seen or heard of till past six, when the mob had been parading about the palace for an hour and a half. However, the royal party did expect murder, and their suspense of three hours must have been terrible.

The queen was secured, like the king, behind a table. She put a large tricolour cockade upon her head, and placed the Dauphin on a table before her. There sat poor little Louis, with a great red woollen cap covering his head, down to his very eyes, seeing how his governess and the other ladies behind his mother were terrified, and perhaps finding out how his mother's heart was swelling, and well nigh bursting, while her face and manners were calm and dignified. He saw too the horrible things that were shown in the procession. The bullock's heart was there; and there was a little gibbet, with a little doll hung to it, and his mother's name written below. He heard many dreadful things said to her: but he also heard her answers, and saw that they pleased the people. One angry woman stood and railed at the queen. The queen asked whether she had ever seen her before, and whether she had ever done her any injury. "No," said the woman; "but it is you who have done the country so much harm." "You have been told so; but you are mistaken," said the queen. "Being the wife of the King of France, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a French woman. I shall never see my own country again; it is in France that I must be happy or unhappy. I was very happy till you began to hate me." The woman was softened at once. She said, with tears, "I did not know you. I see now that you are good."

The queen could not in the least comprehend the hatred of royalty which had now become common. She could not comprehend it, because she was born royal; and it seemed to her as natural that princes should be served and obeyed by everybody below them as that children should be ruled by their parents.

She also knew nothing of the miseries caused for long years past by the abuse of power by both kings and nobles, and by herself among the rest. Unconscious of all this, she could make nothing of what she heard this evening from a member of the Assembly. Some of the members arrived at six o'clock, too late to do any good. The queen directed their notice to the broken doors, bidding them observe the outrageous way in which the home of the royal family had been violated. She saw signs of emotion in the countenance of M. Merlin de Thionville, and observed upon it. M. Merlin replied that he felt for her as a woman, a wife and mother, but that she must not suppose that he shed a single tear for the king or queen; that he hated kings and queens. It was the only feeling he had towards them; it was his religion. Now, however extravagant this man's feelings might be, and however harsh his expression of them, such sayings might have been a valuable lesson to one who could reflect and reason upon them, and diligently try to discover how such feelings could have grown up in millions of minds. This, however, the poor queen never thought of doing. She called it madness; and felt as if in Bedlam, while surrounded by those who were of the same mind as M. Merlin.

At last the mayor of Paris came. M. Pétion was now mayor: the same who had pulled Louis's hair, on the return from Varennes, a year before. He harangued the people; several others harangued; and at last the mob marched out through the broken doors of the violated palace. It was eight in the evening. When the members of this unhappy family could get to one another again, when they felt that they were once more safe, they threw themselves into one another's arms, weeping bitterly. The monarch and his people had met at last, face to face; and it was only to find that there was, and could be, no agreement between them. One of the parties must give way: the people were strong; the king was weak, and his ruin was now certain. Little Louis understood nothing of all this; but one wonders whether he could sleep that night, —whether he could forget the frightful procession he had seen filling the very rooms in which he lived.

WHAT BEFEL WHILE THE QUEEN WAS HOPING.

The secret cipher letters went now faster than ever, and seem to have been so urgent about speedy help and rescue as to have appeared somewhat peevish to friends at a distance. The queen's sister wrote from Brussels that she hoped the royal family did not doubt the anxiety of their friends: that the danger appeared indeed as pressing as it could be represented; but that some prudence was necessary on the part of those who were preparing help, and some patience on the part of those who were awaiting it. Alas! it was difficult for the poor queen to be patient, expecting, as she did daily, the murder of the king. Though this fear seems to have been unfounded, it caused her as much suffering as if it had been just. She had a breastplate made for the king, of silk many times folded, and well waddled, so that it would resist the blow of a dagger, and even a pistol ball. This under dress was made at Madame Campan's house; and she brought it into the palace, wearing it as an under-petticoat, that no one might see it. For three days in the beginning of July, did Madame Campan wear this heavy warm petticoat, before an opportunity could be found for the king to try it on; so many are the curious eyes that watch all the proceedings of a king. The occasion for which it was wanted was the 14th of July, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, and the date of the independence of the nation, as the nation chose to say: on which day the king was to appear in public.

When he tried on the breastplate, he said in a low voice to Madame Campan that he wore this to satisfy the queen, but that he was persuaded he should not be assassinated, but left to be disposed of in another way. The queen afterwards made Madame Campan repeat to her what the king had said, and then observed that this was not new to her: she had seen the king much occupied of late in studying the history of Charles I. of England. The king declared that he studied this history in order to learn how to avoid the errors of Charles in dealing with his people. Alas! if he had done so twenty years before, it is doubtful whether such study could have been of any use to a ruler who had neither the knowledge nor the spirit necessary for the times. Now it was by many years too late. No one believed in his sincerity; every one despised his weakness: and he was so humbled that no act of his could have the force or the grace of freedom. The history of Charles I. is indeed a most instructive lesson to kings: but it is a lesson which must be learned and used while kings are still sitting on an honoured and unshaken throne.

There were people enough in Paris grieved and shocked at the proceedings of the 20th of June to have made some stand in defence of the king,—some delay in the dissolution of society; and these people declared themselves by public acts, particularly by petitions to the Assembly. A man of spirit would have seized the occasion; and if the king had been such a man, he might possibly have risen from this point out of his misfortunes, and so have made a favourable day out of that most miserable one. But, as usual, the royal family overlooked the opportunity. They were so occupied in looking for help from Germany, that they had no attention, no trust, for friends nearer home. The Duke of Brunswick was coming with an army to rescue them. The people knew this well enough; and their panic about an invasion did not make them love the more the family at whose call the invaders were coming. On the 25th of July, the Duke of Brunswick began his march into France, and issued a proclamation which said that the whole French nation should be protected by him in rallying round their kings: but that, if any parties should insult the king, or carry him away from Paris, such persons should be destroyed, and Paris blown to pieces with his cannon. As the French nation did not wish or intend to rally round their king, this proclamation made them furious, and caused the destruction of the royal family in a shorter time than it would otherwise have happened; if it had otherwise happened at all. Was ever such mournful folly heard of as marks the whole history of this unhappy king?

One's compassion, however, is chiefly for the three innocent victims of this folly without shewing it. The king and queen brought much of their misery upon themselves; but the sweet Princess Elizabeth and the two children suffered without having sinned. The darkness of their lot was now gathering fast about them.

It was impossible, after the late proceedings, to consider the palace safe at any hour. The queen feared assassination for herself as a foreigner, and a trial for the king, preparatory to his death upon the scaffold; and she desired to guard against any seizure of papers, which might now take place at any time. She deposited her ready money in the hands of a faithful person; and the king employed his old companion, Gamin, the locksmith, to make, in great secrecy, a safe for papers in a place where no one would suspect its existence. This fellow betrayed the secret; first, luckily, to some friends; and the queen, hearing of this, persuaded the king to empty out the safe. Gamin afterwards publicly informed the enemies of the king of this cupboard, and moreover swore that the king attempted to poison him when it was done, that the secret might be safe. This absurd calumny was believed, like everything else that was said

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against the royal family; and the wretch had a pension given him. Such was the king's reward for submitting, like a timid apprentice, to this man's insolence, while learning lockmaking from him, for ten years past.

General Lafayette came to Paris, to remonstrate, at the head of twenty thousand petitioners, against the late treatment of the king. Of course, those who had done it looked coldly upon him; and so did the king. The king forbade his officers to support any thing proposed by General Lafayette: and the queen refused to allow him to remove her and her family to the loyal city of Rouen. Lafayette, thus unsupported, had to hasten back to the army: and in this way the royal family insulted and dismissed the last person who could have rescued them from their impending fate.

Whenever even the children appeared out of doors, they experienced such insults that they left off going anywhere beyond the palace gardens, from which the public were excluded, in order to allow the family to take the air unmolested. Such cries, however, were heard from the terrace outside, that, after being twice driven in by them, the family gave up going out at all. Louis had to give up his gardening, and the sight of the flowers he had sown, and to keep within doors all these long bright summer days.

The queen could not sleep much; and she ordered that neither the shutters nor blinds of her chamber should be closed, that the night might appear less long. One night, as Madame Campan watched beside her, she fixed her eyes on the moon, and said softly, that before she saw the same moon next month, she and the king should be free. She declared that their affairs were now proceeding fast and well, and told how the army from Germany was to march, and how soon it might arrive. She admitted that there were alarming differences of advice and opinion among their followers, and spoke of the fatal consequences of the king's irresolution; but still she hoped that another month would set them free. She was, as usual, completely mistaken.

She found it so hard to bear the insults daily offered, even while expecting so speedy an end to them, that she declared she should have preferred imprisonment in a tower, on a lonely seashore, in her present condition. On their way through the corridor to the chapel, one Sunday, the king and she were greeted by the cry from some of the guards of "Long live the king!" but others broke in with "No, no, no king! Down with the veto!" This struck upon the queen's heart; for it was she who had persuaded the king to put his veto, or prohibition, upon the banishment of the priests. When they were in the chapel, something worse happened. The passage "He bringeth down the mighty from their seat," had to be sung; and when the choir came to it, they sang, or shouted it, three times as loud as any other part of the service. The king's adherents were so angry at this that when the words came "And may the Lord keep the king in safety," the royalists shouted out three times "And the Queen." This indecent contention went on during the whole time of service; and the royal family found that they were no longer permitted even to worship in peace.

On the 9th of August there was much noise and confusion throughout Paris; and it became known that an insurrection was to take place the next morning. Louis knew that something was dreaded; but he slept as usual. His servant, Clery, put him to bed at half past eight, while it was still daylight, and then went out, to try what he could learn of the proceedings of the people. The king and queen supped at nine o'clock. While Madam Campan waited on them at table, a noise was heard outside the door. Madame Campan went to see what it was. Two of the guards were fighting;—one abusing the king, and the other insisting that he was sincere in professing to stand by the Constitution. If the queen had not before given over all idea of safety, she would now have done so. She said she knew that some of their fiercest enemies were among their guards;—not their Swiss guards, but those who wore the national uniform.

This was a terrible night. It was oppressively hot; and the rooms of the palace were crowded with gentlemen, adherents of the Court, who had come to devote themselves finally for their king and his family. The Swiss guards,—picked Swiss soldiers, strong and brave, hired to guard the person and palace of the sovereign,—stood silently at their posts, their red uniforms contrasting with the black clothes of the seven hundred gentlemen who waited to see what they were to do. Though these seemed a large number when collected under a roof,—though the rooms were so full that the windows had to be thrown open, and the mayor Pétion went down to walk in the gardens because the heat was so oppressive within, this was no force to oppose to a siege from the population of Paris. The king caused the plan of defence, prepared by General Viomènil, to be communicated to an officer, who said to Madame Campan, "Put your jewels and money into your pockets. There is no chance for us. The measures of defence are good for nothing. Our only chance is in the resolution of the king; and with all his virtues he has not that."

Never yet had the king cut such a wretched figure as on this occasion. He often congratulated himself on no blood having been shed by his order: and this was one of his living consolations. It seems never to have occurred to him that his weakness caused more destruction than even cruelty would have done. It caused not only the loss of many lives; it encouraged the breaking up of society from its very foundations; it spared the wicked, while it betrayed the faithful. It did moral injury, which it may be worse to have to answer for in the end than some acts of bloodshed. He would not have half a dozen shots fired to make a way for his coach over the bridge of Varennes; but he deserted, without a moment's scruple, his devoted Swiss guards, as we shall see; and as he refused to suffer with them, he may be considered answerable for their lives.

The clang of bells was heard by the inmates of the palace, as they stood, this summer night, by the open windows. Steeple after steeple rang out; and every one knew that this was the token of insurrection in the respective parishes. Pétion heard these bells as he walked in the starlight in the Tuilleries garden. He had been sent for, to answer for what was doing; he had not been civilly treated within doors as might be supposed,—the king speaking very roughly to him. He could not get away again, as the gates were all guarded, and no one allowed to pass; so that the only thing he could well do was to walk in the gardens. At four in the morning, the National Assembly sent for him, to appear and give an account of Paris. Considering that he had been pacing the garden walks all night, the mayor of Paris was as little able as anybody to give an account of the city; but he was glad to get away, considering his situation one of great danger.

The number of the Swiss guards was a thousand. Their post was within the Tuilleries. Outside were squadrons under the command of Mandat, a loyal officer, who kept them ranged with their cannon round the outer enclosures of the palace. Just at dawn, Mandat was sent for by the magistrates of the city, and went alone, suspecting no danger. To his amazement, he found that, with the exception of the mayor and one or two more, the entire magistracy was changed, and now composed of fierce revolutionary men. They arrested him, and ordered him to prison; but the mob seized him on the steps, and murdered him. The question next was, what his soldiers would do now they had lost their commander. They were hungry and weary; and were heard to say how sad it would be to fire upon their own countrymen—how much easier to side with them. Now was the moment for the king to speak and act. Now he was told what a gloomy and uncertain temper these squadrons were in. He owed it to his officers, his loyalty, to his adherents, to his Swiss guards, to endeavour to confirm these soldiers in their duty to him. A word, a look, a gesture might, in the right moment, have done it. What did he do?

In the middle of the night, while all was supposed to be well among the soldiers outside, the king had retired for awhile, and when he appeared again, on the arrival of fresh tidings, it was seen, by the powder being rubbed off from one side of his head, that he had been lying down to get a little sleep. The queen and princess Elizabeth also withdrew; but not to sleep. They went, with Madame Campan to attend upon them, to a small room on the ground floor, where they lay down on couches. In preparing to lie down, the princess took out the cornelian pin which fastened her dress, and showed Madame Campan what was engraved upon it. It was the stem of a lily, with the inscription "Oblivion of wrongs; forgiveness of injuries." "I fear," said the princess, "our enemies do not regard that maxim: but we must, nevertheless." The ladies conversed sadly enough, but little imagining what was happening to Mandat. At last they heard a shot. They sprang from their couches, observing that this was the first shot, but would not be the last. They must go to to the king. They did so, desiring Madame Campan to follow, and to be in waiting with the other ladies. At four o'clock, the queen came out of the king's apartment, saying that she had no longer any hope whatever, as Mandat was killed. Yet the king was going out to review the squadrons who had lost their commander; and the wife of a resolute and spirited king would not have been without hope. She would have hoped much from the king's presence and appeal. It was because she knew the king so well that she had no hope.

Orders were given for Louis to be taken up and brought immediately; and he was presently ready,—at a little before five, when (it being on the 10th of August) it was quite light. His sister appeared too, and the whole family went out to review the soldiers, as it was said, and to see the preparations for defence. Louis had hold of his father's hand. At first, a few voices cried "Long live the king!" but the king, pale and silent, walked on without taking any notice; and in a few moments there was a long growl, which burst into a clamour of "Long live the nation!" Some of the gunners thrust themselves

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forward, and shook their fists into the king's face, uttering the grossest insults. Some of the attendants pushed them back; but the king, now white as the wall, said not a word. Followed by the ladies of his family, he walked along the line, and back again, leaving nothing but contempt behind. "All is lost," said the queen to Madame Campan, as she entered her apartments: "the king showed no energy; and this review has done nothing but harm." What a lot was hers! to be dragged down, with her children, to destruction, by the apathy of a husband, while she herself had spirit enough to have ruled an empire, but must not now exert it, because it would exasperate the people to have the foreigner, the Austrian, meddle with the affairs of France!

What was to be done next? The Swiss, and the gentlemen and servants of the Court, were all that now remained to be depended upon. The Swiss stood firm as their own Alps. The household arranged themselves in the apartments, armed, and ready for the assault from without; though no one of them could have hope of victory, or any expectation but of destruction. In this terrible hour, however, they jested; and upon a melancholy subject. They were miserably armed; and they guizzed one another and themselves for the appearance they made. None had more than a sword and a pair of pistols: one page had only a single pocket-pistol; and another page and equerry had broken a pair of tongs, and taken each a half.

The insurgents were now surrounding the Tuileries, and filling the neighbourhood: and it seemed probable that the gunners, placed outside for the defence of the palace, would turn their cannon against it. The king sent a messenger to the Assembly, to request them to depute some of their body to be a safeguard to the throne in this extremity. The Assembly took no notice of the message; but went on with their regular business.

The magistrate of the district saw now, from the temper of the people outside, no chance but of destruction to every individual within the palace, if once the siege began. The error was in ever pretending to make a defence, while such a helpless being as the king must be the one to give orders. It was too late to help that now. There were the cannon, with the gunners surlily asking whether it was expected of them to fire upon the people: and there were the people, too many and too angry to be got rid of. The magistrate of the district, Rœderer, visited the palace, and begged a private interview with the king. He was shown into a small apartment, which the king and queen entered. Rœderer proposed their going over to the Assembly, without a moment's delay, to commit themselves and their children to the protection of the representatives of the people. "No, no!" exclaimed the queen, blushing, no doubt, at the thought of the infamy of deserting, at the fatal moment, their adherents, their steady Swiss, and the servants of the household. Rœderer told her that by remaining she would render herself responsible for the lives of the whole family; for that no power could save them within the walls of the palace. She said no more. The king sat, the picture of indifference, with his hands upon his knees, listening. When there was a pause, and he must say something, he looked over his shoulder to the queen, and said, "Let us go."

As they left the apartment the queen told Madame Campan to remain till either the family should return, or she should be sent for to join her mistress—no one knew where. The family never returned.

Only two ladies were permitted to accompany them.—The Princess de Lamballe and Madame Tourzel. In order to fulfil her duty,—in order not to desert Louis,—his governess was compelled to leave her daughter Pauline, only seventeen years old, in this besieged palace, among the soldiers. Pauline escaped with life and safety, and joined her mother soon after.

As the king walked through the apartments of the palace, followed by his family, Rœderer went before him, saying, "Make way! The king is going to the Assembly." How these words must have pierced the hearts of his devoted servants, of his faithful Swiss! This was the reward of their brave fidelity. The king was leaving those who were ready to die rather than desert him. He was going to walk out at an open door, while they were shut in, to be shot down like game in an enclosure. No sorrow, no shame, no emotion of any kind was to be seen in the face of the king. The hearts of his wife and sister must have been bursting when they saw the mournful, reproachful looks fixed upon him by the Swiss, as he passed between their ranks.

The family had but a short way to go; and their passage to the Assembly was watched from the windows by some of the doomed friends whom they left behind. They walked between two rows of guards; but were yet so pressed upon that the queen was robbed of her watch and purse. Louis lost his mother's hand, and amused himself with kicking the dead leaves as he walked. A gigantic man, a ringleader of the mob, snatched up the boy and carried him. The queen screamed with terror, and was near fainting; but the man said, "Do not be frightened, I will do him no harm." He merely carried him, and then set him down. There was a deputation from the Assembly came out, to meet the royal family. From the palace windows the royal family were seen to enter that gate; and those who saw it well knew that all hope for the royal cause was now over.

The assistants without and the defenders in the outer court of the Tuileries did not know of the departure of the royal family; and the battle therefore began with fury. The gentlemen and servants had now only to think of saving themselves as they could. Some escaped from windows, and others under disguises; but many were murdered. The fate of the Swiss was dreadful. They fought bravely and kept their ranks. At last, a messenger arrived with a written order from the king that they should cease firing. But they were still fired upon from without. They knew not what to do, and dispersed. Some few reached the Assembly, and were sheltered there. Some few more fled into private houses; but, as for the rest, their blood streamed on the floor of the palace, and their bodies blocked up the doorways. Some lay dead on the terraces, and others were shot down from street to street as they fled, fighting their way. From fifty to eighty were murched as prisoners to the Hall where the magistrates were sitting: but the crowd broke in upon them on the way, and slaughtered them every one. Their last thoughts might well have been, "Put not your trust in princes." But perhaps more painful thoughts still were in their fainting hearts: and before their swimming eyes might be visions of their homes in the Swiss valleys, and their wives and children singing of them, while tending the cows on the mountain side. Yet the king who, by his orders and arrangements, gave them over to such a death as this, and deserted them at the crisis, was forever consoling himself with the thought that not a drop of blood had ever been shed by his command.

In the neighbourhood of Lucerne, in Switzerland, there is a monument to the memory of these men. Above a little lake rises a precipitous face of rock. In the midst of this the monument is hollowed out. The Swiss lion, wounded and dying, grasps with its failing claws the French shield, with the royal lilies upon it.—If the king had sent his family to the Assembly for safety, and himself remained to fall with his adherents (if he could not conquer), this monument would not have been, as it is now, a reproach upon his memory, durable as Swiss honour and as the everlasting rock.

PRISON.

The royal family were placed for three days in a forsaken monastery, where four cells were allotted to them and their attendants. There Madame Campan went to them on the 14th. In one cell the king was having his hair dressed. In another, the queen was weeping on a mean bed, attended by a woman; a stranger, but civil enough. The children soon came in, and the queen lamented bitterly over them, mourning that they should be deprived of so fine an inheritance as this great kingdom; for she now knew, she said, that the monarchy was really coming to an end. She spoke of the kingdom, with its many millions of inhabitants, as she would have spoken of a landed estate with the animals upon it,—as a property with which monarchs ought to be able to do what they like. Such was her idea of royalty. She lamented in this strain over her boy's loss of the crown, as if that was the greatest of the misfortunes that awaited him—as if he could not possibly be happy anywhere but on the throne. Such was her idea of human life. She was brought up with such ideas, and was to be pitied, not blamed, for acting and feeling accordingly.

She mentioned to Madame Campan her vexation at the king having been so eager about his dinner, and having eaten and drunk so heartily in the presence of malignant strangers, on that dreadful day, and in this miserable place. She need not have minded this so much; for everybody now knew the king and his ways, and how he never dreamed, under any circumstances, of not eating and drinking as usual.

The departure from the Tuileries had been so sudden that the family had at first only the clothes that they wore. Louis would have wanted for clean linen, if the lady of the English ambassador had not kindly thought of the poor boy, and sent him some clothes.

On the 13th, the family were removed to the prison of the Temple; and Madame Campan, and almost all the servants of the royal household, lost sight of their master and mistress forever. It was seven in the evening when the removal to the Temple took place; and then there was so much disputing about where the family should be accommodated, whether in the tower of the building, or another part of it, that poor Louis, though overcome with sleep, had to sit up while his father and mother supped. At eleven o'clock Madame de Tourzel took him to the Tower, to find some place where he might go to rest. When

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the others lay down, at one in the morning, there was no preparation made for their comfort. The princess Elizabeth, with her waiting-woman, slept in the kitchen. Louis, with his governess and lady-attendant, slept in the billiard-room. It was all confusion and discomfort.

The next morning, Louis was taken to breakfast with his mother; and then all went together to see the best rooms in the Tower, and arrange how they were to be occupied.

It soon became unneccessary to plan for so many people; for an order arrived for the royal attendants to be removed, to make room for a new set appointed by the Common Council. The king and queen refused to be waited upon by strangers, who were, no doubt to act as spies: but their own people were removed notwithstanding. On the night of the 19th, the king's valets were carried off; and then the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel and her daughter, and even the waiting-women. Louis was taken up, and carried to his mother's apartment, that he might not be left quite alone. He probably slept after thus losing his governess a second time: but his mother and aunt did not. They were too anxious to think of sleeping, too anxious to know what to believe, and whether, as they had been assured, they should see their companions again in the morning. In the morning, instead of the ladies, came the news that they were all removed to another prison. At nine o'clock, one of the king's valets reappeared. He alone had been pronounced Innocent of any offence, and permitted to return to his master.

Cléry, the Dauphin's valet at the Tuilleries, had been on the watch for an opportunity of returning to his office, after having been left behind on the dreadful 10th of August, when his life had been in the utmost danger. He now heard that the mayor was about to appoint two more servants to wait on the king and the Dauphin; and he so earnestly entreated that he might be one, that he obtained the appointment. No one was more pleased than Louis to see Cléry again.

It was on the 26th of August, at eight in the evening, that Cléry entered once more upon his service. The queen desired him to resume his attendance upon the Dauphin, and to unite with the king's valet in rendering the family as comfortable as they could. The princesses had now been eight days without the attendance of their women; and their hair (at that time artificially dressed with powder and pomatum) much needed proper combing and arranging. At supper they asked Cléry whether he could dress their hair. His reply was that he should be happy to do whatever they desired. The officer on guard commanded him aloud to be more guarded in his replies. Poor Cléry was aghast at finding that he must not be civil in his expressions to his master and mistress.

Cléry did not devote himself exclusively to the service of the Dauphin; for there were at first few, and latterly no other servants than himself,—except a man named Tison, and his wife, who did the rough work of the chambers for a time.—The way in which the royal prisoners passed their days, for some few months, was as follows:

The king rose at six in the summer, and at seven as winter came on. He shaved himself, and then Cléry dressed his hair and finished his toilette. The king then retired to a small turret-chamber, which he made his study, and there kneeled at his prayers, and read religious books till nine o'clock, his guard always taking care that the door was half-open; so that the king could not even kneel to pray in entire privacy.—Meantime Cléry made the bed, and prepared the room for breakfast, and then went down to take up little Louis. After washing and dressing him, he dressed the queen's hair, and then went to the other princesses, to do the same service for them. This was the opportunity seized for telling the family any news he had been able to obtain of what was going on out of doors. It was almost the only occasion on which he could speak without being overheard by the guards: and even this was contrived with caution. Cléry showed, by an appointed sign, that he had something to say; and one of the princesses engaged the guard at the door in conversation, while Cléry whispered his news into the ear of the other, as he bent over her head, to dress her hair.—At nine, the princesses and Louis went up to the king's apartment to breakfast, when Cléry waited upon them, making haste, when the meal was done, to go down and get the other beds made. At ten, the whole family came down to the queen's apartment, and began the business of the day. Louis said his geography lesson to his father, read history with his mother, and learned poetry by heart; and did his sums with his aunt. His sister did her lessons at the same time. Hers lasted till twelve, while Louis's were over by eleven, when he played by himself for an hour. The queen generally worked at her tapestry frame; but sometimes she wrote out extracts from books for her daughter's use. When she did this, and when the young princess wrote out sums into her ciphering book, the officer on guard used to stand looking over their shoulders, to see that they did not, under false pretences, carry on any secret correspondence. It is believed that they did so, notwithstanding all this vigilance; but how they contrived it will probably never be known; for, of course, they have not told their plan, and their jailers were not aware of it.

At twelve o'clock, the ladies changed their dress in the princess Elizabeth's room, before going out to walk in the garden. The king and queen did not relish this daily walk in the garden, because they rarely went without being insulted: but they persevered as long as the practice was permitted, for the sake of the children. That Louis, particularly, might have air and exercise, they would have made a point of going out, in all but the very worst weather. They were, however, allowed no choice. Wet or dry, rain or shine, out they must go, at the same hour every day, because the outside guard was changed at that hour; and the officer chose to see, without trouble to himself, that the prisoners were all safe. Several guards were always in attendance upon the steps of the family as they walked; and there was only one walk which they might enter, because workmen were rebuilding the walls in other parts of the enclosure. Louis would thus have benefited little by the hour or two out of doors, if it had not been for good Cléry, who seems to have found time to do everything that could serve or please the family. Cléry went out with them every day, and kept Louis at play the whole time,—sometimes at football, sometimes at quoits—sometimes at running races.

This daily walk did not long continue the practice of the family; and, though they thought it right not to give it up themselves, some of them were very glad when it was over. Their jailer treated them with intolerable insolence. He would not stir till they reached the door they were to pass out at, and then made a prodigious jingling with his great bunch of keys, and kept them waiting, under pretence of not being able to find the key: then he made all the noise he could in drawing the bolts; and, stepping before them, stood in the door-way, with his long pipe in his mouth, with which he puffed smoke into the face of each of the princesses as she passed,—the guard bursting into loud laughs at each puff. Wherever they went, the prisoners saw a guillotine, or a gallows, or some vile inscription chalked upon the walls. One of these inscriptions was "Little cubs must be strangled." Others threatened death, in a gibing way, to the king or queen. Cléry one day saw the king reading some such threat of death, and would have rubbed it out; but the king bade him let it alone.

They had one object of interest in their walks, which, however, they were obliged to conceal. Certain of their devoted friends obtained entrance to the houses whose back windows commanded this garden, and though afraid to make signals, looked down upon the forlorn party with sympathy which was well understood. Cléry one day believed that Madame de Tourzel had watched them during their walk: a lady very like her had so earnestly followed Louis with her eyes through his play. He whispered this to the princess Elizabeth, who shed tears on hearing it; so persuaded had the royal family been that Madame de Tourzel had perished.—It was not she, however: neither had she perished. She was at one of her country estates, hoping that she was kindly remembered by the royal family, and forgotten by their enemies.

One of the most important pieces of intelligence that reached them, they first learned in the course of their walk. A woman at a window which overlooked the garden watched the moment when the guards turned their backs, and held up for an instant a large sheet of pasteboard, on which was written "Verdun is taken." The princess Elizabeth saw and read this. The woman no doubt thought this good news; and perhaps they too were pleased that their friends and the foreign army were fairly in France, and had taken a town on the road to Paris: but we shall see how it turned out to be anything but good news.—After a few weeks, they walked no more in the garden, and had only such air and exercise as they could obtain upon the leads of the Temple.

From their walk they came in to dinner at two o'clock, where Cléry was again ready to wait, when he became the only remaining servant. This was the hour when Santerre the brewer, now commanding the National Guard of Paris, came daily, with two other officers, to examine all the apartments inhabited by the family. The king sometimes spoke to him,—the queen never.

After dinner the king and queen played piquet or backgammon; not because they could enjoy at present any amusement of the kind, but because they found means, while bending their heads together over the board, to say a few words, unheard by the guard. At four o'clock, the ladies and children left the king, as it was his custom to sleep at this hour. At six, Cléry and Louis entered the apartment, and Cléry gave the boy lessons in writing, and copied, at the king's desire, passages from the works of Montesquieu and others, for the use of the dauphin. Then Cléry took Louis to his aunt's room, where they played at ball, and battledore and shuttlecock, till

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Louis's supper-time, at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, the queen and the princess Elizabeth read aloud, till eight o'clock, when they went to Louis, to sit beside him while he had his supper. Then the king amused the children with riddles, which he had found in a collection of old newspapers. All kindly exerted themselves to send Louis cheerful to bed. He was too young, they thought, to lie down with so sad a heart as they each had every night in their prison.

However busy Cléry might be, he never failed to be in the king's little study at seven o'clock, Regularly at that hour every evening, a crier stood in the street, close by the tower of the Temple, and proclaimed what had been done that day in the Assembly, the Magistrates' Hall, and in the army. This crier was no doubt sent, or induced to stand in that particular place, by friends of the royal family. In the little turret-room, while all was silent there, Cléry could catch what the crier said; and he found means to whisper it to the queen when she had heard Louis say his prayers, and when Cléry put him into bed.

Louis had added to his prayer one for the safety and welfare of Madame de Tourzel. He had so well learned the temper and feelings of the guards that were always about the family, that when one of them stood near enough to hear the words of his prayer, he repeated the parts in which persons were named in a whisper.

At nine o'clock Cléry went down to wait at supper. As the Dauphin was never to be left alone, while such guards stood about, his mother and aunt took it in turn to sit beside him; and Cléry brought up supper for whichever of them it might be. This afforded opportunity for a few more words of news, if there was any to tell.

After supper, the king attended his wife, sister and daughter to the queen's apartment, shook hands with them as he said good night; and retired to his little study, where he read till midnight. The guard was changed at midnight; and the king would never go to rest till he knew who was to be on guard. If it was a stranger, he would learn his name. This kept Cléry up too. After he had assisted the king to undress, he lay down on his small bed, which he had placed beside that of the king, in order to be at hand in case of danger.

Such was the course of the weary days of this unhappy family's imprisonment. The king does not seem to have been troubled by any suspicion that they were all here through his fault; and there was nothing in their conduct to remind him of it. They could not but have felt it; but they probably did not blame, but only mourned over him; and they gladly opened their eyes to such virtues as he displayed in his present condition. His quietness they called heroism, and his indolent content, patience. His worst weaknesses were hidden here, where there was nothing to be done. The queen would have been better pleased if he had never spoken to any of their jailers; but, upon the whole, they managed to persuade themselves and each other that he was a martyr, suffering in piety and patience. We should have thought better of him if he had shown himself capable of self-reproach for having done nothing in defence of his crown, his family and friends, but much towards the destruction of all. If he had been brave and sincere, however ignorant and mistaken, his family would now have been in a condition of honour and safety, though perhaps exiles from France.

These dreary days were varied by the arrival of bad news; never of good,—though the taking of Verdun at first looked like good news. It does not appear to have occurred to the king that, though his brothers and other friends were nearer than they had been, his most deadly enemies were nearer still,—close round about him, and sure to be made more cruel by every alarm given them by his arrival. The nearer the army approached, the greater was the danger of the prisoners. A few minutes after the princess Elizabeth had read the words on the pasteboard, a new guard arrived in a passion of fear and anger. He bade them all go in: he arrested and carried off Cléry's fellow-servant, whom they never saw again, though he got off with a month's imprisonment. While the valet was packing up his clothes, the guard kept shouting to the king, "The drum has beat to arms: the alarm-bell is ringing: the alarm-guns have been fired: the emigrants are at Verdun. If they come here, we shall all perish; but you shall die first." On hearing this Louis burst into an agony of tears, and ran out of the room. His sister followed, and tried to comfort him. He saw that his father was not frightened. The king was full of hope; but there was more reason for Louis's terror than for his father's expectation of deliverance. Many warnings of the kind occurred, but the king never believed them. One of the guards said to him, one night, that if the invaders advanced, the whole royal family would certainly perish. This man declared that many people pitied the little boy; but that, as the son of a tyrant, he must die with the rest.

The fears of the disorderly people of Paris, who knew that they were ill prepared for an invasion, made them desperate; and they began murdering, before the very gates of the prison, all whom they suspected of being the king's friends, and therefore their enemies. It was not likely that the Princess de Lamballe should escape,—she who had been the superintendent of the royal household, and the intimate friend of the queen;—she who after having been in safety in London, had gone back to France, to share the fortunes of her mistress and friend. This news of the taking of Verdun cost her her life; and a multitude more were massacred during the next three days.

In the night after the news came, the queen, who could not sleep, heard the drums rolling continually. The next day, the 3d of September, as she was sitting down to backgammon with the king, at three o'clock, a great clamour was heard in the street. The officer on guard in the room shut the window, and drew the curtains, knowing well what was the matter. Cléry at this moment entered. The queen asked him why he was not at dinner. He replied that he was indisposed,—and well indeed he might feel so. He had just sat down to dinner with Tison and his wife, when something was held up at the window which he knew at a glance to be the head of the Princess de Lamballe. He ran to prevent the queen's hearing of it, if possible.

The king asked some of the officers if his family were in danger; and was told that the people had heard that the royal prisoners had left the Temple, and were crying out for the king to appear at a window; but that this was not to be allowed, as the people must learn to have more confidence in their magistrates. Meantime, curses of the queen were heard without; and one of the guard told her that the people wanted to show her her friend's head, that she might see how tyrants were to be served; and that if she did not go to the window, the people would come up to her.

The queen dropped in a fainting fit; and the brute left the room. The princess Elizabeth and Cléry lifted the queen into an arm-chair; and Louis helped his sister to try to revive their mother. He put his arms about her neck, and his tears fell upon her face. When she revived, they were glad to see her shed tears. They all went into the princess Elizabeth's room, where the noise from without was less heard. There the queen stood, silent and motionless, and apparently unaware of all that was said and done in the room. Yet this was the time chosen by a messenger from the mayor for settling some accounts with the king. This man not understanding the queen's misery, thought, when he saw her lost and motionless, that she remained standing out of respect to him!

The noise continued for two hours; and it is believed that the mob would have burst the doors, and murdered the family, if an officer of the magistrates had not fastened a tricolour ribbon across the great gate,—a symbol which the people always respected. This officer made Cléry pay out of the king's money for this ribbon, which cost somewhat less than two shillings.

The queen had not slept the night before: this night, her daughter and sister heard her sobs the whole night through, while the continual roll of the distant drums prepared them for new horrors. Nothing more occurred to alarm them, however, for some weeks; and it was long before they knew that the massacre which began on that dreadful day was carried on through the two next.

Whatever hopes the king had from abroad soon grew fainter. The army began to retreat before the end of September. One of the reasons of this was that the king's brothers and friends had mislead the sovereigns of other countries, by saying that the French nation generally were attached to the king, and that the country people would rise in his favour all along the line of march. They may have believed this themselves; but it was a great mistake; and when the foreign forces entered France, they found the country people universally their enemies. They would not furnish food, or any other assistance, and deserted their homes to join the revolutionary forces. Thus, the foreign troops could not get on; and before a month was out, they were retreating, having done the royal cause nothing but harm by taking Verdun.

The people of Paris, encouraged and delighted, now declared royalty abolished in France. The jailers at once left off calling the family by their titles, and objected to Cléry's making any requests in the name of the king, whom, to his face, they called Louis or Capet. A shoemaker, named Simon (whom the Dauphin knew but too well afterwards), was always in office in the Temple, superintending the management of the prison in some of its departments. This man prided himself upon his rudeness, and would now sometimes say, in the king's hearing, "Cléry, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I may not have the trouble of coming up a second time."

Some new linen being at last sent (after the princesses had been obliged to mend their clothes every day, and to sit up to mend the king's after he was in bed), the sempstresses were found to have marked the linen, as usual, with crowned letters; and the princesses were ordered to take out the marks before they were allowed to wear the clothes.

As it was found that some correspondence was

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carried on between the prisoners and their friends without, and the means could not be detected, all their employments looked suspicious in the eyes of their jailers. After pen, ink, and paper had been forbidden, the queen gave directions to Cléry as to what should be done with some chair covers of tapestry work which she and her sister-in-law had worked for their amusement; but the guard would not let them be sent out of the prison, as they were supposed to contain hieroglyphic figures, which would be understood by the lady to whom they were directed. One day, when Louis was by his mother's side, studying a multiplication table, which Cléry had made for him, at her desire, the guard interfered, saying that he was afraid the queen was teaching her son a cipher language, under pretence of giving him lessons in arithmetic. So the poor boy learned no more arithmetic. While reading history with her son, the queen had many lectures to undergo about giving him a republican education,—lectures which were cruel because they were perfectly needless. The queen knew nothing about republicanism, beyond what she had seen of late in Paris; and she had seen nothing which could induce her to instruct her child in its favour.

Every thing that came in and went out was searched; but yet it does not appear that the real means of communication were discovered. The macaroons were broken, the fish cut open, the walnuts split, in search of notes; and none were found. A book which the Princess Elizabeth wished to return to the person who had lent it to her, had all the margins cut off, lest there should be writing on them in invisible ink. The washing bills, and all paper wrappers, were held to the fire, under the same suspicion: and all the folds of the linen from the wash were examined for hidden notes.

Once there was a fancy that the king wished to poison himself; and the guards made poor Cléry swallow some essence of soap, bought for the king to shave with. All these things show the dread entertained by the newly freed people of being crushed by foreign powers, and the opinion that prevailed of the selfishness and tyrannical habits of the king and queen. The jealousy and cruelty from which they were now suffering were signs, perhaps, of the ignorance of the people; but they told quite as plainly of a condition of desperate fear. If they had known the truth, they might have discovered that their persecutors were not less wretched than themselves. In point of ignorance of one another's views, wishes and intents, and of the means of securing the welfare of a nation, it might be difficult to say which party was the least fit to govern.

Now that royalty was declared to be abolished, the family must have pondered night and day what was to become of them, if a foreign army did not come to release them; of which there seemed less chance now than on that summer night when the queen had gazed at the moon, and hoped that another month would restore her to freedom and dignity. She could not now avoid supposing that they might be put rid of by death; yet she heard rumours of another fate. One day she was told that her husband and son were to be imprisoned for life in the castle of Chambord. The king was under forty years of age, and it was early for him to have to quit the activity and enjoyment of life: but what must she have felt as she looked upon her boy, not yet eight years old, and imagined him mewed up in a fortress for as long as he might live! She seems to have felt more keenly than anything else any fear or vexation caused to her boy; which was natural enough, as he was the youngest of the party. Almost the only time when she showed any impatience at the behaviour of their guards was when one of them waked Louis suddenly one night to see whether he was safe in bed.

THE FAMILY SEPARATED.

Their sorrows increased as time went on. The king was separated from his family: but when the queen's grief alarmed the jailers, the party were allowed to take their meals together, on condition of their speaking so as to be heard, and only in French. It now became more necessary than ever for Cléry to learn what he could of what was passing out of doors; and Louis helped in a plan by which Cléry was to tell whatever he could learn. Louis and his sister now played battledore and other games after dinner, in an outer room, their aunt sitting by with her book or work. Cléry sat down with his book, and the children made all the noise they could with their play, that Cléry might speak to the princess unheard by the guard. Neither he nor the princess raised their heads from their books, and Cléry moved his lips as little as he could: so that no one who saw the proceeding could have supposed that he was speaking.

The Dauphin cheered and amused his parents by his childish fun and little pranks; but yet, every one observed that he never forgot that he was in a prison. It was painful to see a boy so young acting with the discretion of an old person, from the consciousness of being surrounded by enemies. Some of his caution was owing to fear, and some to the gentleness of his temper, and his kind feelings to everybody about him. He was never heard to speak of the Tuilleries or of Versailles, though it was certain that he had a vivid remembrance of the kind of life he had led there. He thought it would grieve his parents to be reminded of their palaces, and of the days of their power. One morning, he declared, when asked, that he had seen before an officer who came to guard them for the first time. The officer asked him repeatedly where he had seen him, but Louis would not say. At last, he whispered to his mother, "It was when we were coming back from Varennes." When any guard more civil than the rest appeared on duty, Louis always ran with the good news to the queen.

One day, a stone-mason was employed in making holes in the doorway of the outer room, in which large bolts were to be fixed. While the man was at breakfast, Louis amused himself with his tools. This was an opportunity for the king to gratify his well-known taste; and he began to work with the mallet and chisel, to show his boy the way. The mason came back, and, moved by seeing the king so employed, said, "When you get out, you will be able to say that you worked at your own bars." "Ah!" said the king, "when and how shall I get out?" Louis burst out crying; and the king, throwing down the tools, went into his chamber, and paced up and down with long strides.

It appears that the king was touched with somewhat of the same superstition of which the queen gave occasional tokens,—like many other sufferers in a time of suspense. No one liked to refuse to play with Louis when he wanted to play; so, one afternoon, when the king was very sad, he consented to a game at nine-pins because his boy asked him. The Dauphin twice counted sixteen and then lost the game. "Whenever I get sixteen," exclaimed he, a little vexed, "I always lose the game." The king, remembering that he was the sixteenth Louis, looked very grave; and Cléry thought his mind was superstitiously impressed by the boy's words.

In the beginning of November a feverish complaint attacked the king, and then the whole family in turn. The wife and sister of the king assisted Cléry in nurse him, and often made his bed with their own hands. Louis, who slept in the king's room since the partial separation of the family, was the next attacked. Not all that the queen could say availed to procure permission to remain with her child during the night. Cléry, however, never left him; and Louis had soon an opportunity of showing that he was grateful.

Before the princesses had recovered, poor Cléry was more ill, with rheumatic fever, than any of them had been. He made a great effort to rise and attend the king, the first day; but his master, seeing the condition he was in, sent him to bed again, and himself took up his son, and dressed him. Louis scarcely left Cléry's bedside all day, bringing him drink, and doing all the little services he could think of. The king found a moment to tell Cléry unobserved, that he should see the physician the next day; and the princesses were to visit him in the evening, when the princess Elizabeth slipped into his hand some medicine which had been brought for her, as she was yet far from well. It distressed Cléry to accept this, and to know how the ladies undertook his duties,—the queen putting Louis to bed, and the princess Elizabeth dressing the king's hair. The princess Elizabeth asked for medicines, as if for herself, that Cléry might have them, even after he had left his bed, to which he was confined for six days. Among other things, she had obtained a box of ipecacuanha lozenges for his cough. Having had no opportunity of giving them to Cléry during the day, she left them with Louis when she bade him good-night, thinking that Cléry would be upstairs presently. This was before nine. It was just eleven when Cléry came up, to turn down the king's bed. Louis called to him in a low voice; and Cléry was afraid he was ill, as he was not asleep. "No," Louis said, "I am not ill; but I have a little box to give you. I am glad you are come, at last, for I could hardly keep my eyes open; and they have been shut several times, I believe." Seeing that Cléry was moved, Louis kissed him; and then was asleep in a minute.

At five in the morning of the 11th of December, everybody in the Temple was awakened by the noise of cavalry and cannon entering the garden, and the drums beating throughout the city. Louis did not know what this meant; but his parents understood that the king was to be brought to trial, and that this noise arose from the military preparations for the great event. His father took him by the hand, and led him to breakfast, as usual, at nine o'clock. Nobody said much, because the guards were in the room; but he saw his father and mother look very expressively at each other when he said that his father were going down stairs again, at ten o'clock. He went to his lessons, as usual, and was reading to the king, when two officers came from the magistrates, to say that they must immediately take Louis to his mother. Argument was useless; so Cléry was desired to go with the boy. On his return, Cléry gave comfort to the king by assuring him that Louis really was with his mother. It is no wonder if the king suspected he was not.

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The king was soon after taken to the Convention, before whom he was to be tried. Never till this day had the queen asked any question of her guards: and to-day she obtained no information, though she made every inquiry she could devise. The king returned at six o'clock; but he was immediately locked up, without seeing any one. No bed had yet been provided for Louis in his mother's room: and this night, she gave up hers to him, and sat up. The princesses were most unwilling to leave her in the state of agitation she was in; but she insisted upon their going to rest. The next day, she implored that if the king might not see his wife and sister, his children should not be separated from him. The reply was what might have been expected;—that the children must not be made messengers between their parents; but that they might be with their father, if they did not see the queen, till the trial was over. Occupied as the king was with his defence, this could not be: nor would he deprive their mother of the solace of their society: so Louis's bed was removed to his mother's room, and no one knew when he would see his father again.

Louis saw his father but once more. It was in the evening of Sunday, the 20th of January. The crier who came into the street at seven o'clock, proclaimed the sentence that Louis Capet was to be executed the next day.

The family were at last permitted to see the king; and at half-past eight were told that he was ready. The queen took Louis by the hand, and led him down stairs, the princesses following. It appears that the guards had some idea that the king would attempt suicide; for they would not allow him to have a knife at his dinner; and they now would not entirely lose sight of him, even while meeting his family. They would not have allowed the door to be shut, but that it was a glass-door, through which they could look, on any alarm. So far from the king having any thought of suicide, it is now believed by most people that he allowed himself to be persuaded by his counsel and friends that there was not really much danger of his execution taking place, —that there were numbers well disposed towards him,—and that he would be permitted, at the last moment, to appeal to the Primary Assemblies, where an appeal would be successful. This seems confirmed by his conduct on the scaffold. He was, as he had been through life, deceived and mistaken; and the moment of his being undeceived was one of dreadful agony of mind. It deprived him of all dignity and fortitude; and his struggles were such that it required the strength of three executioners (themselves threatened with death if they let him escape) to overpower him, and fulfil the sentence. It is to be hoped that his family never knew this; and the mass of the crowd did not see what happened on the scaffold; but some who did see the whole have proved beyond a doubt that Louis the Sixteenth showed, at last, no more dignity in his death than in his life.

How much hope he imparted to his family during their evening interview can now never be known; but his legal advisers and his servants gave him such abundant assurances that the sentance could never be really executed upon a king, that the hopes of his family were probably sustained by their words. Not a sound, however, was heard by Cléry outside the door. The king sat between his wife and sister, and kept Louis standing between his knees,—the Princess Royal sitting nearly in front. There was much weeping; and most that was said was by the king. He desired his boy to harbour no revenge against the authors of his death, and then gave him his blessing.

When the peasant-child sees his father dying on his fever-bed, and knows that the question is in the heart of both parents, what is to become of the widow and her children, he may feel his little heart bursting with fear and sorrow, and may think that no one can be more unhappy than he. But Louis was more unhappy. Here was his father, in the full vigour of his years, about to die a violent death, amidst the hatred of millions of men who, if all had done right, should have been attached to him, and have defended his life at the peril of their own. For the peasant-child there is comfort in prospect. His father's grave is respected in the church-yard; the neighbours are kind; there is the consolation of work for those who survive, and the free air, and the spring flowers, and the mowing, and the harvest, and all the pleasures which cannot be withheld from those who live at liberty in the country. For the princely child there were none of these comforts. As far as he could see, his father and mother had no friends; he and his family were in a dismal prison, with insulting enemies about them, and nothing to do but what they could devise for themselves, and no prospect of any change for the better, when his father should have been thus violently torn away. Never, perhaps, was there a more miserable child than Louis was now.

The queen much wished to remain with the king all night; but the king saw that it was better that their strength should not be thus worn out in grief, and he said that he needed some hours of rest and stillness. He promised that the family should come to him in the morning; and they therefore left him at a quarter past ten, having spent an hour and three quarters with him. He told Cléry that he never intended to keep this promise, and should spare them and himself the affliction of such an interview. The queen chose to put Louis to bed, as usual; but had hardly strength to do it. She then threw herself, dressed, upon her own bed, where the princesses heard her shivering and sobbing with cold and grief, all night long. The whole family were dressed by six, in expectation of being sent for by the king; and when the door opened, in a quarter of an hour, they thought the summons was come; but it was only an attendant, looking for a prayer-book, as a priest was going to say mass in the king's apartment. Then they waited, hour after hour, and do not seem to have suspected that the king would not keep his promise. At a little after ten, the firing of the artillery, and the shouts in the streets of "Long live the Republic!" told them but too plainly that all was over.

The melancholy life they led went on through the rest of the winter and spring, with little variety. The parapet of the leads was raised, and every chink stopped up, to prevent the family seeing anything, or being seen when they walked; so that his daily exercise could have been but little of an amusement to the poor boy. On the 25th of March, he was snatched up from sleep, in the middle of the night, in order that his bed might be searched, as it was believed that his mother and aunt carried on a correspondence with people without, by some secret means. Nothing was found in Louis's bed; and only a tradesman's address, and a stick of sealing-wax, in any of the apartments. The princesses certainly contrived to conceal some pencils; for they had some remaining in the following October. While the king was separated from them, they corresponded with him by putting small notes into the middle of balls of cotton, which were found by Cléry in the linen-press, occasionally, and which would hardly have excited any suspicion if they had been seen there by the most watchful of the jailers. It is probable that the princesses communicated by the same method with people out of doors, when their linen went out or was brought in. It certainly appears that they did carry on a correspondence by some means. No one would blame them for this: but neither, when the situation and the fears of the new republicans are considered, assailed and invaded as they were by the powerful friends of royalty, can we wonder at the frequency and strictness of their searches, while certain that their orders were evaded by the prisoners.

On the 9th of May, poor Louis was taken ill with fever. It was a very serious illness, and lasted nearly a month; and he never was in good health again. The want of proper air, exercise, and play, and the dull life he led among melancholy companions, were quite enough to destroy the health of any boy. He was tenderly nursed by his mother and aunt, and his sister played with him; but there was no peace in their minds, and no mirth in their faces, to cheer his young heart. One anecdote shows how sad their manners were now. Tison's wife, who did some of the work of their chambers, went mad, and talked to herself in a way so ridiculous that the Princess Royal could not help laughing. This made the queen and princess Elizabeth look at her with pleasure,—it was so long since they had seen her laugh! And yet this poor girl who never laughed was then only fifteen years old, and her brother not yet nine.

FURTHER SEPARATION.

The 3d of July was the most terrible morning to Louis. Before he was up, and while his mother was by his bedside, some officers came into the room, with an order from the Convention that Louis should be taken from his family, and kept in the most secure room in the Temple. If the queen could have commanded herself so far as to obey at once, and let him go quietly, the unhappy boy might have been less terrified than he was. But this was hardly to be expected. These repeated cruelties had worn out her spirits; and she now made a frantic resistance. For a whole hour, she kept off the officers from his bed, and her lamentations were dreadful to hear: so that the terrified boy not only wept, but uttered cries. His aunt and sister, though in tears, commanded themselves so far as to dress him, and thus show that they intended no vain opposition. The officers were made angry by the delay in obeying orders of which they were only the bearers. They did all they could in assuring the queen that no danger to the boy's life was to be feared, and in promising to convey to the authorities her request that she might see him at meal-times, at least. Then they carried him off, crying bitterly. He never again saw his mother, though she saw him by stealth.

It was not likely that her request about meeting him at meals would be granted; for the very object of separating him was to put out of his head all the ideas of princely power and authority of which the mind of a royal child was likely to be full. The intention was to bring him up with republican ideas and feelings, in order at once to make of him what was then called "a good citizen,"

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and to render him less an object of hope and expectation to the foreign powers who already gave him the royal titles, and led on their armies, as if to the rescue of a king, while the French nation declared that royalty was abolished, and that they had no king, and would have none. So this sickly, sad, helpless little boy was taken by one party from the arms of his mother and aunt, to be brought up in contempt of his family and rank, while the other party were, all over Europe, giving him the title of Louis XVII., and speaking with reverence of him, as if he sat upon a throne. This unhappy child, called a king, wept without pause for two whole days, begging every one he saw to take him to his mother. The endeavour then was to make him forget her; but though they awed him so that he soon did not dare to speak of her, or to weep, an incident showed that he still pined for her. A report got abroad that he had been seen in one of the public walks of Paris: and others said that he was dead. Some members of the Convention were therefore sent to the Temple, to ascertain the truth. Louis was led down to the garden to be seen by them: and he immediately begged to be taken to his mother; but was told that it was impossible.

Long and wearily did she pine for him. She heard of him frequently, from one of the jailers; but there was nothing to be told which could cause her anything but grief; for those who had charge of her child did not fulfil the duty they had assumed. She saw this for herself. He often went to the leads; and the queen found a chink in a wall at some distance, through which she could watch him as he walked. Sometimes she waited many hours at this chink, in hopes of his coming; and yet it might have been better for her not to have seen him; for he altered sadly.

It was the duty of the authorities, if they meddled with the boy at all, to have educated him well. Nothing could excuse their not taking him from prison, tending his weak health, and having him kindly cheered and well taught. Instead of this, they committed him to the charge of the man called Simon (mentioned before), a shoemaker, whose business it was to tend and bring up the boy. Simon was a coarse and ignorant man, full of hatred of rank and royalty. He would not let Louis wear mourning for his father, and took away his black clothes. He taught him to sing the rough songs of the day, mocking royalty, and praising revolution: and his family heard him singing these mocking songs. Louis never till now drank wine, and had always disliked it. This man made him drink a great deal of wine, and eat to excess, so as to bring on his fever again. This might be meant for kindness; but it shows how unfit a guardian Simon was. Louis recovered less favourably from the second fever than the first. He still walked on the leads: but instead of growing taller, he was stunted in his growth, and became fat and bloated, and thoroughly unhealthy.

On the 8th of October, just after he had got up, his room door opened, and his sister ran in. She threw her arms round his neck; but, almost before he could express his surprise, she was fetched away. She had been sent for by some people below, who were waiting to question her, and knowing which was Louis's room, she had run down stairs to it; thus making use of the only opportunity she was likely to have of seeing her brother. And indeed no other ever offered.

In a little while, these two royal children were each left entirely alone. The queen had been removed early in August, and was beheaded in October, the day week after Louis saw his sister. The good princess Elizabeth was always persuaded that her turn would come; and so it did. She suffered on the 10th of the next May, when she was thirty years of age. It will be remembered that the king implored her not to enter a convent in her youth, as she desired; and that he obtained her promise to refrain from being a nun till she should be thirty years old. If he had not interfered at first, and if her noble disinterestedness had not caused her to devote herself to her brother and his family when she saw adversity coming upon them, she might have fulfilled a long course of piety and charity, and even been living now. Her life was so innocent,—so full of good deeds,—so graced by gentleness and love, that it may well be a matter of wonder on what accusation she could have been tried and put to death. It was the accusation most common at that day—of having conspired with the enemies of the republic to set up royalty again in France. That she corresponded with the friends of royalty is probable: that she wished for the re-establishment of the throne, there can be no doubt: but to suppose that she could in her prison conspire for such a purpose is absurd. The true reason of her death no doubt was, that the party leaders of the time wished to be rid of as many royal personages as possible, and to strike terror into the hearts of all who were not pleased with the republic.

The princess royal was not told what had become of her mother and aunt. She remained alone, passing her weary hours in keeping her chamber and clothes neat, in knitting, and in reading a few books, which she had read over and over again.

THE END.

How came her little brother to be alone too? Why, Simon accepted an office which he liked better than that of Louis's guardian, and left him on the 19th of January. Nobody seems to have remembered to appoint another guardian; and Louis was alone, all day and all night, for months after.

We cannot dwell upon this part of his story. We know little of it, and that little is terrible. There was a broken bell in his room, but he was so afraid of the people that he never rang it. He might, it is said, have left the room: but he was very weak and ill, and seems to have grown bewildered. He had not strength to make his bed; and it was never made for six months: nor was the bedding changed, nor even his shirt, nor the windows opened in all that time. A pitcher of water was put into his room sometimes; but he never washed himself. There he lay, feeble, and frightened at every noise, surrounded with filth, and covered with vermin, scarcely knowing day from night,—with no voice near to rouse him, and no candle in the longest winter nights, no books, no play, no desire for any of these things, no cheerful thoughts in his own mind, and his weak body feverish and aching. Was any poor man's child ever so miserable?

Let us pass on to a brighter day, which came at last.

On the 28th of July following, there was much noise in the streets, and bustle in the prison, so early as six in the morning; and some finely dressed gentlemen entered the poor boy's room. He did not know who they were: and they said little, and soon went away. They were, however sufficiently impressed with what they saw to take some measures for Louis's relief. They had been sent by the Convention, on the downfall and death of the great revolutionary leader, Robespierre, to see what was the state of things at the Temple; and in consequence of their report, a person named Laurent was appointed to visit the royal children.

At last Louis found himself visited, several times in the day, by one whom he need not be afraid of. Laurent spoke tenderly to him, and told him he should be better taken care of. The dirty bed was carried away; the window was opened, and the room cleaned; and then a clean comfortable bed was brought in. The best thing was that Louis was put into a warm bath; and Laurent cleansed him from head to foot. Louis was sorry to see Laurent leave the room; but he knew he would soon be back again; and he never failed to appear three times during the day. He would have done more for the poor boy: he would have changed his room, and found him amusements, and had him well nursed, but that he feared being dismissed if he showed too much indulgence at once; and that then little Louis would be allowed to relapse into his former state. Perhaps it was better for the boy that the improvement in his condition took place gradually; for it might have overpowered him to have had people about him, taking care of him all day, after so many months spent entirely alone.

In November there was another commission sent to the prison, to give further account of Louis. One of the visiters, a kind-hearted gentleman, named Gomier, remained to assist Laurent in his charge. Gomier devoted himself to the boy, and made him as comfortable as he could be made in his diseased state. Louis need not fear the long dark winter evenings this year; for Gomier had lights brought, as soon as it grew dusk. Gomier passed many hours of the day in talking with him, and got him to play sometimes. Gomier rubbed the swollen joints of his knees and wrists, and obtained leave to give him such exercise as he could take. He did not carry him at once into the open air, but removed him into a little parlour, where Louis seemed so happy, that it touched the heart of his kind guardian. Then Gomier and Laurent took him to the leads again, and wished him to go there every fine day. They used all gentle means to tempt him up, and to amuse him when there,—but poor Louis was now too weak to enjoy air and exercise. He complained directly of being tired, and begged to go down; and his pleasure was to spend the whole day quietly by the fire-side. It was better to indulge him in this; for it was clear that he could never again be well, and that all that could be done was to make his decline as easy as possible.

He had several attacks of fever during the winter; and his knees swelled more and more. Laurent had to leave him; but happily a man no less kind succeeded him in his charge. This man's name was Loine. During the spring, the boy's strength failed, day by day. He was attended by good surgeons, who saw that he must die, but did what they could to give him ease. His mind had now become dull and confused, but he had no pain. Except when he had occasional fever fits, he seemed in an easy state, and died, at length, quite peacefully. He breathed his last on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon, his age being ten years and two months.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. No. 4 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

Our first volume is complete with Mr. Combe's Notes on the United States, concluded in our last number. The entire contents are Jesse's Memoirs, Bulwer's Novel of Night and Morning, and the work just mentioned—in all six volumes. In the Journal we have noticed new books, and selected such subjects, chiefly moral and literary, as in our judgment, were most recommendable for the materials of useful thought which they furnished, and for style and grace of composition. All beginnings, according to a rule of good rhetoric, should be simple and unpresuming, and we abstain in consequence from saying any thing in commendation of our labours, but respectfully intimate that too much of this kind of modesty on the part of our patrons would be a very unpleasant application of the rule. We need their approbation as encouragement, and in some degree feel ourselves entitled to it from the very inclination we have of pleasing them all, to say nothing of the courage we manifest in attempting so great an impossibility. Among our letters of correspondents, some recommend a reading more solid and nutritious, others more airy and agreeable; some, the modern in preference to ancient, and some the domestic to foreign; some complain of too many novels, and others—the greater number—of too few. We are grateful for all these suggestions, and will use our best efforts to reconcile conflicting tastes, by hastening as quickly as possible from one subject to another; requesting only our readers, to imitate, if they can, the guests at a French dinner, if dissatisfied with one course to await quietly in the hope that their appetite may be better accommodated in the next.

We commence our second volume with an unpublished discourse by N. Beverly Tucker, Esq. read lately before the Merchant's Library Association of Richmond, Virginia, upon the "Nature and Function of the Commercial Profession." The well known reputation of Judge Tucker makes it unnecessary to premise any thing in favour of this discourse, and it is upon a subject to which the circumstances of the country have unhappily given a peculiar interest; and from the congruity of the subjects, we have placed at the side of it a very excellent discourse by Job R. Tyson, Esq. of Philadelphia, on the "Integrity of the Legal Character," published by order of the Law Academy of Philadelphia, and highly commended by the public.

Since on the subject of morals, we also offer to our readers a series of tales by Mrs. Ellis (late Miss Stickney) now in the course of publication in London, to be completed in twenty monthly numbers. They are very popular, and the sale already extends to ten thousand copies. We will continue them as they appear.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

The following account of Petrarch's attachment to Laura is by the charming Italian traveller, Theodore Dueas, from whose work we intend making many future extracts. We also subjoin what Mr. Campbell says of this *liaison*, in his lately published Life of Petrarch.

These, then, were some of the most remarkable events in the life of Petrarca. But if I were to follow in the track of most of his biographers, I should make love his great spring of action for more than twenty years of his life. According to these romance writers, every journey which he took from Avignon was to banish, if possible, the remembrance of his Laura; and whenever he plunged into the solitude of Vaucluse, it was for the purpose of avoiding her disdain. Restlessness of disposition, and various political occupations, do not, it seems, sufficiently account for his frequent change of place. For my part, I am not disposed to degrade an illustrious reviver of letters into a mere creature of sighs and tears. Petrarca was a man of genius and sensibility; and therefore easily susceptible of noble and tender passions; but though love might, perhaps, for a while, have reigned in his heart, it could only have been in conjunction with the sentiments of friendship, the desires of literary ambition, and all the generous feelings that constitute man's life.

On the 6th of April, 1327, Petrarca saw, for the first time, in the church of St. Clair, at Avignon, Laura, the wife of Hugh de Sade, a gentleman of that city. She was then twenty years old. Petrarca, it is said, instantly entertained sentiments of love for her: but there was no reciprocation of passion, and her virtue, amidst the general dissoluteness of Avignon, is the most wonderful part of the tale. She would not have violated the tone of morals of society if she had yielded to love; for it had been decided in the Provencal courts of love, (whose decrees were held infallible at Avignon,) that marriage was not to be put in opposition to the feelings of the heart. But Laura loved her husband, and there is not the slightest reason for the thought that Petrarca was urgent. If her character is to be estimated from the poems of her admirer, she must be regarded as a finished coquette. She could vex or soothe as the occasion required. She practised all the *dolci durezze* and *placide repulse* of lovers. If Petrarca's countenance breathed presumption, anger flashed in her's. If he was in despair, her eyes softened into pity. When he returned to Avignon from a journey, among the Alps for instance, wherein he had sought amusement in comparing himself with the snow that had not seen the sun for many years, Laura's eyes spoke at once reproach and encouragement. Her coquettish disposition appears in many of the sonnets, and is fully displayed in the second part of Petrarca's Trionfo della morte.

Questi for teco mie ' engegni e mie arti,
Or benigne accoglienze ed ora sdegni.

There were few married women, however, in the fourteenth century, or indeed within the time of my observation, (but, of course, I mean no general satire on the sex,) who would not sacrifice something of propriety, if they could obtain by it the elegant praises of a distinguished poet; and in that part of the Trionfo already referred to, she owns her love of the immortality which his poems gave her. Laura smiled upon Petrarca in public, for the world applauded such gentle signs of love. Her cheek became pale when he talked of absence, and then her lovely languor was sure to be celebrated in beautiful verses. She dropped her glove, in order that he might restore it to her, and afterwards commend the wondrous whiteness of her hand in at least four sonnets. Her vanity was particularly flattered, when, on account of the fame of her supposed passion, Charles de Luxemburgh, at a public entertainment at Avignon, singled her out, and courteously saluted her as the lady whose charms the poet of Vaucluse had sounded over all Europe. Her case is of dangerous example, as it is an exception to the maxim, that when a married woman once steps beyond the line of propriety, she only wants opportunity to reach the line of criminality. Laura, however, preserved not only her virtue, but also her affection for her husband; for she was the mother of no less than eleven children, nine of whom survived her. She died during the general pestilence in 1348; or, as the poet expressed it, "in the same town, on the same day, and at the same hour," (twenty-one years after his first beholding her,) "this light, this sun, withdrew from the world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of the calamity that had befallen me." During this interval of thrice seven years Petrarca wrote more than two hundred pieces of poetry, in the Italian language, to the praise of Laura's beauty, and on the subject of his own adoration of her charms. For several years after her death his muse still hung upon its accustomed theme. Laura is often mentioned in his Letters, but it must be remembered that few of his letters were written in the full flow and confidence of friendship. In general they are studious, formal compositions, and were evidently intended for

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public perusal. That Petrarca was at first enamoured with Laura, is a circumstance sufficiently probable, for she was beautiful; (at least the poet says so;) he was a young handsome and accomplished man; and his feelings, or Dante, might have told him that love quickly finds its way into a gentle

"Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende."
DELL' INFERNO. Canto 5.

We cannot expect to find simple truth in the poetical effusions of a heated fancy: but the far celebrated sonnets prove thus much, that Laura's charms had made a stronger impression upon Petrarca's imagination than upon his heart. There is very little evidence of intense feeling in any of these poems. Love knows no ornaments but simplicity and truth. But Petrarca's muse is prodigal of decoration and refinement; extravagant metaphors, elaborated conceits, and mystical expressions of passion. So fond is the poet of attempting an ingenious play upon words, that it is not always easy to discover whether he was attached to the laurel crown, the laurel plant, or a woman named Laura. At other times, the lady is so angelical as to be beyond the reach of mortal passion. She is so ethereal that there are not between her and Petrarca the expectations, and disappointments, the fond confidings, and painful misgivings of lovers. He wrote in the same strain in the twentieth year of his phantasy as in the first; and, no wonder, for Petrarca knew Laura chiefly in his own mind. The vision dwelt there in such colours as his fancy created. He never spoke to her alone; and he used to behold her only at church, or in general society. Laura's beauty, it seems, faded early. What though her hair had lost its golden lustre, and time had quenched the brilliancy of her eyes, Petrarca found comfort in the reflection that it was a religious spirit, a divine sun, which he adored. Nature forbids us from honouring this rant with the name of love. We can sympathise with heroism, or tenderness; but a well-formed mind revolts from mysticism.

The similarity of the strain of the sonnets can be accounted for on easier principles than the supposition of the unvaried permanency of his affection to Laura, during more than twenty years; a supposition outrageously abused; for, in the case of these two persons, there were no communications of friendship, no endearments of love, to preserve passion by fond recollection. The first proofs which Petrarca gave to the world of his sentiments towards Laura were sonnets. He wrote them in the Italian language, as every poet did who wished for general applause. The world rang with commendations of his genius, and on that reputation he aspired to the laureate crown. Petrarca could not but continue his strains, for society still paid him its homage of praise, and praise was the life-blood of the poet. In every action he carefully sought the admiration of the world. When he thought proper to retire awhile from the gay scenes of life to his delightful solitary valley, he proclaimed that he went thither to temper the ardour which devoured him amidst the shades of the woods, and in the cold waters of the marvellous fountain of Vaucluse. The customary sonnet appeared; it was read and admired by the wits and beauties of Avignon; and the author, adored by the ladies as the mirror of constancy, was in his retirement laughing at the good-natured credulity of the world, or writing his philosophical and moral works, most of which he tells us had either their commencement or their completion at Vaucluse. The brilliant circles of Avignon wondered that he could exist in a place where the only woman that he saw was a servant, dry and sun-burnt as the Libyan sands: and he replied, with no little self-complacency, that people who regard the pleasures of the world only as the sovereign good, cannot believe that any one will willingly renounce them. "But they know not my resources," he continues. "I have friends whose society is delightful; men of all countries, and of every age, who come and who leave me when I will; who are never capricious, and who answer all my questions. Some bring before me the events of past ages, and others open to me the secrets of nature; again, I learn the art both of living and of dying well, all selfishness is banished, and I descend into and know myself; in a word, they open to me the door of all the arts and sciences, and I find in them all my wants. In return for these great services, they only require from me a retreat in the corner of a room in my cottage. They sometimes accompany me into the fields, whose silence I prefer to the tumult of cities." After remaining at Vaucluse a decent time, he used to return to his expecting friends at Avignon, telling them, in the language of Ovid, that the remedy for love was not to be met with in solitude.

Quisquis amas, loca sola nocent: loca sola caveto.
Quo fugis! in populo tutior esse potes.

From Thomas Campbell's Life of Petrarch.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PETRARCH AND LAURA.

In that year he first saw Laura. Concerning this lady, at one time when no life of Petrarch had been yet written that was not crude and inaccurate, his biographers launched into the wildest speculations—One author considered her as an allegorical being; another discovered her to be a type of the Virgin Mary; another thought her an allegory of poetry and repentance. Some denied her even allegorical existence, and deemed her a mere phantom beauty, with which the poet had fallen in love, like Pygmalion, with the work of his own creation. All of these caprices about Laura's history have been long since dissipated, though the principal facts respecting her were never distinctly verified, till De Sade, her own descendant, wrote his life of Petrarch. Petrarch himself relates that in 1327, exactly at the first hour of the 6th of April, he first beheld Laura in the church of St. Clare of Avignon, where neither the sacredness of the place, nor the solemnity of the day, could prevent him from being smitten for life with human love. In that fatal hour he saw a lady a little younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell pluited with tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage.

The impression which she made on his heart was sudden, yet it was never effaced. * * * While many writers have erred in considering Petrarch's attachment as visionary, others who have allowed the reality of his passion, have been mistaken in their opinion of its object. They allege that Petrarch was a happy lover, and that his mistress was accustomed to meet him at Vaucluse and make him a full compensation for his fondness. No one at all acquainted with the life and writings of Petrarch will need to be told that this is an absurd fiction.—Laura, a married woman, who bore ten children to a rather morose husband, could not have gone to meet him at Vaucluse, without the most flagrant scandal. It is evident from his writings that she repudiated his passion whenever it threatened to exceed the limits of virtuous friendship. On one occasion, when he seemed to presume too far upon her favour, she said to him with severity, "I am not what you take me for." If his love had been successful, he would have said less about it. Of the two persons in this love affair, I am more inclined to pity Laura than Petrarch. Independently of her personal charms, I cannot conceive Laura otherwise than as a kindhearted, loveable woman, who could not well be supposed to be totally indifferent to the devotion of the most famous and fascinating man of his age. On the other hand, what was the penalty that she would have paid if she had encouraged his addresses as far as he would have carried them? I would not go so far as to say that she did not at times betray an anxiety to retain him under the spell of her fascination; as, for instance, when she is said to have cast her eyes to the ground in sadness when he announced his intention to leave Avignon; but still I should like to hear her own explanation before I condemned her. And, after all, she was only anxious for the continuance of attentions, respecting which she had made a fixed understanding that they should not exceed the bounds of innocence. We have no distinct account how her husband regarded the homage of Petrarch to his wife, whether it flattered his vanity, or moved his wrath. As tradition gives him no very good character for temper, the latter supposition is most probable. Every morning that he went out he might hear from some kind friend the praises of some sonnet which Petrarch had written on his wife; and when he came back to dinner, of course his good humour was not improved by the intelligence. He was in the habit of scolding her till she wept: he married seven months after her death, and, from all that is known of him, appears to have been a bad husband. I suspect that Laura paid dear for her poet's idolatry.

LADY MANTZ.

I frequently met her at the Duke de Richelieu's, and may say, with all humility, that I found favour in her eyes. If the duke had really constructed the mysterious laboratory to which I have alluded, he might with great propriety have made this lady its presiding genius. She certainly contributed not a little to confirm the duke in his strange taste for the occult sciences. She was a sort of sybil who only occasionally descended to the level of ordinary conversation, and then the veneration she inspired soon placed her again upon her pedestal.

She assumed the title and rank of Lady Mantz, but the Duke de Richelieu used in confidence to inform his guest, that it was more prudent to call her by the name of Madame de Wasser, as under the other appellation she had rendered herself obnoxious to the dislike of the ministers of Louis XV., and that she was in France only on sufferance.

Lady Mantz was an adventuress in the fullest sense of the term. She was a sort of precursor of the reveries of the Count de St. Germain, and the legerdemain tricks of Cagliostro. I had some acquaintance with the latter, and think that in the history of the marvellous, Lady Mantz, or Madame de Wasser, was no way inferior to him.

At the time when Monsieur de Choiseul was prime minister, she took it into her head to write him a letter, denouncing a plot hatched against the life of the king, in which she alleged that several persons of high rank were implicated. She added that it was the intention of the conspirators, if they could effectively combine their plans, to sacrifice all the members of the royal family. This letter she signed "Ludinka;" but ingenious as this little effort of invention might have been, it obtained for her a residence of some duration in the Bastille, where she employed herself in writing a romance which she called her life. In this tissue of fictitious adventures, she described herself in one chapter as a native of Lorraine, and in another as being born at Vienna. Sometimes she represented herself as the illegitimate daughter of a nobleman. In short her imagination was exceedingly lively, and exhibited its versatility in all sorts of extravagant and absurd stories.

As she was believed to be a foreigner, she was liberated from the Bastille on condition of quitting France, and never returning except by permission of the king. On her removal from the Bastille she was conveyed to the Brussels *diligence*; but whilst Madame de Wasser was supposed to be very far off,

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the police were directed to keep their eyes upon Lady Mantz. This latter personage contracted loans from usurers for the convenience of ladies of rank, bought and sold diamonds and other articles of value, and by way of relieving the monotony of her commercial speculations, told fortunes and manufactured alchymic powder. It was, however, shortly ascertained that Lady Mantz was no other than Madame de Wasser, the ex-prisoner of the Bastille; and was accordingly arrested and sent back to her old quarters. After a time, government becoming tired of the burthen of maintaining her, she was liberated on the same conditions as before, and again conveyed across the frontier. But Paris was the only suitable field for her schemes and impositions.

About this time she became acquainted with the Duke de Richelieu, to whom she got introduced by a person named Damis, one of the duke's former associates, in endeavouring to discover the philosopher's stone. The duke received her as an adept. I have often seen her at the supper parties in the Place Royale, wearing the cordon and cross of the order of Malta. She used to allege that she had been robbed in Paris, in 1753, of the titles in virtue of which she wore these insignias; as well as of other important documents, authorising her to wear the cross and grand cordon of the order of St. Andrew. These atrocious robberies had, she said, likewise deprived her of family muniments proving her claim to vast properties, which she was thus deprived of all means of recovering.

I was always much amused in the society of this singular woman. Her conversation was peculiarly interesting; she spoke several languages fluently, and she had a mode of expression which imparted novelty even to that which was old and trite. I used to think that her words produced to the ear a similar effect to that which coloured glass produces to the eye:—an illusion to the sense of hearing, like that of tha magic lanthorn to the sense of sight. I endeavoured, but without effect, to become acquainted with her real history.—*Henry's Memoirs.*

WANT OF RURAL AMUSEMENTS.

A modern novel writer remarks, that "The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by constant and assiduous culture."

The passage quoted inculcates a lesson which all should bear in mind, and none more than those who reside in the country, where the means of mental and social recreation are not so various and accessible as in towns—that we should have always at hand, under all changes of circumstance and of weather, *some attractive and useful occupation;* for, however uncultivated may be the intellect, a state of quiescence will ever be painful as it is unnatural. This principle of nature may be seen in the actions and habits of almost all animated beings possessed of the power of locomotion. Can we then imagine any case where utter inactivity must be more unendurable than with young people, full of sensibility, and alive to the influence of all the passions that belong to youth and health?

Above all, let young people *never be idle.*—We have the warrant of Scripture for saying, there is a time for all things—"A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance." Indeed, with us, it is very questionable whether the banishment, under whatever influences, of all the jovial amusements of the olden time, such as the manly and exhilarating pleasures of the chase, with all its comic incidents and occasional mishaps; the no less animating and healthful games with the ball, the quoit, and the bowl at ninepins, with the lively sleighing parties, and the joyous dance, with all the jocund frolics that once encircled in merry round, from house to house, through the winter months; we much doubt whether the suppression of all these diversions has been followed by any real increase in the practice of the great virtues of truth, honour, temperance, charity, and "true hospitality," which then sat at every man's door to welcome the coming guest.

Who that can remember it does not look back with a compound feeling of pleasure and melancholy to the time when

"————Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of three score."

What recreations, what occupations for the mind and spirit, have been substituted for these refreshing and healthful rustic exercises and enjoyments which then filled up our seasons of leisure, and kept the heart, at least, if not the mind, from lying fallow? *Is it better education?*

The farmer who manages his own estate, as all should do, at least their homestead, may rest assured that if his sons are kept idle at home after having finished their scholastic education, (for education is finished only with life) if they have not been imbued with some taste for literature, they will look for some other means of flying from the pains of mental vacuity and the listlessness of bodily inaction: and alas! where are they so likely now to find the relief demanded by the very restlessness of our nature? Is the reader at a loss for the answer? Is it not at some neighbouring village tavern or cross-road groggery, where they are sure to meet with vacant-minded idlers, of similar wants and congenial temper, that they most easily escape from self-disgust to undergo sensations at once exhilarating and destructive? The ready bottle, with the charming power of the magician's wand, dispels alike all remembrance of the past and all care for the future. Sadness and gloomy anticipations give way to momentary excitement, and life and all its prospects are suddenly decked out in the colours of the rainbow. Pleased with themselves, every thing acquires the power of pleasing: hence, on such occasions, the lowest jest, from the dullest fool in company, suffices to raise a general laugh among his bottle companions. The most precious period of life is thus spent in haunts of idleness and dissipation, only because the mind has been suffered to lie fallow. It occurs to us as we write to suggest that farmers, young and old, should associate with their agricultural societies some scheme to promote at the same time the *culture of the mind*, as well as of the earth. The time and money that are spent in lounging idly at country stores and tavern bars, would well pay for useful periodicals and a small select circulating library.

ROME FROM THE TOWER OF THE CAPITOL.

From the modern Tower of the Capitol we command a prospect uniting, in an unexampled degree, the charm of a magnificent landscape with that which springs from historical associations. Through the cloudless and transparent atmosphere a large part of the Latian plain is visible, though some of its nearest features have a prominence which hides the more distant. Its luxuriant pasturages and its thickets of brushwood fade away, on one side, into the faint line of the distant sea; and rise on the other into the stately amphitheatre of the mountains, steep and lofty, yet green to their tops, studded on their sides with towns and villages, and towards their southern extremity clothed with beautiful woods. The Tiber, stained to a deep yellow by the fertilising soil which it has washed away from its banks after entering the Umbrian and Etruscan vales, glitters like a belt of gold among the plain, in the sunshine that irradiates with Italian clearness the sward, the scattered trees, and the shadowy hills. But we are attracted yet more forcibly towards the objects which present themselves in our close neighbourhood, the fallen ruins of the city of the Consuls and Cæsars, the domes, palaces, and streets of the city of the Popes. On the north and west, immediately beyond the Tiber, the horizon is bounded by the Janiculan Mount and Monte Mario, crested with villas embosomed among pines and other evergreens. The former of these heights on the opposite side of the river, and the Pincian Mount on the nearer bank, form a semicircle, of which our position is the centre; and this area includes almost the whole of the modern town, the greater part of which, indeed, lies between us and the water's edge, covering the flat surface of the Campus Martius. The ancient city of the Seven Hills, beginning with the Capitoline Mount, amidst whose modern buildings we stand, is nearly all contained in the remaining semicircle, enclosed by the city walls. Almost every spot of it is desert; piles of shattered architecture rise amidst vineyards and rural lanes, exhibiting no token of habitation except some mouldering convents, villas, and cottages. But even the reign of destruction and decay has not quite obliterated the traces of Roman greatness. At our feet, and directly in front of us, extend, amidst green turf sprinkled with trees, the Forum and the Sacred Way, on which we may fix our eye as a guiding line. Their triumphal arches and some splendid columns of their imperial temples are still erect; while, beyond the imposing vaults of Constantine's Basilica, the perspective of ruins is closed by the kingly mass of the Colosseum. On the right, this scene of perished grandeur is hedged by the Palatine Mount, the seat of the earliest settlement that bore the name of Rome, and now encumbered by the mighty terraces and prostrate fragments of the Palace of the Cæsars, and by cypresses, the flowers, and the weeds of neglected gardens. Still further to the right the rocky Aventine Hill rises from the river, steep, bare, and solitary, and surmounted by its secluded convent. Continuing the line of the Sacred Way and Colosseum till the eye reaches the city wall, we see the church of St. John Lateran closing the vista. The statued front of this edifice marks the extremity of the desolate Cælian Mount, which, thence proceeding towards our station, communicates with the Palatine and Aventine. On the left of the Sacred Way and Colosseum lie the Esquiline, Viminal, and Quirinal Hills. The first of these, which is the most distant, is a gentle eminence, almost uninhabited, on which we may distinguish the vaults of the palace of Titus. The flattish surface of the Viminal, which comes next, may be traced among the extreme buildings of the modern city; and still nearer us the palace and gardens of the Pope crown the heights of the thickly peopled Quirinal.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

A METHODIST LOVE FEAST.

A methodist love feast is a meeting at which the "members of society" only are present, and such as have obtained special permission by a note from the minister. After singing and prayer, they all partake of a small portion of bread and a little water, which are handed round by some of the officials of the church. At the same time, a collection is made for the poor. Afterwards, the time of the meeting is occupied by one and another relating some portion of their Christian experience, in accordance with the Psalmist's practice. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell what he hath done for my soul." Singing and prayer conclude the service. This religious meeting is held in the principal chapel in the town four times in the year. It usually opens about two o'clock in the afternoon, and concludes about four * * On entering the chapel, Mr. Bedford found the lower part only occupied. The preacher had made that arrangement in order that members might be better enabled to hear each other speak. The superintendent of the circuit, Mr. Horne, presided. He took his seat within the rails of the communion table, near the steps of the pulpit. The service commenced by singing the following verses of one of the love feast hymns. The tune to which they were sung seems to be exclusively appropriated to that hymn. (This we need not copy.) Prayer was then offered by Mr. Horne, who was blessed with a large measure of the "spirit of supplication." He appeared to carry every petition of every heart directly to the throne of grace, and he had "power with God." A sacred, devotional, hallowed feeling prevailed.—*Records of Wesleyan Life.*

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CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

Of all the instances of sensibility in plants, the most remarkable is that of the Venus's fly-trap. It has a large dilated foot-stalk, and leaf formed of two lobes fixed by a middle rib, with some thorny processes or protuberances, an arrangement to give it irritability. Nature provides a honey-like secretion which attracts the flies and insects to feed upon, and by stepping on them the leaves close, and the insect is entrapped. Mr. Knight first ascertained that the plant could be fed on filaments of raw beef, but the general complaint is, that it will not live long in this country, from a want of a supply of its proper food. The lecturer was the first to discover that the sensibility resided in the thorns, and not in the middle rib, where it was formerly supposed to belong. After flies, or any other insects, are entrapped, the leaves remain closed for several days, when the insect may be seen struggling within. The process will go on till both lobes of the leaf are collapsed and straight, and the teeth locked, until, at last, it will reopen, when the insect will be seen crushed, every particle of fluid being absorbed, so that the fly may be blown out at almost the first breath of wind. There is another plant allied to it in geographical distribution, which, when kept in a green-house, entraps, flies, and other insects. At the bottom of the flower there is a saccharine liquid, to which the insect goes, but cannot return, as he is arrested by what are not inaptly compared to files of bayonets. The lecturer made a series of experiments on these plants, which had been in his possession for upwards of twelve years, by feeding them with filaments of beef and mutton, and they were at last merely destroyed by accident. Another plant, a native of our own country, the Droseua rotundifolia, or sundew of our marshes, possesses apparatus of an analogous organic character, bearing a viscid fluid and a multitude of hairs, which have the effect of catching insects, whereon to feed the plant.—*Professor Johnson's Lecture.*

GREATNESS OF SIMPLICITY.

The costly charm of the ancient tragedy and indeed of all the old literature is, that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique, is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organisation in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They made vases, tragedies, and statues, such as healthy senses should—that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists, but, as a class, from their superior organisation, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. Nobody can reflect upon an unconscious act with regret or contempt. Bard or hero cannot look down on the word or gesture of a child. It is as great as they. The attraction of these manners is, that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; beside that always there are individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of the muse of Hellas. A great boy, a great girl, with good sense, is a Greek. Beautiful is the love of nature in the Philoctetes. But in reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains, waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between Classic and Romantic seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me—when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do, as it were, run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years!—*Emerson.*

SELF RELIANCE.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the societies of your cotemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the fact and behaviour of children, babes, and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody: all conforms to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic! Good Heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his cotemporaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors unnecessary.—*Emerson.*

Forms.—Why, being as we are surrounded by this all-creating nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, should we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few forms! Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of form? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its laws, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches. Genius studies the casual thought, and far back in the womb of things, sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge ere they fall by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant type of the individual; through countless individuals the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organised life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Beautifully shines a spirit through the bruteness and toughness of matter. Alone omnipotent, it converts all things to its own end. The adamant streams into softest and precise form before it, but, whilst I look at it, its outline and texture are changed altogether. Nothing is so fleeting as form. Yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt, she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornaments of her brow.—*Emerson.*

A Turkish Funeral at Rhodes.—During our stay, I witnessed a Turkish funeral. The person died in the morning: the body was washed immediately, and in about three hours after, it was on its way to the tomb. A number of women had proceeded there some time before, and had ranged themselves at some distance from the grave; and, as soon as the procession approached, they commenced a low, howling dirge. The body was carried without a coffin on a rude bier, and, when laid by the grave side, all the people knelt down, and the Moullah, seated at some distance from the rest, repeated parts of the Koran. The bier was then rudely torn open, and the remains deposited in the earth, along with a small cake and a piece of money. It is strange how long this pagan custom has been retained here.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

Printing in Madagascar.—A printing press has been established by the missionaries at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. Four of the natives have been trained as compositors, and a version of the Bible in the Madagascar language will be their first work.

SILK FILATURE.—It may be interesting to those who either have on hand, or are now rearing cocoons, to know that there is a private Filature established in this city, at No. 32 South Seventh st., below Chesnut, where cocoons will be received and reeled, either for cash or on shares. The lady who has undertaken this enterprise, is Mrs. M'Lanahan, the same who was superintendent of the Model Filature last year, and received the medal from the Franklin Institute for the best specimen of reeled silk. Her competence is placed by this prize beyond doubt. We understand that Mrs. M'L. would undertake the teaching of a few young ladies in such a manner, as to qualify them for superintendents of filatures.

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The following extracts are from an "Essay on the System of Education best adapted to Common Schools," entitled the "Teacher's Manual," by Thomas H. Palmer, A. M. It forms a small volume, and obtained a prize of five hundred dollars from the American Institute of Education, Boston. All who take an interest (and who does not?) in the education of children, should read this Essay. They will find in it much direct instruction, and much matter for useful reflection.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

——"What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more."—
Shakspeare.

"Among the various popular errors, which tend to retard the improvement of society, there is none, perhaps, more pernicious, than the opinion, that the main object of school education should be the *acquisition of knowledge*. The cause of this mistake is the notion, universally prevalent, that school learning, instead of being merely *one* of the *means* of acquiring an education, is *education itself*. This is an error, the removal of which imperatively calls for the united efforts of intelligent philanthropists; for, until this is effected, our schools can never even approach to that degree of improvement, which they ought to attain. The chief, may we not say the sole, concern of man on earth is EDUCATION; and the great business of schools and colleges is, to prepare him to *enter* on this course of education with ease and effect. To do this properly, three things are requisite.

"1. He must be taught to *read*. Reading is the great key to knowledge. He, who has *properly* acquired it, has all the stores of learning, which have been accumulating for nearly six thousand years, completely at his command. There is no art or science, of which he may not make himself master. Whenever he pleases, he can converse with Moses, Socrates, Seneca, or Cicero. He can summon before him the founders of nations, all the warriors and mighty monarchs of antiquity, and question them as to their actions and motives. The philosophers and cultivators of science, of all ages and of all climes, are constantly in waiting, ready, at his call, to throw all their stores at his feet. He may acquaint himself with all the productions of Nature and Art to be found on the globe. He can make himself familiar with the most trifling, as well as the most valuable, stone, or flower, or fruit, from the furthest region of the earth, at his own fireside. Nor is his knowledge confined even to the globe he inhabits. Without leaving his own house, he can examine, through Herschel's great telescope, the planetary worlds, rolling around him, and he can call on Lalande and Laplace to explain all the wonders of the heavenly bodies, and all the seeming intricacies of their motions.

"2. But, in order that all these advantages may be derived from reading, the faculty of *attention* must be fully developed. By constant exercise of this power, the scholar must be enabled, at any time, to bend his whole mind to the subject with which he is engaged, to the exclusion of all others. This is an indispensable requisite. It is from the want of this, that our schools have hitherto been, in a great measure, useless to the mass of the community. When completely acquired, i. e., when a child can merely *read* with *attention*, all the impediments to self-education are completely removed. He may make of himself what he pleases. It is attention which constitutes the great difference between the wise man and the fool; itiles, indeed, at the foundation of all intellectual culture. Fortunately, this power, as will presently be shown, is easily acquired in *early* life. But the longer its cultivation is delayed, the more difficult its attainment, until, at length, it becomes almost impossible to acquire it to any degree of perfection.

"3. The third indispensable requisite of school education, is the habit of *observation*. The difference in mankind, as to this important habit, is immense. Vast numbers of persons pass through life, without seeing or hearing any thing but what relates to the most gross and common concerns. As to every thing else, they seem to be in a state of dreamy unconsciousness. In the language of Scripture, "Seeing, they see not; and hearing, they hear not; neither do they understand." Others, again, seem to live with all their senses wide awake. The one has nothing in view but the acquisition of property, or the indulgence of the grosser propensities of his nature. The other, without necessarily neglecting any of his more common duties, is not wholly absorbed in them. Nature appears to him in all her beauty, and continually converses with him in strains of the most exquisite poetry. What appears mere nakedness and ruggedness, to the one, is, to the other, a scene of sublimity and beauty. Hence, while the one sees the mere body, the husk, as it were, of Nature, the other looks inward, and converses with her soul:

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—

"The faculty of observation, then, must be developed at school, in order to prepare the scholar fully to enjoy all the advantages offered in the great School of Nature.

"These, then, are the three *great* requisites of intellectual education, in our common schools. But these are, by no means, all. The whole of the intellectual faculties should receive such a training, as will bestow on the mind a proper degree of vigour, symmetry, and proportion.

"A great deal of knowledge will, it is true, be acquired in every school that is properly conducted. But still, this should be considered as *incidental*, not as the *main object* of the school. The teacher should not direct much of his attention to this point. The grand objects he should have continually in view, towards which he should unceasingly press forward, should be, to teach reading without bad habits, and to develope the faculties of observation, attention, reflection, reason, judgment, memory, imagination, and taste.

"Nor will this be so difficult a task for the teacher, as may, at first sight, appear. The proper mode of teaching reading will be exhibited, in all its details, in a subsequent chapter; a mode which will not only avoid the formation of bad habits, but which will, if fully carried out, tend to the developement of *all* the valuable faculties of the human mind. The same may be said of composition, perhaps, in a still greater degree. The mathematics, including arithmetic, both mental and written, when taught on true principles, and divested of all mechanical rules and unnecessary tables, will co-operate to the same valuable end. And, finally, the study of the learned languages will tend to fill up all the little vacancies or omissions of the former studies. Thus most, or all, of the studies in both grades of schools, if properly pursued, will regularly and constantly tend to produce the desired effect.

"Much difference of opinion exists on the comparative value of the mathematics and classical studies, as means for disciplining the mind. The truth seems to be, that neither are complete means for that purpose. The mathematics, independent of their value as indispensable steps towards the attainment of the exact sciences, are invaluable aids for developing the faculties of attention, reflection, and reason. They deal, however, exclusively with *certainties*. And, as the most important concerns of our life, in which

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our judgment is required, are *probabilities* only, it follows, that we must look elsewhere for means of developing some of our most valuable faculties. Here, the classics, or study of the dead languages, opportunely steps in to our assistance, and aids in bringing out our judgment, memory, imagination, and taste. If, then, we would have pupils completely fitted to enter the great College of Nature, neither of these important branches must be neglected. And, if both are properly and thoroughly taught, they will be fully prepared to enter on that *grand course of study*, which, if it is ever destined to close, will close but with life."

Learning to read without spelling, or a knowledge of the Alphabet.

"The first branch of knowledge, to which the attention of the child is directed on entering school, is *Reading*. Hitherto, as was shown in the second chapter, his studies have been altogether delightful. His progress has been constant and rapid; for, as yet, he has dealt with nothing but real knowledge. No barren sounds, no unintelligible words have occurred, to embarrass and impede him. But now, very different becomes his situation. A book is placed in his hands, which he is told he must learn to *read*, that he may know how to become wise and good, and he is delighted with the prospect. But alas! how grievous the disappointment! For months, nay, sometimes for years, his studies consist of nothing but mere *sounds*, to which it is impossible he can annex any idea whatever. His school-hours are solely occupied with A s and B s, abs, ebs, and ibs. Now, what must be the effect of all this, upon an intelligent child? Surely, it is sufficiently evident, that his active mind cannot be exclusively employed in such tiresome drudgery. For this is nothing but a mere affair of memory, in which the reason and judgment of the child is never called into action. The natural, the unavoidable, result of such a process is, that he acquires a habit of mechanically repeating those sounds, while his mind is occupied with objects of a totally different nature. He can repeat his A, B, C, his ab, eb, ib, &c.; and, all the while, his mind can be far distant, at play with his schoolmates, or at the family fireside. And thus, at the very outset, the child lays the foundation of the grand impediment to the easy attainment of knowledge, the impassable barrier to self-education,—the habit of mental wandering.

"This plan of education is the synthetic method, which, commencing with elements, joins them to form compounds, and, again compounding those, forms them into the substances with which we are acquainted. Thus, should we be taught mineralogy according to this system, we should first have to learn the names of all the elements of which stones were composed, and then, by joining them in the proper proportions, we should form stones. But such is not the method in which we are instructed by Nature. She first presents us with a group, forming a perfect whole, and then instructs us how to *analyse* it, or divide it into its component parts. For instance: a child knows a *tree*, and can name it, long before he has ever heard or thought of leaves, twigs, branches, trunk, or root; a *house*, before he has become acquainted with shingles, boards, brick, stone, or lime; a *man*, before head, limbs, neck, or body. At a more advanced period of his education, he extends his knowledge by new analyses. For instance: he examines into the nature of leaves, &c., of trees; of stones and lime, which enter into the formation of a house; of flesh and bones, which form the man. Were he to wait till he knew the A, B, C, of Nature, before he made himself acquainted with the objects around him, he would never know them at all. Let not the above remarks be understood as objecting to the inductive method of philosophising. Science can have no sure foundation, save on observation, experiment, and induction. But it by no means follows, that the *knowledge of reading* must be acquired by the same method, especially by young children, whose reasoning faculties are as yet undeveloped. Besides, it will be found, that even the sciences are *taught*, chiefly, by analysis. It is in the *cultivation* of science by the philosopher, not in its *communication* by the teacher, that induction is indispensable.

"Having thus pointed out the serious evil, arising from the synthetic mode of teaching reading, namely, the habit of mental wandering, or thinking of one thing while reading another; having shown, also, that Nature, in *her* teachings, follows the opposite course, that of analysis; it would appear, that all that is necessary, to induce every reasonable mind to approve of the change, is, to show its practicability in the present case. This, however, can be correctly ascertained by experiment, only. And, although every teacher can make the experiment for himself, (and it is one which will require but a short time sufficiently to test,) yet it may be satisfactory to know, that every trial, hitherto made, which has come to the knowledge of the writer,—and those are by no means few in number,—have proved eminently successful. He would also state, that he has tested the plan on the younger members of his own family, with similar success. The first subject of these last experiments was a boy between four and five years old, who, in the space of three months, without previous knowledge of either letters or words, simply by receiving a lesson fo about five minutes a day, the rest of his time spent in amusement, learnt to read all the lessons in Worcester's Primer in a beautiful style, and, what was still better, intelligently. He would, therefore, urge a similar trial on every parent anxious for the improvement of education, and particularly for the removal of that barrier to self-instruction, the pernicious habit above referred to. A minute description of this method of teaching will appear in its proper place. All that is necessary further to observe here is, that the chief difference between the two methods is in the *order* of the steps. Letters and syllables must be learned in the new as well as in the old method; but, by a change in the time of teaching them, they are acquired with less than half the difficulty, and without any danger of acquiring bad habits, which are so difficult to eradicate.

METHOD OF INSTRUCTION.

"Commencing with a child ignorant of his letters, we turn to page 15, (Worcester's Primer) where we find pictures of a man, a cat, a hat, and a dog, opposite the corresponding names, in capitals, as well as in small letters. The teacher may commence thus:

'*Teacher*. What is that?

Child. A man.

T. That is the *picture* of a man. Would you not like to know the *word* man?

C. Yes.

T. (*pointing to the word.*) There it is. Look at it well, that you may know it again. Now, do you think you shall know it?

To this question, the child generally answers, yes.

C. (*turning to page* 17.) Which of these words (pointing to Man, Dog, Cup) is Man?

Unless the child has been brought up in habits of attention by his parents, his heedlessness will be apparent, by his ignorance of the word. And this will generally be the case. So, turning back to page 15, the teacher can say,

T. You are wrong. See, it does not look like that. You should give more attention. Look at it again, (page 15, trace the form of the word with a pointer.) Are you sure you will know it now?

C. Yes.

Most children will now know the word. But a few will be found so heedless, as still not to have given *any* attention. With these, there will be some difficulty. But, as soon as their attention can be caught, the instant one word is known, the spell is broken, and all will go smooth. Persevere with the first word. If you cannot succeed in the first lesson, give him two, three, four. Have a little patience. In some favourable moment, you will gain his attention, and the difficulty, then, is over. Such is the testimony of many teachers.

"*One* word is enough for the first lesson. And now comes an exercise, which must ALWAYS, *without one solitary exception*, follow reading. There must be no excuse for want of time. The teacher must *take* time, whatever else he may slight.

"*T*. What have you been reading about?

"*C*. About a man.

"At the second lesson, see if he can still point out the word, man, (page 17.) If not, repeat, as before. But if he knows it, show him the next word, and say, that is cat. There is no occasion to make further use of pictures, for the present. Turning, again, to page 17,—

"*T*. Which of these words (man, cat, hat) is cat?

"When he knows this word, conclude, as before:

"*T*. What have you been reading about today?

"*C*. A cat.

"*T*. Nothing else?

"*C*. Yes, a man.

By a similar process, the other seven words will readily be learned by the child. But it is scarcely possible to repeat, too often, in this stage of education, that a minute examination of the child, as to what he has read, must be gone into, at the close of *every* lesson. No excuse can be admitted, unless the house be on fire, or tumbling about your ears. Should the teacher find there is not time, the lessons may be made shorter, or fewer given per day. Three a week, with questioning, are of far more value than twenty without. The development of the faculty of *attention*, the formation of a *habit*, is all-important. If that be done *early*, there will be no difficulty in educating the child. It ought, then, to be commenced at the *first* lesson, and never, for a moment, be lost sight of, during the whole course of education."

To give interest a share in friendship, is to sell it by inch of candle; he that bids most shall have it; and when it is mercenary, there is no depending on it.—*Collier*.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

Every one is delighted with the new book of Stephens and Catherwood, containing researches among the ruins of the ancient cities of Central America. One scarce hears, without astonishment, that the strange relics they have described of the aboriginal inhabitants, have lain hidden until now, from the knowledge of the world.

The travellers left New York in October, 1839, Mr. Stephens being entrusted with a public mission by the President of the United States, and were absent ten months. Mr. Stephens supposes these now ruined cities, without name or history, were built by the races who occupied the country at the time of its invasion by the Spaniards. The utter oblivion in which they are cast is an affecting commentary upon human nature.

The route of our travellers is thus briefly described: from New York they proceeded to the little English settlement of Balize, in Honduras; thence to the city of Guatimala; thence to the Pacific; thence back to Guatimala; thence to Palenque, in Mexico; thence to Merida and Sisal, in Yucatan; and thence they embarked for home on the 24th June 1840, having been in the country about eight months. Among the chief wonders described are the extraordinary ruins of Palenque, Uxmal, Ocosingo, Quiche, and other sites of ancient Indian wealth, luxury, and art—the mysterious remains of the populous nations that were so fearfully overwhelmed by the Spaniards under Cortez.

And having remained a short time at Balize on the coast, they penetrated the interior, proceeding to Guatimala, with an escort of Indians, whose only dress was a strip of cotton about the waist. On reaching the river Motagua, they stopped to bathe, and here we have the following scene:

BATHING AND BED-ROOM SCENE.

"There was an enjoyment in this bath greater even than that of cooling our heated bodies. It was the moment of golden sunset. We stood up to our necks in water clear as crystal, and calm as that of some diminutive lake, at the margin of a channel along which the stream was rushing with arrowy speed. On each side were mountains several thousand feet high, with their tops illuminated by the setting sun; on a point above us was a palm-leafed hut, and before it a naked Indian sat looking at us; while flocks of parrots, with brilliant plumage, almost in thousands, were flying over our heads, catching up our words and filling the air with their noisy mockings. It was one of those beautiful scenes that so rarely occur in human life, almost realising dreams. Old as we were, we might have become poetic, but that Augustine came down to the opposite bank, and, with a cry that rose far above the chattering of parrots and the loud murmurs of the river, called us to supper.

"We had one moment of agony when we returned to our clothes. They lay extended upon the bank, emblems of men who had seen better days. The setting sun, which shed over all a soft and mellow lustre, laid bare the seams of mud and dirt, and made them hideous. We had but one alternative, and that was to go without them. But, as this seemed to be trenching upon the proprieties of life, we picked them up and put them on reluctant. I am not sure, however, but that we made an unnecessary sacrifice of personal comfort. Their proprieties of life are matters of conventional usage. Our host was a don; and when we presented our letter he received us with great dignity in a single garment, loose, white, and very laconic, not quite reaching his knees. The dress of his wife was no less easy; somewhat in the style of the old fashioned shortgown and petticoat, only the shortgown and whatever else is usually worn under it were wanting, and their place supplied by a string of beads with a large cross at the end. A dozen men and half grown boys, naked except the small covering formed by rolling the trowsers up and down in the manner I have mentioned, were lounging about the house; and women and girls in such extremes of undress, that a string of beads seemed quite a covering for modesty.

"Mr. C. and I were in a rather awkward predicament for the night. The general reception room contained three beds, made of strips of cowhide interlaced. The don occupied one—he had not much undressing to do, and what little he had, he did by pulling off his shirt. Another bed was at the foot of my hammock. I was dozing, when I opened my eyes, and saw a girl about seventeen sitting sideway upon it smoking a cigar. She had a piece of striped cotton cloth tied around her waist, and falling below her knees: the rest of her dress was the same which Nature bestows alike upon the belle of fashionable life and the poorest girl; in other words, it was the same as that of the don's wife, with the exception of the string of beads. At first I thought it was something I had conjured up in a dream; and as I waked up perhaps I raised my head, for she gave a few quick puffs of her cigar, drew a cotton sheet over her head and shoulders, and lay down to sleep. I endeavoured to do the same. I called to mind the proverb, that "traveling makes strange bed fellows." I had slept pell mell with Greeks, Turks, and Arabs. I was beginning a journey in a new country; and it was my duty to conform to the customs of the people; to be prepared for the worst, and submit with resignation to whatever might befall me.

"As guests, it was pleasant to feel that the family made no strangers of us. The wife of the don retired with the same ceremonies. Several times during the night we were waked by the clinking of flint and steel, and saw one of our neighbours lighting a cigar. At daylight the wife of the don was enjoying her morning slumber. While I was dressing she bade me good morning, removed the cotton covering from her shoulders, and arose dressed for the day."

At length, after many interesting adventures they reached the summit of the Volcano of Cartago, and were rewarded with

A VIEW OF BOTH OCEANS.

"The lofty point on which we stood was perfectly clear, the atmosphere was of transparent beauty, and looking beyond the region of desolation, below us, at a distance of perhaps two thousand feet, the whole country was covered with clouds, and the city at the foot of the volcano was invisible. By degrees, the more distant clouds were lifted, and over the immense bed we saw at the same moment the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This was the grand spectacle we had hoped, but scarcely expected to behold. My companions had ascended the volcano several times, but on account of the clouds had only seen the two seas once before. The points at which they were visible were the Gulph of Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, not directly opposite, but nearly at right angles to each other, so that we saw them without turning the body. In a sight line over the tops of the mountains neither was more than twenty miles distant, and from the great height at which we stood they seemed almost at our feet. It is the only point in the world which commands a view of the two seas; and I ranked the sight with those most interesting occasions, when from the top of Mount Sinai I looked out upon the Desert of Arabia, and from Mount Hor I saw the Dead Sea."

Mr. Stephens communicates some useful information concerning the long projected Canal across the Isthmus, two routes for which have been surveyed, but neither of which, it seems, is in the way of fulfilment. The estimated cost of the least expensive route is $3,000,000.

We close our extracts for to-day from this extraordinary work, with the following description of the

RUINS OF THE CITY OF COPAU.

"The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about fourteen feet high and three feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, and unlike any thing we had ever seen before; the sides were covered with hyeroglyphics. This our guide called an "Idol;" and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and forever, in our minds, all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly discovered historical records that the people who occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through thick forest, among half buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance, some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city, were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift processions, forty or fifty at a time, some with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind feet or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

"We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by the regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remained entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by stone steps into an area so covered with trees that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing our way with our machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all the sides almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented on the south side, about half way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace a hundred feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which we had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height from the ground were two gigantic Ceibas, or wild cotton trees of India, about twenty feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots fifty to a hundred feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches.

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We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long-lost Petra, the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, say historians, was peopled by savages; but savages never reared these structures; savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was "Quiensabe?" "who knows?"

The publishers deserve great credit for the style in which they have published the work. There are near 100 plates, and we understand that more than 1300 dollars have been expended in getting up the work.

Something about Carlyle, Hallam, and Sidney Smith. From Mrs. Sedgwick's Letters.

"I may say that we have scaled the ladder of evening entertainments here, going from a six o'clock family tea up to a magnificent concert at L—— house; and the tea at this home-like hour was at Carlyle's. He is living in the suburbs of London, near the Thames; my impression is, in rather an humble way; but when your eye is filled with a grand and beautiful temple, you do not take the dimensions of surrounding objects; and if any man can be independent of them, you might expect Carlyle to be. His head would throw a phrenologist into ecstacies. It looks like the 'forge of thought,' it is; and his eyes have a preternatural brilliancy. He reminded me of what Lockhart said to me, speaking of the size of Webster's head, that he 'had brains enough to fill half a dozen hats.' Carlyle has as strong a Scottish accent as Mr. Combe. His manner is simple, natural, and kindly. His conversation has the picturesqueness of his writings, and flows as naturally, and as free from Germanism, as his own mountain streams are free from any infusion of German soil. He gave us an interesting account of his first acquaintance with E——n. He was living with his wife in a most secluded part of Scotland. They had no neighbours, no communication with the world, excepting once a week or fortnight, when he went some miles to a post office in the hope of a letter or some other intimation that the world was going on. One day a stranger came to them—a young American—and 'he seemed to them an angel.' They spoke of him as if they had never lost their first impression of his celestial nature. Carlyle had met Mr. Webster, and expressed a humorous surprise that a man from over the sea should talk English, and be as familiar as the natives with the English constitution and laws,

'With all that priest or jurist saith,
Of modes of law, or modes of faith.'

"He said Webster's eyes were like dull furnaces, that only wanted blowing on to lighten them up. And, by-the-way, it is quite interesting to perceive that our great countryman has made a sensation here, where it is all but as difficult to make one as to make a mark on the ocean. They have given him the soubriquet of 'the Great Western,' and they seem particularly struck with his appearance. A gentleman said to me, 'His eyes open, and open, and open, and you think they will never stop opening;' and a painter was heard to exclaim, on seeing him, 'What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what colouring!'

"We had a very amusing evening at Mr. Hallam's, whom (thanks to F., as thanks to her for all my best privileges in London) I have had the great pleasure of seeing two or three times. But this kind of seeing is so brief and imperfect that it amounts to little more than seeing the pictures of these great people. Mr. Hallam has a very pleasing countenance, and a most good-humoured and playful manner. I quite forgot he was the sage of the 'Middle Ages.' He reminded me of ——; but his simplicity is more genuine; and not at all that of the great man trying to play child. You quite forget, in the freedom and ease of the social man, that he is ever the hero in armour. We met Sidney Smith at his house, the best known of all the wits of the civilised world. The company was small; he was i' the vein, which is like a singer being in voice, and we saw him, I believe, to advantage. His wit was not, as I expected, a succession of brilliant explosions, but a sparkling stream of humour, very like —— when he is at home, and i' the vein too; and, like him also, he seemed to enjoy his own fun, and to have fattened on it.

"He expressed unqualified admiration of Dickens, and said that 10,000 of each number of Nicholas Nickleby was sold. There was a young man present, who, being flushed with some recent literary success, ventured to throw himself into the arena against the old lion-king, and, to a lover of such sport, it would have been pleasant to see how he crackled him up, flesh, bones, and all."

NEW BOOKS.

The Moneyed Man. By Horace Smith. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

This is a capital novel, on a new and original plan. The story consists of an autobiography of the junior partner in a rich banking house in London. He keeps a journal of his doings and opinions; and goes through a great variety of curious and amusing adventures. The characters are very well drawn, and the interest of the narrative ably sustained to the last.

The World in a Pocket Book. By W. H. Crump. Philadelphia, J. Dobson, 1841.

This little volume is indeed a treasure. It comprises summary histories of all the considerable countries on the globe, together with an immense mass of valuable statistics, relating to the military and moral force, population and extent, productions, mines, industry, and other resources of every part of the world. Mr. Crump has shown great learning, industry and research in the accumulation of his materials, and excellent judgment in digesting and arranging them in the most convenient form for reference. The book is, with all this, remarkably interesting and readable, and should be on every counting-room desk, and in every parlour and study throughout the country.

Joseph Rushbrook, or the Poacher. By Captain Marryatt. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1841.

This is a delightful story, belonging to precisely the same class with Peter Simple and Jacob Faithful, which are Marryatt's best. It takes up the fortunes of a boy in the humblest rank of life, and conducts him through an infinite variety of thrilling adventures, in which he displays every kind of merit as a hero; and he duly rewards him for his good behaviour at the end. The incidents are in the author's best style. That adventure of the wedding party, pursued by a herd of some two hundred famished wolves, is very powerfully told. Marryatt's mind is in full vigour yet.

Barnaby Rudge.

A new number, with the engravings, is just issued by Lea & Blanchard. A very noted historical character, Lord George Gordon is introduced, and the art and mystery of political humbugging is very cleverly satirised.

Guy Fawkes. A historical romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

This novel is too well known to require a notice. It is in Ainsworth's best style. The present edition is got up with plates.

Charles O'Malley.

No. 9, of this story with two steel plates, is just issued by Messrs. Carey & Hart. It is replete with fine, graphic descriptions of military scenes, and humorous adventures in camp, garrison, and bivouac.

The Waverly Novels. By Sir Walter Scott: Revised edition, with the author's latest corrections and additions. To be completed in 25 weekly numbers, for five dollars. Published by Louis A. Godey, Philadelphia: and Israel Post, New York, 1841.

The Waverly novels complete, for five dollars! That will do for cheapness. Since the example, furnished by ourselves, of giving the best current and standard literature at a very moderate price, a reform has constantly been advancing. We led off the dance; and it is a matter of no small pride to us, that the fashion which we were the first to advocate of giving *books, first rate books*, in the periodical form, at a cheap rate, has now become so general, that the fault must lie with the individual tastes of purchasers, and not with publishers, if every town and village, and hamlet, is not abundantly supplied with sound literature. We commend this cheap edition of the Waverly novels to our readers, not only because of the intrinsic merit of the works themselves, but because they are published upon our own system of giving the people the full worth of their money.

Incidents and Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan. By John L. Stephens. Author of Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land, &c. Illustrated by numerous engravings. In two volumes. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1841.

The qualities on which the unparalleled popularity of Mr. Stephens, as a writer of travels, is founded, are good sense, good taste, great vivacity, and a decided preference for the simple, the natural and the true, over the factitious and theatrical. In the work before us, he shows excellent judgment in the course he has taken respecting the remarkable remains of antiquity, which were the chief object of his researches. He spared no labour, time or toil, to visit and carefully explore every thing of this description in the countries which he visited, and he made a point of bringing away as much as he possibly could of delineation and description of these interesting ruins. By the aid of Mr. Catherwood, he was enabled to supply himself so abundantly with drawings of the ruins, idols, &c., that the curious antiquary may study the eighty plates contained in these volumes, with almost as much advantage as he could the ruins themselves, in order to form his theory respecting their origin. It is with respect to this matter, viz: the probable origin of the ruins that Mr. Stephens has shown his superior sense as well as modesty. Instead of giving us whole chapters of disquisition, and quoting a hundred stupid contradictory authorities, and bothering and mystifying his readers as almost every other traveller among ruins does, especially when his object is to swell out a book, Mr. Stephens confines himself to the narration, description, and delineation of *what he saw and heard on the spot*, in each locality; and then leaves the reader to form his own conclusions.

One thing, however, strikes every one, viz: the strong resemblance of these American ruins to those of ancient Egypt. That bold theory of the shepherd kings, is very likely to prevail, we think, whenever a complete exploration of Palenque, Copan, and the neighbouring regions shall take place.

We trust that the government will send Mr. Stephens out again, accompanied by Mr. Catherwood, and some fifty or a hundred strong wood-choppers, to clear away the tropical forest, and lay bare to the eye of historical enquiry, the most interesting spots in the new world. Such an object accomplished, would be worth more than all the returns of forty southern exploring expeditions on the pathless ocean.

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PART II. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1841. NO. 3.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. No. 44 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. $5 for 10 numbers, payable in advance.

We publish this week the first number of Capt. Marryat's new novel, which comes opportunely to meet us at this dull and hot season. He is a real benefactor, who beguiles but an hour a week of our imolerable Julies and Augusts: he is the best moralist, who, in this intensity of the "dog-star," infuses gaiety into the heart, and diverts from the plodding and serious business of life. Marryat is so familiar an acquaintance, that nothing particular need be said of the character of his present volumes. In reading them we have been pleased, amused, delighted, and sometimes put to sleep. We do not care to interrupt the indulgence of the same pleasurable sensations in others by anticipating merits or defects.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biography has always struck me to be an exact image of my old friend Midas, King of Phrygia, recorded in Lempriere's Dictionary; every thing it touches turns to gold. If a person were even to begin the memoirs of the most hateful and contemptible of mankind, for the purpose of exposing him to the reprobation of the public, before many pages were finished, he would find himself imperceptibly slurring over the worst features; in three or four chapters there would be glimpses here and there of praise; the first volume would end with all the extenuating circumstances he could imagine, and the whole of the second be written in a glow of admiration of all his hero's exploits. General Whitelock would become the Duke of Wellington in his hands, and Richard Lalor Shiel expand into Burke or Shakspeare. And yet, easy as it may appear to compose a biography on the simple principle of making it a pean of praises, it is a very difficult matter to spread your butter well—for however delightful it might be to the hero of it himself, or however greedily he might swallow it, "though," as the phrase is, "laid on with a trowel," you are to remember that you are preparing a dish for the public, and not for his private delectation; and the public does not at all like to see people praised in such a fulsome and choking fashion as that; in fact, people don't like to see other people praised at all, unless they find it possible by some side wind to come in for a share of it themselves. Praise a Welshman as much as you like—all the eaters of leeks will feel that his reputation is a portion of their own; and the closer you descend to particulars as to his birth and education, the more intensely you excite the sympathy and admiration of every one who can by any means "pursue the triumph and forsake the gale." If you particularise the county—all York throughout its three ridings feels that it is directly interested in your hero's honour; condescend on the parish—the whole population, from the clergyman downwards, are ready to subscribe to any amount of laudation you can possibly require. The family, of course, to the utmost limits of consanguinity and affinity, are yours, body and soul; each in their separate capacities acting as trumpeters of *your*—the biographer's fame; for they have too much liberality, and are too nearly connected with the biographee, to state their opinion of *him;* and so through all these windings and ramifications you find yourself a distinguished author, and booked—let me say it without a pun—to the remotest posterity in connection with the subject of your praises. Self-love is so omnivorous, that I have known several persons of the name of John, have an evidently increased predilection for Sir John Moore, on account of the identity of the prenomens. I have sometimes thought that the popularity of Sydney Smith might perhaps arise from the almost universality of his name—for, gracious heavens! think of the sympathy of the Smiths!—but, on mature consideration, I am inclined to believe it results from an absurd tendency of the human mind to be enchanted with wit and humour, and to be pleased with a burly consistency and independence, which seem very much out of fashion every where at the present time, and approaching to the miraculous in a canon residentiary of St. Paul's.

You will have gathered already a tolerably correct notion of one of the main preliminaries of a biography; namely, to enlist the personal feelings of as large a class of readers as possible in favour of your hero. His birth place—his father's and mother's names—his schools, with the names of his teachers, male and female, must therefore on no account be omitted. There is no Winchester boy who does not believe that William of Wykeham was the first of men, or who would not be heartily against the supporter of the supremacy of the founder of any other school or college whatsoever; and if you will calculate through what a number of generations of school boys this principle has descended, diverging in a variety of collateral lines to nephews, cousins, grand nephews, and cousin's cousins of the aforesaid school boys, not omitting the direct descent—you will find that there are few people alive in England at this moment, who, either by themselves or their alliances, do not feel a very strong pride indeed in their connection with the munificent prelate of Edward the Third.

Such, on a smaller scale, is the feeling of every person educated at the same school—either before or after—with a celebrated man. All Harrow is in a glow of self-gratulation at the very name of Byron, and of course all Pugsby free school is very touchy on the scholarship of Snooks. If your hero has had the good fortune to belong to no school, you at once enlist in his behalf the sympathies of that large portion of the population who have either been educated at home, or have not been educated at all; and you can quote the Tyrocinium with an air of great commiseration for the unfortunate beings who have been bullied and fagged at Westminster and Eton. So that, whichever way you take it, you are sure of supporters, if you only dwell with sufficient clearness on the circumstances common to your hero and your readers. You will, therefore, at once perceive the necessity of adapting yourself to as wide an auditory as you can; and this can best be done by being religious and political, for almost all men are partisans and sectarians.

With regard, then, to a religious biography, you are to take care that it is very religious. Moderation in this, as in most things, is the sign of indifference; and a peculiar characteristic of a religious biography is, that the less universal the spirit it is composed with, the more varying religionists it unites in its support. For great Catholic Christianity—bearing all things, hoping all things, forgiving all things—has no distinguishing marks by which the usual students of religious biography can recognise it as religion at all. The hero of a religious biography ought to be drawn as a man of very decided opinions on one small section of religion, and with no charity whatever for any man, woman, or child, who pays the smallest regard to any other section. And in this you will be perfectly safe; for you will gain the approbation of the very persons towards whom he displays no mercy—for the bitterness of his hatred is at all events a proof of his sincerity; and the great uniting bond of his being a religious man, is found too strong between him and the others, who are religious people also—though showing their sincerity by hating in a different direction—to be broken asunder by any minor consideration; and Mr. Obadiah Cursor, who has reduced the whole bible to the essential oil of pædo-baptism, and denounces eternal wrath against all who differ from him, is looked upon as a sincerely religious

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character, and becomes immensely popular as the hero of a serious biography, among the very people on whom he poured forth his bitterest vials. And yet, even in this case, it will be better to have two or more strings to your bow; and if, in addition to the maintenance of his own opinion, you make him peculiarly bitter against some one particular sect—or the church itself—you will be sure of the unqualified approbation of those who dislike the object of his bitterness from some totally different cause. Let him attack the church, for instance, on account of its infant baptism: he will be considered a truly apostolical character by all who object to her on account of her surplices, her prayers, her learning, her government, or her pre-eminence. Nor, if your hero is a churchman, will you be wise if you do not make him out to be one to the backbone; and the only way to do that is to pitch every dissenter—from whatever cause, in whatever degree—to the very lowest dungeon in the bottomless pit. An immense number of churchmen will repudiate such a doctrine, but at the same time they will not deny that your hero was thoroughly persuaded of the justice of his opinion; and the dissenters themselves, astonished at such a re-awakening in the church, will hail him as a kindred spirit, even though he establishes his claim to sincerity at their own expense.

If the life of your hero has been attempted before, and a view of him given to the world, not in accordance with your own peculiar tenets, you have then double scope for your talents;—for you not only paint your hero as he ought to be painted, but make a tremendous example of his biographer. If a great poet, for instance, is represented as a person uniting playfulness of fancy and kindliness of disposition to his greater qualities, fitting him to be the delight of the domestic circle, and captivating glimpses are given of his fireside feelings—his affection to friends—his modest reserve—and his most gay and playful notes are laid before us, to make us feel as intimate with him, and as attached to him as if we had known him for years, gird up your loins, if you ever wish to benefit by these my hints; and if you can discover any one point on which the poet entertained a strong and peculiar opinion, make that one point the foundation of your biography. Paint him as a religinnist, and slur him over both as a man and a poet. Sneer at his former biographers for neglecting that distinguishing feature, and make them out, if possible, to have had no religinn at all, as they had not that particular view of it entertained by you and your hero, and you will probably have a great sale for your memoir among the "unco gude" of all kinds and denominations.

This is what I call the best sort of religious biography; but an ingenious author may adopt a completely different style, and meet with considerable success. A biography on the honey and butter principle, (judiciously spread,) has been found very much in request; and in this you must praise not only the subject of your memoir, which, I have already remarked, is apt to offend the public as too exclusive, but every human being with whom through life he has come in contact. Leave not his very housemaids unlauded—be eloquent in magnifying the beauties of every town he travels through; if you mention old times, call them the "good old times;"—if you allude to the present day, call it the "enlightened present day." All clergymen are venerable, all ladies interesting and accomplished, with a heavenly predilection for making poor men's flannel drawers; and, in short, you must make yourself trumpeter in chief to the whole human race. But you perceive in a moment, that this style of biography acts more as a puff of your own universal charity and mild disposition, than of the merits of your friend; and accordingly, you will do well to adopt it if you are on the look out for promotion. Your hero, I again give you warning, is unavoidably a sufferer by such promiscuous panegyrics.

The proper plan, if you have brass to stand the consequences, is to claim for your hero, not only the virtues he undoubtedly possessed, but the merit of the good works of every body else. If he is of a mechanical turn, and has invented the handle of a teapot, talk of his super-eminent skill as an acknowledged thing, and claim on his behalf all the works of Brunel and Stevenson: confessing, at the same time, that he was highly gratified with the manner in which they carried out his suggestions. Or if he was a philanthropist, and adopted with zeal the benevolent plans of Howard or Mrs. Fry, be sure to talk, throughout your work, of the great assistance *they* were of to *him*. It gets him all the merit; and if you can manage to speak in a depreciating tone of the very persons whom you are pretending to praise, (though robbing of their reputation,) you will find it of great benefit, if not to your hero, at all events to yourself.

But there are other styles of biography besides the religious, to which it will be as well to devote a little attention. The larking biography—the joking biography—the naval and military biography—are all very easily mastered—and perhaps the easiest and pleasantest of all is the dramatic biography. But of these last we have had so many lately, that I began to believe that the chief study of man was play bills and *dramatis personæ*, till the admirable life of Charles Matthews came out to show us that a true gentleman's heart might beat beneath the motley of Touchstone, or the bedizened waistcoat of Goldfinch; and to show still further, in a homily from a player's tinsel, that all that glitters is *not* gold, and that the last profession for a proud or delicate mind is the stage. Howerer, such biographies are not included in these "Hints," and I go on to give a few glimpses into the mechanism of some of the others. The larking biography may be borrowed in a great measure from *Boxiana*, and *Life in London;* for the lives of all drinking, hunting, racing, gambling *roues* are so much like, that whether you make it a real biography, and call your hero John Mytton, or a fictitious one, and call him Bob, Harry, or Logic, it makes very little difference. The joking biography is a much more serious affair; for no spectacle is so utterly humiliating as a worn out joker, going on to the very last concocting small puns and writing little epigrams when his hair is gray and his health decayed. The High-mettled Racer—the most pathetic of poems—is in a far less pitiable condition; and as the whole bevy of those Random Records and Recollections, of effete convivialists, is more melancholy than their funerals, I think such compositions ought to be left to the undertaker, or rather to the mutes. I could give rules whereby the stupidest of saulies could write a memoir of his brother that should split your sides with laughter, if the melancholy of it did not fill your eyes with tears; but as Joe Miller is accessible to all, I disdain the easy task.

By this time the attentive student of these pages will see at once that religious biography is at once the simplest and most popular of them all,—but there are a few points in which all of them agree. For instance, they must all commence with a general remark, and end with a quotation; and the curious thing about it is this, that neither the remark nor the quotation require to have the smallest connection with the biography. You might safely commence any biography whatever with the preamble of an Act of Parliament, and conclude it with a verse of Rule Britannia. You must also divide all biographies into chapters, with a copious argument prefixed to each; and by adhering to these rules, you cannot fail to become renowned as a biographer, and perhaps rise to the dignity, at some future time, of having a biographer yourself.

CRITIQUES OF GERMAN AUTHORS.

BY MADAME RAHEL.

Tieck.—Tieck is a delightful, simple, versatile man—but as a writer—I will tell you what I think of *Phantasus*. Out of that book I have learned something new, viz., that a man may say the wisest and most delicate things, and yet be wearisome beyond all endurance. To write good dialogue is, I think, the most difficult of all literary problems. Shakspeare, Goethe, and Jean Paul in the *Flegeljahre*, have managed it. This continuous flow of life, with its numberless presuppositions, and making itself manifest by the most delicate but not therefore less characteristic traits, can be seized and mirrored only by a mind at once vivacious, profound and easy; and there is required also for writing good dialogue, a continual presidency of judgment and discrimination in the midst of inspiration, a thing which succeeds only with the highest order of minds. Now comes Tieck with his raw speeches, and counter-speeches, cunningly stuffed and bandaged without any situation but the most arbitrary, which shows neither men, nor place, nor any thing definite. Then these poor phantasmagorists go a walking in such a phantasmagorical country, and talk me verily to death.—One's only consolation is, when the rigmarole is out, and the first talker compliments himself on having ended the discussion, that it is all a matter of paper, and that no one can force us to hold a discourse of such kind with such ladies and gentlemen! I should go sheer mad amid their saloons and their gardens, their waterfalls and their wells, their lifeless jokes! No, no!—Tieck is not the man for dramatic dialogues. He must speak in his own person; he is no Goethe. He cannot take a bit of life, and set it by itself, and frame it, and put things into it of which a man need not speak.

Goethe.—Have you not observed how great Goethe always is when he speaks of the stars, like Homer when he speaks of the sea?

I see there is a fashion abroad of criticising and characterising poets and poems, and how often does the name of Goethe stand at the beginning, at the end, in the middle. There is a class of critics that wish to bring the great poet's works into a sort of natural series, one naming this first, the other that, in a chance enough sort of way so far as I have seen. Why do they not propose at once the question:—Out of which one of Goethe's works might one draw the conclusion that he could have made all the rest? It is evident, however, that to answer it requires study and thought, and an intimate organic knowledge of the poet's soul, and his whole poetical development, such as not every critic can boast. To the proposed question I should answer Tasso.

Madame de Stael.—Madame de Stael is a hurricane that incommodes me, nothing else; there is no quietude in that woman. There is nothing that she will not be counting upon her finger-tips. . . . The Allemagne!—mere *radotage!* and what is worse she is not always honest and true to herself—witness what she says about divorce—she is afraid of appearing too liberal. When any person who does not know Germany from other sources, reads her book

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—*book* did I s y? thoughts, observations, *apercus*, *lectures*, loose, rambling, and without any principle of self-government, no assimilation, no blood to blood—this *book* pictures Germany as a dark coal-hold of which sad phantasmagoric figures float, God-condemned to *honesty*, and where, now and then, an unearthly sage sits, and magically meditates. And this from *her!*—the woman without music!—sneering at German universities, herself a walking, talking university—fie, fie! she is like all French women. There is no country in the world but France. Eye, ear and skin are bewitched there, and only there. All the cottages are Greek temples!—And yet I was there myself and saw it—frost as much as in Berlin—weather not an inch better—our village a thousand times more lovely—I know, in fact, nothing more sad than those stony, leafless and flowerless villages in the north of France. But so it is with the French women. The dear Lady Stael—for me her book is nothing else but a long lyrical sigh that she was prevented from parading her talk in Paris. This is the key to understand the only good chapters in the book. And yet I love her—or rather I ought to say I pity her—she has too few grand gifts—a certain inquietudo of understanding, to which (much for her own happiness) is allied intellectuality enough (*mere* intellectuality), and a world-imagination! How such people do gad about! How they talk and are talked about! What perambulations!—what *book!* what criticism of books!—and after all—poor creature!—she has seen nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing.

Schiller's Wallenstein.—*Theela* is only the tragic Gurli—nothing better. Kotzebue's heroine and Schiller's are both without bones, without muscle, without marrow; altogether without human anatomy—moving without human limbs. To my astonishment also, these many years, with the applause of the German public!—but I see now how it is. The sickly race have a pleasure in seeing their morality flattered in the person of mere idealities; in that region they may float prettily, and forget all healthy organisation—forget that one thing needful, and learn scientifically to parade a thousand beautiful, poetical, æsthetical, philosophical excuses.

Schleiermacher.—Schleiermacher's "Criticism of Ethics," is a fabric of hammers, which works at the highest, but is not the highest.

Schleiermacher began to sink as soon as he went to Halle. He entered there a little more into society than he was wont; and some foolish friends made him believe that he could work and write for society. For this, however, he had, and has no talent. But the people praised him—and their praise ruined him—put him on the wrong scent. Before Halle he was undoubtedly one of the first, purest of minds. In his original, chaste, revered, soul-solitude, he was sublime. I know him well: I love him: and if he were only younger, should tell him all this to his face, and not without success.

MISS MITFORD.

We have the following account of a visit to Miss Mitford, in Miss Sedgewick's Letters from Abroad:

"I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my 'unknown friend.' Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual denouement of a mere epistolatory acquaintance.

"Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and 'very good English too,'*) professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the 'cleverest women in England,' and 'the doctor' (her father) an 'early old boy.' And when he reined his horses up to the door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, 'Now you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?' and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said 'What! the sister of ——— pass my door? that must never be;' so M., nothing loth, joined us. Miss M. is truly a 'little body,' and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

"She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect boquet of flowers. 'I must show you my geraniums while it is light,' she said, 'for I love them next to my father.' And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines: the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses! and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of bowers, that they might learn how taste and industry, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden culture, might triumph over small space and small means.

"Miss Mitford's house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in the village of S——; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours, she keeps two men servants, (one a gardener,) two or three maid servants, and two horses. In this humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be."

* "We had a compliment of the same stamp the next day from a Londoner who was in the car with us. He assured us, with a praiseworthy condescension, that we spoke English 'uncommon correct.'"

HONG-KONG.

As this island, from its cession to England by the proposed treaty with China, has become an object of general interest, we have collected from different sources the fullest information respecting it.

Hong-kong was one of the first places of resort, among the islands adjacent to Macao and Lantao, which the adventurous Portuguese under De Gama and Pinto frequented, though rather as a place of convenience than commerce.

The Ladrones, or cluster of islands, of which Hong-kong forms one, obtained their names from the pirates who infested them, *ladrones* signifying in the Spanish tongue *thieves* or *robbers*. Their original name was the "Islas de las Velas. In the "History of the pirates who infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810," written by Ying Hing Soo, and translated by Mr. Neumann, mention appears to be made of this island as the chief retreat of these incorrigible ruffians. "Peace and quietness," says the Chinese narrator, "were not known by the inhabitants of the sea coast for a period of ten years. On the side of Wei-chow and Neaou-chow, farther on to the sea, the passage was totally cut off; scarcely any man came hither. In this direction is a small island, surrounded on all sides by high mountains, where in stormy weather 100 vessels may find safe anchorage; here the pirates retired when they could not commit any robberies. This land contains good paddy fields and fruits. This island was the lurking place of the robbers, where they stayed and prepared all the stores for their shipping."

Hong-kong may, as regards its scenic appearance, be well compared to the Hebrides, and is quite as barren. "Its margin," says Sir George Staunton, "next the sea is of a black or dark brown colour, owing to the action of the salt water. The spray and dashing of the waves has corroded the surface in many parts; the rock generally consists of a mixture of clay, calx of iron in a small proportion, and a great deal of silicious earth and mica. The sea around is of a dirty yellowish muddy colour, with a bottom of mud and clay. Hong-kong, with the clusters of islands near it, at the southern extremity of China, are so near each other, and to the main land, and are also so broken, as well as irregular in their form and position, as to appear like fragments disjointed from the continent by sudden convulsions of nature, and these fragments have now a very barren and unpromising aspect. In particular spots, indeed, there are some scattered patches of pleasing verdure, but in general little better than naked rocks appear, scarce relieved by a tree or shrub, and serving chiefly as a retreat for pirates, and the temporary abode of fishermen. Hong-kong is much steeper than the islands that lie more westwardly."

We find evidence of this island possessing a good harbour and good water, in Captain Hall's "Voyage to Loo Choo:—"It was indispensably necessary, however, before steering to the northward into seas so little known, to complete our stock of water; and we made sail accordingly for the island of Hong-kong, one of the great cluster called Ladrones. Here we found a noble cascade; and the night being perfectly calm, with a sea as smooth as a mill-pond, in consequence of the anchorage being land-locked on every side by lofty islands, we filled our water casks easily, and towed them on board in rafts of ten or twenty at a time—an expeditious method, but practicable only when the distance happens to be small, and the sea unruffled. It was almost dark when we anchored; but the moon, which was nearly at the full, rose shortly afterwards above the hills. The islands in this quarter lay so close to one another, that even in the daytime it was difficult to discover any outlet; but at night the mountains appeared to form a continuous barrier. The nature of the ground also being black, and unbroken, it seemed as if the ships had been transported by some magical process to the centre of a solitary lake, lying in the bosom of a Highland glen. Soon after we had taken up our station near the waterfall, but before this curious basin was lighted by the moon, and when the most perfect silence prevailed over the whole scene, a fleet of several hundreds of Chinese fishing boats, suddenly advanced in large groups of from forty to fifty each, from behind the islands. They were rowed about with great celerity from place to place, and in each boat two or three men stood in the bow, with flaming torches in their hands, which they waved backwards and forwards, while others of the crew were employed in beating, in the most furious manner, several large gongs suspended to the masts. To give full force and finish to this extraordinary serenade, a chorus of yells and shouts was set up by all the boatmen, at the full stretch of their voices—an uproar which awakened the echoes of all the surrounding hills, and rendered the whole scene so truly diabolical, that the sailors, astonished and delighted at this sudden interruption, insisted upon it that a legion of Chinese devils must surely have been let loose to frighten away the ambassador. But this tumultuous and amusing uproar was evidently intended to drive the fish from the centre of the harbour into nets placed across the narrow channels, between the surrounding islands."

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Another notice by the author of the "Chinese as they are."

"Those parts which first offer themselves to the ken of the seafaring man from afar, are uninviting, because the wind is adverse to vegetation, but we ought to look for something better in quarters defended from its influence; and in this expectation we shall not be disappointed, for the valleys exhibit a beautiful contrast to the hills. If we land, for example, at the cascade on the southern side of the island, after climbing up about sixty feet over ledges of trap, covered with a curious white crust, and split into a diversity of configurations, we find ourselves in a luxuriant and romantic vale, sometimes walled in with steep sides, at others expanding into little plains for the cultivation of rice and vegetables. In one of these vales, about two miles from the waterfall, we meet with a small village, where the inhabitants are poor in their appearance, which is no great marvel, since it is commerce, and not agriculture, unless aided by commerce, which makes a people rich.

"The author of these remarks hurried by this village with the best speed he was master of, that he might have time to trace the stream of water to its sources, and get a view of the other side of the island from the summit of the ridge. This stream separated into two branches, each of which ran towards a high peak. His haste did not allow him to form a proper estimate of the number of inhabitants who called this village their home, as he was afterwards surprised to see a large group of females descending from the hills, whither they had been either to cut grass or to till some favoured spot amid the varieties of hill and dale. Few Europeans would prefer a residence in this valley, but it would form a most delightful place for an excursion. If a boat started from Hong-kong harbour early in the morning, it would reach this valley in time to allow the passengers six, or even eight hours for a pic-nic upon the shore, and then return by the time the sun had descended below the verge of the western horizon.

"In a withdrawing nook, in what we may call, in the landsman's phrase, the further corner of the Harbour of Hong-kong, there is a small delta, and a very charming valley, which the former terminates. On this delta fairly embosomed in tufted trees, stands a small village, inhabited by persons who are not wealthy, but not so poor but that some had delicacies which had been brought from Macao, and to which they had bade the writer a most hearty welcome. Several of them could read, and a man, to whom a copy of the New Testament was given, seemed to be a person of intelligence, though his daily cares were parted between his fishery and his farm. This shelter is nearly an equilateral triangle, each side about one fourth of a mile in length. It terminates in a very pleasant dell, where shrubs and plants grow in great profusion; after passing about a mile along this dell we find ourselves in a broad valley flanked by hills, adown whose sombre and glistening sides the water falls in refreshing streams. Here we meet with dwelling houses and out-buildings for the stowage of grain. It is entirely rural in all its aspects, and exhibits the counterparts of grange and farm in miniature. The writer found the villagers kind and inquisitive, though at first they were very much surprised at the unusual, if not the first, appearance of an European in that valley. The delta and the valley beyond it would prove very desirable country residences for the sojourners at Hong-kong harbour. It may be remarked, once for all, that a considerable portion of the island is of the trap formation, which abounds with escarpments wherever it is met with; hence the common occurrence of water falls. Granite occurs with it in Hong-kong, and there is an enormous block in the delta which rests upon several other lesser blocks, as if art, not nature, had been concerned in giving it a station. The highest part of the island has two or three lofty peaks, which is another feature very closely connected with the transformation.

"Between the anchorage and the delta there is a wide and tolerably even slope, which is laid out in cultivated fields and gardens. It ascends for a good distance towards the medial ridge of the island, but at length ends in a curious glen, on the borders of which huge boulders lie strewed in the wildest confusion, while all the interspaces are filled up with vegetation in a high state of luxuriance. On this slope foreigners might find building plots after having pensioned off the present tenants of the soil, who would be glad to exchange their scanty mode of living for one of greater amplitude."

SCOTTISH LAW TERMS.

When a judge in Scotland wishes to be peremptory in an order, he ordains parties to *condescend;* when he intends to be mild, he recommends them to *love* their pleas. When any body thinks proper to devise his estates for the benefit of the poor, he is considered by the law of Scotland, to *mortify* them. Witnesses are brought into court upon a *diligence*—and before they can be examined, must be *purged*. If a man loses his deceased elder brother's estate, it is called a *conquest*.

NEW BOOK.

PHYSIOLOGY AND ANIMAL MECHANISM.

First Book of Natural History, prepared for the use Schools and Colleges. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., surgeon in the U. S. Navy, Fellow of the College of Physicians, &c. &c. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte: Professors of Natural History in the colleges of Henri IV, and Charlemagne.

We have purposely given the long title of this little book; because we hail its publication as the commencement of an era in the studies of American youth. "Know thyself" is a hackneyed motto enough, and lamely enough, hitherto, has it been acted upon. Heretofore it has set forth the necessity of an acquaintance with our mental organisation—and with that almost alone: yet how a human being is to arrive at this knowledge without first enquiring closely into his physical organisation, is a question that in this age is attaining considerable importance. The beginning of sure knowledge lies in physical study in the first place—mental research requires severer attention and maturer intellect, and may very well be postponed until the mastery is obtained of the physical branches.

"The work does not pretend to be more than a mere outline, and is chiefly designed as an introduction to the study of Natural History; but it treats sufficiently of Physiology and Animal Mechanism to be well adapted to the use of schools, as well as for young persons, and even others who have not the opportunity or inclination to study the subject in professional treatises."

The execution is admirable. Nothing less than the perusal of this little treatise can render apparent to the unitiated in these studies, how much exact and lucid information can be conveyed upon a very complicated subject in the space of one hundred small pages. We tender our thanks to Dr. Ruschenberger, for the manner in which he has presented the views of MM. Edward and Comte, and cherish the hope that sufficient encouragement will be given to this first essay, to induce the completion of the whole series of which this is the first in order

It is worthy the consideration of the controllers of the public schools, whether it ought not immediately to be added to their list of books. We quote from the introduction:—

"It has been said that Natural History should be the only reading-book of the people; I would add, it should be the first book of childhood. Of all the means which we may successfully employ for awakening the intellect of young people, there is none, the results of which are more certain or more durable than curiosity; the desire to know is as natural as reason; it is vivid, and active at every period of life, but it is never more so than in youth, when the mind, destitute of knowledge, seizes upon all that presents itself with avidity, and willingly gives the attention and study necessary to know, and very naturally contracts the habit of reflection and of being occupied.

"It is not the labours of the learned that are to be brought to the attention of infancy, but a study of nature, to comprehend which requires scarcely anything but eyes and which consists in examining carefully the objects of nature, in order to admire their beauties, without diving into their hidden causes. Children are capable of this study, for they have eyes, and they have curiosity; they desire to know, and they are enquiring. A garden, a field, a palace, all is an open book for them; and they should be taught to read in it. 'It is inconceivable,' says Rollin, 'how much children might learn if we could profit by the opportunities which they themselves afford us.' To seize upon these opportunities should be a desideratum with instructors and parents."

"By examining the material springs of his being, man accustoms himself to raise his thoughts to their author and preserver; the more he considers their wonderful organisation, the more he feels the necessity of seeking beyond himself for the Supreme Cause; it is at this moment, he feels the insufficiency of his own limited explanations to deceive the human mind into a gross materialism, and that he feels assured that this machine, which goes of itself, is regulated by a superior wisdom to his own. Constrained then to seek a motive beyond the circle of physical causes, his enlightened reason reveals to him the immaterial agent who binds all things and directs them by rules, and to the end, which he judges to be proper."

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars—all arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the cars. The stage fare will not exceed $3 50 to Fredericksburg; and $1 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will he hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

DANIEL WARD, *Agent.*

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PAINS AND TOILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

Independently of the labour requisite to supply the staple material of genius or learning, the craft of authorship would seem to be by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study, or, as it is better expressed by the poet,

"The well-ripened fruits of wise delay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his printers' sheets were full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to reprint the whole than attempt the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*. Hume wrote his delightful history on a sofa, (not much of a "task" to him,) but he went on silently, correcting every edition till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, labouring every line; and so was our more prolix and imaginative poet, Thomson. I have compared the first edition of *The Seasons* with the last corrected one, and am able to state, that there is scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of his taste and industry. Johnson thinks they lost much of their *raciness* under this severe regimen, but they were much improved in fancy and delicacy. The episode of Musidora, the "solemnly ridiculous bathing scene," as Campbell justly describes it, was almost entirely rewritten, the poet having originally peopled the "refreshing stream" with three inamoratos. Two of our most ambitious authors, Johnson and Gibbon, were the least laborious in arranging thoughts for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences, which rise and fall like an Æolian harp or cathedral organ, were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived, moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking, or caring of little else, —one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly, to provide for the day that was passing over him, and, consequently, had little time for correction; but his *Absalom and Achitophel*, and the beautiful imagery of the *Hind and Panther*, must have been bestowed with parental care. St. Pierre copied his *Paul and Virginia* nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau exhibited the utmost coxcombry of affection for his long cherished productions. The amatory epistles, in his new *Heloise*, he wrote on fine gilt-edged card paper, and, having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in his solitary walks in the woods of fair Clarens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. (Wilkie and his models, the "timmer mannies," as an Aberdeenshire virtuoso styled them, are nothing to this.) Sheridan watched long and anxiously for a good thought, and, when it did come, he was careful to attire it suitably, and to reward it with a glass or two of wine. Burns composed in the open air,—the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting his pieces. His care of them did not cease with publication. I have seen a copy of the second edition of his poems, with the blanks filled up, and numerous alterations made, in the poet's handwriting; one instance, not the most delicate, but perhaps the most amusing and characteristic, will suffice. After describing the gambols of his *Twa Dogs*, their historian described their sitting down in coarse and rustic terms. This, of course, did not suit the poet's Edinburgh *patrons*, and he altered it to the following:—

"Till tired at last and doucer grown,
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Still this did not please his fancy; he tried again, and hit it off in the simple, perfect form in which it now stands:—

"Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Lord Byron was a rapid composer, but made abundant use of the pruning knife. On returning one of his proof sheets from Italy, he once expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr. Murray to refer it to the late veteran editor of the *Quarterly*. This at once illustrates my argument, and marks the literary condescension of the noble bard. Sir Walter Scott evinced his love of literary labour, by undertaking the revision of the whole *Waverley Novels*—a goodly freightage of some fifty or sixty volumes! The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. The Laureat is indeed unweariable, after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lances, were manufactured with almost equal care; he is the Pope of modern bards. His corrections are generally decided improvements; but in one instance he failed lamentably. The noble peroration of Lochiel is familiar to all;—

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame."

In the quarto edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, when the poet collected and reprinted his minor pieces, this lofty sentiment is thus mutilated:—

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon heaven from the deathbed of fame."

The original passage, however, was wisely restored in the subsequent editions.

Allan Cunningham unfortunately corrects but little; his gay and gorgeous genius requires the curb of prudence, excepting, perhaps, in his imitations of the elder lyrics, which are perfect centos of Scottish feeling and poesy. I see by the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, that the Ettrick Shepherd is disposed to place the credit of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," to the genius of Allan; and he is right. Their publication, as "Remains" may have been "a fraud," (as Mr. Jeffrey termed it,) but so was the *Castle of Otranto*—so were the strains of Chatterton—the *Vision* of Allan Ramsay,—the sentimental prefaces of *The Man of Feeling*—and a thousand other productions. The origin of the *Remains* was as follows:—When a very young man, Mr. Cunningham, by the side of his father's fire in the winter evenings, wrote some of the sweetest of his Scottish songs. These were shown to Cromek, when in Dumfries, by a relative of the bard; but they found no favour in the eyes of the collector of "relics."—"Could the young man," said he, "but assist me in procuring some of the fragments of ancient song, with which the country abounds, he would be much better employed." Upon this him Allan spake. He soon supplied him with abundance of lyrical antiques, which seemed to be more common in the vale of Nith than were ever relics of our Lady of Loretto in the dominions of the Pope. The unconscious cockney adopted the whole as genuine, and, with the help of their author, manufactured the volume, which occasioned some surprise and conjecture among the lovers of Scottish song and antiquities. This is

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the head and front of Mr. Cunningham's offending; and there are few authors, we suspect, who would object to being placed in the confessional, if they had no heavier sins to acknowledge or to atone for.

The above are but a few instances of authors' cares—the *disjecta membra* of literary history. Of many illustrious men, we have few memorials. Shakspeare was in all things a "chartered libertine," and could not have been a very laborious corrector. His free genius must have disdained the restraints of study, and the unities of time and place, as much as his own beautiful, inimitable Ariel would have scorned the fetters of this mortal coil. Milton—the "old man eloquent"—the poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*—was "slow to choose," and sedulous to write for immortality; but his great mind, like the famous pool of Norway, embraced at once the mightiest and the minutest things, and his thoughts disdained to appear in an imperfect shape. "What was written—was written"—and was incapable of improvement. Of his gifted contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, few records have survived the "great storm, which dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces." When prescribing rules for the employment of their time in the morning, he does not fail to counsel his readers to be "curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east," and we know that he was zealous to present "a rosary or chaplet of good works" to his Maker every evening. Such a man would, from taste and genius, be careful of the conceptions of his immortal mind: all that was tender, pious and true, would be cherished and adorned, while the baser alloy of human passions and infirmities would be expelled from such consecrated ground. Cowper, the lights and shades of whose character have been spread before us almost as plainly and beautifully as the face of nature, in composition had only to transfer his thoughts to paper. He never forgot the man in the poet; he does not, like Milton's sirens, "with voluptuous hope dissolve," but he more than realises our expectations, and he bounds them all within the charmed ring of virtue. In his Letters as in those of other authors, we may sometimes trace the germ of his finest poetical pictures—

> "As yon gray lines that fret the east
> Are messengers of day."

Who does not wish that he had foreseen the splendour of his meridian reputation?

But it is time to close these disjointed notes. However delightful it may be thus to string them together in the silence and sunshine of a Highland glen, every nook and crevice of which is now instinct with life and beauty, they will be read with different feelings in the saloons of the "city of palaces."—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

MANCHESTER.

Those who passed through Manchester on the coach in old times, retained in their memory a confused pictures of enormous chimneys smoking like volcanoes, steam-engines and spinning-jennies clattering in factories that looked like prisons, suggesting to an excited imagination ideas of nameless torture incessantly operating within their walls; streets of warehouses, secured by shutters and bolts, as if an enemy was expected; and crowds hurrying along, as if the storm had commenced, and their foes were in hard pursuit. To these were usually added a murky atmosphere, a neglected pavement, and shops that seemed to present "a beggarly account of empty boxes." Though the town has of late been considerably improved, both in the streets and shops, its external aspect is still far from favourable; it is ever enveloped in clouds of smoke, the din of engines is incessant, and people hurry through the streets as if their neighbours had the plague, and the delay of exchanging salutations would expose them to infection. There are no sounds of mirth around; the joyous laugh of childhood is unheard; and the very few urchins to be seen about, have a look of care and anxiety quite inconsistent with their early age. Uninviting as the externals are, there is no place so deeply interesting when its interior life is examined. It exhibits a system of social life constructed on a wholly new principle—a principle as yet vague and indefinite, but developing itself by its own spontaneous force, and daily producing results which no human foresight had anticipated.

The factory system, aggregating its thousands and tens of thousands in one narrow district, creating immense towns where some years ago there was not even a hamlet, disorganising all the relations between the lords and the occupants of the soil, combining rapidity of movement with permanency of influence, is a *new* element of society, which cannot establish itself without greatly deranging old institutions, customs, and opinions. It is itself an innovation, and a wondrously great one; it seems like a giant who sprung fully-formed from the earth into the midst of a crowd, and of course discommoded the whole assembly, while elbowing his way to the place he had resolved to occupy. This jostling of the giant is not very pleasant to feel, but it is not unamusing to witness; and therefore our readers will please to accompany us while we take a glance at his struggle in Manchester.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in Manchester is, that every person he meets is in a hurry; the next is, that he does not see one vacant face in the passing crowd. On the contrary, every countenance displays a more than ordinary share of intelligence; a decidedly stupid physiognomy could not be found in the town. Again, the range of intelligence seems to be fixed with pretty definite limits; there is no decided superiority, and there is no marked inferiority; a great genius appears to be as rare as a great fool. As the faces pass, rapidly as the shadowy forms of Banquo's glass, the impression of their intellectual sameness assumes the form of conviction, but at the same time seems to defy analysis. There remains, however, a picture in the mind of firmness and steadiness, without a single dash of enthusiasm—a spirit of determination and perseverance, unattended by excitement—and a power of ingenuity and contrivance, sharpened by being constantly exercised within narrow limits, but, for that reason, rendered incapable of any great effort in a new direction. Many volumes have been written to explain the difference between inventive talent and creative genius: they would all be rendered unnecessary, if we could paint the face of a mechanic of Manchester.

There appears, then, to result from the factory system, judging merely from physiognomy, an intellectual principle at once elevating and leveling; and this produces sentiments of equality and independence, which render themselves very obvious in the manner and bearing both of the manufacturers and the operatives at Manchester. In no other place is there less of the air of patronage on one side, or presumption on the other: insolence is quite as scarce as servility. But though, from the mere appearance of the streets, one would be led to imagine that the factory system had fixed the masters and the men in their respective places, yet when an inquirer enters into conversation with them, he finds both an indefinite feeling that their relations are in some way or other still unsettled, and that some unknown change must occur before all are in their proper places. Chartism appears to be the natural result of this feeling. If a chartist is asked, "What good the charter will effect?" his invariable answer is, that it will hasten *the* change; but of the precise nature of the change, he has never attempted to form a conception.

Strolling along the streets of Manchester, the stranger may soon discover that, though its growth is modern, its origin is very ancient; and his curiosity will probably be excited to visit some of its antiquated institutions, for the purpose of seeing how they have accommodated themselves to a condition of society utterly unknown at the time of their foundation. Chetham College is one of the first objects to which his attention is directed; and no place is better calculated to show him the folly and mischief of applying to one state of society the regulations that were framed for another, and a very different condition of affairs.

The visiter enters an open gateway into an unpaved desolate-looking yard, in which he sees some score of melancholy urchins, exhibiting the vacant listlessness which characterises those who cannot find employment either for mind or body. The contrast to the faces witnessed in the street is absolutely startling. An ingenious German, who had a theory for every thing, suggested as a plausible explanation of the difference, that the people of Manchester, from their intercourse with the East, had adopted the Mahomedan notion of the sanctity of idiotcy, and had founded this institution to prevent the race of moping idiots from becoming extinct. The conjecture has this much to be said in its favour, that the institution is very likely to answer such a purpose.

Advancing through the court-yard to the building, a range of filthy cellars meet the view, in one of which still more filthy children may be sometimes seen kneading dough. Chetham College is celebrated for its *brown* bread; it is not determined what proportion of the colouring matter depends on the mud and gravel. To the extreme right is a kind of cellar, badly lighted, and worse ventilated, which serves as one of the school-rooms. Some modern botanists have proposed to raise plants without air or light; the invention is not new—they were anticipated by ancient schoolmasters. It does not appear that the plan, however ingenious, is very successful. Visiters may with some little trouble catch a few of the specimens, and examine the results of their training; and if they can in Europe find greater specimens of *crass* ignorance, (to use Lord Brougham's phrase,) they may forthwith offer their services to the British Museum, as the most ingenious discoverers of curiosities that ever existed.

To the left of the building is a passage leading to the library and museum, and to some handsome suites of apartments belonging to the officers of the college. The museum is usually exhibited by one of the boys, who chants the catalogue like a litany, and is himself the greatest curiosity in the collection.

Now, can any reasonable man believe that such an institution as this, richly endowed for doing good, and perversely applied to effecting mischief, can be maintained among such an intelligent body as the artisans of Manchester, without creating a contempt and dislike for ancient institutions? It would be strange indeed if people reverenced antiquity, when the only ancient thing before their eyes was a nuisance.

There is also a very rich grammar-school, admirably conducted as such, but remarkable for teaching every thing that is useless, and scarcely any thing that is useful, in Manchester. It is richly endowed; portions of its accumulated wealth have been applied to founding exhibitions at the universities, and purchasing presentations of livings. It sends forth pupils initiated in the mysteries of Greek prosody, and able to correct Lord Brougham's translation of Demosthenes; many of them can tell the genealogies of the heathen deities as correctly as Hesiod, and recount their metamorphosis as fluently as Ovid. But in Manchester, the construction of Greek verse is not so important as the price of twist. It is doubtful if Virgil himself would be endured, had he not the good fortune to have been translated by Cotton.

The ancient institutions of Manchester are, in the present state of society, useless, or worse than useless; they have ceased to belong to the town, and seem to be preserved as specimens of the system of civilisation which has fallen into oblivion. The aspect of them tempts us to regret that nobody ever endowed a college for Druids, and bequeathed an

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estate for securing the correct pronunciation of "Down-derry-down," which we are assured was a sacred chorus among the ancient Britons.

Quitting ancient for modern Manchester, the visiter's first great object is to get admittance into a mill. Mrs. Trollope's "Unsatisfactory Boy," as the publisher, with too much reason, calls his unfortunate speculation, will lead him to suppose that this is a matter of some difficulty; but this is not the case. The owners, on the contrary, are anxious to show every attention to visiters; and a very casual inspection will show that there is nothing which they should desire to conceal. When first a visiter enters, and sees the immense mass of machinery in motion, he naturally shudders with the apprehension of danger, and feels disposed to believe that the number of accidents must be perfectly frightful. It is not until his eye has caught the uniformity and regularity of all the movements, that he discovers his apprehensions to be groundless. The most dangerous parts of the machinery are protected by boxes; and the operatives must exhibit dullness equal to that of the Chetham students, or still greater stupidity, if such be possible, to incur any real danger. There is also a constant care and supervision, which the owners must exercise for their own sake. Though manufacturers may not be philanthropists, they are not downright idiots; if they will not protect the lives of their workmen, they will at least look after their own machinery. Accidents are very expensive; and though humanity may be disregarded when it involves outlay, we rarely see it neglected when it produces a saving.

A visiter is generally surprised to find that the inmates of a factory look both healthy and cheerful. Inquiries further confirm the impression that their labour is not unwholesome. Tested by the standards of size, weight, and strength, the factory children are rather above the average of children in agricultural districts; and the tables of mortality give an average duration of life in the manufacturing towns which does not differ materially from the rest of the country.

There are but two processes in the cotton manufacture which we should regard as unwholesome, *batting* and *gassing*. The former, cleaning the cotton by beating it with canes, is now rarely used. The latter, passing the thread through a gas flame to take off the rough fibres, is not disliked by the operatives themselves; and those who were interrogated on the subject, declared that it produced no inconvenience.

A more difficult subject of inquiry is the state of morals produced by the factory system; for it is abundantly evident that a system so peculiar in its forms, creating such fixed habits of life, and interfering so much with all the domestic relations, must produce a very peculiar effect on public and private morals. It will not be necessary at present to enter into minute details on the subject; we shall only note some of the most prominent circumstances. No where is the operation of physical and material causes on the moral condition so apparent as in a factory. The arrangement of the rooms, the position of the staircases, and the minor details for insuring cleanliness, &c., are each and all influential in the highest degree on the conduct of the operatives. "A badly constructed mill must be a badly conducted mill," is an aphorism rife in Manchester. It requires very little labour to obtain evidence of its truth. The separation of the sexes during the hours of work is not desirable; on the contrary, it has been found to have a very pernicious tendency. The presence of men acts as a restraint on women; the presence of women acts as a restraint upon men. Employers are deeply interested in protecting morality. Vice, of whatever kind or degree, produces injurious derangements throughout the factory, which lead to great waste and loss of capital. Finally, the operatives themselves, in their several relations of husbands, fathers, and brothers, have established a far more rigid ettiquette in social intercourse, especially between young persons of both sexes, than is usual among a rural population.

The following, from the New Monthly, is a faithful and amusing picture, as seen through the spectacles of an Englishman, of the

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN 1841.

Be so kind as to read those last words again, most civil reader:—"IN 1841." We take it for granted that you know a French deputy is one of four hundred and fifty-nine legislators elected by all Frenchmen paying £12 per annum of taxes—and that the deputy himself must pay £20; that each member represents a separate arrondissement, some of which are populous and wealthy, others thinly peopled and poor, and that many thousands of the electors neither know how to read nor to write.

We assume that you are aware that the elections for French deputies last but *one* day—that there are no hustings, no speeches, and no booths—that the electors vote *by ballot*; and that the parliaments *ought to last* five years. We presume that you are not ignorant of the fact, that the electors are principally composed of men of business, and that in great towns and cities the shopkeepers are omnipotent. There are no resident gentry worthy of that name in the French provinces. The old halls and chateaus have been long since leveled to the ground. Here and there a moat in ruins, not filled up, points out by its decayed red bricks, rank weeds, and long grass, the site of former grandeur, and recalls to the recollection of politicians the fierce and bloody feuds of France. In some departments, indeed, where the chateaus were not leveled to the ground, during the years of anarchy which visited that land, may be seen here and there a huge pair of iron gates, rusty and unpainted, with two rows of poplar trees forming a long avenue, at the end of which is the family residence of the marquis or the count, and sometimes of the duke or the baron. The chateau is generally of a light yellow or dirty-cream colour; the external walls are dilapidated; the stucco, or mortar, falling off by large pieces at the end of every window when the frost breaks up; and (when the duke is wealthy) such pieces are replaced by other pieces of mortar, all of different hues, so that one would be disposed to think, *first*, that mortar must be very dear, or *second*, that the house had been visited with the small-pox. If you enter the chateau, there is a large stone hall without a fireplace, a chair, or a bench. The dining-room has no carpet. The dining-table is only covered with a tablecloth *once* a day—since at breakfast it is not thought to be necessary; the chairs are a motley group of worn out tapestry, rush bottoms, horse-hair bottoms, short, tall, high-backed, and no back at all; and the floor is sometimes swept once a day, or *frotted* once a week. The *salon*, or drawing-room, contains a *piano*, a few chairs of various hues, no blinds, no curtains, a sofa without silk, and sofa-pillows without down, feathers, or horsehair; and a huge clock stuck upon the mantelpiece, covered with a glass shade, and two glass, or brass, or bronze candelabra by its sides. The glass shade is covered with dust; the windows are extremely dirty, and sometimes cracked and patched with paper; the table is crazy with years; the "*demoiselles*" think only of the worsted work and embroidery; the *garçons* only of their "*chiens*" and their "*fusils*;" whilst the duke and duchess attend a little to pickling cornichons, a good deal to the vintage, and still more to the "*confitures*." Indeed, whenever I see a French duke and duchess looking after the "*ménage*" in the country, I am always reminded of those extremely delicious lines of my early years,—

> "The *King* was in his *counting-house*,
> Counting out his money;
> The *Queen* was in the *parlour*,
> Eating bread and honey:
> The *maid* was in the garden,
> Hanging out the clothes,
> Down came a magpie,
> And snapped off her nose!"

We have thus shown the elements of the *Chamber of Deputies*. The French deputies are as unlike the members of the British House of Commons, as cobblers are unlike kings, and as rude, retired shopkeepers are unlike hereditary gentlemen.

There they now are before us; for we are sitting in a special and privileged tribune, or box, on the first *tier* directly opposite the president; and the occasion of our being there, is to listen to a celebrated debate on the knotty question of whether Paris shall be fortified! The hour at which the debate is to commence, is two o'clock—but we have arrived an hour before the time to watch the deputies as they enter, to hear all they may say in their loud conversation, and to understand the *anatomy* of the Chamber. The president, vice-presidents, and secretaries, sit on a raised platform or rostrum, and they are assisted in the execution of their duties by the questors. The chamber is in the form of a *horse-shoe*. The seats for the deputies are raised. Each one is supplied with a little writing-desk, a drawer, an inkstand, pens, paper, wafers, and powder, generally of coarse description, but which is the substitute for blotting-paper. The French do not understand blotting-paper. They have tried in vain to make it good, and we are by no means surprised that they have no patience with the sad stuff which bears the cognomen. So they use sand, sawdust, snuff, and ashes, according to their tastes, purses, or positions, and, above all, their circumstances at *the moment of writing*.

There comes George Lafayette. He belongs, of course, to his late father's party, and is talking to Arago and Lafitte. They are all three laughing. What can it be about? We think we can guess. Arago is amusing them with a sketch he has made of the projected fortification, and they are all looking at it with evident satisfaction. George Lafayette is not at all like his father. Arago is a giant of a man. We do not speak of his mind when we say this, though Sir John Herschel declares him to be "*a very talented person*;" but we refer to his broad shoulders, athletic frame, black hair, flowing locks, piercing eyes, and muscular limbs. There he stands, we say, laughing—for what cares he that five hundred eyes are fastened on him? Lafitte looks a *petit maitre* compared with Arago. Monsieur Lafitte has got gray prematurely, and since he has left off his blue coat and brass buttons, does not look near so well. He is eyeing M. Jacques Lefebvre, his successful antagonist in the second arrondissement of Paris. Lafitte has been twice defeated by Lefebvre, and cannot forgive him. They are both bankers, but holding very different opnions—Lafitte belongs to the war party of the *extreme gauche*, whilst Lefebvre is a member of the *centre droit*, and supports M. Guizot. What a contrast between the black hair and dark visage of Arago, and the pale face and nervous manner of the Paris banker! M. Lefebvre has a profound dislike for the men of the *gauche*. He treats them with scorn, and walks by them as if he dreaded the effects of contagion.

That grave looking man talking to M. Thiers is Odilon Barrot. He is a lawyer. There is something in a lawyer (not a solicitor but a barrister) which almost always indicates his profession. Whether we look at Barrot, Mauguin, or Persil, now before us, we see the lawyer in each and in all; and yet no five men can be less *physically* resemblant than those whose names we have mentioned. Odilon Barrot, though a politician as well as an *avocat*, is above and before all things a lawyer. So was Dupin, and so he is to this very hour.

Odilon Barrot is evidently conversing with Thiers on the approaching debate. Odilon Barrot is evidently seeking to encourage M. Thiers in his opposition to the government, and to the government measure; whilst Thiers is saying to M. Barrot,—"*Que voulez-vous faire, M. Barrot, avec des hommes comme ceux la?*" He points with his head and shoulder to the centres. He knows *they* hate *him*—and that *he* despises *them*. M. Barrot looks doubtful. He appears to be replying, "Oh, as to *that*, M. Thiers, we are never defeated till the ballot is over; for who can tell what balls may be put into those balloting urns?" And this is true enough—for many a bill, since 1830, adopted by a great majority of the members of this chamber, when the

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votes have been given by the deputies on *separate clauses*, by the standing up and sitting down of the members, has been thrown out when the same members voted by *ballot* on the *ensemble* of the law.

The deputy in the centre of the house, speaking with great vehemence to E. Royer Collard, is Count Jaubert. They are both honest gentlemen, and entitled to respect. There *was* a time when they both voted on the same side; but M. Thiers has obtained the support of the latter, whilst Royer Collard remains firm to the principles of his long life. Royer Collard is a great man. He has a master mind—a love of truth—a horror of commotion—a distrust of violent men of all parties—and a habit of looking at all questions with the eye of a philosopher. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. respected him highly; and even when the latter was most offended with him, he said, "*After all, Collard is a* VERY HONEST *man.*" Count Jaubert, in the French Chamber of Deputies, attends to the *agricultural interests*, looks to business matters, is an admirable chairman in committees, and seeks to understand all that is passing before he pronounces an opinion. Count Jaubert can tell you more than any man living, about draining, digging, ploughing, harrowing, mining, fishing, railways, canals, roads, salt-mines, steamboats, sugar-making, vineyards, farming, patents, improvements in husbandry, and farming instruments; and can do all this so pleasantly, so familiarly, so intelligently and intelligibly, that he carries you along with him in all that he communicates. Some men have peculiarly the art of teaching, so as neither to fatigue themselves, nor weary their auditors. This is the case with the count. He is just now very energetic with Royer Collard—whilst the latter shows some signs of impatience. How is this? There can be little doubt that Royer Collard wishes to speak to M. Guizot, who is just taking his seat on the ministerial bench as minister for foreign affairs. We have guessed right—he has bowed Count Jaubert to an end of his oration, and is now speaking to the wonderful man to whom the whole of Europe is so much indebted.

M. Guizot is looking at M. Royer Collard, as a child looks to a beloved and reverend father—as a pupil gazes in the face of a respected and valued preceptor. Royer Collard smiles with inward delight at Guizot, his political disciple, his moral *élève*, his philosophical pupil; and after uttering a few words in an under-tone, proceeds slowly to his seat. As he passes along, M. de Cormenin, the ex-viscount, and now the most violent opponent of Louis Philippe, comes in contact with the chief of the doctrinaires on the floor of the house. They do not salute each other, though they are so near each as to render it next to impossible, one would think, to avoid doing so. M. de Cormenin possesses prodigious talent for popular writing. He is the Cobbett of France. No man now existing *writes* purer French—yet few men make worse speeches. He is not only not eloquent, but he is scarcely intelligible. So it is with Beranger, the inimitable songster of France. Who can write songs like him! yet in conversation he is nothing.

The bell of the president is now rung—not once or twice, but many times before the members of the chamber will take their seats. Some are still talking, others are rushing in from the "*Salle de Conferences.*" M. Thiers is most energetic with M. Manguin. M. Garnier Pages is evidently in a passion with one of the quæstors, because he has no tickets left to give to the deputy for some friends who are waiting outside for admission. Marshal Soult is looking nervous and anxious, as he has to speak first, for he would rather fight a hundred battles than make one speech. M. Guizot is cheering him up, and pointing to the large attendance of the government deputies. M. Dupin is snarling at one of the messengers of the house, because he has lost his umbrella. M. Jollivet is talking, on the fifth row of the *centre droit*, to M. Martell, loud enough for all the world to hear that it is M. Thiers they are railing at. M. Delessart is very earnest with M. Lefebvre, either about the fall in the funds, or the necessity for supporting the administration. The Diplomatic Tribune is crowded; the public tribunes are so crammed with the curious, the pretty, the ignorant, and the passionate, that not even an additional pin could creep in between their vestments. One lady threatens to faint if the man behind her presses so much; another lady implores for permission to go out; the bell of the president rings again its fiercest and loudest peal; and "silence" is bawled by ushers at the tip-top of their voices, whilst the president shrugs his shoulders, raises his eyes to heaven, and threatens to break up the sitting, amidst the laughter of all who hear him, since they know that on this occasion, at least, his threats cannot be carried into execution.

At length the members have taken their seats; the *bell* has beaten the *beaux*: and the president announces that the question of fortifying Paris is *the order of the day.*

In France, the president tells the truth when he says, "the order of the *day*," but in England, the speaker mistakes when he makes use of that phrase, for it is much more frequently the "order" of the *night.*

A debate in the Chamber of Deputies commences at two in the afternoon, and closes at six. He must indeed be a Demosthenes who can secure attention after that hour. Four hundred and fifty-nine soup tureens are all waiting precisely at that moment for the assembled legislators; and who would compare a speech even from M. Berryer (who has just entered the house and bowed to the president) to a *potage aux marrons*, or even a *soupe aux choux?*

Marshal Soult now rises. He is president of the council. He is to explain the intentions of the government.

The Chamber, so noisy a few minutes since, is silent as the grave. The French love effect: they *all* love it. Extremes are essential to their happiness—we may say to their existence. They love to hear the uproarious noise of a thousand assembled voices; and then to listen in the silence of death.

Marshal Soult is by no means a good speaker; but he has had the good sense to-day to get his oration written—not by himself, but by one of his colleagues, whose name is well known in the French class of *modern historians*, and though the marshal often resorts to this expedient, he generally stumbles over some of the words, which being written by another are to him scarcely intelligible. To-day he has done better than usual: he has coughed very little, tripped but four or five times, and read what he had to say with a straightforward manliness of manner, and as though he felt and believed all he uttered.

The marshal has been listened to, with great attention. He has the air of a finished gentleman at the tribune, and though his politics have somewhat varied during the last twenty-seven years of his life, yet what man is there in France, with perhaps the sole exceptions of Clermont Tonnere, Chateaubriand, and Royer Collard, so generally respected.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
  A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.
Long had I watched the glory moving on
  O'er the soft radiance of the lake below.
  Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest!
  While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
  Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of light is given;
  And, by the breath of mercy, made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
  Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
  And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

SMALL BIRDS GREAT BLESSINGS.—We wish our intelligent farmers could be awakened to the importance of preserving robins and other small birds, as a means of aiding in their work. The inhumanity which suffers every lazy lubber of a boy, who can rest an old king's arm over a stone wall, to kill or frighten every poor linnet that sings in the fields, and every robin red-breast that dares eat an unripe cherry, and save a child from the dysentery, is a short-sighted piece of selfishness. These harmless birds live upon grubs and other worms and insects, and the slight inroads they make upon the farmer's crops, are repaid a hundred fold by the protection they afford against a thousand destroyers. These birds, if not frightened, will become so tame as to perch on the hand, or light on the plough as it turns over the furrow. No good farmer should fail to teach his boys to spare and cherish these harmless, and often tuneful visiters to his fields and orchards. The crows, too, nature's living mouse-traps, instead of being a tame, almost domestic bird, as in some other countries, where farmers have been taught their value by long experience, have been frightened into mean pilferers of unwed corn-hills! A good crow is worth a bushel of wheat or other grain to the acre, and sometimes ten! A knowledge of ornithology, and not penal laws, is what our farmers and their sons need to induce them to regard their true interests in this matter.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars—all arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the cars. The stage fare will not exceed $3 50 to Fredericksburg; and $1 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will he hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

DANIEL WARD, *Agent.*

July, 19th, 1841. tf.

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From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

Hero-Gods, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show themselves in this world. The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, of which class we are to speak to-day, is altogether a product of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Heroism for all future ages. He is, in various respects, a very singular phenomenon.

He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavouring to speak forth the inspiration that was in him by Printed Books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the marketplace; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does), from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living,—in a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected.

Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes; the world knows not well at any time what to do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world! It seemed absurd to us that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries; but that a wise great Johnson, a Burns, a Rousseau, should be taken for some idle nondescript, extant in the world to amuse idleness, and have a few coins and applauses thrown him, that he might live thereby; *this* perhaps, as before hinted, will one day seem a still absurder phasis of things!—Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He, such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance as deep as is readily possible for us into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work.

There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. If *Hero* be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case, can do. I say *inspired;* for what we call 'originality,' 'sincerity,' 'genius,' the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is,—but the weak many know it not, in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.

Fichte the German Philosopher delivered, some forty years ago at Jena, a highly remarkable Course of Lectures on this subject: '*Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, On the Nature of the Literary man.' Fichte, in conformity with the Transcendental Philosophy, of which he was a distinguished teacher, declares first, That all things which we see or work with in this Earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance; that under all there lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the World;' this is the Reality which 'lies at the bottom of all Appearance.' To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is any thing divine under them.

But the Man of Letters is sent hither especially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest to us, this same Divine Idea: in every new generation it will manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that. Such is Fichte's phraseology; with which we need not quarrel. It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for: The unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing,—the Presence of the God who made every man and thing. Mahomet taught this in his dialect; Odin in his: it is the thing which all thinking hearts, in one dialect or another, are here to teach. Fichte calls the Man of Letters, therefore, a Prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the Godlike to men; Men of Letters are a perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life; that all 'Appearance,' whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture for the 'Divine Idea of the World,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of 'Appearance.' In the true Literary Man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world; the world's Priest;—guiding it, like a sacred Pillar of Fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of Time. Fichte discriminates with sharp zeal, the *true* Literary Man, what we here call the *Hero* as Man of Letters, from multitudes of false unheroic. Whoever lives not wholly in this Divine Idea, or living partially in it, struggles not, as for the one good, to live wholly in it,—he is, let him live where else he like, in what pomps and prosperities he like, no Literary Man; he is, says Fichte, a 'Bungler, *Stumper*.' Or at best, if he belong to the prosaic provinces, he may be a 'Hodman;' Fichte even calls him elsewhere a 'Nonentity,' and has in short no mercy for him no wish that *he* should continue happy among us! This is Fichte's notion of the Man of Letters. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean.

In this point of view, I consider that, for the last hundred years, by far the notablest of all Literary Men is Fichte's countryman Goethe. To that man too, in a strange way, there was given what we may call a life in the Divine Idea of the World; vision of the inward divine mystery: and strangely, out of his Books, the world rises imaged once more as godlike, the workmanship and temple of a God. Illuminated all, not in fierce impure fire-splendour as of Mahomet, but in mild celestial radiance;—really a prophecy in these most unprophetic times; to my mind, by far the greatest, though one of the quietest, among all the great things that have come to pass in them! Our chosen specimen of the Hero as Literary Man would be this Goethe. And it were a very pleasant plan for me here, to dis-

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course of his heroism: for I consider him to be a true Hero; heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more heroic in what he did not say and did not do; to me a noble spectacle: a great heroic ancient man, speaking and keeping silence as an ancient Hero, in the guise of a most modern, high-bred, high-cultivated Man of Letters! We have had no such spectacle; no man capable of affording such, for the last hundred and fifty years. But at present, such is the general state of knowledge about Goethe, it were worse than useless to attempt speaking of him in this case. Speak as I might, Goethe, to a great majority of you, would remain problematic, vague; no impression but a false one could be realised. Him we must leave to future times. Johnson, Burns, Rousseau, three great figures from a prior time, from a far inferior state of circumstances, will suit us better here. Three men of the Eighteenth Century; the conditions of their life far more resemble what those of ours still are in England, than what Goethe's in Germany were. Alas, these men did not conquer like him; they fought bravely, and fell. They were not heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it. They lived under galling conditions; struggling as under mountains of impediment, and could not unfold themselves into clearness, victorious interpretation of that 'Divine Idea.' It is rather the *Tombs* of three Literary Heroes that I have to show you. These are the monumental heaps, under which three spiritual giants lie buried. Very mournful, but also great and full of interest for us. We will linger by them for a while.

Complaint is often made, in these times, of what we call the disorganised condition of society; how ill many arranged forces of society fulfil their work; how many powerful forces are seen working in a wasteful, chaotic, altogether unarranged manner. It is too just a complaint, as we all know. But perhaps if we look at this of Books and the Writers of Books, we shall find here, as it were, the summary of all other disorganisation:—a sort of *heart*, from which and to which all other confusion circulates in the world! Considering what Book-writers do in the world, and what the world does with Book-writers, I should say, It is the most anomalous thing the world at present has to show.—We should get into a sea far beyond sounding, did we attempt to give account of this; but we must glance at it for the sake of our subject. The worst element in the life of these three Literary Heroes was, that they found their business and position such a chaos. On the beaten road there is tolerable traveling; but it is sore work, and many have to perish, fashioning a path through the impassable!

Our pious Fathers, feeling well what importance lay in the speaking of man to men, founded churches, made endowments, regulations; everywhere in the civilised world there is a Pulpit, environed with all manner of complex dignified appurtenances and furtherances, that therefrom a man with the tongue may, to best advantage, address his fellow-men. They felt that this was the most important thing; that without this there was no good thing. It is a right pious work that of theirs; beautiful to behold! But now with the art of Writing, with the art of Printing, a total change has come over that business. The Writer of a Book, is not he a Preacher preaching, not to this parish or that, on this day or that, but to all men in all times and places? Surely it is of the last importance that *he* do his work right, whoever do it wrong;—that the *eye* report not falsely, for then all the other members are astray! Well, how he may do his work, whether he do it right or wrong, or do it all, is a point which no man in the world has taken the pains to think of. To a certain shop-keeper, trying to get some money for his books, if lucky, he is of some importance; to no other man of any. Whence he came, whither he is bound, by what ways he arrived, by what he might be furthered on his course, no one asks. He is an accident in society. He wanders like a wild Ishmaelite, in a world of which he is as the spiritual light, either the guidance or the misguidance!

(To be continued.)

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN 1841.

(Conclud-d from No. 4.)

And now M. Thiers is the orator, for the noise has again terminated, the hubbub is once more at an end, the deputies have regained their seats. Mark how he turns to tha left; then looks up and smiles at the tribune of tha newspaper reporters; then sneers at the centres; then bows to the president; and then looks at himself! There is *one* eye he never seems anxious to meet, but rather seems to avoid—it is that of Guizot.

The pale, studious, calm, contemplative face of M. Guizot is seldom lighted up with a smile; but it was so just now, when Thiers talked of his own patriotism and self-denial.

When Thiers said this, he looked up at the newspaper reporters, that they might catch and record his words. But there he stands: he has been talking away for an hour—and has said all sorts of things in the most amusing manner; and no one is fatigued. He has the knack of "*palavering*," better than any public speaker we ever heard in any public assembly; his speech is a fine-spun conversation, *de omnibus rebus*—and would serve for a lecture, a romance, a history, a piece of autobiography, or a sermon.

Now again comes confusion!—because a member of the centres contradicted a statement of the orator at the tribune, by a *sneer*.

Thiers is indignant. The *extreme gauche* pretends to believe him; the gauche, and a portion of the centre gauche, rise for him.

"*Oui! oui! c'est vrai!*" cries Arago, with the voice of Vulcan.

"*Vive la France!*" shrieks a voice in the public tribune.

"Ring—ting—ting," goes the bell of the president; whilst his eyes are raised towards the scene of such disrespect to the majority of tha Chamber; but the offender is not discovered.

"Silence! silence!" cry the *huissiers* of the assembly, whilst the secretaries and questors aid these official admonishers in securing peace and order.

Berryer laughs aloud; the Duke de Valmy smiles his little smile of half-suppressed merriment.

Mauguin satirically exclaims, "*Nous verrons*" (he is of no party but his own).

"*Oui! oui! c'est vrai!*" repeats Thiers, as he reassures the house if his present plan had been adopted by the empire, the Bourbons would never have returned to France.

The *centres* do not believe their antagonist, and the murmurs which assail him drown his voice.

But he is not to be defeated: he is not speaking to the Chamber, but to the press. He cares not for the power of the house, but for the *fourth* power in the state—the newspapers, which to-night and to-morrow are to repeat his allegation to "listening and attentive France." There he stands in the midst of the storm now raging around him, wholly indifferent to the cries and exclamations of those who differ from him amongst the deputies, for he knows that when he shall be master, he shall be able to command a majority. Still he goes on: nothing intimidates—nothing daunts him. The hands of tha clock move not so rapidly as his tongue, and Berryer exclaims, "*C'est admirable!*"

As Thiers is approaching the close of his harangue, he is pungent, nervous, astounding.

He has concluded. There he is—master of the house. He looks through his spectacles on his auditory; and now all is again commotion. His friends press around him. His admirers in the public tribunes are vehement in his favour.

"*Vive Thiers!*" is a shout which proceeds from the gallery of the journalists, and Thiers is in his glory.

What a scene! Bears in china shops would be orderly and mathematical in their movements, when compared to these deputies. Oh, what a collection of men! How badly they are dressed! One never shaves; another never washes; a third never combs his hair; a fourth never brushes his coat; and a fifth wears, one would think, the same boots from one year's end to the other without ever having them blacked. The name of *Warren* has evidently never reached *his* ear.

Those two deputies on the third tier to the left will certainly get to blows. Arago is shaking his fist; Lafitte is in a towering passion; even the mass of the members, old and young, gay and growling, all look warlike.

That short fat little man standing near Berryer, is a notary in a small country town; his wife was the prettiest woman in the neighbourhood, and an old wealthy wine grower fell in love with her. The husband heard of this innocent passion with delight, and authorised his "better half" to pay him every attention. "Lucre—lucre—gold—gold," was the moving cause of their politeness and care; but Cupid blinded the eyes of the lover, and he believed that it was *himself* and not his *fortune* that engaged and secured the affection of the adored girl.

The best part of the story is, that the old gentleman had no relatives, and could dispose of the whole of his fortune as he pleased. He did so in favour of the notary's wife; and she has placed her husband in the Chamber of Deputies.

That chandler-shop-looking man with a torn coat, dirty hands, and white cravat, which he *must* have worn for at least three weeks, is a manufacturer. He comes from the east of France, or the borders of Switzerland, and is said to be rich. He boasts, however, that his expenses, when in Paris, are only five francs, or 4*s*. 2*d*. per diem; for his bed-room, on the *fourth* floor in the Rue Traversière St. Honoré, he pays one franc, or tenpence per diem, including servant, attendance, and the porter. He takes, in a little coffee-house adjoining, eight every morning, a cup of coffee for eight sous, or fourpence, including sugar and milk; and buys at a baker's a roll for three sous, or one penny halfpenny, which he eats with the coffee.

At one o'clock precisely, he may be seen entering a sort of half English, half French eating house, in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, where roast meat, vegetables, and beer may be had for one franc, or tenpence. He never gives any thing to the waiter; this is his *rule*, and *he acts upon principle*. When he has devoured for his tenpence all that he can squeeze out of the landlady and the *garçon*, he proceeds to the Chamber of Deputies.

He looks up all the printed papers, takes two copies of nearly every document, and carries away under his arm, in the course of a session, enough parliamentary papers to pay for all his *first* breakfasts, when those documents are sold to the cheese-monger. He votes with the *majority*, when that majority is ministerial; and when it is doubtful, contrives to avoid giving offence, by getting out of the way just before the commencement of the ballot.

"Support the government!" is his constant cry. "How can we get on without a government?" is his daily interrogation. The English of which is, that he has always favours to ask of every administration, and cannot afford to throw a chance away.

When the sitting is over, off he goes to the Palais Royal—not to the *two* franc dinner-houses, but to the *one franc sixteen sous*, because the extra four sous provide him with his glass of cognac. He has then

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nine sous remaining: sometimes he expends them in "*eau sucrée*" at a central *café* in the evening, where he reads the three nightly papers *gratis*, or else allows his nine sous to accumulate for two or three days together, and then purchases of some one coming out of a Boulevard theatre at the end of the first piece, his ticket of admission to the rest of the evening's entertainments. Thus his daily bill of fare is—

	Fr.	Sous.
Coffee and bread, ...	0	11
Luncheon, ...	1	0
Dinner, ...	1	16
Brandy, ...	0	4
Sugar and water, ...	0	9
Bed, &c., ...	1	2
Francs	5	0

How often does he display this daily bill of fare to those who complain "that Paris is a *dear* city!"

"*Dear*—sir!" exclaims the manufacturing deputy, "*you* call Paris *dear?* Why just look at *my* bill of fare. Here I have coffee and bread, and a warm coffee-room to take them in, waiter to attend on me, and the coffee the very best, for *eleven sous*. I have roast beef, beer, fried potatoes, bread, cheese, and stewed prunes, for luncheon, with bright spoon, fork, clean knife, table-cloth, and attendance, for one franc. I have for my dinner, soup, fish, roast fowl, vegetables, a pint of wine, and *cerises à l'eau de vie*, or a glass of Kirschenwasser, for one franc sixteen sous. I have a glass of brandy for four sous as good as can be got from Cognac. I have sugar and water enough to drown myself in, for nine sous; besides the warmth, light, and shelter of the coffee-room, or *limonadier's*, gratuitously, whilst I drink it. And when wearied with business, politics, eating, drinking, or walking, I desire to sleep, I have my bed, my hot water, wy warming pan if I require it, a good mattrass, clean sheets, boots cleaned when I require it, and coat brushed when necessary, all for one franc per diem—total five francs; and yet you call Paris *dear!* I once went to London, sir, and I paid that very sum for a bottle of bad port."

He always winds up his narrative with "*London and bad port.*" He can never either forget or forgive four shillings and two-pence for a bottle of *vin d'Oporto*. They say that this man is worth some eighty pounds sterling per diem, and yet his personal expenses are four and two-pence! At least he belongs to the school of economists.

That tall, athletic fellow, who is talking to Vatout, the king's favourite, is, like Cardinal Wolsey, the son of a butcher. He ran off with a *little* girl who had a *large* "dot." He was twenty-six, she was seventeen. He had a smart cabriolet and a fast trotting mare, in which he was accustomed to visit the surrounding markets. Whether Mademoiselle Julie fell in love with him, or his cab, still remains a matter of some uncertainty; but the end of the love-making was that she consented, one fine afternoon in the month of June, to take the vacant seat in the vehicle, and were eventually married; and now, though only seven years have elapsed, he is one of the —— deputies of *la belle France!*

There stands Martell, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes; it is his favourite attitude. During the session, he visits the "*Bourse*" with the regularity of clockwork. He is "*the*" brandy-grower of the "Gironde." At the Bourse his first inquiry is the price of 3 per cents, and when one of his brokers informs him, he invariably make a sort of tortoise heave, and drawing down his mouth, and turning up his nose, shuffles in an opposite direction. One who did not know him, would think that he had no intention either to buy or sell stock, and was simply a "*Flaneur;*" but this is far from being the truth. He is sidling round a pillar in the direction of a "*coulissier*," or "alley-man," and is about to give an order either to purchase or sell, to an amount that will make a difference of an eighth per cent. in a few minutes. Lucky the man who buys or sells before him. Martell hates Thiers. Thiers went down to Martell's close borough, (at least he thought it so,) and drove out its occupant for one parliament. Hence the cause of dislike.

Martell is talking to Fould! He was the first Jew deputy ever known in France. He belongs in politics to the nondescripts, but made a great deal of money. He is a banker, a financier, and a speculator. The Israelites support him in his schemes and projects, but he is generally deemed rather clever, sharp, and keen, than profound or wise. He looks at all questions, however, with an eye to their influence on the markets, and especially the stock exchange, and has got into his head that all ministers should invariably shape their policy to the operations of the monied interests.

There stands one of the most passionate admirers of Casimor Perier. He comes from Grenoble, where Casimer spent the first years of his valuable life. He tells a story of him worth recording, for it is to the honour of his heart. Soon after M. Casimir Perier was made prime-minister, by Louis Philippe, proceeding in his carriage one morning towards the Bois de Boulogne, to take his accustomed walk, he saw near the Barriere de l'Etoile the face of a poor woman who was meanly though cleanly clad, with whom he thought he ought to be acquainted. Our informant was in the carriage with him.

"My dear friend," said the statesman, "I have just seen a face in sorrow, that I have known somewhere in my life full of gaiety and smiles; but I cannot tell where or when."

"Perhaps," said our informant, "you may mistake it for some other person resembling, M. Perier; such mistakes frequently occur."

"No, no," retorted Casimir, with his accustomed vivacity and vehemence. "I never mistook a face in my life. All those I have ever known are impressed on the retina of my eye. It is no mistake."

And then letting down the front window of his green chariot, he directed the coachman to stop. M. Perier alighted. He requested our informant to do the same. They walked back to the Barriere de l'Etoile.

"There, there she is, my dear friend," exclaimed Perier, pointing to a female in the distance, half way down, towards the Rue de Chaillot, "there she is, run my friend, run after her; here is my purse, do what is right, and come and see me at seven tomorrow morning."

Perier returned to his chariot, and proceeded to the Bois de Boulogne. On entering his hotel, he gave special directions that when our informant called the next morning at seven, he should take precedent of all others in admission. He did so; when the following conversation took place:—

Monsieur Perier.—"Well, my good friend, who was she?"

D——.—"Madame Gautier, of Grenoble."

Perier.—"Well!"

D——.—"She is in great poverty."

Perier.—"And broken-hearted!"

D——.—"Yes, broken-hearted; but your generous recollection of her features, and anxiety to relieve her sorrows, have—"

Perier.—"Oh, never mind that. Where does she live!"

D——.—"Rue des —— ——, No. —."

Perier.—(Ringing the bell by his bedside.)—"I will take my bath earlier, and we will go and see her. That woman, sir, nursed me when sick with so much tenderness, and alleviated the sorrow of a long illness with so much cheerfulness and gaiety, that she shall never sigh again, if I can prevent it."

The truth is, that Casimir Perier, when a young man, had been taken ill at her house, and had experienced from her great attention. Years had passed away, and he had wholly lost sight of her. She had lost her husband, her fortune, and her position in society, and was now reduced, in the decline of life, to take in washing. Casimer Perier had never heard of her sorrows, or even her name, for perhaps twenty years; but at half past eight that morning, his carriage drove up to the humble dwelling of his former gay, laughing, good-tempered hostess, and during the rest of her life she will have reason to remember with joy, her fortunate walk down the Champs Elysées.

Nearly half an hour has now elapsed since Thiers concluded his speech, and yet the Chamber is still in a state of disorder. "*Ring-ting ting*," goes the bell of the president, but so often, that even the clapper must be tired of ringing.

This is a grand gala day for the gods in the galleries. A bear-garden, a bull-fight, a cock-pit, an amphitheatre at the Barriere des Combats, all—all would gratify them, simply because there would be fights; but the scene before us is far better than all this to them. Here are four hundred and odd men, all screaming, scrambling, scolding, talking, laughing, stamping, according to their respective tastes and dispositions, and the word "WAR," which they love so dearly, every moment reaches their ravished ears. Still the "bell," like Louis Philippe, will have *its way*. The deputies *must* yield at last to its eternal ringing. The king never gives up till he comes off the conqueror, in spite of all the opposition he has to encounter. So it is with this bell. Some laugh at it, some scorn it, some scold it, some revolt against it, but, like a child with the hooping-cough, it is sure at last to attract attention. It rings on—and on—and on—just as the child coughs, and as Louis Philippe governs; and now, at this very moment, is victorious! The deputies have once more taken their seats, the president is recovering his temper, the bell is as tranquil as M. Thiers, the tribune is occupied by a soporfic reader of a still more soporific speech, and we are all left at perfect liberty to make our own observations.

The habit, still persevered in, of reading speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, is distressingly disagreeable. Most Frenchmen, even when they converse, have a whine or a twang, discordant and harassing to foreign ears; but the bustle, life, animation, or even clumsiness and "*gaucherie*" of *extempore* speaking, tend to relieve the hearer from a portion at least of his sorrows. On the other hand, when a French deputy *reads* his speech, he twangs and whines twice over; first, naturally, for he always does so; and second, peculiarly, *i. e.* to an additional degree, in order to render his oration more striking and effective. That worthy men who is now doing his very best to send us into a sort of *night-mare sleep*, has been speaking some twenty minutes—but who attends to him? Not the president, for he is engaged signing papers. Not the ministers, for they are talking or laughing, scribbling or sketching heads with pens or pencils. Not the deputies, for they are dozing, or dreaming, or smiling, or reading, or yawning, or joking. Not the short-hand writers of the *Moniteur*, because they know full well that the speech will be handed to them by the orator, as he descends from the tribune, and that in the evening he will visit the *Moniteur* office to correct the proofs. Who, then, is listening to him? The newspaper reporters and the curious are amused in the public tribunes. These are his auditory, and he knows it; so he raises his eyes to *them*, looks for *their* approval, and trusts that when his oratory shall appear in print, it will be well interlarded with—*Hear, hear! Bravo! Exclamation. Evident marks of satisfaction.*

The somniferous deputy descends the tribune; "*à demain*," "*à demain*," *i. e.* "adjourn till-morrow," cry the deputies of the centres. Why is this? It is only half past five, and therefore wanting half an hour of the ordinary period of adjournment. Yes, but look at that little plump gentlemen with his black frock coat, silk stockings, and pumps, waiting at the foot of the tribune to take his turn. He has his speech in his hand. It is a thick roll of well-ruled paper, and it would take at least three quarters of an hour to utter. "Adjourn, adjourn!" "Go on, go on!" The deputy ascends the steps. The president rings his bell. The deputy begins his oration.

"Monsieur le president. Quand je pense—"

Now the hubbub is frightful.

"Go on, go on!" "Adjourn, adjourn," are the cries and yells which salute our deafened ears.

"What does the president say!" asks Royer Collard.

"*Silence for the president!*" demands the able and elegant De Lamartine.

"Adjourn, adjourn!" call the Arago and Lafitte squadron. "*Ring-ting-ting*," goes the bell again, and the president demands to be heard.

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President.—"Those who desire to adjourn, stand up."

And all the deputies rise.

President.—"Then why all this uproar! You are unanimous, gentlemen"—(and then in an undertone) "for the first time in your lives."

The sitting is closed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shout the *left*, and the deputies run off to their dinners.

And this is a picture of the Chamber of Deputies.

MORAL.—What an easy thing it is to be a legislator!

From the New Yorker.

THE DYING SWAN.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

In the calm, deep sea sat the snow-white swan,
Bathing himself in the purple light
Of the setting sun, that shone upon
His dying vision in splendour bright.
His life's lone passion that hour grew strong,
And he mourned for the glorious gift of song.

"And must I alone—almost alone—
Of the feathered race be void of song?
Sweet Philomela! hail *I* thy tone,
How exultingly would I float along!
How would I praise thee, thou glorious sun!
How gladly die, when my song was done!"

Then silent he lifted his graceful head,
And behold! a glittering form drew nigh!
It was beautiful Phœbus that stooped to his bed,
Arrayed in rich robes of the rainbow's dye:
"The god of the evening and morning sun
Hath granted thy prayer, thou lonely one."

Then he touched the sun with his living lyre,
And sang the song that immortals sing:
That song penetrated like burning fire
The bird of Apollo—he tuned the string
That now to his raptured soul was given,
And thrilled with music the air of heaven.

Deeper, deeper he bowed his head,
Till he found himself in Elysium land—
In his real, heavenly beauty clad,
In the midst of Apollo's minstrel band.
The long-withheld boon had been granted in death,
And he poured out in song his dying breath!

Eames Place, Feb. 3, 1841.

AN ARAB AND A BISHOP.

One morning, in the course of his tour, the Bishop Colonna, of Lombes, together with Petrarch, his friend Latius, and a sufficient suite of attendants, set out to visit the highest of the mountains that form the chain of the Pyrenees, from the summit of which can be descried both France and Spain, as well as the seas that wash their shores. As they were ascending to this mountain top, by a steep and tortuous path, they stopped in sight of a picturesque castle. Its owner, an aged Arab, came out to meet them. He had made many campaigns in by-gone years, during the war which his fellow-believers waged against the King of Castille and Grenada. Afterwards, he had traversed France and Flanders as a merchant, and acquired wealth enough to purchase the lordship of this fief. The turban on his head marked him out as a Saracen, whilst the numerous suite that followed James Colonna showed that he was a distinguished personage. The Arab courteously saluted the company, and addressing himself to the bishop of Lombes, said, "Welcome, illustrious cavaliers, and your worthy followers. It would delight me if you please to accept the hospitality which I can offer you, and refresh yourselves in my castle."

"I admire your courtesy," answered the bishop, "and your hospitality, which is not restricted to those of your own faith, but extended also to the followers of Christ. I see the truth of what was often told me by my father. In the course of his misfortunes and wanderings, he met with men of opposite creeds, that seem calculated to cherish the deadliest hatred between them: but he found that this circumstance could not eradicate that *sense* of humanity and brotherhood which nature had planted in the hearts of men." When the Arab learnt the bishop's name and family, he exclaimed, "The son of Stefano Colonna! I have met great man at the court of Paris, and he related to me himself the terrible persecutions that he underwent from the injustice of Pope Boniface." James Colonna told the Arab that he and his party would visit him with the greatest pleasure on his return from the mountain top; he kept his word. The guests were received in a spacious saloon, and found a table covered with the richest viands, and silver tankards foaming with excellent wines. "How is this?" said the Colonna, smiling. "In the mansion of a Mussulman there is an overflow of wine, which is so rigidly forbidden by the prophet of Mecca." The Mussulman answered him, "Sir, the law of Mahomet which prohibits wine, is accommodated to the climate of Arabia, where water is the usual and ordinary beverage. In warm climates, the aqueous part of the blood soon dissipates itself by perspiration, hence they drink the simple element, and not strong liquors, which make the globules of he blood congealed. When the Arab, therefore, comes to a colder region, he may dispense with the law."—*Campbell's Life of Petrarch.*

IDENTITY OF NATURE.—Every one must have observed faces and forms which, without any resembling feature, make a like impression on the beholder. A particular picture or copy of verses, if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to the senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the understanding. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well known air through innumerable variations.

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works. She delights in startling us with resemblances in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the head of an old sachem of the forest, which at once reminded the eye of a bold mountain summit, and the furrows of the brow suggested the strata of the rock. These are men whose manners have the same essential grandeur as the wild and awful sculpture on the friezes of the Parthenon, and the remains of the earliest Greek art. And there are compositions of the same strain to be found in the books of all ages. What is Guido's Rospigliosi Aurora but a morning thought, as the horses in it are but a morning cloud? If any one will but take pains to observe the variety of actions to which he is equally inclined in certain mood of mind, and those to which he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affinity.—*Emerson's Essays.*

ARCHETYPES.—The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us, and conveying into things for us, also, the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. Let me add a few examples, such as fall within the scope of every man's observation, of trivial facts which go to illustrate great and conspicuous facts.

A lady, with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me, that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds, until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world. I remember that being abroad one summer day, my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches—a round block in the centre which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere, may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky, a chain of summer lightning which at once revealed to me that the Greeks drew from nature, when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift along the side of the stone wall, which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower.—*Ib.*

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From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

(Continued from No. 5.)

Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Perricles, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So "Celia" felt, so "Clifford" acted: the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid Practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done! What built St. Paul's Cathedral! Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine HEBREW Book,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four thousand years ago, in the wilderness of Sinai! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men; all modes of important work of men: teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at Teaching, for instance. Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you want to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty thousand, went to hear Abelard, and that metaphysical theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various schools into one school; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris in its essential characters was there. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on found themselves. Such, I conceive was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! The teacher needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speak* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it!—Doubtless there is still peculiar virtue in Speech; even writers of Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also.—Witness our present meeting here! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice: the University which would completely take in that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing,—teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a collection of Books.

But to the Church itself, as I hinted already, all is changed, in its preaching, in its working, by the introduction of Books. The Church is the working recognised Union of our Priests or Prophets, or those who by wise teaching guide the souls of men. While there was no Writing, even while there was no Easy-writing, or *Printing*, the preaching of the voice was the natural sole method of performing this. But now with Books!—He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is not it too accomplished by means of Printed Books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts,—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? There are many, in all countries, who, in this confused time, have no other method of worship. He who, in any way, shows us better than we knew before that a lily of the fields is beautiful, does he not show it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty; as the *handwriting*, made visible there, of the great Maker of the Universe? He has sung for us, made us sing with him, a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our heart the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an "apocalypse of Nature," a revealing of the "open secret." It may well enough be named, in Fichte's style, a "continuous revelation" of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever, in very truth endure there; is brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are, consciously, or unconsciously, doing so. The dark stormful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French sceptic,—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How

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much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakspeare, of a Goethe; the cathedral-music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real "Church Liturgy" and "body of Homilies," strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed Speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.

On turning now to the Government of men. Witenagemote, old Parliament, was a great thing. The affairs of the nation were there deliberated and decided; what we were to *do* as a nation. But does not, though the name Parliament subsists, the parliamentary debate go on now, every where and at all times, in a far more comprehensive way, *out* of Parliament altogether! Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporter's Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all. It is not a figure of speech, or a witty saying; it is a literal fact,—very momentous to us in those times. Literature is our Parliament too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of Writing, I say often, is equivalent to Democracy: invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing: brings universal every-day extempore Printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually *there*. Add only that whatsoever power exists will have itself by and by organised; working secretly under bandages, obscurations, obstructions, it will never rest till it get to work free, unincumbered, visible to all. Democracy virtually extant will insist on becoming palpably extant.

On all sides, are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books! Those poor bits of rag paper with black ink on them;—from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing!—For indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book? It is the *Thought* of man; the true thaumaturgic virtue; by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a Thought. This London City, with all its houses, palaces, steam engines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of a Thought, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katharine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick. The thing we called 'bits of paper with traces of black ink,' is the *purest* embodiment a Thought of man can have. No wonder it is, in all ways, the activest and noblest.

All this, of the importance and supreme importance of the Man of Letters in modern Society, and how the Press is to such a degree superseding the Pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, has been admitted for a good while; and recognized often enough, in late times, with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me, the Sentimental by and by will have to give place to the Practical. If Men of Letters *are* so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that Men of Letters will not always wander like unrecognised unregulated Ishmaelites among us! Whatsoever thing, as I said above, has virtual unnoticed power, will cast off its wrappages, bandages, and step forth one day with palpably articulated, universally visible power. That one man wear the clothes, and take the wages, of a function which is done by quite another; there can be no profit in this; this is not right, it is wrong. And yet, alas, the *making* of it right,—what a business, for long times to come! Sure enough, this that we call Organization of the Literary Guild is still a great way off, incumbered with all manner of complexities. If you asked me what were the best possible organization for the Men of Letters in modern society; the arrangement, of furtherance and regulation, grounded the most accurately on the actual facts of their position and of the world's position,—I should beg to say that the problem far exceeded my faculty! It is not one man's faculty; it is that of many successive men turned earnestly upon it, that will bring out even an approximate solution. What the best arrangement were, none of us could say. But if you ask, Which is the worst? I answer: This which we now have, that Chaos should sit umpire in it; this is the worst. To the best, or any good one, there is yet a long way.

One remark I must not omit, That royal or parliamentary grants of money are by no means the chief thing wanted! To give our Men of Letters stipends, endowments, and all furtherance of cash, will do little towards the business. On the whole, one is weary of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say rather that, for a genuine man, it is no evil to be poor; that there ought to be Literary Men poor,—to show whether they are genuine or not! Mendicant Orders, bodies of good men doomed to *beg*, were instituted in the Christian Church; a most natural and even necessary developement of the spirit of Christianity. It was itself founded on Poverty, on Sorrow, Contradiction, Crucifixion, every species of worldly Distress and Degradation. We may say that he who has not known those things, and learned from them the priceless lessons they have to teach, has missed a good opportunity of schooling. To beg and go barefoot, in coarse woollen cloak with a rope round your loins, and be despised of all the world, was no beautiful business;—nor an honourable one in any eye, till the nobleness of those who did so had made it honoured of some! Begging is not in our course at the present time: but for the rest of it, who will say that a Johnson is not perhaps the better for being poor? It is needful for him, at all rates, to know that outward profit, that success of any kind is *not* the goal he has to aim at. Pride, vanity, ill-conditioned egoism of all sorts, are bred in his heart, as in every heart; need, above all, to be cast out of his heart,—to be, with whatever pangs, torn out of it, cast forth from it, as a thing worthless. Byron, born rich and noble, made out even less than Burns, poor and plebeian.

(To be continued.)

AMSTERDAM.

If it be not heresy to compare Venice with any other city in the world, I should be inclined to say that Amsterdam is the Venice of the north. Like the queen of the Laguna, the queen of the Zuyderzee is seated on a throne of islands, girded by innumerable canals. But the resemblance goes no further. In the Dutch Venice, we must not look for the palaces and gondolas which confer the two-fold character of grandeur and romance on the ancient city of the doges. The palaces of Amsterdam are small red brick houses, with white angles and painted tops; her gondolas are large clumsy-looking boats, for they are usually laden with butter and cheese. But the quays of Amsterdam are delightfully shaded by rows of verdant trees, an ornament which Venice cannot boast.

The Dutch capital is four leagues in circumference, and has eight entrance gates. The old ramparts are converted into promenades, and the bastions, twenty-six in number, are occupied by gigantic mills, which seem to overshadow the city. Amsterdam is built in the form of a crescent; but perhaps it may not inaptly be compared to the form of a theatre, the port occupying the place of the stage. A large semi-circular moat runs round the walls, and five large canals, which supply water to all the rest, describe in the interior of the city five parallel curves. By the intersection of numerous canals, Amsterdam is divided into ninety-five little islands, which are connected together by no less than six hundred and sixty bridges. Thirty thousand houses, and a population of more than two hundred and twenty thousand souls, are contained within the boundaries of this little archipelago. Amsterdam takes its name from a sluice (*dam*) constructed at the mouth of the river Amstel.

This city, which now occupies so important a place on the scene of the world, was, in the thirteenth century, nothing more than a little fishing village. The castle of the feudal lord, Ghysbert, reared its battlements in the midst of a few fishermen's huts. His successor built towers, bastions, &c., and the village was magnified into a town; which town, a count of Holland confiscated and appended to his own domains. After an ambiguous existence of half a century, the town of Amsterdam obtained a municipal constitution. It increased in extent—the wretched wooden palisade which had previously surrounded it, was now superseded by a brick wall, and at the commencement of the fifteenth century, the descendants of the fishermen, who were the first settlers in Amsterdam, were masters of all the trade of the Baltic. But this prosperity created jealousy, and the inhabitants of some of the neighbouring districts one night took the suburbs of Amsterdam by surprise, and not content with burning and pillaging the houses, reduced to ashes twenty-two vessels, which were lying in the port. At a subsequent period, the anabaptists, headed by the celebrated John of Leyden, penetrated to the heart of the citadel, and ten years afterwards, Amsterdam suffered another attack of a similar kind. After escaping triumphantly from all the dangers of those troubled times, and taking part in the great national insurrection, the inhabitants of Amsterdam emancipated themselves from the yoke of the Spaniards in the year 1578. From that period, the wealth and commercial importance of this city may be dated. Religious persecution caused vast numbers of fugitive protestants to take refuge in the Dutch capital, and their industry well repaid the protection afforded them. The closing of the Scheldt, stipulated in the treaty of Munster, by ruining Antwerp, crowned the prosperity of Amsterdam. The latter city then became the metropolis of the commercial world.

Amsterdam now retains but a very inconsiderable share of her former importance. The course of time, and the mutation of interests, have created new marts for trade, and new centres of industry; the sceptre of commerce has passed into other hands. But fallen as she is, this once flourishing capital still retains the traditions and habits of her former existence. The picture which Fenelon drew of Amsterdam,

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under the name of Tyre, is even at the present day faithful to reality.

"I should never," says the fabulous traveller, "be weary of contemplating the magnificent spectacle presented by this great city, in which all is life and activity. I do not see here, as in the towns of Greece, groups of idlers lounging and gossiping in the public streets, and staring at every stranger who lands at the ports. The men are busily employed unloading the vessels, conveying the merchandise to the places of sale, arranging the storehouses, and keeping strict accounts of their dealings with foreign merchants."

The picture would be still more correct, if he had added that the fair sex in Amsterdam rival the men in industry and activity. At Morocco, I have seen women harnessed to the plough; and at Utrecht, I have frequently seen a woman dragging a heavily laden canal boat, whilst her husband was sitting very composedly at the prow smoking his pipe. In Amsterdam, the most laborious work is often consigned to females. They are continually seen unloading boats, hurling wheelbarrows, rolling casks, &c.; and that fanatical cleanliness which is a national characteristic of the people, imposes on a Dutch maid servant a degree of toilsome labour, which, in other countries, men servants would rebel against. But the victims submit to their martyrdom with the utmost cheerfulness and good humour, and their ruddy complexions bear ample evidence that their exertions are not inimical to health.

Amsterdam may be compared to a ship on the open sea. The city seems to be floating on the water, and would perish of thirst, were it not for the frequent falls of rain which supply its cisterns and reservoirs. But this resource is not found sufficient, and supplies of water are obtained from the river Vecht, which is a few leagues distant.

The peculiarity which first strikes a stranger on entering Amsterdam, is its extreme silence. The city is as quiet and noiseless as the plains which surround it. The reason of this is, that the canals are the medium of every kind of conveyance. Scarcely such a thing as a carriage is seen. Indeed, the use of carriages is confined to a few privileged persons, a limitation which is rendered necessary by reasons of public safety. The ground on which the city is built is so unsolid, that the passing of the lightest vehicle makes the houses shake to their very foundations. This inconvenience has suggested the invention of a singular kind of hackney coach. The body of the vehicle rests not upon wheels, but on a sledge, which slides along the street without either jolting or noise. This machine is drawn by a single horse. The coachman walks at one side, and instead of a whip, carries in his hand a piece of cloth steeped in oil, which from time to time he puts under the sledge to render it more slippery, and to ease the efforts of the horse. The reader may easily guess the sort of speed at which this carriage proceeds, and the annoyance of riding in it.

Since I am on the subject of public vehicles, I may here say a word respecting Dutch stage-coaches. There is no limitation of the number of persons they convey. Indeed, the owners are obliged to take as many passengers as may present themselves. If, at the hour of starting, a passenger should appear who cannot by any possibility be crammed into the already over-filled coach, the owners are obliged to put horses to another for his accommodation. Even in this regulation, we may perceive a characteristic trait of the Dutch people, who are always in fear of being too late.

The houses of Amsterdam, as I have already observed, are built of brick, as they are in all parts of Holland. In the superior street, the brick is left of its natural red colour; but in the better quarters of the town, such as Keyser-Gracht, the Heere-Gracht, and the Cingel, the outsides of the houses are painted and varnished as carefully as the panels of the interior. Unfortunately, good taste does not always dictate the choice of colours. Some houses are blue, others green or yellow, whilst the corners and peaked tops being plastered white, and ornamented with rude sculpture, increase the singularity of their appearance. The utmost refinement of luxury and taste of which a Dutchman can give proof, is to surmount each corner of his house with a classic vase, and to fix on the culminating point in the centre of the edifice, the figure of a bull, a sheep, or a shepherd. Such is the favourite style of civil architecture in Holland. The houses have invariably three windows on each story in front; some have more: those which have five, are houses of the very highest class. All are built on piles, for the stratum of earth is very thin, and water is found seven or eight feet below the surface. For a house of ordinary magnitude, about a hundred piles are necessary, each being from forty to sixty feet long. For public buildings, thousands of these piles are requisite. I have heard it alleged, that in the erection of the Palace, no less than thirteen thousand seven hundred were employed, and for the Navy Office, eight thousand. Thus building is a costly undertaking in Holland. Building a house is a secondary consideration; it is necessary to begin by building the ground on which the house is to stand. This last-mentioned process is not always very easily accomplished, for the ground often gives way during the progress of the structure raised upon it. For example: it has been found impossible to complete the steeple of the Nieuw-Kerk on the Dam, because the edifice sank in proportion as it was raised. This mode of building is attended by many serious inconveniences. The canals become stagnant, which renders the water fetid in summer, and impure at all seasons. But it rarely happens that means are taken to set the water in motion, or to procure fresh supplies by the aid of sluices, lest the action of the current, by loosening the piles, should endanger the stability of every house in the city.

The traveller who describes, and the reader who peruses, the description, rarely place themselves in the same point of view. Objects whose visible appearance forcibly strikes the eye, do not in description make an equally strong impression on the mind: and besides, a certain share of cockney curiosity and wonder almost invariably takes possession of every one on a first visit to a foreign country. Holland is, *par excellence*, the country of minutiæ, and one who seeks to describe it may well be pardoned for entering into details; yet, nevertheless, I feel that I incur the risk of being submerged in a torrent of infinite trivialities, if I attempt to proceed from street to street, and from house to house. To avoid this catastrophe, I must beg of the reader to ascend with me to the top of the tower of the Palace, a point from whence we may command a view of the amphibious city, without the danger of losing ourselves in the labyrinth of canals and quays. But before we look at the picture immediately beneath us, we will take a glance at the country beyond the walls which encircle Amsterdam.

That vast plain of grayish-coloured water which spreads itself before us, is the Zuyderzee, whose dark muddy waves roll slowly on till they mingle with the German ocean. The other expanse of water extending on the west, is called the Ey (Egg), which name it derives from its form, and it separates North from South Holland. Further to the south is the Lake of Haarlem, glistening in the sun like a mirror. Around these masses of water immense plains of verdure extend as far as the eye can reach, and in the distance are blended with the blue clouds. On every side are seen, like the masts of vessels in a harbour, groups of towers and steeples, tracing dark perpendicular lines on the horizon. These are Alkmaar, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, and numerous other towns, which are discernable in every direction in which the spectator turns his eye. This panorama is not very varied, but it is quite original, and not deficient in grandeur. It even derives a charm from its characteristic monotony. The extensive plains of fresh verdure present an air of calmness and repose; and whilst contemplating them, the mind is imbued with a feeling of pleasing melancholy. Mountain scenery seems to represent agitated life—it creates ideas of conflict and difficulty. Plains, on the contrary, are emblematic of a state of existence, whose course glides smoothly on, unruffled by passion and trouble.

But let us now look down on the city, which, at a bird's eye view, presents a singular character of uniformity. With the exception of two great gothic churches, and five or six steeples, remarkable only for their deafening chimes and Spanish architecture, the public buildings of Amsterdam are not distinguishable from private houses. The most remarkable is the Palace, on the top of which we are now supposed to be stationed. The square on which this edifice stands, and which it almost entirely fills, is called the Dam, and forms the central point of the city. This palace was in fact the Town Hall in the time of the Republic, and its architecture was originally in the purest gothic style. It was, however, modernised and disfigured for the purpose of being converted into a residence for King Louis Bonaparte. It is still used as a palace, and King William resides in it when he visits Amsterdam. The throne-room is said to be larger than any similar apartment in Europe. The walls are faced with white marble, but the finest ornaments in the room are some Spanish flags, formerly wrested from foreign despotism by the hands of liberty.

We will not descend from our Belvidere without first taking a glance at that immense line of ships which borders the city on the north, and seems, like a tutelary forest, to protect it against the fury of winds and waves. When the colours are waving at the mast heads, the *coup-d'œil* is magnificent, and at all times the spectacle presents an imposing manifestation of Dutch industry and activity. The port, which forms a line of junction between the Ey and the Zuyderzee, is not less than a league in length, and is always filled with vessels. At one end is the navy dock-yard, but of that I shall say nothing, as it is merely the shadow of what it was. The two enormous dykes which intersect the port, are objects worthy of greater attention. The canals communicate with the Zuyderzee, and through it with the North Sea. This latter has several times threatened to submerge the whole city of Amsterdam, some parts of which used to be regularly inundated during high tides. Now the enemy is subjugated, and Amsterdam reposes in peace under the safe-guard of her two stone giants. These formidable bulwarks are covered with fresh grass-plots, which serve as promenades. The citizen of Amsterdam is above all things proud of his port. There he feels himself at home. The smell of pitch and tar is to him more grateful than all the perfumes of the East. Tents moored to the shore by long planks of wood, project to a considerable distance over the water, and mingle with the shipping. Here the Hollanders of the old school, those who still boast, as did their ancestors of the seventeenth century, of having more ships than houses, love to spend their leisure hours. Seated under one of these tents, pipe in mouth, a Dutchman is in his natural element, like Neptune, floating over his empire with his trident in his hand.

Holland owes her existence to the spirit of association; it cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise that that spirit should have taken deep root in the people. Amsterdam is distinguished above every city in the world by the number of its liberal and philanthropic institutions, all of which have been founded, and are supported, by voluntary gifts. To enumerate them would occupy too much space; but it is sufficient to observe that the arts, literature, science, agriculture, and commerce, have each their academies. Every kind of human misery and infirmity is succoured and relieved, not by the official and paid charity which waits till it hears the appeal of misfortune, but by that spontaneous benevolence which seeks for and finds objects deserving relief. But the city of Amsterdam, prosperous as it is in appearance, is, like every other great capital, afflicted with the scourge of pauperism. It is calculated that twenty thousand persons subsist by daily alms; but not one of these is seen begging in the streets. Houses of refuge are open for those who can work, and hospitals for the sick and disabled.

In Holland, the spirit of association pervades, as it does in England, every class of the community. Among working people, societies are formed, the members of which pay a moderate weekly subscription, and thereby ensure to themselves succour in case of sickness, and some little provision for their widows in the event of their death.

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A volume might be written on the subject of false reputations, good, bad, and indifferent. It rarely happens that a man really is what he is reputed to be. The same remark is applicable to nations. The majority of travellers form hasty judgments, and are struck by superficial appearances. Very few dive below the surface of things. The reputation of nations, like that of individuals, is an inflexible circle, from the boundaries of which they do not easily escape.

For example: Spanish gravity was long, and still is with many, an article of faith; yet there are few greater errors in the world. No people are in reality less grave, or more passionately fond of pleasure, than the Spaniards. The Dutchman is not, any more than the Spaniard, true to his reputation. He is said to be taciturn; but, on the contrary, he is exceedingly loquacious. He is reputed to be a model of cleanliness; but he exercises that virtue only in his house, and not on his person. It is no uncommon thing to see a Dutchman with an unwashed face, and a shirt that he has worn for a fortnight, sitting in a room which has been cleaned and scrubbed till it presents a picture of spotless nicety.

Neither is there any greater degree of truth in all that has been said and written on the phlegmatic temperament of the Dutch people. I happened to be in Amsterdam during the time of the fair, and certainly I might easily have imagined myself in the most extravagantly gay and riotous city in Europe. During the day, the people were engaged in running after puppet-shows and tumblers, and some degree of order was preserved. But at night the scene changed. No sooner had the clock struck ten, than groups of women collected in the streets, singing and dancing like Bacchantes, and forcing every passer by to join in their turbulent mirth.

Every quay, every street, and especially the Kulverstraat (the Regent street of Amsterdam), was occupied by these Eumenides, and their noisy saturnalia was kept up during the whole night. But this mania was not confined to the women; the men also were infected with it. Groups of sailors might be seen engaged in riotous dancing; and parties of shepherds, from the adjacent country parts, clothed in sheepskin, were besieging the taverns, and instead of their usual beverage, milk, were indulging in libations of gin and brandy.

I observed that the North Hollanders were in the majority in this noisy merry-making. The women of North Holland are easily discernable from the rest, by their peculiar head-gear. They wear on their heads bands of silver or gold, with rosettes of the same metal on the temples. Their hair, which is frizzed, entirely covers their foreheads. This singular diadem is called a *fers*. In addition to these gold and silver ornaments, some wear small straw hats, of a shape by no means becoming, and others wear lace caps. The head-dress of the women of Amsterdam consists of a small round coif or cap, which fits so closely that the border is the most conspicuous portion of it, and the head of the wearer seems to be set in a frame work of quilling.

The performances at the theatre did not materially differ from those in the streets. The principal piece was a sort of ballet or pantomime, in which incidents similar to those which had furnished amusement to the populace at the show-booths during the day, were reproduced and caricatured. It was a sort of mixture of the Spanish saynete and the Italian harlequinade.

I must not quit Amsterdam without saying a word or two about the Jews, who form nearly one tenth of the population. They reside in a particular quarter of the city, not because they are forced to do so, but because they prefer living together.

The universal toleration which prevails in Holland, makes no exception with reference to Jews; they enjoy the same rights and privileges as Christian citizens. It is a curious fact, that at the very time when the inquisition exercised the greatest degree of rigour against the children of Israel in Spain and Portugal, those two powers were represented at Amsterdam by two individuals of the proscribed race. The one, Don Manuel de Belmonte, when residing in Spain, received from the emperor letters of nobility; the other, Don Jerome Nunez da Costa, has transmitted his name to a line of illustrious descendants in Holland.

The Jews of Amsterdam are divided into two tribes: the Germans, who are comparatively poor, and the Portuguese, who are very rich. The synagogue of the latter tribe is the largest and most richly endowed in Europe. They exercise various trades and professions; but the natural bent of their inclination seems to lead them here, as well as in other countries, to stock-jobbing. Another occupation for which they have a particular predilection, and which they appear to monopolise by a sort of hereditary right, is diamond polishing. In Amsterdam, they carry on this business in a building allotted to the purpose.

The Jew's quarter in Amsterdam is distinguished from every other part of the city by its want of cleanliness. The countenances of the residents preserve here, perhaps more than elsewhere, the Hebrew character pure and unalloyed. Many of the men keep up the old Jewish costume: the three-cornered hat, the long blue coat, and bushy beard.

Two centuries ago, a boy of a delicate frame and sickly constitution, was born in Amsterdam, in the bosom of the Israelite community. The first language he learned was the Hebrew, the first book he read was the Bible, and his first masters were rabbis. This boy was endowed with precocious intelligence, and reason inspired him with doubt. His bold turn of thinking scandalised his tribe, whose chiefs summoned him to appear before them. They insisted on retractions, which he refused to make. The contest was warmly kept up, and the conference ended in an open rupture. Finding himself rejected by the followers of his own faith, he mingled with the Christians, and learned the Greek and Latin languages.

His master had a daughter to whom he became attached, but his affection was not returned; he therefore renounced love, and devoted himself wholly to study. One passion took place of the other. Descartes superseded the mistress. The young philosopher soon had no other society than the writings of the great *doubter*, and he made applications of the *methode* which not a little alarmed the rabbis.

Fearing that his defection would shake their credit, they offered him a pension if he would consent to appear again in the synagogue. His answer was an ironical refusal, and an attempt at assassination was the reply of his enemies. Having escaped from the blow aimed at his life by a hired murderer, he retired into the country, and earned his subsistence by the labour of his hands, for he was poor.

The sentence of rabbinical excommunication caused him to withdraw to a still greater distance from his native city; and after some time spent in wandering from one asylum to another, he finally fixed his abode at the Hague. There he lived in profound retirement, and in the observance of stoical abstinence. A few pence sufficed to supply his daily wants, his mind supported his body, and he derived nourishment from the source of his own thoughts. But in spite of his obscure existence, his name became widely known. From his philosophic Thesis, he exercised an influence over the intellectual world. He had disciples by whom he was regarded as an oracle, and who sometimes violated his solitude to seek his opinion on intricate metaphysical questions.

This pacific sort of power and dominion was all that his ambition aimed at. He never wished to enter upon the stormy fields of controversy which are swarmed by the common herd of men. Having renounced all worldly enjoyments, he despised riches; his mind soared to lofty regions, whence he looked down with contempt on the false honours of this world. He rejected all pecuniary benefits, refused even the inheritance of a friend, and the offers of princes, who visited him personally in the hope of tempting him to forsake his seclusion; he preferred to pursue in silent liberty the task he had marked out for himself. As the follower of Descartes, and the precursor of the eighteenth century, he added a strong stone to the edifice of philosophy.

This Jew was Spinosa.

NEW BOOKS.

In noticing recently Dr. Ruschenberger's "*Physiology and Animal Mechanism*," we omitted to say that it was published and for sale by Turner & Fisher, No. 15 north Sixth street, Philadelphia, and No. 52 Chatham street, New York. The work is attracting favourable attention in all quarters.

Elements of Physics: or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical; written for Universal Use, in Plain or Non-technical Language, and containing New Disquisitions and Practical Suggestions. By Neil Arnott, M. D. A new edition, revised and corrected, with additions by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

Arnott's Physics has long been a favourite textbook of natural philosophy in our colleges and higher schools. Its plain and popular style, the familiarity of the illustrations, the strictly practical character of the instruction it contains, and its scientific accuracy, place it in the first rank of works in this department of knowledge. The edition before us is just published. It contains the results of all the recent inquiries in the various departments of physics, and the whole work, hitherto published in several volumes, being now comprised in one, it becomes the cheapest and best work extant on the subject. It will soon be exclusively used in colleges and high schools.

The Secret Foe. An Historical Romance. By Ellen Pickering. Author of "Who Shall be Heir," "Nan Darrell," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1841.

The comparative dullness of the first volume of this novel, is amply compensated by the thrilling and startling character of the incidents, and the intense interest of that part of the story which is contained in the second volume. The period chosen is that of the domination of Cromwell as Lord General. The plot is well conceived. Edith's character is a very noble, and, at the same time, a truly feminine one, every trait being drawn to the life. Maurice, Colonel Falconer, and Cromwell himself, are all well-drawn characters; and the story, as a whole, will bear a favourable comparison with those previously produced by the same author.

The Hannahs: or Maternal Influence on Sons. By Robert Philip. Author of "The Marys," "Marthas," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

This volume is one of the series published by Messrs. Appleton, entitled *The Lady's Closet Library*. It is written in the same practical familiar style which characterises the other works of the reverend author; and will prove an acceptable and useful present to many mothers and sons, the instruction which it contains being profitable for both. It is published in the usual elegant style of Messrs. Appleton, and is ornamented with a fine portrait of the Rev. Mr. Philip, engraved on steel. It is for sale at the bookstore of R. S. H. George, Fifth street above Chestnut.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

RIGHTS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN.

The theory of the mental equality of the sexes, has not wanted eminent supporters. Plato says there is no natural superiority of man over woman, except in strength. Professor Dugald Stewart is of the same opinion, and thinks that the intellectual and moral differences which we observe, are only the result of education. Voltaire thinks that women are on a level with men in every talent but invention. With all due deference to these high authorities, we cannot subscribe to their views.

It will not be denied, that, be they assignable to education or nature, great differences do exist between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the two sexes.

Of these differences, the following appear to us to be the most remarkable:—Women have less of active, and more of passive courage than men. They have more excitability of nerve; and with it all those qualities which such excitability tends to produce. They are more enthusiastic—their sympathy is more lively—they have a nicer perception of minute circumstances. Whether, as stated by Professor Stewart, they have greater quickness and facility of association, may, we think, be reasonably doubted. They are certainly not superior to man in those powers of association which produce wit, though they often possess them in an eminent degree. They are inferior in the power of close and logical reasoning. They are less dispassionate—less able to place their feelings in subjection to their judgment, and to bring themselves to a conclusion which is at variance with their prepossessions. They have less power of combination and of generalisation. They are less capable of steady and concentrated attention—and though their patience is equal, if not greater, their perseverance is less.

Such appear to us to be the principal mental differences between men and women. Some will be disposed to extend the list, and others to abridge it; and there will, perhaps, be scarcely any to whom some instance will not occur of inferiority or superiority at variance with the preceding statement. But it must be remembered, that amidst the infinite diversities of mental phenomena, it is impossible to lay down any rule from which there will not be some exceptions—and that our judgment must be guided by the majority of cases.

Now, if the prevalence of these diversities be admitted, in what respect, and to what extent, may any of them be attributed to the influence of education? This is necessarily a difficult question. The art of education, like that of medicine, avails itself of the instrumentality of nature; and, inasmuch as the best education is that which co-operates with nature most unobtrusively and closely, and exhibits the slightest evidence of artificial deviation, so will the operations of education and of nature be almost undistinguishably combined where each has worked most beneficially. To say, not with respect to individuals, but universally, that certain mental qualities arise exclusively from natural temperament, and that education has absolutely no share whatever in their development, is impossible; but it can at least be said, that with respect to some qualities, the influence of education is imperceptible, and can have conduced to them (if at all) in a very slight degree. Such, for example, are women's superiority in passive courage—greater excitability of nerve—warmer enthusiasm, and livelier sympathy. On the other hand, there are qualities on which the prevailing influence of education can with more probability be admitted. Such are the nice perception of minute circumstances—and the inferiority in powers of generalisation, and in a capacity for concentrated attention. Yet, even in these cases, we shall be obliged to admit to a considerable extent the possible instrumentality of natural temperament. Education and habit, by contracting woman's sphere of observation, induce a nice perception of minutiæ; but delicacy of nerve, mixed with somewhat of that timidity which belongs to a sense of physical weakness, will tend to produce the same result. Excitability of nerve is also adverse to the exercise of the reasoning powers, and to steady and concentrated attention—though herein, perhaps, the influence of education is more clearly and extensively admissible than in any other respect; and woman's indisposition to generalise, is more attributable to her livelier sympathy and stronger interest in individual cases, than to any want of training in those grammatical studies, to which Professor Stewart appears to attach undue importance. He thinks that the grammatical education which boys receive while learning Latin and Greek, "by teaching them experimentally the aid which the memory derives from general rules, prepares them for acquiring habits of generalisation:" and to the want of such training he ascribes, in a great measure, "the little curiosity which girls commonly discover about the causes of physical phenomena; for," he adds, "what is vulgarly called a knowledge of *causes*, is nothing else than a knowledge of general rules." What is thus ascribed to girls, may surely be ascribed to the majority of young persons of both sexes. We cannot perceive that there exists among boys, more than among girls, a disposition to investigate the causes of such phenomena as are commonly passing before their eyes. No being can be less addicted to scientific research than the English schoolboy, or indeed to any approximation to it; unless that name can be bestowed on such mechanical ingenuity as may be connected with his games. Girls are even more disposed to such pursuits as involve in some degree the exercise of scientific enquiry, and habits of generalisation, such as botany and entomology; while the boy, if strong and healthy, is commonly too volatile, and too fond of active sports, to pause and exercise his reason much upon the phenomena of nature. Those who do so, will be comparatively few; and of these, few, if any, in our opinion will be found to have derived any impulse or assistance, even of the most indirect description, in the pursuits of science, in habits of generalisation, or in investigation of the causes of physical phenomena, from their grammatical studies in Latin and Greek.

In discussing the effects of education it is of course important to consider, not what the education of boys or of girls is in theory, but what it really is in practice. Education, within the last few years, has attracted more than ordinary attention, and has undergone, and is undergoing, considerable improvement, and it is, therefore, less easy to pronounce an opinion upon its present state, than upon that which existed some time previously. Taking, then, as the period to which our observations refer, the first thirty years of the present century, we are of opinion, that in the upper and middle classes of life, the education of girls was, on the whole, better than that of boys. The majority of the boys were occupied in learning *imperfectly* Latin and Greek, and scarcely anything else; while girls were acquiring not only languages, and perhaps music and painting, but such more important knowledge as must constitute an essential part of every well-devised scheme of education, and would be valuable to them through life. We firmly believe, that in a vast majority of cases, the girl of seventeen was better informed upon such subjects as well-educated persons ought to be conversant with—possessed a more cultivated understanding, and was more capable of conversing intelligently with persons much older than herself—than the boy of the same age. If this be so—and though no proof can be offered in support of such assertion, we confidently make it, in the belief that there are few of our readers who will not concur with us—it cannot be argued with

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any plausibility, that to education rather than to nature man owes that mental superiority over woman, the existence of which cannot be denied.

It may be argued, on the other side, that this is true on the assumption that education ceases at the early age of seventeen; but that this is scarcely true with regard to either sex—that at this period, or a little later, frequently begins the most valuable part of a young man's education—when, comparatively free from the trammels of strict superintendence, and the compulsory imposition of distasteful tasks, but animated with a zeal for the acquisition of knowledge, which he believes would be beneficial to him—he begins to educate himself. In this there is much truth; and in this sense, far from being limited to the period of youth, education never ceases; for every acquisition of knowledge by an individual for himself, as long as his faculties are capable of acquiring, may be included under that term. But to use education in this sense, and to reason upon it as if it were identical with the instruction which young persons derive from their elders, is to deceive ourselves by similarity of term. The education which was spoken of as sufficiently potent to vie in its effects with those of nature—to form the habits, to modify the character—is that which is caused by instruction upon the plastic minds of youth. No power short of that exerted by superior age, wisdom, and authority, or by the pressure of remarkable circumstances, can justly be deemed capable of producing the effects which have been claimed for education. But self-education—that which an individual applies to himself, either wholly without aid, or with the assistance rather than under the control of others—is, in fact, only another name for the development of that intellectual strength with which he is endowed by nature. No mind can exercise on itself a power which is not already inherent in it. No mind, intrinsically weak, can strengthen itself by its own exertions, unaided by the pressure of external circumstances. From whence, if not from nature, is the strength by which the mind, disregarding inducements to recreation and sloth, voluntarily consigns itself to painful toil? From whence, but from the consciousness of possessing such power as will ensure success, is the hope which invites its possessor to exertions by which success is commanded? No: if the superiority gained by men is referable chiefly to self-education, we must go further, and admit that it is ultimately referable to that natural strength of intellect, without which self-education would not have been effectual.

If the intellectual inequality of the two sexes were attributable to education rather than to nature, the evidence of inequality would be least apparent in those instances in which education has least influence. Such is that remarkable aptitude and ability which is termed *genius*, and which, when existing in the highest degree, is confessedly independent of the influence of education, and is even not to be repressed by any obstacles of an ordinary kind. If then, nature had bestowed intellectual gifts in equal abundance on the two sexes, we might reasonably expect that the number of women of remarkable genius—of women who have attained the highest eminence in literature and in art—would have been as considerable as that of men. But how stands the case? We will not apply a severe, and what some might call an unfair test, and ask for the female counterparts in genius to those great leaders of their race who have been mightiest in the arts of war and government; because the exercise of such arts is not congenial with female habits. We will look for excellence of the highest kind in the calm pursuits of literary taste—pursuits which are as well adapted to the habits of women as of men, and for which nothing in the education of men peculiarly tends to enable them to excel. We will even set aside science, lest it should be considered too severe, and take for our basis of comparison poetry and the fine arts; in which the sensitive and imaginative temperament, and refined and tasteful habits of women, might, *à priori*, be presumed to give them an unquestionable superiority over the more stubborn nerve and coarser habits of man. Yet, though educated women are very conversant with elegant literature, perhaps even more than the majority of men, and many have from all times been *versifiers*—and though the poet is proverbially "born, not made;" and though there is nothing in the habits of women, which, so much as in the severer occupations of men, should tend to quench the poetical fire, or induce them to resist its inspiration; yet where is the poetess whom even partiality could place in that elevated class to which belong our Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Byron? Women, especially in England, have written so much and so well, as to prove that they have no natural inaptitude for poetry; and there are not a few (of whom some are living) who have written with a degree of power and beauty, which, though it cannot raise them to the highest class, or create a strong impression upon the public taste, ought to elevate them far above the disparaging character of mediocrity. This, therefore is a fair field of competition—this is good ground on which to try the question of natural superiority. Yet, in this least masculine exercise of intellect—this department so suitable to their more sympathetic and nervous temperament—although there has been excellence, yet that which is of the highest class has never been displayed by woman.

Look, next, at the arts of painting and music. These are arts which seem to depend most upon qualities which are rather attributes of the female character, than of the sterner and less sensitive nature of man. They are less congenial with the ordinary pursuits and avocations of men than of women; and by the influence of education, especially in this country, they fall peculiarly to woman's share. For twenty girls to whom music and drawing are a part of education, you will scarcely find one boy respecting whom it is the same. In other countries the differences may be less; but still the cultivation of these arts will be found to preponderate on the female side. Moreover, these are arts which are not treated by women as mere embellishments. They are pursued by many as professions—they are cultivated with all the ardour which the keenest sense of self-interest can inspire. Yet where are the great names? There have been many men whose names will live as painters and composers of music, as long, perhaps, as the delightful arts in which they excelled continue to be appreciated as an important portion of the innocent pleasures of civilised society. But of what woman can we say the same? We cannot name one whose title to such distinction would be ratified by the public voice. These are plain and undeniable facts; and we see not how we can avoid the obvious inference, that, even in those departments of the intellect which are most congenial with woman's nature, education, and pursuits, there is not such an approach to equality of power, as to enable woman to attain those heights to which man's superiority sometimes raises him.

(To be continued.)

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

(Continued from No. 6.)

Who knows but in that same 'best possible organization' as yet far off, Poverty may still enter as an important element? What if our Men of Letters, men setting up to be Spiritual Heroes, were still *then*, as they now are, a kind of 'involuntary monastic order;' bound still to this same ugly Poverty,—till they had tried what was in it too, till they had learned to make it too do for them! Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there; and even spurn it back, when it wishes to get farther.

Besides were the money-furtherances, the proper season for them, the fit assigner of them, all settled, —how is the Burns to be recognised that merits these: He must pass through the ordeal, and prove himself. *This* ordeal; this wild welter of a chaos which is called Literary Life: this too is a kind of ordeal! There is clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society. For Men of Letters, as for all other sorts of men. How to regulate that struggle? There is the whole question. To leave it as it is, at the mercy of blind Chance; a whirl of distracted atoms, one cancelling the other; one of the thousand arriving saved, nine hundred and ninety-nine lost by the way; your royal Johnson languishing inactive in garrets, or harnessed to the yoke of Printer Cave, your Burns dying broken-hearted as a Gauger, your Rousseau driven into mad exasperation, kindling French Revolutions by his paradoxes: this, as we said, is clearly enough, the *worst* regulation. The *best*, alas, is far from us!

And yet there can be no doubt but it is coming; advancing on us, as yet hidden in the bosom of centuries: this is a prophecy one can risk. For so soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing, they do infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding it; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that. I say, of all Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Governing Classes at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that Priesthood of the Writers of Books. This is a fact which he who runs may read,—and draw inferences from. "Literature will take care of itself," answered Mr. Pitt, when applied to for some help for Burns. "Yes," answers Mr. Southey, "it will take care of itself; *and of you too*, if you do not look to it!"

The result to individual Men of Letters is not the momentous one; they are but individuals, an infinitesimal fraction of the great body; they can struggle on, and live, or else die, as they have been wont. But it deeply concerns the whole society, whether it will set its *light* on high places, to walk thereby; or trample it under foot, and scatter it in all ways of wild waste (not without conflagration), as heretofore! Light is the one thing wanted for the world. Put wisdom in the head of the world, it will fight its battle victoriously, and be the best world man can make it. I called this anomaly of a disorganic Literary Class the heart of all other anomalies, at once product and parent; some good arrangement for that would be as the *punctum saliens* of a new vitality and just arrangement for all. Already, in some European countries, in France, in Prussia, one traces

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some beginnings of an arrangement for the Literary Class; indicating the gradual possibility of such. I believe that it is possible; that it will have to be possible.

By far the most interesting fact I hear about the Chinese is one on which we cannot arrive at clearness, but which excites endless curiosity even in the dim state: this namely, that they do attempt to make their Men of Letters their Governors! It would be rash to say, one understood how this was done, or with what degree of success it was done. All such things must be very *un*successful; yet a small degree of success is precious; the very attempt how precious! There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for every one: a foolish sort of training, yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves,—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the Official Persons, and incipient Governors, are taken. These are they whom they *try* first, whether they can govern or not. And surely with the best hope; for they are the men that have already shown intellect. Try them, they have not governed or administered as yet; perhaps they cannot; but there is no doubt they *have* some understanding,—without which no man can! Neither is Understanding a *tool*, as we are too apt to figure; "it is a *hand* which can handle any tool." Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying.—Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement, that I know of in this world, so promising to one's scientific curiosity as this. The man of intellect at the top of affairs: this is the aim of all constitutions and revolutions, if they have any aim. For the man of true intellect, as I assert and believe always, is the noble-hearted man withal, the true, just, humane and valiant man. Get *him* for governor, all is got; fail to get him, though you had Constitutions plentiful as blackberries, and a Parliament in every village, there is nothing yet got!—

These things look strange, truly; and are not such as we commonly speculate upon. But we are fallen into strange times; these things will require to be speculated upon; to be rendered practicable, to be in some way put in practice. These, and many others. On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been. When millions of men can no longer by their utmost exertion gain food for themselves, and "the third man for thirty-six weeks each year is short of third-rate potatoes," the things which have been must decidedly prepare to alter themselves!—I will now quit this of the organisation of Men of Letters.

Alas, the evil that pressed heaviest on those Literary Heroes of ours was not the want of organisation for Men of Letters, but a far deeper one; out of which, indeed, this and so many other evils for the Literary Man, and for all men, had, as from their fountain, taken rise. That our Hero as Man of Letters had to travel without highway, companionless, through an inorganic chaos,—and to leave his own life and faculty lying there, as a partial contribution towards *pushing* some highway through it: this, had not his faculty itself been so perverted and paralysed, he might have put up with, might have considered to be but the common lot of Heroes. His fatal misery was the *spiritual paralysis*, so we may name it, of the age in which his life lay; whereby his life too, do what he might, was half-paralysed! The Eighteenth was a *Sceptical* Century; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt; all sorts of *in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis. Perhaps, in few centuries that one could specify since the world began, was a life of Heroism more difficult for a man. That was not an age of Faith,—an age of Heroes! The very possibility of Heroism had been, as it were, formally abnegated in the minds of all. Heroism was gone forever; Triviality, Formalism and Commonplace were come forever. The "age of miracles" had been, or perhaps had not been; but it was not any longer. An effete world; wherein Wonder, Greatness, Godhood could not now dwell;—in one word, a godless world!

How mean, dwarfish are their ways of thinking, in this time,—compared not with the Christian Shakspeares and Miltons, but with the old Pagan Skalds, with any species of believing men. The living Tree Igdrasil, with the melodious prophetic waving of its world-wide boughs, deep-rooted as Hela, has died out into the clanking of a World-Machine. "Tree" and "machine:" contrast these two things. I, for my share, declare the world to be no Machine; it does not go by wheels and pinions at all!

The old Norse Heathen hath a truer notion of God's world than these poor Machine Sceptics: the old Heathen Norse were *sincere* men. But for these poor Sceptics there was no sincerity, no truth. Half truth and hearsay was called truth. Truth, for most men, meant plausibility; to be measured by the number of votes you could get. They had lost any notion that sincerity was possible, or of what sincerity was. How many Plausibilities asking, with unaffected surprise and the air of offended virtue, What! am not I sincere? Spiritual Paralysis, I say, nothing left but a Mechanical life, was the characteristic of that century. For the common man, unless happily he stood *below* his century and belonged to another prior one, it was impossible to be a Believer, a Hero; he lay buried, unconscious, under these baleful influences. To the strongest man, only with infinite struggle and confusion was it possible to work himself half loose; and lead as it were, in an enchanted, most tragical way, a spiritual death-in-life, and be a Half Hero!

Scepticism is the name we give to all this; as the chief symptom, as the chief origin of all this. Concerning which so much were to be said! It would take many Discourses, not a small fraction of one Discourse, to state what one feels about that Eighteenth Century and its ways. As indeed this, and the like of this, which we now call Scepticism, is precisely the black malady and life-foe, against which all teaching and discoursing since man's life began has directed itself: the battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Neither is it in the way of crimination that one would wish to speak. Scepticism, for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, better, and wilder ways,—an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it; we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of everlasting *substances*; that Scepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning.

The other day speaking, without prior purpose that way, of Bentham's theory of man and man's life, I chanced to call it a more beggarly one than Mahomet's. I am bound to say, now when it is once uttered, that such is my deliberate opinion. Not that one would mean offence against the man Jeremy Bentham, or those who respect and believe him. Bentham himself, and even the creed of Bentham, seems to me comparatively worthy of praise. It is a determinate *being* what all the world, in a cowardly half-and-half manner, was tending to be. Let us have the crisis; we shall either have death or the cure. I call this gross, steam-engine Utilitarianism an approach towards new Faith. It was a laying down of cant; a saying to oneself: "Well then, this world is a dead iron machine, the god of it Gravitation and selfish Hunger; let us see what, by checking and balancing, and good adjustment of tooth and pinion, can be made of it!" Benthamism has something complete, manful, in such fearless committal of itself to what it finds true; you may call it Heroic, though a Heroism with its *eyes* put out! It is the culminating point, and fearless ultimatum, of what lay in the half-and-half state, pervading man's whole existence in that Eighteenth Century. It seems to me, all deniers of Godhood, and all lip-believers of it, are bound to be Benthamites, if they have courage and honesty. Benthamism is an *eyeless* Heroism: the Human species, like a hapless blinded Samson grinding in the Philistine Mill, clasps convulsively the pillars of its Mill; brings huge ruin down, but ultimately deliverance withal. Of Bentham I meant to say no harm.

But this I do say, and would wish all men to know and lay to heart, that he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe, has in the fatalest way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men's conception of this Universe seems to me precisely the most brutal error,—I will not disparage Heathenism by calling it a Heathen error,—that men could fall into. It is not true; it is false at the very heart of it. A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. One might call it the most lamentable of Delusions,—not forgetting Witchcraft itself! Witchcraft worshipped at least a living Devil; but this worships a dead iron Devil; no God, not even a Devil! Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life. There remains everywhere in life a despicable *caput mortuum*; the mechanical hull, all soul fled out of it. How can a man act heroically? The "Doctrine of Motives" will teach him that it is, under more or less disguise, nothing but a wretched love of Pleasure, fear of Pain; that Hunger, of applause, of cash, of whatsoever victual it may be, is the ultimate fact of man's life. Atheism, in brief;—which does indeed frightfully punish itself. The man, I say, is become spiritually a paralytic man; this godlike Universe a dead mechanical Steam-engine, all working by motives, checks, balances, and I know not what; wherein, as in the detestable belly of some Phalaris' Bull of his own contriving, he the poor Phalaris sits miserably dying!—

Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process that of getting to believe;—indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that! All manner of doubt, enquiry, *σκέψις* as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*. But now if, even on common things, we require that a man keep his doubts *silent*, and not babble of them till they in some measure become affirmations or denials; how much more in regard to the highest things, impossible to speak of in words at all! That a man parade his doubt, and get to imagine that debating and logic (which means at best only the manner of *telling* us your thought, belief or disbelief, about a thing) is the triumph and true work of what intellect he has: alas, this is as if you should *overturn* the tree, and instead of green boughs, leaves and fruits, show us ugly taloned roots turned up into the air,—and no growth, only death and misery going on!

For the Scepticism, as I said, is not intellectual only; it is moral also; a chronic atrophy and disease of the whole soul. A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest! Lower than that he will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low the mournfulest, sickest and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is palsied, sick: how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine acting ceases in all departments of the world's works; dexterous Similitude of Acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed, the world's work is not done. Heroes have gone out; Quacks have come in. Accordingly, what Century, since the end of the Roman world, which also was a time

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of scepticism, simulacra and universal decadence, so abounds with Quacks as that Eighteenth? Consider them, with their tumid sentimental vapouring about virtue, benevolence,—the wretched Quack-squadron, Cagliostro at the head of them! Few men were without quackery; they had got to consider it a necessary ingredient and amalgam for truth. Chatham, our brave Chatham himself, comes down to the House, all wrapt and bandaged; he "has crawled out in great bodily suffering," and so on;—*forgets*, says Walpole, that he is acting the sick man; in the fire of debate, snatches his arm from the sling, and oratorically brandishes it! Chatham himself lives the strangest mimetic life, half-hero, half-quack, all along. For indeed the world is full of dupes; and you have to gain the *world's* suffrage! How the duties of the world will be done in that case, what quantities of error, which means sorrow and misery, to some and to many, will gradually accumulate in all provinces of the world's business, we need not compute.

It seems to me you lay your finger on the heart of the world's maladies, when you call it a Sceptical World. An insincere world; a godless untruth of a world! It is out of this, as I consider, that the whole tribe of social pestilences, French Revolutions, Chartisms, and what not, have derived their being, their chief necessity to be. This must alter. Till this alter, nothing can beneficially alter. My one hope of the world, my inexpugnable consolation in looking at the miseries of the world, is that this is altering. Here and there one does now find a man who knows, as of old, that this world is a Truth, and no Plausibility and Falsity; that he himself is alive, not dead or paralytic; and the world is alive, instinct with Godhood, beautiful and awful, even as in the beginning of days! One man once knowing this, many men, all men, must by and by come to know it. It lies there clear, for whosoever will take the *spectacles* off his eyes and honestly look to know! For such a man the Unbelieving Century, with its unblessed Products, is already past; a new century is already come. The old unblessed Products and Performances, as solid as they look, are Phantasms, preparing speedily to vanish. To this and the other noisy, very great-looking Simulacrum with the whole world huzzaing at its heels, he can say, composedly stepping aside: Thou art not *true*; thou art not extant, only semblant; go thy way!—Yes, hollow Formulism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic atheistic Insincerity is visibly and even rapidly declining. An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception,—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere*; a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a Heroic World! It will then be a victorious world; never till then.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF AVARICE.

An elderly woman at Beaune, in the Côte-d'Or, although possessing property known to produce her an income of forty thousand francs, lived in a wretched garret, lying on a flock-bed, with no other covering, even in the coldest nights, than an old worn blanket. As there was a large chest in the room, it was generally believed that she kept a considerable sum of money amassed in it. This rumour tempted robbers, who resolved to explore its contents. Having got into the room during the absence of its wretched tenant, they soon broke open the supposed treasury, but, instead of heaps of gold and silver, they first saw roll out of the receptacle a human skull, followed by other dry bones. This unexpected display of the remains of mortality struck the rogues with terror, and they instantly fled without making any further search. The explanation of this extraordinary result exposes an instance of avarice perhaps unequaled. To the magistrates, who were called in on the discovary of the attempt, the old lady confessed that she formerly had a daughter, who died at Paris, and was buried in ground taken only for a limited term of years. When this period was elapsed she determined, rather than pay the price to secure the remains of her daughter a perpetual resting-place where they were, and which would have cost but a trifling sum, to have them put into a chest, and brought to her own miserable dwelling, where they had been for many years in quiet, until disturbed by the cupidity of the thieves who had broken the sanctuary. The rogues, it appears, have not been discovered; and, for the sake of decency, the magistrates have compelled the penurious woman to put herself to the expense of having the bones of her child reinterred in consecrated ground.

MAHOMEDAN MILLENNIUM.

Extract of a letter, dated Alexandria, March 26:—

"The apostles of Mehemet have written largely of the personage, called *Mehdi*, evidently the impersonation of some corrupted creed of the triumphant reign of Christ. They say he will appear at Mecca in his fortieth year, march to Jerusalem, and reign in power and glory, dispensing justice on earth for a few years, till Dejail, the spirit of evil, shall rise against him and overpower him. Jesus, the Christian prophet, with 70,000 angels, shall then come to his aid at Damascus; all the earth shall acknowledge the Mehdi, and the conversion of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, bring about the Mahomedan millenium. The St John of this revelation, is a priest who has already collected 35,000 followers, and calls himself (on the coins he has struck for the purpose) 'the Imaum of the two continents and the two seas who awaits Mahomed Mehdi.' The Sheriff of Mecca, the Sultan, and even Mehemet Ali are not without alarm on the subject of this new phase of oriental fanaticism."

The Parisian Geographical Society has awarded its large gold medal to Admiral Dumont d'Urville for his discovery in the Antarctic Circle of the two points of land which have been called Louis Philippe and Adélie. The society has also made honourable mention of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, for their discoveries on the coast of North America; of M. Schomburg, for his explorations in Guyana; and of Col. Codazzi, for his important geographical labours in the republic of Venezuela.

A letter from Frankfort, in the Cologne Gazette, states that, during the building of the new Catholic church in that place, the Catholics performed divine service in the Protestant church of Sainte-Gertrude, the Protestants having, in order to accommodate them, changed the hour of their own service. In the consecration of the Catholic church, which took place on the 27th ult., the clergyman in the course of his sermon expressed in strong terms his gratitude for the spirit of brotherly love and conciliation manifested by the Protestants in the Parish of Sainte-Gertrude.

The No Coercion Principle.—Last week, during the time Lord Waterpark and his party were canvassing Newall, they met a man driving a donkey cart, the man wearing a blue riband and the donkey decorated with the colours of the canvassers—yellow; and upon being questioned why he did not adopt the same colours both for his animal and himself, quietly replied, "Why, I uses no coercion; we both does as we likes; he goes with *his* party, and I goes with mine."—*Derby Mercury.*

Taking the Census in Bath.—The city of Bath is well known to have long been the resort of single ladies and gentlemen of a certain age. Many of the frequenters were determined that not even the recent census should discover their ages or birth places; and, accordingly, several ladies abruptly retired for a few days to the nearest points upon the continent. But one old gentleman, who entertained an equal aversion to the inquisitorial enactment, contrived to evade it, and save himself the expense of a more inconvenient or remote trip, by simply arranging to sleep in a hackney coach, in which he caused himself to be driven about all night.

The extensive and well-known grape vine at Cumberland Lodge, supposed to be the largest in the world, is expected to produce this year a more than usually abundant crop. The enormous quantity of fourteen thousand bunches have just been cut off, to leave room for the thousands which remain to grow and ripen.

The Rev. William Black, Rector of Blaisdon, Gloucestershire, was a few days since convicted in the penalty of five pounds, for having, instead of making the required return for the census, written on the list that he considered it highly sinful to number the people, and referred the enumerator to 2 Sam. 24th chap. of the Holy Bible.

NEW BOOK.

Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By the author of "Hope Leslie," "Live and Let Live," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1841.

Miss Sedgwick's letters, describing her travels in Europe, have for some time been anxiously looked for by the reading world. They will not disappoint public expectation. They are written with all the vivacity, freshness, and fervour which might have been anticipated; and they describe not only the beautiful scenery, and the varying hues of society which presented themselves to her view, but a glorious galaxy of distinguished literary characters to whom she was introduced, and by whom she was welcomed, as she richly deserved, in the most cordial manner. Her sketches of such characters as Rogers, the poet, Carlyle, Miss Mitford, Miss Baillie, Mr. Hallam, and others of equal note, give additional interest to her journal of a tour, which, under less favourable circumstances, she would not have failed to render highly attractive by her admirable talents for description and narration.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars—all arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the cars. The stage fare will not exceed $3 50 to Fredericksburg; and $1 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will he hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

Daniel Ward, *Agent.*

July, 19th, 1841. tf.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

RIGHTS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN.

(Continued from No. 7.)

To turn from the ornamental arts to institute a comparison respecting the exercise of intellect on those important public matters on which depends the welfare of a state—might seem almost futile and absurd. Yet we cannot dismiss the comparison altogether in silence, while there are those who seriously, and we will add plausibly, hold that women should be admitted to share in the exercise of political power. To such advocates of the rights of women, many might deem it a sufficient answer to ask, what evidence of the possession of legislative and administrative abilities has been hitherto given by woman? Debarred as she is from the practice of politics, what proof has she given of consummate knowledge of them in theory? What work has issued from a female hand, what words have fallen from female lips, fraught with such lose-as of political wisdom as man might study with advantage? Of deceased female writers on political subjects, the only one of such distinguished ability as to deserve to be cited as a remarkable exception, is Madame de Stael. Yet who, after reading her eloquent works, does not feel that their merit resides in their brilliancy rather than in their profoundness—that they dazzle rather than convince—that they display qualities fitter for the orator than for the statesman—that they do not inspire confidence in the judgment of the writer, or cause us to feel that the practical guidance of public affairs would have been committed with safety to the utterer of those sparkling epigrams?

"The simple truth," says the judicious authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, "seems to be, that every faculty in the minds of the two sexes is the same, except that there is less general vigour in those of woman. There is no mental exercise in which men have excelled, that women have not also succeeded in extremely well up to a certain point. But wherever the greatest efforts are required, whether of judgment, imagination, attention, perseverance, or any other power, the superior vigour of the masculine mind becomes evident. Hence, as the greater part of the business of life does not require the utmost exertion, even of ordinary ability, it is only in the more arduous pursuits that the constitutional superiority of the masculine mind appears invariably. In low stages of civilisation, it occasionally happens that the advantage is observed to be on the side of the women; for any circumstance in their habits that imposes upon them the necessity of greater exercise of observation and judgment, turns the balance in their favour. But, in the complicated and laborious affairs of civilised societies, no education could give general superiority or even equality to the female sex; the demand for laborious investigations, and the highest powers of combination and invention, is too constant both in profession and science.

"A contrary opinion is occasionally maintained by ingenious women, who, from living in frivolous and contracted spheres, feel their superiority to the common-place men by whom they are surrounded; whose only advantage is the possession of an ordinary college education, sufficient capacity for which, or for a good deal more, they are conscious of possessing themselves. But they hold this opinion, because they are not aware of the abstruse nature of the enquiries carried on in the scientific world, of the very objects and importance of which they are very ignorant. Even in works of general literature, they may be well aware they have not always depth enough to perceive and feel the great difference between first-rate and second-rate orders of genius."

The champions of female rights—the advocates for woman's participation with man in those political functions which are now exclusively his—would, after all, effect little in support of their theory, if they could even prove that there exists in woman an equality of intellectual power, an equal aptitude for political affairs, and the more important and serious business of public life. Grant all this; yet the participation of women (not in individual cases, but as part of a general system) could not be admitted without infringing upon that important law which prescribes a division of duties, as one of the most essential elements in the conduct and transaction of human affairs. Take an instance (and there are probably many) in which the wife has an equal capacity with her husband for that business which falls naturally to his lot, and would be able to take his place, and transact his affairs quite as efficiently as himself; assume, next, that the husband has an equal aptitude for all those domestic duties which are assigned by custom to the wife; yet can any one doubt that if each, during alternate periods, were to assume the duties of the other, that the result would be, that the whole duties, public and domestic, thus divided among them, would be much less efficiently performed than if each adhered exclusively to their own department?

"There can be no civilisation," says the authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, "without order; and the progress of order could scarcely be secured without some provision that should lead mankind promptly and universally to a division of labour and duties into public and private. The utmost confusion and embarrassment would arise, if it were quite uncertain which of the two heads of a family should attend to the details of the household, and which pursue the profession or duties that were to provide for their common support." "The confusion would be so great, from the uncertainty which of the two parties should abandon their professional duties to attend to the details of domestic life, that I think such an awkward condition of society would compel the institution of castes, that a certain portion of the community might be brought up to particular sorts of employment alone. Let any one but follow out, in imagination, the details of a condition, in which all the professions and employments of civil life were given indifferently to men or women, as their physical strength might permit. The picture could scarcely be drawn out with seriousness; but the embarrassments would not be the less real because the notion is ludicrous."

In addition to the foregoing very sensible remarks, we will quote the following from the same work. They are highly creditable to the judgment of the author:—

"Nature having placed the stronger mind where she gave the stronger body, and accompanied it with a more enterprising, ambitious spirit, the custom that consigns to the male sex the chief command in society, and all the affairs which require the greatest strength and ability, has a better foundation than some of the prejudices that result from it. The hard, laborious, stern, and coarse duties of the warrior, lawyer, legislator, and physician, require all tender emotions to be frequently repressed. The firmest texture of nerve is required to stand the severity of mental labour, and the greatest abilities are wanted where the duties of society are most difficult. It would be as little in agreement with the nature of things, to see the exclusive possession of these taken from the abler sex to be divided with the weaker, as it is, in the savage condition, to behold severe bodily toil inflicted on the feeble frame of the woman, and the softness of feeling which nature has provided her with for the tenderest of her offices, that of nurturing the young, outraged by contempt, menaces, and blows. It is, therefore an impartial decree which consigns all the offices that require the greatest ability to men. For is it less the interest of woman than of man, that property, life, and liberty should be secured—that aggression should be quickly and easily repressed—that contentment and order should prevail, instead of tumult? That industry should be well paid—provisions

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cheap and plentiful—that trade should cover their tables and their persons with the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries which habit has rendered necessary, or an innocent sensibility pleasurable! It is less momentous to them that religious opinions should be free from persecution—that a wise foreign policy should maintain those blessings in peace, and preserve us from the tribulation of foreign dominion? In objects of less selfish interest, are women less anxious than men, or more so, to see the practice of slavery expelled from the face of the earth? or our colonial government redeemed in every remaining instance from the stain that has too often attended it, of being numbered with the most oppressive? In the dangerous and difficult sciences of medicine and surgery, is it less important to women than to men, that the life which hangs by a thread, should be trusted to those whose nerves and abilities ensure the greatest skill? Or, in law, that the decision of rights, the vindication of innocence, should be in the hands of those who can most patiently endure the dreary studies, and most boldly face human nature through all its various forms, and all its foul pursuits? Ills enough, Heaven knows, ensue from the weakness and incapacity of man; but to confer the offices which demand all the skill and energy that can be had on those who are weaker still, would be injurious alike to both."

One of the most important practical questions that have been mooted with respect to the rights of women is, whether they should, under any circumstances, be invested with such direct exercise of political power as is involved in the right of voting in the election of a member of our House of Commons. It is urged that we cannot consistently plead for the exclusion of women from all political functions, while by a provision of our constitution, which experience teaches us to regard with peculiar approbation and respect, the highest political functions may be exercised by a female;—that women, as the holders of property, possess one of those qualifications on which our representative system is founded; and that, while we exclude them from all direct participation in the franchise, we leave to the female possessor of lands and houses, as fully as to the proprietor who is of the other sex, an indirect influence over the votes of others;—that, independent of the possession of property, which in a man's hands would confer a right to vote, women, in the ordinary relations of life, necessarily exercise a considerable influence over the political opinions and conduct of men;—that it is always advantageous to substitute direct agency for indirect influence; and that, by adding open responsibility where there is already unobserved power, you render the exercise of that power more pure. It is urged, too, that objections against the practical exercise of the franchise, such as the too frequent conduct of election mobs, and the shock which female delicacy must receive from contact with the polling-booth and hustings, are founded upon the existence of nuisances which ought to be abated; that they are objections against the present system, and not against woman's right to vote; that it is possible, by the establishment of a better system, to obviate all that is repugnant in the conduct of elections; and that a silent vote, dropped unobtrusively into the ballot-box, need not, under proper management, cause any uneasiness to the sensitive nerves of the most retiring woman.

These arguments have been put forth and sustained with much ingenuity, not only by women but by men; among whom we may particularly mention Mr. Baillie, the author of a well-written tract on "The Rationale of Representation." He here states that, with respect to "widows, or single women, keeping house, or possessing the requisite amount of property that would be entitled to vote, it is difficult to conceive the shadow of a reason why they should be debarred from the privilege, except the tumultuous proceedings which are the unruly progeny of unskilful arrangements."

The arguments above stated in behalf of the political rights of women, may be answered in a few words. The fact that these kingdoms can be ruled over by a queen, may be an effectual answer to an argument in favour of the exclusion of women from *all* exercise of political power; but the absence of analogy between the position and functions of the sovereign and those of any of her subjects, prevents the example from being applicable in support of any other case. If it could be applied in any case, the least remote in point of analogy would be that of processes in their own right; and the privilege claimed for them would be, that they should sit and vote in the House of Lords. But, if any advocate of female rights has ever seriously proposed that they should mingle among men in the stormy debates of a deliberative assembly, he will be considered, we think, by a vast majority, even among women, as scarcely entitled to a serious reply. Then, with respect to the indirect influence which women possess as the holders of property, it must be remembered that they possess it only so long as their possessing it cannot be prevented; and that the question is not whether direct influence shall be *substituted* for the indirect, but whether it shall be *superadded*. It has never yet been shown that the possession of a right to vote, renders any one less solicitous to influence the votes of others, and it may even be reasonably doubted whether it does not tend to an opposite effect. The man who has no vote abstracts himself from political affairs, or views them, not as an agent in the conflict of parties, but from a distance, as a calm spectator. He is not solicited by candidates or their friends—he is not drawn into those scenes by which the fervour of political feeling is animated and renewed; —he views the question at issue dispassionately —and, if he cares how others vote, his solicitude is scarcely sufficient to inspire him with a wish to influence them. But the man whose vote has drawn him into the contest, and made him a partisan, and inspired him with that interest which mere egotism will sufficiently inspire in behalf of that party to which he is committed, is less likely to be satisfied with such slight assistance as his own single vote confers; and will more probably endeavour to exert some influence over others, than he who, not possessing a vote, is thereby warned to stand aloof. If, then, the woman possessing property has a right to vote, she becomes a privileged participator in political struggles. Politics are no longer out of her province; she turns her attention to party questions; she is openly canvassed by the candidates; she warmly adopts the cause of one of them; it is no longer a matter of indifference to her whether her tenants vote for A or for B; she has something more to declare than a mere unsanctioned, unmeaning preference; she has a vote—and the country will know to whom she gives it; and she becomes personally interested in the success of him whom she openly supports. It surely cannot be maintained that, under such circumstances, the superaddition of direct influence will not render the temptation to exercise indirect influence much stronger.

Whether the process of voting at elections can ever be so arranged as to present nothing formidable and repulsive to the sensitive and retiring modesty which befits a woman, is a problem which only experience can effectually solve, and on which speculation is consequently unsatisfactory. But grant the enforcement of order and decorum in any conceivable extent that the best regulations can possibly effect; and some degree of publicity, some previous enquiry respecting the qualification of electors, some subsequent scrutiny with respect to votes, must always be admitted, for the sake alike of the voters and the candidates. We must ask, therefore, not whether the registration court and the parliamentary committee *might* to be sufficiently formidable to deter a woman—a young unmarried woman—from voting, but whether they may not be rendered so. For it must be remembered that, in every contest, one of the two contending parties would be interested in keeping from the poll each female voter whose intentions could be guessed; and we fear no limits can be assigned to the length to which ribaldry, calumny and intimidation would be carried by factious violence, to attain its end.

(Conclusion in our next.)

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

(Continued from No. 7.)

Or indeed what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for us to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves; there is great merit here in the duty of "saving at home!" And, on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of "worlds" being "saved" in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a product of the Eighteenth Century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of the *world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!—In brief, for the world's sake, and for our own, we will rejoice greatly that Scepticism, Insincerity, Mechanical Atheism, with all their poison dews, are going, and as good as gone.

Now it was under such conditions, in those times of Johnson, that our Men of Letters had to live. Times in which there was a property no truth in life. Old Truths had fallen nigh dumb; the new lay yet hidden, not trying to speak. That Man's Life here below was a Sincerity and Fact, and would forever continue so, no new intimation in that dusk of the world, had yet dawned. No intimation; not even any French Revolution,—which we define to be a Truth once more, though a truth clad in hell-fire! How different was the Luther's pilgrimage, with his assured goal, from the Johnson's girt with mere traditions, suppositions, grown now incredible, unintelligible! Mahomet's Formulas were of "wood waxed and oiled, and could be *turned* out of one's way;" poor Johnson's were far more difficult to burn.—The strong man will ever find *work*, which means difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his strength. But to make out a victory, in those circumstances of our poor Hero as Man of Letters, was perhaps more difficult than in any. Not obstreperous,

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disorganisation, Bookseller Osborne and Four-pence-halfpenny a day; not this alone: but the light of his own soul was taken from him. No landmark on the Earth; and, alas, what is that to having no lode-star in the Heaven! We need not wonder that none of those Three men rose to victory. That they fought truly, is the highest praise. With a mournful sympathy we will contemplate, if not three living victorious Heroes, as I said, the Tombs of three fallen Heroes! They fell for us too; making a way for us. There are the mountains which they hurled abroad in their confused War of the Giants: under which, their strength and life spent, they now lie buried.

I have already written of these three Literary Heroes, expressly or incidentally; what I suppose is known to most of you; what need not be spoken or written a second time. They concern us here as the singular *Prophets* of that singular age; for such they virtually were; and the aspect they and their world exhibit, under this point of view, might lead us into reflections enough! I call them, all three, Genuine Men more or less; faithfully, for most part unconsciously, struggling to be genuine, and plant themselves on the everlasting truth of things. This to a degree that eminently distinguishes them from the poor artificial mass of their contemporaries; and renders them worthy to be considered as Speakers, in some measure, of the everlasting truth, as Prophets in that age of theirs. By Nature herself a noble necessity was laid on them to be so. They were men of such magnitude that they could not live on unrealities,—clouds, froth and all inanity gave way under them: there was no footing for them but on firm earth; no rest or regular motion for them, if they got not footing there. To a certain extent, they were Sons of Nature once more in an age of Artifice; once more, Original Men.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus' shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus' shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner, *he* had to live.

Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "fourpence halfpenny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door: and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever a soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new:* Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner, lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in forever, wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing "to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe." That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects "artificial?" Artificial things are not all false;—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true.* What we call "Formulas" are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds out a way of doing somewhat,—were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet;* he has articulated the dim struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of a "Path." And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it;—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance; you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there; *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world.

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his "sincerity." He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere,—of his being particularly anything! A hard struggling, weary-hearted man, or "scholar" as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live—without stealing! A noble unconsciousness is in him. He does not "engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal;" no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. Thus it ever is. Think of it once more. The man whom nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being *insincere!* To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is a Fact: all hearsay is hearsay; the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*,—fearful and wonderful, on this hand and on that. He has a basis of sincerity; unrecognised, because never questioned or capable of question. Mirabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon: all the Great Men I ever heard of have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at second-hand: to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth; truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments, in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine, any more than Mahomet's was: but I recognise the everlasting element of heart *sincerity* in both; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown; in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow.*

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: "In a world where much is to be done and little is to be known," see how you will *do* it! A thing well worth preaching. "A world were much is to be done and little is to be known:" do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of Doubt, of wretched godforgetting Unbelief;—you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you *do* or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught;—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, "Clear your mind of Cant!" Have no trade with Cant: stand on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be in your own *real* torn shoes: "that will be better for you," as Mahomet says! I call this, call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time.

Johnson's Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity, are now as it were disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful; Johnson's opinions are fast becoming obsolete: but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson's Books the indisputable traces of a great intellect and great heart;—ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are *sincere* words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it.* So many beautiful styles, and books, with *nothing* in them;—a man is a *male*factor to the world who writes such! *They* are the avoidable kind!—Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished symmetrically complete: you judge that a true builder did it.

One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Bozzy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature; and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy. The foolish conceited Scottish

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Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awe-struck attitude the great dusty irascible Pedagogue in his mean garret there: it is a genuine reverence for Excellence; a *worship* for Heroes, at a time when neither Heroes nor worship were surmised to exist. Heroes, it would seem, exist always, and a certain worship of them! We will also take the liberty to deny altogether that of the witty Frenchman, That no man is a Hero to his valet-de-chambre. Or if so, it is not the Hero's blame, but the Valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet*-soul! He expects his Hero to advance in royal stage-trappings, with measured step, trains borne behind him, trumpets sounding before him. It should stand rather, No man can be a *Grand-Monarque* to his valet-de-chambre. Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there *is* left nothing but a poor forked radish with a head fantastically carved;—admirable to no valet. The valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas, no: it requires a kind of *Hero* to do that;—and one of the world's wants, in *this* as in other senses, is for most part want of such.

On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed; that he could have found no soul in all England so worthy of bending down before? Shall we not say, of this great mournful Johnson too, that he guided his difficult confused existence wisely; led it *well*, like a right valiant man! That waste chaos of Authorship by Trade; that waste chaos of Scepticism in religion and politics, in life-theory and life-practice; in his poverty, in his dust and dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat: he made it do for him, like a brave man. Not wholly without a lodestar in the Eternal; he had still a lodestar, as the brave all need to have: with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of Time. "To the Spirit of Lies, bearing death and hunger, he would in no wise strike his flag." Brave old Samuel: *Ultimus Romanorum!*

Of Rousseau and his Heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not, "the talent of Silence," an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in! The suffering man ought really "to consume his own smoke;" there is no good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*,—which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming? Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Poor Rousseau's face is to me expressive of him. A high, but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, straight-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered looking,—bewildered, peering with lynx eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity:* the face of what is called a Fanatic,—a sadly *contracted* Hero! We name him here because, with all his drawbacks, and they are many, he has the first and chief characteristic of a Hero: he is heartily *in earnest*. In earnest, if ever man was; as none of these French Philosophers were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature; and which indeed in the end drove him into the strangest incoherences, almost delirations. There had come, at last, to be a kind of madness in him: his Ideas *possessed* him like demons; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places!—

The fault and misery of Rousseau was what we easily name by a single word, *Egoism;* which is indeed the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. He had not perfected himself into victory over mere Desire; a mean Hunger, in many sorts, was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men. You remember Genlis's experience of him. She took Jean Jacques to the Theatre; he bargaining for a strict incognito.—"*He* would not be seen there for the world!" The curtain did happen nevertheless to be drawn aside: the Pit recognised Jean Jacques, but took no great notice of him! He expressed the bitterest indignation; gloomed all evening, spake no other than surly words. The glib Countess remained entirely convinced that his anger was not at being seen, but at not being applauded when seen. How the whole nature of the man is poisoned; nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce moody ways! He could not live with any body. A man of some rank from the country, who visited him often, and used to sit with him, expressing all reverence and affection for him, comes one day; finds Jean Jacques full of the sourest unintelligible humour. "Monsieur," said Jean Jacques, with flaming eyes, "I know why you come here. You come to see what a poor life I lead; how little is in my poor pot that is boiling there. Well, look into the pot! There is half a pound of meat, one carrot and three onions; that is all: go and tell the whole world that, if you like, monsieur!"—A man of this sort was far gone. The whole world got itself supplied with anecdotes, for light laughter, for a certain theatrical interest, from these perversions and contortions of poor Jean Jacques. Alas, to him they were not laughing or theatrical; too real to him! The contortions of a dying gladiator: the crowded amphitheatre looks on with entertainment; but the gladiator is in agonies and dying.

(Conclusion in our next.)

From Miss Sedgwick's Letters.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

Would you know what struck me as we drove from the depot of the western railroad to our lodgings? The familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavements to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The smoke-colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye; so unlike our flame-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up sooner or later—*sooner*, in most cases. And having had nothing to do to-day but gaze from our windows, what think you has struck us as quite different from a relative position in our own city?—The groups of ballad singers, consisting usually of a man and woman and one or two children. I have seen such in New York half a dozen times in my life, and they are always people from the continent of Europe. Here, not half an hour passes without a procession of these licensed musical, and to us novices irresistible beggars. Then there are the hawkers of flowers as irresistible, lovely bouquets of moss rosebuds, geraniums, heliotropes, and what not. As we are in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and the Parks, our street is quite a thoroughfare, and we are every moment exclaiming at the superb equipages that pass our window. Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you, that after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobbyhorse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence—what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men, (for such are selected,) attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two of course perfect supernumeraries? We "moralise the spectacle," too: observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries, some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving with a militia general's hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something "rotten in the state," when God's creatures, "possible angels," as our friend Doctor T. calls all human kind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place. "Possible angels" they may be; but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities!

Coming to the cities of the Old World, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon us, with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City Hall, the Battery and the Boston Common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought, "Why, these people have been at it these two thousand years, and heaven knows how much longer." By degrees envy melts into self complacency, and we say, "they are our relations;" "our fathers had a hand in it;" we are of the same race, "as our new planned cities and unfinished towers" shall hereafter prove. Mr. Webster said to me after we had both been two or three weeks here, "What is your impression now of London? my feeling is yet amazement."

There are yet ties to be broken before America and Great Britain can become *national*, or, as it used to be said with regard to France, "*natural* enemies."

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars—all arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the cars. The stage fare will not exceed $3 50 to Fredericksburg; and $1 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will he hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

DANIEL WARD, *Agent*.

July, 19th, 1841. tf.

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LIFE OF L. E. L.

We now offer to our readers a Life of Mrs. McClean, the famous L. E. L.—a poetess second only, in our time, to the charming Mrs. Hemans—and whose prose essays, graceful and elegant to an eminent degree, mark her as one of the very first female writers of the day. Her beauty, gentle nature, amiable qualities, and above all, her tragic and mysterious death, render extremely interesting the biography of this admired and lamented lady.

From the Edinburgh Review.

RIGHTS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN.

(Concluded.)

In thus replying to the foregoing arguments, we assume that it is never contemplated that the right of voting should be claimed for married women during their husbands' lives; or for unmarried women living under the protection of their parents. The divisions which would thereby be created in the heart of families, and the extensive injury consequent therefrom to domestic peace, are objections too obvious to require discussion. We will suppose the claim made wholly in behalf of widows and spinsters, possessing such property as would confer a right of voting on men. These would be very few in proportion to the whole number of electors; and the power which they would practically exercise as a class, with respect to any measure which might affect the rights of women as contra-distinguished from those of men, or as in any wise opposed to the latter, would be extremely slight. It may, therefore, reasonably admit a doubt whether the value of the privilege is not too slight to be worth the claiming.

But let it be granted, for argument's sake, that it is substantial power, and no mere shadow of additional influence, which a woman would gain by such a change; and we then ask, will the consequent result be an improvement in their position? We decidedly think that it would not. In all modern civilised communities, and especially in the most refined and cultivated portion of those communities, women are treated by men with peculiar deference, tenderness and courtesy. Do they owe this treatment to their strength or to their weakness? Undoubtedly to the latter. The deference, the tenderness, the courtesy of man towards the other sex, are founded principally on the feeling that they need his protection, and can never question his power. But let women be made ostensibly powerful; let a sense of competition be introduced; let man be made to feel that he must stand on the defensive—and the spirit of chivalry, so eloquently described by Burke, will speedily cease; and it will be useless to expect a continuance of that feeling, to which women can now appeal with confidence, and which lends the most essential charms to the ordinary intercourse of civilised society. Women, as a class, cannot enjoy, at the same time, the immunities of weakness and the advantages of power. They may take their stand upon the latter ground; but, in order to do so with safety, they must *possess* the power which they assert. If they assume only the *appearance* of sharing it with man, and are invested with a privilege which their inferiority in numbers prevents them from using for their own benefit *as a class*, they will, while mocked with the shadow of authority, have excited a spirit of jealous opposition, which would deprive them of those advantages which man now yields without reluctance.

It must not be imagined that in opposing women's direct participation in political power with men, we intend to assert that women should utterly abstain from all consideration of political questions, and be passive and indifferent spectators. It is right that they should participate in what concerns the vital interests of the whole community; but, as is well observed by the authoress of *Woman's Mission*, they should participate "as *moral* agents, as champions of the right, in preference to the expedient. The immense influence which they possess, will be most beneficial if allowed to flow in its natural channels; namely, domestic ones. The political feelings of women are more likely to be guided by the abstract principles of right and wrong, if they themselves are restrained from the public expression of them. Participation in scenes of popular emotion, has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now, these are the essence of woman's beneficial influence; and everything tending to blunt the one and sour the other, is sedulously to be avoided. It is of the utmost importance for men to feel, that in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, they are appealing *from* their passions and prejudices, and not *to* them, as embodied in a second self."

Some attention was drawn to the subject of the interposition of women in political affairs, by the question—whether the presence of a female audience at debates in the House of Commons, should be sanctioned by the assignment of places exclusively for ladies. The question is deprived of much of the interest with which some would invite it, by the unimportance of the privilege which it is proposed to confer. If the debates in Parliament were occult mysteries, and admission to the galleries of the House were our sole means of insight into the arcana of legislation, the privilege would, indeed be valuable. But when any one, on the morning after a debate, can read in a newspaper a very full and tolerably correct report of what, if admitted as a stranger, he would, perhaps, have heard and understood less perfectly the preceding evening, at much sacrifice of time and trouble, the refusal of admission to the galleries of the House is not the refusal of political knowledge; but merely a refusal to the gratification of curiosity, respecting persons, countenance, and gesture—the dramatic excitement of oratory, and not the information which it is capable of imparting. It cannot be said that such admission is necessarily conducive to the attainment of political knowledge. It causes the individual to regard the conflict of parties with a livelier zest; but it will cause him, at the same time, to think more of the orator and less of the subject—to care less for principles and more for persons. Such may not be the ultimate effect on those who are habituated to debates, and have outlived the excitement which attends on novelty; but these are persons, the object of whose presence is business and not amusement. They who would seek the gallery for amusement, would not await this sobering process; but would no longer come when the novelty had vanished, and excitement ceased to charm. It cannot be denied that the effect of a casual attendance at debates, is to cause a regard for persons rather than for principles, and the substitution of private partiality for calm and comprehensive judgment—in short, the aggravation of those very failings which are always observable in the politics of women. Women who take an interest in politics, are commonly observed to be keener and bitterer in their partisanship than men. To make them spectators of political conflicts, would be to aggravate the animosity with which they are too apt to regard the opponents of their own friends; and the harmony and peace of society, which has already too often been disturbed by political discord, would materially suffer.

Our chief object at present is to consider this subject with reference to its effects upon the minds of women, and upon the society of which they form an influential part; but the proposed innovation is to be deprecated also on grounds relating to the business of Parliament, to which we shall very briefly allude. It is surely inadvisable that anything should tend to render our houses of Parliament theatres for the display of merely ornamental oratory, more than they are at present; and that the vanity of young members should be tempted to encroach upon the valuable

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time of the House, by the presence of an audience still more interesting than even the redoubtable phalanx of reporters. We can scarcely anticipate the amount of the change which, after a long lapse of time, the constant and recognised visible presence of women in the houses of Parliament would effect in the tone and character of debates; but we believe, that though it might be sufficiently slow to be always imperceptible at the time, it would not be immaterial in the end, and that its consequence would be to impair the usefulness of discussions in those houses, and thereby to lower their character with the country at large. We must also consider, not only what the presence of women might cause to be said out of a desire for oratorical display, but what it might cause to be left unsaid. Subjects must sometimes come under discussion, which could not be mooted before a female audience without shocking that nice sense of decorum which now prevails in refined society, and which no right-minded person can wish to render less sensitive. It is true, that the probable nature of the debate may sometimes be sufficiently known beforehand, to allow the usual occupants of the Ladies' Gallery the opportunity of absenting themselves. But this cannot always be the case. Subjects such as we have alluded to, will be introduced incidentally and unexpectedly. They may be of deep importance; and such as no fastidious delicacy ought to prevent a member of Parliament, who values as he ought the responsibility which attaches to his situation, and the obligation which rests upon him to do his duty fearlessly and frankly, from stating as clearly and forcibly to the House, as if his words were to be heard by no ears but those of men. In such a case, it is not right that any one should be subjected to a painful struggle between the refined and decorous feelings of a British gentleman, and the solemn and imperative duties of a British legislator.

The wish expressed on behalf of women to attain some influence on legislation, is not altogether causeless and unreasonable. Legislation has been less friendly than Society—and they have real grounds of complaint against the existing state of the law, with respect to the relations of husband and wife. Grounded apparently on the assumption, that the interests of husband and wife are identical, the law either interposes too little when their interests are *not* identical; or interposes harshly and unjustly, and less as a mediator than as a partisan.

With respect to property, there is a lamentable want of due protection against the effects of extravagance and vice; and the law is impartial only in its balance of injustice, and in allowing to the culpable of either sex the most unbridled impunity in wrong-doing. The extravagant wife may contract debts for which her husband may be sent to prison. The vicious husband of an heiress, whose friends or legal advisers may have been careless or inefficient, and failed in securing her just rights by settlement previous to marriage, may plunge her into utter ruin; by squandering, in spite of her most earnest remonstrances, her patrimony upon his own pleasures. These are instances of injustice which the existing law is powerless to restrain. What should be the remedy is a nice and difficult question; for laws which affect the tenure of property, are among those which it is least easy to amend. But if impossibility cannot be pleaded, the difficulty of applying a remedy can be no valid objection, when the evil is so great and glaring.

But there are other cases in which the state of the law, though recently amended, is in our opinion still faulty—cases to which public attention has been considerably drawn, and on which much has been forcibly and ingeniously written. We allude to the relative positions of husband and wife in cases of separation; and to the power possessed by the husband even over infant children. The conduct of the wife might have been exemplary, the conduct of the husband licentious and brutal; but if a separation ensue, even though caused exclusively by *his* vices, their children, even in infancy, might be taken from *her*, and placed exclusively under *his* protection;—he might appoint his mistress to supply her place in taking care of them—and the doubly injured wife and mother could not see them without his permission. This was what English law permitted till within the last two years. The very statement of such possibilities included the strongest condemnation. It was a law which sinned against the plainest ordinances of Religion and Nature. Woman has no holier duty than the protection of her offspring; and no artificial rules of human law could abrogate with impunity the paramount sanctity and authority of a law of nature. The mother is the natural protectress of the children when they are young, and need her guidance—she is naturally fitter to guide and cherish them than the father; and no arguments founded on the tenure of property as established by law, or the dependence of the children upon the father for pecuniary support, could prove more than that in *that* respect also was the law in fault; and that in *that* respect also it ought to be reformed, as well as in that which was the subject of complaint. A partial remedy was applied by the Act for the Custody of Infants, which was passed in the session of 1839. By that act, a mother may petition for access to her children, and (if they are under seven years of age) for their delivery to her custody; and the judge in equity to whom she applies may, "*if he shall see fit*," make order for the access of the petitioner to her children, "at such times, and subject to such regulations as he shall deem convenient and just;" or, with similar limitations, may deliver them to her care.

Something has thus been gained for mothers; but it must be observed, that still the exclusive custody and power of preventing access, rests *à priori* with the husband; and the wife has no redress till, in opposition to his usually ampler means, she has obtained it by costly litigation from the proverbial tardiness of a court of equity. This act, too, though it withholds (and properly) its benefit from wives against whom adultery has been proved, inflicts no similar penalty upon the proved delinquencies of a husband.

Although, therefore, the law has been slightly reformed, it cannot yet be said to deal impartially with both sexes. It is not yet cleared from the imputation of having too much the impress of *man's* legislation, and of favouring the father at the expense of the mother's rights. It does not yet recognise equality of right in the two parents. On the contrary, it vests all authority in the father, till the mother, by appeal to a court of justice, can obtain a participation. This seems to us unjust.

Insanity, imbecility, or crime, duly proved, must, for the sake of the children's welfare, deprive the mother of authority over them; and even of that right of access, which she would use only for their detriment. But nothing else should abrogate her rights. There is no other authority which ought to be superior to hers. That of the father may be equal, (except during the infancy of their offspring,) but never ought to be superior, as long as the children are minors, and parental authority can be enforced. Our present limits will not allow us to enter into an examination of the arguments by which, in Mr. Stevenson's excellent pamphlet, and in other recent publications, the details of this question, on both sides, have been searchingly and ingeniously discussed. We have been obliged to content ourselves with stating broadly and succinctly the conclusions to which we have come after a consideration of the whole question, and the plain principles of immutable justice, which, in our opinion, *must* be recognised in any adjustment of its difficulties that can be generally deemed satisfactory and equitable.

If those deviations from justice towards women, which at present deform the law of England, were effectually corrected, we do not doubt that the demands for participation in political power, now made in their behalf, would cease; and their most zealous defenders would recognise the impolicy of attempting to remove them from that sphere, in which their influence may be exerted most beneficially for themselves and others. "If anything," says the authoress of *Woman's Rights and Duties*, "urged in behalf of women, tends to taking them out of their true sphere, I wish that it may be promptly and completely refuted; for nothing can be for the real good of society, that is not built upon nature and reason." —"The measure of the rights of women must be sought for in the real advantage of society at large; it must increase with their own intellectual and moral progress; for the influence of worth and intelligence is nearly irresistible. As the peculiar office of man is to govern and defend society, that of woman is to spread virtue, affection, and gentleness through it. She has a direct interest in softening and humanising the other sex. Man is too rugged to be even just towards those whom he only loves, but does not respect: he is too powerful to be swayed by those whom he only respects, but does not love. The empire of woman must be won, not solely through his sense of justice, but by the grace and delicacy, the tenderness and purity she diffuses through life; but her rights will neither add dignity to her social influence, nor bring practical security to her domestic station, except as they are found really to promote the virtue and happiness of society."

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS MAN OF LETTERS.

JOHNSON, ROUSSEAU, BURNS.

(Concluded.)

And yet this Rousseau, as we say, with his passionate appeals to Mothers, with his *Contrat-social*, with his celebrations of Nature, even of savage life in Nature, did once more touch upon Reality, struggle towards Reality; was doing the function of a Prophet to his time. As *he* could, and as the Time could! Strangely through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire. Once more, out of the element of that withered mocking Philosophism, Scepticism, and Persiflage, there has arisen in this man the ineradicable feeling and knowledge that this Life of ours is *true*; not a Scepticism, Theorem, or Persiflage, but a Fact, an awful Reality. Nature had made that revelation to him; had ordered him to speak it out. He got it spoken out; if not well and clearly, then ill and dimly,—as clearly as he could. Nay what are all errors and

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perversities of his, even those stealings of ribbons, aimless confused miseries and vagabondisms, if we will interpret them kindly, but the blinkerd dazzlement and staggerings to and fro of a man sent on an errand he is too weak for, by a path he cannot yet find! Men are led by strange ways. One should have tolerance for a man, hope of him; leave him to try yet what he will do. While life lasts, hope lasts for every man.

Of Rousseau's literary talents, greatly celebrated still among his countrymen, I do not say much. His Books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy; not the good sort of Books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness: but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight; something *operatic*; a kind of rose-pink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather it is universal, among the French since his time. Madame de Stael has something of it; St. Pierre; and down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionary "Literature of Desperation," it is everywhere abundant. That same *rosepink* is not the right hue. Look at a Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the True from the Sham-True, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

We had to observe in Johnson how much good a Prophet, under all disadvantages and disorganisations, can accomplish for the world. In Rousseau we are called to look rather at the fearful amount of evil which, under such disorganisation may accompany the good. Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own Thoughts and Necessities there; driven from post to pillar; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend nor the world's law. It was expedient, if any way possible, that such a man should *not* have been set in flat hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild beast in his cage;—but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilised life, the preferability of the savage to the civilised, and such like, helped well to produce a whole delirium in France generally. True, you may well ask, What could the world, the governors of the world, do with such a man? Difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with him! What he could do with them is unhappily clear enough,—*guillotine* a great many of them! Enough now of Rousseau.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, secondhand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall fire-work; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard handed Scottish Peasant.—His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scots call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and these children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears:" figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-ground," nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper-paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost; nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognised as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind in passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god!—

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense, and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript cutting peats in the bog, or such like, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ("*fond gaillard*," as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it,) a primal element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him: spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dew-drops from his mane;" as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear.—But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefullest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight: all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers: they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him, That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it*. "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men were not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicised as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like, and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: "You are to work, not think." Of your *thinking* faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see*; but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*-see the nature of the thing he works with? He mis-sees it, *mistakes* it, as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing,—and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men.—Why complain of this? say some. Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old. Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, say I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer,—is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at!—

Once more we have to say here that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns! Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scottish inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence

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to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moon-struck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied: "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thiog! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well-being or ill-being to a generation, can we say, that *these* generations are very first-rate!—And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either hav it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado,—with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it not, by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.——

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred who will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea-stamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag,—inflated till he *burst* and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body; worse than a living dog!" Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone;—solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement; they got their amusement;—and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of "Light-chafers," large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies! But—!—

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

What think you of our New World eyes seeing the sarcophagi containing the bones of the old Saxon Kings—the Ethelreds and Ethelwolfs, and of Canute the Dane; the tombs of William Rufus and of William Wickham; the chair in which Bloody Mary sat at her nuptial ceremony; besides unnumbered monuments and chapels built by kings and bishops; to say nothing of some of the best art of our own time, sculpture by Flaxham and Chantrey! Their details were lost upon us in the effect of the great whole; the long-drawn aisles, the windows with their exquisite colouring, the lofty vault, the carved stones, the pillars and arches—those beautiful Gothic arches. We had some compensation for the unconsciousness of a lifetime, of the power of architecture, in our overwhelming emotions. They cannot be repeated. We cannot see a cathedral twice for the first time—that is very clear.

I was not prepared for the sensations to be excited by visiting these old places of the Old World. There is nothing in our land to aid the imperfect lights of history. Here it seems suddenly verified. Its long-buried dead, or rather its dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life. A miracle is wrought on poetry and painting. While they represented what we had never seen, they were but shadows to us—a kind of magic mirrors, showing false images: now they seem a divine form for the perpetual preservation of the beautiful creations of nature and art.

The *completeness* of nearly every thing in England, especially of the houses and concomitants of the wealthy, also struck the strangers mightily.

AN ENGLISH "LODGE."

I cannot follow the rule I would fain have adopted, and compare what I see here to what is familiar to you at home. There is, for instance, in this place of Mrs. ——, a neatness, completeness, and perfection, of which we have but the beginning and faint shadowing. Our grounds are like our society, where you meet every degree of civilisation. Here, every tree, shrub, and little flower is in its right place; and nothing present that should not be here. On one side of the house the garden is laid out in the fantastical French style, in the form of hearts and whimsical figures, but elsewhere it is completely English, with noble trees that grow as Nature bids them; hot-houses, with grapes and pines; and a lawn that for hundreds of years, probably, has had its grass cropped every week through the growing-months.

The house is, I fancy, rather a favourable specimen of the residences of the English gentry—spacious, and arranged with comfort and elegance; but not surpassing, in these respects, the first class of gentlemen's country-houses in America. But there are luxuries here that we have not, and shall not have for many a day. The walls are painted by the master of the house with views on the Rhine, from sketches of his own; and very beautiful they are. This is, to be sure, very attainable to us, for a taste and a certain facility in painting is common enough among us; but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce? or when, in a gentleman's country house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques? Certainly not till our people cease to demand drapery for the chanting cherubs and such like innocents. * *

After lunch, Miss —— took us in her carriage, stowing the girls in the rumble, through Lord Ashdown's and Mr. Fleming's parks. We drove a mile through the latter, with thick borderings and plantations of shrubbery on each side of us, so matted and with such a profusion of rhododendron as to remind me of passages in the wilds of Western Virginia. This, you know, is a plant not native to this country, but brought with much pains and expense from ours. We have not English wealth to lavish on our parks and gardens, but with taste and industry we might bring to our homes, and gratefully cherish, the beautiful plants that God has sown at broadcast in our forests. I declare to you, when I remember how seldom I have seen our azaleas, kalmias, &c. in cultivated grounds, while I meet them here in such abundance, it seems like finding a neglected child housed and gently entertained by strangers.

This is the era of frivolous literature; at least in England it is so. Among the masses of print which our national press throws off every season, how few are the productions calculated to reach a permanent position as standard works! In the process of supplying an incalculably increased demand, the article has materially deteriorated. Looking back to the reigns of Queen Anne, and the first George, you find literature instinct with a life and muscular energy which yet show fresh and vigorous, and which extend even to the avowedly fugitive and ephemeral pieces of that day. The Freeholders and Spectators have not yet ceased to delight. Even the Drapier's Letters may still be read with pleasure. Now, however, every year, not to say every month, sees reams of the fairest hot-pressed post impressed with the fairest type, only to become, before the twelvemonth is run, like the leaves of the sibyl, *rapidus ludibria ventis*. It is easier, however, to mark this change than to assign its causes.—*London Times*.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars—all arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the cars. The stage fare will not exceed \$3 50 to Fredericksburg; and \$1 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will he hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

DANIEL WARD, *Agent*.

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POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTISTS, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. It was at Rome, says Gibbon, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

Father Malebranche having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devoting himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Loitering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, *L'Homme de Descartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he read with such delight, that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's Fairy Queen; and, by a continual study of poetry, he became so enchanted of the muse, that he grew irreconverably a poet.

Dr. Johnson informs us, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident; when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover, he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a flutting automaton.

"If Shakspeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool-trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent wool-seller had never been the celebrated poet."

"Accident determined the taste of Moliere for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation; the father observing it, asked in anger, if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Moliere; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance that France owes her greatest comic writer."

"Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a poet, composed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated works. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer."

"Thus it is, that the devotions of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe."

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired, during the time of the plague, into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampelona. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illness, instead of romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order; whence originated the celebrated society of the Jesuits.

Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the arts and sciences. A circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession, or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impulse, which directed his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet, that after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the day-time to the woods, where, concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding dryads.

Flamstead was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacrobosco's book de Sphæra having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it, that he immediately began a course of astronomical studies. Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds: the same accident, of finding on the table of his professor, Reamur's History of Insects, of which he read more than he attended to the lecture, and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet, that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work; its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life; this naturalist indeed lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

Dr. Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of De Foe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

I shall add the accident which occasioned Roger Ascham to write his *Schoolmaster*, one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Wotton, in softer tones, sided with the secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and addduced, as an evidence, that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger.

Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's noisom. Sir Richard Sackville was silent, but when Ascham after dinner went to the queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted As

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cham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

Translated for Waldie's Library, from "Le Faubourg St. Germain."

AUTOGRAPHS.

The Marquis of Lucheux might count forty-seven years of a life entirely spent without the cares of fortune, without ennui, without family troubles. He was a man unblessed with either delicacy or cheerfulness of mind. An orphan from his youth, without near relatives, endowed with a thoughtful character in the pursuit of happiness, passing the greater part of his time at home in the country, we are not surprised to find that the Marquis of Lucheux had reached a perfect degree of egoism. And nevertheless, he passed in the world for a good man, sweet and easy in his disposition. A great freedom of manners, which were unconstrained and almost rude, a sort of marvellous, dispensation of politeness, which one could scarcely fail to take for the country frankness of a worthy provincial gentleman, contributed much towards giving him this reputation.

Nobody in the world could turn him from the line of his personal interest; he followed it invariably, without the slightest deviation. His ideas were neither numerous nor elevated, but he conceived they were the most sound, the most correct, the most noble that could be imagined, and all those who did not adopt them when it pleased him to communicate them, passed in his eyes for extravagant people; if any one of his friends experienced any loss of property or any considerable misfortune, his pity was always expressed in formal terms to this effect: I told him so—he would not believe me—if he had done as I advised; and from these three observations, he set out in a ceremonious, dull, tedious speech to contrast the conduct of those who had been overtaken by misfortune, with his own conduct, his principles, and all the commonplace trash with which his head was filled. What he possessed, what he did, was, in his opinion, the very best in the world. He was fond of people who amused him, and became a gay, boon companion with them; but if you asked of him a favour, the granting of which in any way compromitted either his time or his fortune, he became sad, a dreamer, felt uneasy, and then contrived to make you understand, without precisely refusing, how entirely out of his power he found it to oblige you.

The Marquis of Lucheux was an egoist in the full strength of the term. Every body, however, praised him; he was nothing but a gallant, wise, reflecting gentleman whose conduct and deportment were perfect. It may be well to say, how he came under the high protection of opinion: born without strong passions, with a handsome fortune, in command of which he was placed at an early age, the Marquis of Lucheux never contracted debts, he never maintained actresses, nor did he ever mingle in what is termed the refined dissipations of young gentlemen: but a still stronger reason spoke in his favour: the Marquis of Lucheux never lent his money, it is true, but we must also add, he never borrowed any. and in the world, a man who is so unfortunate as to be obliged to have recourse to the purse of his friends, is somewhat of a bore, an individual whom everybody avoids, and upon whom calumny and detraction pour in streams, the perfidious confidences of their acrimony. During his whole life he becomes a Paria loaded with iniquity. He is treated with a sort of humiliating protection, and the pity which is bestowed upon him bears a strong resemblance to contempt; a hundred times daily his name may be heard coupled with these terrible epithets: *This poor devil.* . . . . .

Now, the Marquis of Lucheux had never borrowed, and for this reason, which is more weighty than any other, he enjoyed the best reputation; ask nothing from the world, receive from it neither succour nor service, and God alone knows what amount of praises it will heap on you.

Nevertheless, there existed in the bosom of the Marquis of Lucheux a passion which was his joy; a solitary happiness, a pleasure in comparison with which human enjoyments were as nothing. The object of his passion, he could worship according to his fancy; shut it up under the triple locks of his doors, transport it from his chateau to the city, and from the city to his chateau, without trouble or inconvenience; he never had to bear with its refusals or assents, nor with its caprices. In a word, the marquis was an amateur of autographs; living happy in the thoughts of the sort of small reputation which his numerous collections of the handwritings of the remarkable men of all ages and every country, had obtained for him. On his days of good humour, he softened the egoism of his possession to the advantage or gratification of the egoism of his vanity, so far as to exhibit to some select connoisseurs the wealth of his portfolios. But he never would consent to the publication of the most insignificant letter of the least known hero among *his great men.*

It would be difficult now to explain by what chain of circumstances, by what series of events, a month after the ball given at the Hotel de Blacourt, Gérard de Stolberg was admitted to the distinguished honour of visiting the collection of autographs of the Marquis of Lucheux. Had this visit sprung from *unforeseen chance* or *long sought accident;* there are no certain data by which to solve this question.

The autographs succeeded each other in rapid profusion before the eyes of Gérard, and his approving remarks, his numerous questions, showed not only an instructed man, but an amateur apprentice full of zeal. The Marquis of Lucheux felt a sincere pleasure of vanity *to profess* before such an apprentice, and point out to him the *preciousness* of this or that piece, the importance of such a signature done after a certain fashion. "See sir," said he, "here are some letters from Catherine de Medicis, dated from the famous conference of Poissy; pay attention I beg you, to these two bows of blue silk, secured by this wax seal, which is impressed with a true Arabic talisman. The good dame, although a strong catholic, as the sequel proved, believed somewhat in astrology. This piece is very rare, sir; the signature written with a K, is surrounded by a sort of magic constellation.

"And this letter of the Cardinal Richelieu, what do you say to it, a true love letter, addressed to Madame de Combalet, she who was called the little Pontcourlay; can there be any thing more delicate or more coquettish. What style—How the great man softens! The Royal Library offered me six of the cardinal's political letters for this simple billet, signed only by the name Armand; you can understand why I refused!"

Gérard did not understand, but he made a profound bow of approbation.

"Go on, go on," replied the marquis; "all this is very common, but there should be nothing wanting in a collection like mine—autographs of Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV—political affairs; these letters are not very rare. Here is what is more so, read, it is from Louis XV., a trifle of no consequence, a morning note to Madam Chatauroux, a genuine salutation of the king to his mistress; now we will show you, and the marquis swelled with a proud and haughty air, the sweet, sugared reply of the beautiful duchess, which is full of *favours.* You will admit, sir, that this is very rare and very precious."

"Very rare!" repeated Gérard; "but how"—

"Oh, how! I will tell you that presently; let us go on. Two words from the hand of Cartouche, an order signed Mandrin, in these two frames which are opposite to each other, and below an order from the great Bossuet. These relative positions are curious, are they not?"

"Bossuet! marquis; do you place Bossnet below Cartouche and Mandrin!"

"I understand your astonishment. Bossuet, the greatest of our orators, seems to you to merit a place other than that assigned him in my collection. Cartouche and Mandrin are mere boys along side of him, sir. That is all true. But on my side, I have an unanswerable reason, a commanding reason, for prizing at a hundred times more the dirty autographs of Cartouche and Mandrin than the order of the eagle of Meaux. I am the sole amateur whose collection can boast the possession of their handwriting, while that of Bossuet, the autograph of this great man is always and everywhere met. I would give two autographs of Bossuet, four of Bourdaloue, and as many of Massillon, in exchange for a word, a single word from the hand of Ravaillac."

Gérard was mute with astonishment. He could not comprehend it at all.

The Marquis of Lucheux soon continued, with all the eloquence of a proprietor proudly satisfied, who makes his guest survey step by step every alley in his park, checking him every moment before some new point of view skilfully managed.

One by one he removed the covers that concealed his pictures or cards. It was with a holy respect that he touched certain writings, that he explained them, that he demonstrated their great value, their rarity, their *uniqueness.* This man, cold and selfish as he was, now appeared to be fired with all the enthusiasm of a real passion. His countenance lighted up, his eyes became almost intelligent in their expression, the words flowed abundantly and with ease; if for a moment he could have been spiritual, it was then.

"Behold, Monsieur de Stolberg, two pieces from the hand of Voltaire; the one is simply a letter to his tailor, but it is signed Arouet—Arouet, and nothing more. The other is a letter to the King of Prussia, which is signed *De Voltaire.* I know of only two signatures of *Arouet,* including the one at this moment before your eyes. Those *De Voltaire* are to be had by the thousand; for fifteen francs you can obtain them at the Hotel Bullion.

"This miserable writing full of bad spelling, is that of the Maréchal de Richelieu. It is a precious little billet, addressed to Mademoiselle de Valois, and dated from the Bastille.

"As to the *moderns,* we have, thank fortune, a rich collection; we have *Buonaparte, Bonaparte* and *Napoleon;* we have an order for Rhenish wine from the hand of *Goethe;* a word from Byron to his servant, recommending to him his dogs; a bargain settled by Walter Scott, between himself and bookseller; a ministerial letter from Chateaubriand, during the short time he administered foreign affairs. In fact, all the *moderns,* and their contemporaries, are contained in these two cases. Both of them, Monsieur Gérard, are a sort of double anteroom, designed for the living. You would hardly believe with how much pleasure I take a leaf from my living to transfer to my dead. Indeed the great men of the present day write a great deal too much; their autographs are no rarity; death alone begins to render them precious. Our poets prostitute themselves upon *Albums,* a vile invention, and our statesmen scrawl in a most frightful manner. I am often obliged to destroy a hundred letters of a single personage, in order to render the only one I am willing to preserve at all interesting: this occurred with me in the case of Madam de Staël. I would only preserve a reproachful letter of Madam Genlis addressed to a politican; this letter is curious on account of the name in the address; for, in other respects, Madam Genlis costs little at public sales, her writing is found every where.

"In fact, this collection which we have now before us, this collection which is passing in review, I may call the work of my whole life; you cannot believe how much skill, finesse and manœuvering, it has cost me to render it as perfect as you now see it. My days and my nights, yes, sir, my nights have been spent in this labour. I was born with the love, the passion for collecting; I have the protuberance; indeed I may boast that I never had any other idea since reason first dawned upon me; I have lived for my autographs, and I have sacrificed myself for them."

"May I beg to know, sir," demanded Gérard, with an air of astonishment, "what you understand by the phrase—'*I have sacrificed myself for them?*'"

The Marquis of Lucheux, at this interrogatory which he seemed to anticipate, so much had he emphasised the words in speaking of his sacrifice, assumed an arrogant and important air, inflated with the pride of a pretended martyr; then he left the table

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upon which most of his *living* were displayed, and approaching the hearth, took a chair, and by a gesture full of comical dignity, signed to Gerard to take a seat. His regular and inexpressive face seemed to be animated by that selfish vanity that resorts to every insignificant means of making itself valued; his eyes, his cheeks, his chin, even his mouth which had not yet pronounced the famous

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolerem;"

the wrinkles of his brow and face, the magisterial crossing of his legs, and even to the clasping of his hands, appeared to demand no ordinary attention. It is easy to anticipate, judging from his mimic preface, that the revelation about to be made related to the most important act of the life of the marquis, to the constituting act of his existence; therefore, Gérard, through politeness at first, afterwards from a feeling easily to be conceived, showed himself an attentive and interested auditor.

At length the marquis began his narration, in a grave and solemn tone, listening to his own words, checking himself occasionally, like a skilful player to produce greater effect, embellishing his recital with every digression calculated to furnish a rich source of dull, heavy, halting eloquence, embarrassed and void of expression.

"I lived a bachelor for a long time, Monsieur Gérard; happy in the midst of my labours, dreaming solely of completing the collection you have just passed in review, all my ambition was centered in it, and I bequeathed it in the future to my country as a rich treasure; every day I passed whole hours in researches oftentimes fruitless, and you may easily conceive how sweet and glorious to me this toil, the pleasure of my present and the glory of my future existence; my youth never knew the frivolous amusements of Paris, none of the attractions of the ephemeral passions which destroy so many pleasures had exercised the slightest influence upon me; I have loved some women in my life, but without ardour, without ecstasy, and I may say with some little vanity that no storm ever disturbed the sweet quietude of my fifty years.

"At the age of twenty-five, I was full of wisdom and reflection; I became disgusted with the inutility of my existence; I resolved to fix on something as the endeared object of my life; but I was unwilling to cast myself on the uncertainty of favour, and the toils of political life, nor enter all booted, a brilliant nothing into the turmoils and cares of a military career; the bench and bar for me had few charms, and the life of a country gentleman improving his lands had none. It was at this moment that the mania, the taste, the study of collections took possession of my imagination; then as now, you did not meet with collections of all sorts of things, nobody had inclosed the middle age like a gallery in some void in his apartment; nobody opened to the public an antique, a gothic, a punic or fantastic *exhibition*."

Here the marquis laughed and interrupted himself for a moment, as if to admire his own wit.

"I said, then, Monsieur Gérard," he soon continued, "that collectors were very rare in that epoch; I may boast that I was among the first collectors whose reputation made any noise; but I must admit, nevertheless, that the idea of collecting together the autographs of distinguished men of all times and all countries, was suggested to me by an incident which is not wanting in drollery. I had no idea of the precious collections of autographs that existed in the royal library; I must confess, at the age of twenty-five, *science* and *literature* had occupied very little of my attention. It is only since that period that my name has figured, not without some distinction, in many works wherein my autographs are mentioned. See amongst others the *Iconography* of cotemporaries.

"I was then totally ignorant at the age of twenty-five; I perceive that astonishes you." And the poor marquis swelled as if, at the moment, he bore the weight of an European reputation.

"I was then totally ignorant," he repeated with great emphasis, "when one day my servant brought me a pair of gloves which the perfumer had wrapped in a letter written by Robespierre to Saint-Just; it was a very trifling affair as you will admit; nevertheless it was my point of departure; the most sublime ideas, the most magnificent conceptions have often had as miserable an origin.

"This letter of Robespierre, which I have preserved as a sort of monument, kept as the ancient and honourable Oberkampf preserved at Jouy, the cottage in which he began with an hundred louis-d'or his prodigious fortune; this letter, I say, opened my eyes to my vocation, the aim and object for which my activity and intelligence were to be exerted. I devoted myself to the search of autographs; the writing of Robespierre, which came into my possession through an extraordinary oversight of my perfumer, seemed to declare, every time I looked at it—'The shops of Paris are full of unknown autographs, rummage the shops, rummage the shops!' And this I did, Monsieur de Stolberg, and I am indebted to the grocers for my rarest pieces. I found in 1816, at a grocer's in the 'Place Maubert,' a parchment which is thought to belong to the thirteenth century; nobody has yet been able to read it, but it is presumed that this parchment is some charter granted by Saint Louis to the famous Abbey of Corbie, at the moment of that monarch's departure for the Holy Land.

"I became then a hunter of autographs; my collection, at first quite modest, soon became more considerable; finally it attained to be a power with which the royal library treated on equal terms. To augment my treasure, I despoiled the archives of my friends, and rummaged their correspondence, and united myself to people who were not only indifferent to me, but whose habits were totally opposite to mine, and I took all this trouble in the hope, often disappointed, to snatch from the ignorant some precious autograph. In a few years, I began to possess a sort of reputation; my cabinet was known and envied; then my life became sweet and agreeable, for I thought I had nothing now to do but repose from my long labours in the peaceful enjoyment of a reputation, and one which had been laboriously acquired.

"The anticipations of men are always deceptive: the more I was strengthened in my ideas of quietude, the more bitter and painful was it one bright day to discover my error, to feel at the bottom of my soul that the severest of all trials was yet in reserve; in short that it was absolutely necessary, in order to preserve the high reputation of my cabinet, to save the honour of my collection, to sacrifice the peaceful tranquillity of my existence, renounce my repose, all my habits, and take upon me a new life."

At this point of his narration, the Marquis of Lucheux remained thoughtful and silent, after drawing a deep and painful sigh from the depths of his enormous chest.

"I told you just now, Monsieur de Stolberg, that I was sacrificed for the sake of my autographs, and this mode of expressing myself was not on my part hyperbolical in the slightest degree; I am really sacrificed for them; but I had to choose between the work of my youth, the love of my thoughts, the end of all my aspirations, and the tranquillity of my existence; to say that I did not hesitate, would be inexact, for I hesitated a long time, the love of my collection, of my work, of this monument which you have admired, triumphed—and learn how.

"In the midst of my triumph, and as it was, I say it with pride, the object of general admiration, I dared to boast one day, before several distinguished amateurs, the possession of the most beautiful collection of autographs known, both of the living and dead. All, or nearly all present, agreed that my pretensions were well founded, and we passed in review all the well known collections, that of the Marquis of D——, that of the Marquis of B——. None could be compared with mine. I admit, sir, that I felt that day the greatest joy, the most unalloyed happiness of my whole life; my paternal heart swelled with a satisfaction which arose entirely from it, belonged only to it, without the necessity of sharing it with any body in the world. All my visiters left me towards four o'clock, with a single exception, the Baron of Maulincourt, a little, dried, old man, the only one among my many admirers who had not lent his voice to the general praise. A sort of sardonic smile played upon his lips, and his look, maliciously settled upon mine, partook of something indescribable that troubled and froze at times the intoxication of my soul.

"When everybody had gone, the Baron of Maulincourt approached me, and touching me lightly on the arm, said a few words, which had upon me the effect of the famous 'MANE TEKEL PARES.'

"'Accept my most sincere wishes, but come and see my collection.'

"These words, which were slowly pronounced, and dwelling on the last, left me in a sort of stupefaction, a state of moral and physical perturbation, which it is impossible to describe, that lasted but a short time with that degree of violence which overcame my presence of mind; but when these effects had ceased, and I was about to address some words in reply, the devilish baron was no longer there.

"For two days and two nights, I was devoured by a terrible fever. Think, Monsieur de Stolberg, of the enormity of the blow my self-love had received in the first place, and in the next, my paternal love, my love as a founder, a creator. My collection saddened me to look at it; it was to me as a dishonoured child in the eyes of his father. If this critical state had lasted, my death would have been certain. I no longer ate, I no longer drank, I no longer slept; never, neither before nor since, have I been in such a situation. I could not endure it long; the third day I presented myself at the Baron Maulincourt's, and entered, I will admit, with still a slight hope at the bottom of my heart.

"Alas, sir! this hope was destined soon to be destroyed; the collection of the Baron Maulincourt was incontestably superior to mine. It was in it I found both the letter signed Arouet, and the two writings of Mandrin and Cartouche, and the gallant billet of the Cardinal de Richelieu, and many other of the incomparable riches which have just dazzled your eyes. I would not tell you now, what a sense of cruel disappointment took possession of me, how miserable my past pride appeared, and how I saw in this whole affair, this triumph of the collection of the Baron de Maulincourt over mine, only a question of life or death. I had placed all my joy, all my hopes of the future in my collection; it had been my life, my only passion, the first cause of reputation; by it I was known, it procured me numerous visits from distinguished connoisseurs, from men of letters, and eminent men of all sorts; I had acquired a beautiful and brilliant renown. Must I lose the fruits of my toils, of my long labours, must I,"——

Gérard de Stolberg interrupted the Marquis of Lucheux. "The Baron de Maulincourt then ceded to you his precious collection, sir?"

"Ah! you are impatient," replied the marquis, "Well, yes, he did cede it to me, but at what a price! Can you conceive what was the sacrifice I was obliged to make to obtain its cession? My habits were entirely those of a bachelor, my life was arranged for celibacy, my fortune was ample to gratify my tastes; I saw myself forced into matrimony, yes, sir, forced, and this brings me to what I name my sacrifice. No prize would tempt the baron to part with his autographs, and every day his malicious figure made its appearance, mocking and smiling a diabolical smile, over the autographs of Cartouche, Mandrin, Arouet and Richelieu. The baron, I say, would listen to no proposition. I thought I should lose my senses, when I discovered that this infernal baron had a daughter, educated in a convent; I did not know her, I never had seen her; nevertheless I demanded her in marriage of her father. He consented, and as his son-in-law, I obtained that which importunity and interest had failed to induce him to grant."

"Is that what you name your sacrifice, Monsieur Lucheux?"

"Yes, sir, and truly it was a great sacrifice: Do you know what a woman is in a life like mine? a woman to take care of, to watch, to attend to; a woman that one must love also, and I have no love for any thing but my autographs, and all my time belongs to them, and all my ideas are concentrated in them."

"But, indeed, sir," with difficulty articulated Gérard, pale with astonishment, "do you count as

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nothing the sweet cares, the tenderness and intoxicating charm of the love of a young wife, and all the happiness of her possession!"

"No, certainly—no, without any doubt whatever; perhaps my moments of ennui are not without some relief; after a day of fatigue and labour, the chatting of my wife is a pleasant little serenade that sometimes amuses me; but at my age, Monsieur de Steberg"—the marquis laughed a silly laugh,—"at my age a young wife may sometimes be agreeable to her husband, I don't deny; but after all, these occasions are exceptions—and, believe me—a wife is a very troublesome piece of furniture."

"Piece of furniture!" said Gerard.

"Yes, Monsieur Gérard, a troublesome piece of furniture. You will dine with us, you will see Madame Lochenet; she is agreeable, she does not lack wit, you may judge for yourself; I accommodate myself to her as well I can. I believe I make a good husband. Without those autographs, however, I should never have thought of marriage; and I regret, Cartouche, Mandrin, Arouet, Richelieu cost me dear."

May the translator ask the author whether he ever knew either Alexander the Great, or Monsieur Vattemare!

THE DRAMA IN CHINA.

A late traveller gives the following account of things theatrical in the Celestial Empire:—

"I was invited by a tradesman to be present at a performance, which promised to be singularly attractive, from the splendour of the dress. As the theatre was some distance from the English factories, we seated ourselves in an elegant boat, and glided softly by the river's bank to the scene of amusement. My companion settled with the officers, and I climbed a ladder; but the gallery was too full to gain a good position. I sat down on the first seat I could find, with my cap on, but thinking after a while I would take it off, by way of compliment to the company, I attempted to remove it, unperceived if possible. This, however, did not escape notice, but was applauded by a murmur (!) that ran in all directions around me, so alive are these people to the least act of respect that is paid to them by the foreigner. I found that report had not exaggerated in reference to the robes, which in beauty surpassed all praise or description. The first scene was intended to represent the happiness and splendour of beings who inhabit the upper regions, with the sun and moon and the elements curiously personified playing around them. The man who personated the sun held a round image of the sun's disc, while the female who acted the part of the moon had a crescent in her hand. The actors took care to move so as to mimic the conjunction and opposition of those heavenly bodies as they revolve round their apparent orbs. The thunderer wielded an axe, and leaped and dashed about in a variety of extraordinary somersets. After a few turns, the monarch, who had been slightly honoured as to find a place through the partiality of a mountain nymph, in the abodes of the happy, begins to feel that no bright of good fortune can secure a mortal against the common calamities of this frail life. A wicked courtier disguises himself in a tiger's skin, and in this garb imitates the animal itself. He rushes into the retired apartments of the ladies, frightens them out of their wits, and draws the fair apparent into the moat. The sisters hurry into the royal presence, and, casting themselves upon the ground, divulge the sad intelligence that a tiger has borne off the young prince, who, it appears was the son of the mountain nymph aforesaid. This loss the bereaved monarch takes so much to heart, that he renounces the world, and deliberates about the nomination of his successor. By the influence of a crafty woman he selects a young man who has just sense enough to know that he is a fool. The settlement of the crown is scarcely finished when the unhappy king dies, and the blockhead is presently invested with the 'golden round.' But the loat, instead of exulting in his new preferment, bemoans his lot in the most awful strains of lamentation. He feels his incompetency, and cries, 'O, dear! what shall I do!' with such piteous action, and yet withal so truly ludicrous, that the spectator is at a loss to know whether to laugh or to weep. The courtier, who had taken off the heir, and broken the father's heart, finds the new king an easy tool for prosecuting his traitorous purposes, and the state is plunged into the depths of civil discord at home, and dangerous wars abroad."

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM AMONG THE COSSACKS.—There are said to be no old maids among the Cossacks of Ukraine, since the custom allows the young women to choose their husbands. When a young woman in the Ukraine feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes to his parents' house and says to him, "be blessed of God." She then sits down, and addresses herself to the object of her affections in the following manner: "Ivan, Thomas, (or whatever else may be his name) the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of loving and ruling a wife; and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief, that I have taken the resolution to come and beg of you with all due humility to accept me for your spouse." She then addresses the father and mother in words to the same effect, and solicits them earnestly to consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, she answers, "that she will not quit the house till she has married the object of her love." If she be sufficiently persevering, and have patience to stay a few days or weeks in their house, the parents are not only forced to give their consent, but frequently persuade their son to marry her. The young man, likewise, is generally moved by her perseverance and affection, and gradually accustoms himself to the idea of making her his wife, and at length consents. It is said that the parents never employ any force to compel her to leave their house, because they believe that by so doing they should draw down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads; and the girl's family would not fail to resent such an action as a grievous affront.

NEW BOOKS.

Facts in Mesmerism, with Reasons for a dispassionate Inquiry into it. By Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, A. M. late of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1841.

This is by far the most respectable book on the subject of animal magnetism which we have yet seen. The author is a man of unquestionable learning and ability—a man, in fact, of high talent in every point of view; and he has placed the subject before the reader in a way that cannot fail to command attention and respect. Whatever credit may be attached to animal magnetism, the facts reported by Mr. Townsend are of a most interesting, curious, and important character as shedding additional light on physiology, psychology, and indeed the whole nature of man. Mr. Townsend adopts the existence of much imposture among professors of animal magnetism; but he claims attention to his facts, and submits the question of their various bearings to the learned. The book will be much read.

Manners and Customs of the Japanese. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume, No. 132 of the Family Library, will command much attention, from the importance and interest of the subject, and the clever and interesting manner in which it is treated. It is compiled chiefly from recent Dutch works of authority, and gives a very lively representation of the present state of a country of immense extent, population, wealth, and advancement in the arts, which is almost wholly unknown to the people of Europe and America. The historical anecdotes are particularly curious.

The Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist. By H. Cockton; author of "George St. Julien:" with numerous Illustrations by Phiz. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1841.

The author of Stanley Thorne is recognised as one of the most popular of the writers of those continuous novels which come out piecemeal. He has the good sense to choose for his purpose subjects which abound in available material for incident and adventure—matters which require but little skill in the working up in order to render the story spirited, stirring and readable. The adventures of a ventriloquist, for example, may be wrought into all sorts of humour, terror and pathos almost without effort. The author has certainly used his rich material in the present instance with marvellous effect. The story is capital, and well deserves the popularity it enjoys.

Ten Thousand a Year.

This story is at length completed, and published in one volume by Messrs. Carey & Hart, of this city. It has enjoyed unbounded popularity, and this popularity, we maintain, as we always have, it richly deserves. There is material enough in it to make six common novels; and power enough to make the fortunes of six ordinary novelists.—An edition is also for sale by E. Littell & Co. 297 Chesnut street.

Guy Fawkes; or the Gunpowder Treason. By W. H. Ainsworth. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

This novel is marked with all the well known characteristics of Ainsworth. He never fails to interest the reader. Criticism has carped at his choice of subjects and the liberties which he takes in handling them. But the fact is, that people fine his books to be intensely interesting, and they will read them. Whether they will become classics is quite another question. This edition is in a single octavo volume, with engravings on steel.

America: Historical, Statistic and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1841.

Mr. Buckingham is as prolific as Prince Puckler Muskau. Here are two volumes octavo, embracing an immense amount of information on a great variety of subjects relating to this country. Mr. Buckingham, like other English travellers, sees everything through a pair of London made spectacles. Of course he has shown as much misapprehension of our national character and institutions as a bell has of algebra. The only Europeans who appear to understand us thoroughly, are the French. De Tocqueville's book furnishes the best comprehension of American institutions which has ever been written by a foreigner. As a descriptive work, Mr. Buckingham's book is valuable. He used extensive means of information very faithfully, and has accumulated a larger amount of information, such as depends on observation merely, than any previous English traveller. Even in description, however, his stupid English prejudices frequently mislead him; and he appears to have suffered occasionally that infliction with which the Americans delight to impose on John Bull—he was sometimes most wofully hoaxed—mystified, as the French have it. Even this makes his book so much the more amusing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. F. of Darlington C. H. is informed that No. 8 was sent immediately on the receipt of the letter of 1st instant. We regret the substitution of a wrong number, feeling convinced, as we do, that it was done subsequently to its leaving our hands. The work has been mailed regularly for G. W. D. of the same place, and we feel assured that the deficiation in both cases rests upon others than those employed in this establishment.

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LITERARY FASHIONS.

There is such a thing as Literary Fashion, and prose and verse have been regulated by the same caprice, that cuts our coats, and cocks our hats. Dr. Kippis, who had a taste for literary history, has observed that "'Dodsley's Economy of Human Life' long received the most extravagant applause, from the supposition that it was written by a celebrated nobleman; an instance of the power of *Literary Fashion:* the history of which, as it hath appeared in various ages and countries, and as it hath operated with respect to the different objects of science, learning, art, and taste, would form a work that might be highly instructive and entertaining."

The favourable reception of "Dodsley's Economy of Human Life" produced a whole family of economies; it was soon followed by a *second part*, the gratuitous ingenuity of one of those officious imitators, whom an original author never cares to thank. Other economies trod on the heels of each other.

For some memorandum towards a history of literary fashions, the following may be arranged:

At the restoration of letters in Europe, commentators and compilers were at the head of the literati; translators followed, who enriched themselves with their spoils on the commentators. When in the progress of modern literature, writers aimed to rival the great authors of antiquity, the different styles, in their servile imitations, clashed together; and parties were formed, who fought desperately for the style they chose to adopt. The public were long harassed by a fantastic race, who called themselves Ciceronian, of whom are recorded many ridiculous practices, to strain out the words of Cicero into their hollow verbosities. They were routed by the facetious Erasmus. Then followed the brilliant era of epigrammatic points; and good sense and good taste were nothing without the spurious ornaments of false wit. Another age was deluged by a million of sonnets; and volumes were for a long time read, without their readers being aware that their patience was exhausted. There was an age of epics, which probably can never return again; for after two or three, the rest can be but repetitions with a few variations.

In Italy, from 1530 to 1580, a vast multitude of books were written on love; the fashion of writing on that subject (for certainly it was not always a passion with the indefatigable writer) was an epidemical distemper. They wrote like pedants and pagans; those who could not write their love in verse, diffused themselves in prose. When the Poliphilus of Colonna appeared, which is given in form of a dream, this dream made a great many dreamers, as it happens in company (says the sarcastic Zeno) when one yawner makes many yawn. When Bishop Hall first published his satires, he called them "Toothless Satires," but his latter ones he distinguished as "Biting Satires;" many good-natured men, who could only write good-natured verse, crowded in his footsteps, and the abundance of their labours only showed that even the "toothless" satires of Hall could bite more sharply than those of servile imitators. After Spenser's Faery Queen was published, the press overflowed with many mistaken imitations, in which fairies were the chief actors,—this circumstance is humorously animadverted on by Marston, in his satires, as quoted by Warton: every scribe now falls asleep, and in his

——— dreams, straight teene pound to one
Outsteps some fairy—
Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

The great personage who gave a fashion to this class of literature was the courtly and romantic Elizabeth herself; her obsequious wits and courtiers would not fail to feed and flatter her taste. Whether they all felt the beauties, or languished over the tediousness of "The Faery Queen," and the "Arcadia" of Sidney, at least her majesty gave a vogue to such sentimental and refined romance. The classical Elizabeth introduced another literary fashion; having translated the Hercules Œtæus, she made it fashionable to translate Greek tragedies. There was a time, in the age of fanaticism, and the long parliament, that books were considered the more valuable for their length. The seventeenth century was the age of folios. One Caryl wrote a "Commentary on Job" in two volumes folio, of above one thousand two hundred sheets! As it was intended to inculcate the virtue of *patience*, these volumes gave at once the theory and the practice. One is astonished at the multitude of the divines of this age; whose works now lie buried under the brick and mortar tombs of four or five folios, which on a moderate calculation, might now be "wire woven" into thirty or forty modern octavos.

In Charles I.'s time, love and honour were heightened by the wits into florid romance; but Lord Goring turned all into ridicule; and he was followed by the Duke of Buckingham, whose happy vein of ridicule was favoured by Charles II., who gave it the vogue it obtained.

Sir William Temple justly observes, that changes in veins of wit are like those of habits, or other modes. On the return of Charles II., none were more out of fashion among the new courtiers than the old Earl of Norwich, who was esteemed the greatest wit, in his father's time, among the old.

Modern times have abounded with what may be called fashionable literature. Tragedies were some years ago as fashionable as comedies are at this day; Thomson, Mallet, Francis, Hill, applied their genius to a department in which they lost it all. Declamation and rant, and over-refined language, were preferred to the fable, the manners, and to nature, and these now sleep on our shelves! Then, too, we had a family of paupers in the parish of poetry, in "Imitations of Spenser." Not many years ago, Churchill was the occasion of deluging the town with *political poems in quarto*. These again were succeeded by *narrative poems*, in the ballad measure, from all sizes of poets. The Castle of Otranto was the father of that marvellous, which overstocks the circulating library. Lord Byron has been the father of hundreds of graceless sons! Travels and voyages have long been a class of literature so fashionable, that we begin to dread the arrival of certain persons from the Continent!

Different times, then, are regulated by different tastes. What makes a strong impression on the public at one time, ceases to interest it at another; an author who sacrifices to the prevailing humours of his day has but little chance of being esteemed by posterity; and every age of modern literature might, perhaps, admit of a new classification, by dividing it into its periods of *fashionable literature*.

FATAL EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING.

The higher mortality of English women by consumption may be ascribed partly to the indoor life which they lead, and partly to the compression, preventing the expansion of the chest, by costume. In both ways they are deprived of free draughts of vital air, and the altered blood deposits tuberculous matter with a fatal, unnatural facility. *Thirty-one thousand and ninety* English women died in one year of the incurable malady. Will not this impressive fact induce persons of rank and influence to set their country-women right in the article of dress, and lead them to abandon a practice which disfigures the body, strangles the chest, produces nervous and other disorders, and has an unquestionable tendency to implant an incurable hectic malady in the frame? Girls have no more need of artificial bones and bandages than boys.—*Report of the Registrar General.*

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FORTY-ONE TONS OF INDIGO; OR, THE CAREFUL DEALER.

By the author of "Rattlin the Reefer," "The Old Commodore," "Jack Ashore," &c.

Let us begin with a maxim. Though such a commencement may a little startle the mere amusement seeker, we must disregard his very natural fear of being instructed for the sake of the imposing air that it gives to the article. "In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking first, and on no account commit yourself by speaking hastily."

We have propounded our aphorism, and we now proceed to prove its value by the narrative of a fact, which, should it read a little like a tale, we shall not be sorry for, but merely plume ourselves upon the attractive manner in which we have related it. It is not our fault if we be naturally eloquent. But this will not make us vain, for we have much greater sins than eloquence to answer for.

Men with linen aprons before them have sometimes very creditable feelings, and a coat out at the elbows may often be buttoned over a generous breast. It may be even suspected that maidens with serge gowns on their backs may have their susceptibilities, though I know these latter have been shamefully monopolised by young ladies who are votaries to the excitements of elegant fiction.

If the above propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a douce and canny Scot, making up, by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth?—he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo; that is to say, all the indigo that he lately had, had gone out from his warehouse by driblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to the house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering "forty-one pons weight of indigo," stating, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they must "*get one*." Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and, at farthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Grie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written for forty-one tons.

They knew but very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments, added to which, they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, without hesitation, executed the order; but, as they had not anything like the quantity on hand, they were themselves forced to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading, his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, "What on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty one tons of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scottish generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbours. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious, change in his whole man. He was nearly silent; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgetty, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbours thought that wily Donald did not very well know what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Donald's apprehension, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he, by nice gradations, at length arrived at the little shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth part of the consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rushlight on a sunshiny summer's day.

"And sae, sir, ye'll be sure ye a brought the totle of the forty-one tons. A hugeous quantity, eh, sir! And did ye ever ken any one mon hae sae mickle before?"

"Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why, sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together, had an effect on the market. It was full three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London."

"O, ay—purely. It was—was it?" Now, I'll just put ye ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it, I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case."

"Ah weel, my mon, but you're an unco cannie chiel. Do ye na ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, aint gaun to make the volunteer laddies wear blue regimentals—blue is a pure standing colour."

"Why, I don't know, but some report of that sort may be stirring; for what with your large demand, and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading, so just sign my papers—ah, all right—when and where shall I discharge the cargo?"

"Don't fash yourself, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to two or three of my worshipfu' correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinbro' anent the matter."

"Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. M'Grie."

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befal any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, "Gude Lord, gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo! Na, na, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap."

Very early was Donald abroad the next morning, enquiring of every body all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on this point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflection when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

"Had ye na better try indigo, my gude frien'?" says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily.

"And what think ye, gude mon M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Oot awa, mon, but yer gaffing a puir old body." So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I but sold a farthing's worth o' this dommed indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies hae taken to it! and every little helps."

About this time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a postchaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hubbens, Hobbins, and Robins, the eminent drysalters. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald M'Grie?

"No. It is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"Then the property is now vested in him?"

"As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotsman."

"Is he in a large line of business?"

"I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage things in another guess way here."

"What can he possibly want with this indigo? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold."

"You don't say so. Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indiaman has made the run by herself, and reached this place without waiting for convoy, and brought the news of the failure of the crops. Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents."

"And I am losing all this precious time! Where does he live? I know nothing about the place."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the douce Scot manages it."

"No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman."

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a half-penny, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very misty humour.

"I would just gie twa punds Scots to get out of this scrape, and some odd siller over;" and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the *petit maitre*, so he placed his cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then jerking it away, exclaimed, "Faugh!" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakspeare's popinjay,

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"Ever and anon he gave to his nose,
And took 't away again."

But it was Donald who,

"Being angry when it next came there
Took it in snuff."

"What would ye please to buy, honest man?" said Donald, pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy? Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic puir thread-paper bodies as your ainself might grow sleek upon. An ye no like the odour, healthfu' as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?"

"Ye don't lee nae," said Donald very moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours."

"And pray where may ye be come from?"

"London, Mr. M'Grie, the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world—but that is nothing here nor there—I come from London, Mr. M'Grie."

"And how might ye a' made this long journey? Aiblins by the slow wagon?"

"It is you that are slow, my good sir," said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tastefully. "Chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives—never lost a moment, I assure you."

"Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt in bonny Aberdeen?"

"Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward ho! That's the word!"

"So," thought Donald, "this spruce young chap is come, I'm sure about the indigo. I'll save my two punds Scots and the odd siller. He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry."

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?" said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately.

"Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may ye be yer ainsel'? A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or, perhaps, one of the warehousemen?—surely ye be not ane of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, however; but, finding the Scotsman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise. The examination of this document still further opened the mental eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said,

"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is, you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over a bottle of the best you can call for."

"Ou, there's nae accasion; just say a' here."

"No, no, my dear sir; come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me. I understand. Ye would na hae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa with you, my man."

And away they both went; in the short journey to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavouring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines, so, after many flourishes, and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?"

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. Phat will ye gie, truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I didna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have frieus, sir, friens who have the first intelligence."

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir, two thousand! Hey!"

"Indeed no, my man. I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I must let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer verra gude health, and a pleasant journey back again."

"Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper with you!"

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said, "Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no farther."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald; "but as you are an unco amiable young man, and not to fash you with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal, too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint o' Glenlivet atween the twa of us."

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took this accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by misadventure. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade and his house to his nephew—and bought the lands of C—— C——, which said estate is, at this moment, worth five times the money paid for it.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, "In matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily." In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know best how to seize them, and to turn them to the most advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, "Pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain." He held his tongue until it was the proper time to speak, and thus realised a handsome independence for himself and for his children.

Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to obtain Mr. Adams's autograph for them. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon "The wants of Man," each stanza upon a sheet of note paper. It was written in July 1840, in Mr. Adams's seventy-fourth year. What American young lady would not set a precious value upon such an autograph, from this illustrious statesman:—

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
GOLDSMITH'S HERMIT

I.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so—
But 'tis so in my song.
My wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

II.

What first I want is daily bread.
And canvasbacks and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.—
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside
To dress my dinner well.

III.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire
And Cashmere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

IV.

And then I want a mansion fair—
A dwelling house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

V.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres, (bless the mark!)
With walls encompass'd round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play—
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

VI.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls
For comfort and for ease—

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But here as space is somewhat scant,
And scree rather rare;
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

VIII.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, grooms;
A library of well bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms;
Corregios, Magdalen, and Night,
The Matron of the chair:
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight
And Claudes at least a pair.

VIII.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press for private use
Of fifty thousand EMS,
And plants, and minerals, and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

IX.

I want a board of burnish'd plate,
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould,
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps;
Plates, dishes, all the same:
And Porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angoulême.

X.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors.
My walls with tapestry bedeck'd
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
The colours from the sun.

XI.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal wood and bamboo cane
For chairs and tables bought.
On all the mantel pieces, clocks
Of thrice gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

XII.

I want—(who does not want?)—a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet—of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refin'd.

XIII.

And as time's ear incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store;
I want of daughters and of sons,
From eight to half a score.
I want, (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

* * * * * *

XXIV.

These are the wants of mortal man,
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want absorbing all
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summon'd to my final call:
The mercy of my God.

XXV.

And ah! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream;
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream;
My soul, in humble hope unscar'd
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared
To meet the Judgment day.

Washington, 14th June, 1840.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The following, from the London Times, are extracts of long and detailed experiments made on a youth of seventeen or eighteen by Delafontaine, the celebrated French operator, who was lately driven from Paris, and has taken up his trade in Hanover Square.

The operator took off his left hand gloves, drew a chair to the right of the youth, then placed his left thumb upon the apex of his (the youth's) thumb, and two fingers on the fleshy part of the ball, and looked him steadily and fixedly in the face. It was about two or three minutes before any visible effects were produced, though immediately as he commenced, a sort of spasmodic motion took place in the youth's throat, the symptoms indicating the presence of what medical writers have designated *globus hystericus.*—Shortly after, the patient seemed lost to all consciousness, as, indeed, it was soon proved he was.

The somnambulism being now complete, the operator, to our horror, drove several pins forcibly into his head and cheeks; but the somnambulist gave no indications of sensation. In fact, he seemed dead; and the interest excited in the room was expressed in suppressed sighs.

A phial of concentrated ammonia, commonly called hartshorn, was then opened by M. Delafontaine, and handed to the company to test its strength, and so powerful was it, that no one could bear it within six or eight inches of his nose; yet this was applied closely—in fact, affixed to the nostrils of the somnambulist; yet he gave no sign whatever of his suffering from it, and was decidedly unconscious of its presence. Next some lucifer matches were lighted and placed under his nose, the operator closing his mouth with his hand; but neither did these produce any effect. But on Mons. Delafontaine partially unsomnambulising, he drew back his head when the phial was held to his nose. Being again subjected to the magnetic influence, several percussion caps were fired from a pistol close to his ear on both sides, and over the crown of his head, and at the occiput, and before his face, but he gave no start, or even moved a fibre. He was then partially awakened again, and started at the discharge of another percussion cap. Being again manipulated, a perfect state of catalepsy was produced. His arms were extended horizontally from the shoulders, and his legs from the chair, and in this position the electro-magnetic current, from a powerful machine, was made to pass through him, which shook him dreadfully, but he gave no signs of feeling.

The patient was subjected to the voltaic battery. From this he seemed to suffer at first, but the operator declaring that he had not been sufficiently magnetised, renewed the fluid, when, though the battery shook his arms, like rattles, still he seemed quite unconscious of suffering. He was then blindfolded and covered with a cloth, that he might not by any possibility see who approached him, and several of the company thrust pins into his hands and thighs, but he remained insensible.

Being at length unmagnetised, the youth seemed perfectly in health, and declared that he did not recollect any thing that had happened to him.

Such, then, adds the writer, are the facts which we witnessed, and which we have given without exaggeration, and without comment. All we will venture to say at the present moment is, that however the phenomenon be explained, or attempted to be denied, there is one fact of which there can be no doubt, namely, the incredible power which the somnambulist possesses of resisting both voltaic electricity and electro galvanic influence. In this there could be, there was, no deception; and the fact, that after the lecture, a gentleman, to satisfy himself of the strength of the voltaic pile, took hold of the wires, and was so stunned by the blow that he actually pulled the machine off the table, must set this part of the question at rest.

BEGGARS IN ROME.

If I had your powers of description in this way, dear C., or Cruikshank's of illustration, I would give you a letter worth having on the beggars of Rome. The Italian has sentiment in his nature, and the beggar expresses it in the form of his petition. His "Non m'abbandonare," and "Carita, signoria, per l'amor di questa Imagine!" kindle your imagination, if not your heart. How I should like to show you the fellow who sits, like a monarch on his throne, on the stairs of the Piazza di Spagna, and whose smile, disclosing teeth strong enough to grind all the grist in Rome, and his hearty salutation, "Buon giorno, signor," are well worth the *baiocchi* he asks much more as a right than a favour. He is an old receiver of customs, and is well known to have a full treasury. "How dare you beg of me," asked Mr. G., "when you are already so rich?" "Ah, signor, I have an donkey to feed." "You are well able to feed your donkey." "But I have nine children, signor." There is no answer to be made to a fellow who confesses to such luxury! Then there is the poor cripple of a man whose trunk, (torso!) trussed on to a bit of wood slightly concave, comes daily down our street of St. Vitale at a jocund pace; and the two old crones at Santa Maria Maggiore, who hobble towards you with a sort of pas de deux, and seem as well content that one should get your baioc as the other, "equal to either fortune." They are, probably, partners in the trade. And there is the handsome youth by the French Academy, who has been dying with a "sagne di bocca" (spitting of blood) for the last fifteen years without any apparent diminution of the vital current! And the little troop of mountain peasants, whose hunting ground is somewhere about the American consul's, with their bewitching smiles, sweet voices, and most winning ways; a genuine lower of happy young faces ought to pay them for a sight of theirs. Even beggary is picturesque here.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

This elegant establishment is now open for the reception of visiters, under the same control and superintendence as the last year. The increasing reputation of its waters, its really superior accommodations, and its proximity to northern cities, leave the proprietors no room to doubt that the company will be very soon large and fashionable. Our usual excellent band of music will be in attendance on the 1st of July. Stages run from Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville and Winchester, and from the first of July, will run daily from the two former points: those from Fredericksburg, leaving on the arrival of the Richmond cars, arriving at the springs before night. A post office is kept here, which is called on the books of the post office department, "Warrenton Springs." Daily mails arrive alike from the north and south. Passengers for the south leaving after breakfast, will get to Fredericksburg for the evening cars. Those for the north, will leave the Springs at sunrise, and reach Washington in time for the early. The stage fare will not exceed $3 50 to Fredericksburg; and $4 50 to Washington. These increased facilities of access, the attendance of accommodating assistants, and the pledge of the subscriber as superintendent, to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction, will be hopes be a sufficient inducement for a large portion of the public to favour us with their presence.

DANIEL WARD, *Agent.*

July, 19th, 1841. tf.

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BEAUTY.

[These extracts, which we will continue in subsequent numbers, are from Jeffrey's admirable review on beauty, in comments upon Alison's "Theory of Taste."]

The grand mistake, which seems to have misled almost all the enquirers into this curious subject, consists in their taking it for granted, that beauty, in whatever variety of objects it might be found, was always in itself one and the same; and that, in order to explain the beauty of any particular thing, it was necessary to show that it had some quality in common with all other things that were beautiful.

Our proposition is, that emotions of beauty are not original emotions, nor produced directly by any qualities in the objects which excite them; but are reflexions or images of the more radical and familiar emotions to which we have already alluded; and are occasioned, not by any inherent virtue in the objects before us, but by the accidents, if we may so express ourselves, by which those may have been enabled to suggest or recall to us our own past sensations or sympathies. We could almost venture, indeed, to lay it down as an axiom, that, except in the plain and palpable case of bodily pain or pleasure, we can never be interested in any thing but the fortunes of sentient beings;—and that every thing partaking of the nature of mental emotion must have for its object the feelings, past, present or possible, of something capable of sensation. Independently, therefore, of all evidence, and without the help of any explanation, we should have been apt to conclude that the emotions of beauty and sublimity must have for their objects the sufferings or enjoyments of sentient beings;—and to reject, as intrinsically absurd and incredible, the supposition, that material objects, which obviously do neither hurt nor delight the body, should yet excite, by their mere physical qualities, the very powerful emotions which are sometimes excited by the spectacle of beauty.

The most obvious and the strongest association that can be established between inward feelings and external objects is, where the object is necessarily and universally connected with the feeling by the law of nature, so that it is always presented to the senses when the feeling is impressed upon the mind.—Take, for example, the sound of thunder.—Nothing, perhaps, in the whole range of nature is more strikingly and universally sublime; yet it seems obvious that the sublimity is produced, not by any quality that is perceived by the ear, but altogether by the impression of power and of danger that is necessarily made upon the mind, whenever the sound is heard. That it is not produced by any peculiarity in the sound itself is certain, from the mistakes that are frequently made with regard to it. The noise of a cart rattling over the stones is often mistaken for thunder; and as long as the mistake lasts, this very vulgar and insignificant noise is actually felt to be prodigiously sublime. It is so felt, because it is then associated with ideas of prodigious power and undefined danger; —and the sublimity is destroyed the moment the association is dissolved, though the sound itself, and its effect on the organ, continue exactly the same. This, therefore, is an instance in which sublimity is distinctly proved to consist, not in any physical quality of the object to which it is ascribed, but in its necessary connection with that vast and uncontrolled power which is the natural object of awe and veneration.

We may now take an example a little less plain and elementary. The most beautiful object in nature, perhaps, is the countenance of a young and beautiful woman;—and we are apt at first to imagine, that, independently of all associations, the forms and colours which it displays are, in themselves, lovely and engaging, and would appear charming to all beholders, with whatever other qualities or impressions they might happen to be connected. A very little reflection, however, will probably be sufficient to convince us of the fallacy of this impression, and to satisfy us that what we admire is not a combination of forms and colours, which could never excite any mental emotion; but a collection of signs and tokens of those feelings and affections which are universally recognised as the proper objects of love and sympathy. Laying aside the emotions arising from difference of sex, and supposing female beauty to be contemplated by the pure and unenvying eye of a female, it seems quite obvious that among its ingredients we should trace the signs of two different sets of qualities, that are neither of them the object of sight, but of a higher faculty,—in the first place, of youth and health; and in the second place, of innocence, gaiety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy, or vivacity. Now, without enlarging upon the natural effect of these suggestions, we shall just suppose that the appearances, which must be admitted at all events to be actually significant of the qualities we have enumerated, had been by the law of nature attached to the very opposite qualities; that the smooth forehead, the firm cheek, and the full lip, which are now so distinctly expressive to us of the gay and vigorous periods of youth,—and the clear and blooming complexion, which indicates health and agility, had been in fact the forms and colours by which old age and sickness were characterised; and that, instead of being found united to those sources and seasons of enjoyment, they had been the badges by which nature pointed out that state of suffering and decay which is now signified to us by the livid and emaciated face of sickness, or the wrinkled front, the quivering lip, and hollow cheek of age. If this were the familiar law of our nature, can it be doubted that we should look upon these appearances, not with rapture, but with aversion,—and consider it as absolutely ludicrous or disgusting to speak of the beauty of what was interpreted by every one as the lamented sign of pain and decrepitude?

Such, we conceive, would be the inevitable effect of dissolving the subsisting connection between the animating ideas of hope and enjoyment, and those visible appearances which are now significant of those emotions, and derive their whole beauty from that signification. But the effect would be still stronger, if we could suppose the *moral* expression of those appearances to be reversed in the same manner. If the smile, which now enchants us as the expression of innocence and affection, were the sign attached by nature to guilt and malignity,—if the blush which expresses delicacy, and the glance that speaks intelligence, vivacity, and softness, had always been found united with brutal passion or idiot moodiness; is it not certain that the whole of their beauty would be extinguished, and that our emotions from the sight of them would be exactly the reverse of what they now are?

This, we think, no idolater of beauty will be hardy enough to deny; but our natural prejudices still cling to us; and, while we are forced to admit that the countenance which we now think most lovely would cease entirely to please, if the qualities which constituted its beauty were significant of nothing but painful feelings and hateful dispositions, we are apt to fancy, that, though disagreeable, it might still be thought beautiful, —and be regarded, as we now regard many a beautiful face, which we know to indicate neither innocence, intelligence, nor gentleness. It is proper, therefore, that we should endeavour to explain this seeming anomaly, of admitted beauty where there is no expression of any amiable or attractive emotion.

There are three considerations that may serve to remove the difficulty. In the first place, it should be remembered, that our impression of the beauty of the human countenance is derived from an habitual recollection of the interesting or amiable qualities of which it is *generally* found to be the sign; and this impression, being formed

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from experience of what is really the case in the far greater number of instances, cannot be entirely effaced by our conviction, that in a particular instance, the sign has been disjoined from the thing signified. This discovery, indeed, is always accompanied by a feeling of pain and disappointment; but this will often be found to mingle with the pleasing expectations to which it has succeeded, and to constitute a compound emotion, which is far from being purely disagreeable—like the mixed feelings of respect, sorrow, and indignation, with which we look upon a polluted sanctuary. In the second place, there is almost always, in these cases, the expression of youth and health: an expression, in itself, indelibly pleasing, and which does not always become less interesting for the contrasts which guilt or misery may occasionally throw over the hopes and joys of which it is naturally significant. In the last place, it is necessary to remember, that the female form is to men the object of a passion which is satisfied with the attributes of youth and health,—which has little relation to the finer elements of beauty, and is naturally gratified both by the existence and the indications of feelings that are allowed to be guilty and degrading. This passion, however, is, in the progress of society, so intimately blended with higher and purer feelings, that its influence has given a colouring to the general language on the subject of female beauty, and sanctioned the application of that name to qualities which could never have obtained it upon any other principle. The operation, indeed, of this disturbing force has given a very perplexing bias to all our conceptions of human beauty, and has sensibly affected the speculations of several ingenious enquirers into the nature of beauty in general, at the same time that it has made it somewhat difficult and embarrassing to point out the particular sources of their errors. The same general principle will serve to account for the other anomaly, of countenances that express intelligence and goodness, without admitting of being called beautiful. Where youth and health are not wanting in such cases, it will commonly be found that there are evident traces of some physical imperfection or disaster, connected with the revolting ideas of suffering and pain, and in some measure weakening or disturbing the expression of the more pleasing qualities. Without venturing further, however, upon this dangerous ground, we think we have said nearly enough to satisfy our attentive readers that the beauty of the human countenance is derived chiefly from suggesting to us conceptions of human feelings and dispositions; and that our emotions are not excited by a mere assemblage of colours and waving lines, but by the legible characters of hope and joy, of innocence, sensibility, and kindness, which form the proper objects of our love, and the most delightful occasions of our sympathy.

That the beauty of a living and sentient creature should depend, in a great degree, upon qualities peculiar to such a creature, rather than upon the mere physical attributes which it may possess in common with the inert matter around it, cannot, indeed, appear a very improbable supposition to any one. But it may be more difficult for some persons to understand how the beauty of mere dead matter should be derived from the feelings and sympathies of sentient beings. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that we should give an instance or two of this derivation.

It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original: nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family; and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows, with fat cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well fenced, well cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—humble antique churches, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedge-rows—all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: There is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind;—but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections,—in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment,—and of that secure and successful industry that ensures its continuance,—and of the piety by which it is exalted, and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life,—in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty which it exhibits to every eye,—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man, and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits;—or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

Instead of this quiet and tame *English* landscape, let us now take a Welsh or a Highland scene; and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here, we shall have lofy mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses,—tufted woods hung over precipices,—lakes intersected with castle promontories,—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys,—nameless and gigantic ruins,—and mountain echos repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations, and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions, here, are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity;—lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, "from towns and toils remote,"—and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals:—then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base;—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility,—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of their present life,—their wild and enthusiastic poetry,—their gloomy superstitions,—their attachment to their chiefs,—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings,—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer, and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs and caves and gulfy torrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition, while Nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign.

We set all this down at random, from the vague and casual recollection of the impressions we have ourselves received from this sort of scenery,—by no means as an exact transcript of the images and feelings which it must excite in all beholders, but merely as a specimen of the manner in which it operates on the heart and imagination, and of the nature of that connection which is established between our natural sympathies and the visible peculiarities of our mountain landscape. The truth is, that there is an endless variety in the trains of thought to which this kind of scenery is calculated to give rise; and that it differs essentially, in this respect, from the scenery of a more cultivated region, where there is scarcely any very decided expression but that of comfort and tranquility. To make amends, however, it must be admitted, that this last expression is much more clear and obvious to beholders of every degree and description. There is scarcely any one who does not feel and understand the beauty of smiling fields and comfortable cottages; but the beauty of lakes and mountains is not so universally distinguishable. It requires some knowledge of our species,—some habits of reflection,—some play of fancy,—some exercise of affection, to interpret the lofty characters in which Nature here speaks to the heart and the imagination; and reflects, from the broken aspects of the desert, the most powerful images of the feelings and the fortunes of man. Though it has been the fashion, therefore, for all recent travellers to affect a prodigious admiration

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for these *picturesque* regions, we cannot help suspecting that their beauty has been truly felt by a very small number; and were exceedingly delighted by the frank confession of two Cockney tourists, who lately published an account of their expedition to the Scottish Highlands; in which they fairly state, that they could discover no beauty in our naked mountains and dreary lakes, and were astonished how any intelligent person could voluntarily pass his time in the "cold and laborious" pastimes which they afforded, when he might have devoted it to "the gay vivacity of plays, operas, and polite assemblies." They accordingly post back to London as fast as possible; and after yawning, in a sort of disconsolate terror, along the banks of Lochlomond, enlarge, with much animation, on the beauty and grandeur—of Finsbury Square!

FANNY CERRITO.

If we may judge from the emolument and admiration it confers in any civilised country,—dancing has become one of the chief concerns of life; and we shall need no apology in copying from the "Court Journal" the following detailed memoir of the new rival of the Taglionis and Ellslers.

At the commencement of the autumn of 1832, during one of the balmy evenings of the delicious climate of the south, the portico of the *San Carlo* of Naples was besieged by a crowd of gay, light-hearted beings, each anxious to gain the first admission to that magnificent temple of the muses. The cause of this unusual excitement was the *debut* of a youthful aspirant to the honours of the dance, in praise of whose grace and beauty every tongue was eloquent, and who, without being the pupil of any school, alone, unassisted, and regardless of the event, was to step that evening, from the privacy of domestic life, where she had been nurtured amid all the luxuries of a happy home, to the stage of one of the first theatres of Italy. On that evening—Sept. 28, 1832—La Cerrito made her first appearance in public, and laid the foundation of that popularity which was afterwards to attend her, not only in Italy, but in every part of Europe.

Fanny Cerrito, the only child of her parents, was born at Naples, on Sunday, the 11th of March, 1821. In her infancy, she is described as being flexible as the tender plants that yield to the passing breeze; and as she grew up, the disposition she evinced was so animated and playful, her imagination so ardent, and her manner so fascinating and agreeable, that all who knew her, predicted the admiration she would excite, in every sphere of life. Fanny was the pride of her parents, and the favourite of every one with whom she associated; though young, she was so full of promise, that every one spoke to her of the future, of the conquests of love and beauty and virtue. Naturally thoughtful, anticipations of pleasure so fleeting and confined, soon ceased to satisfy her mind; as if forewarned of her destiny, she panted for wider distinction, and previous to her *debut*, seemed to have glimpses of the triumph that awaited her. All who were present on that occasion, must remember the astonishment and delight manifested by the *habitues* of the *San Carlo*; it was long since success had been more signal or complete. In the ballet in which she came forward, entitled the *Horoscope*, the archness and vivacity of her action, the striking originality of her style of dancing, and the various and opposite perfections it combined, were the admiration of every body. Crowds flocked to see her, and for a long time, the youth, surpassing elegance, sweetness, and amiability of the "*Angioletta gentilla*," formed the prevailing topic of conversation in the public places and every society of Naples.

The fame of La Cerrito—who, from her first appearance on the stage, was placed, by common consent, among the most accomplished votaries of the dance—was not long confined to the scene of her *debut*. Chance had directed her to the study of the art in which she was born to excel. In the dance she found the most spontaneous expression for that innate love of the beautiful she had evinced from infancy. It was impossible for the youthful *artiste* to misinterpret the promise of her first success; her ambition was roused; and confident in her own resources, she felt a conviction that her star, which had arisen so suddenly and brightly, was not destined to remain fixed in the horizon. From Naples, she went to Rome, where she danced at the *Apollo* during the carnival of 1832–3. Nothing could exceed the applause with which she was welcomed at the ancient capital; poets chanted her praises, and verses were inscribed to her, in which she was extolled as the "fourth of the Graces," if not "Venus herself." From Rome she returned to her native city, where additional success was in store for her. She next appeared at the *Pergola*, of Florence, where she remained during the season of the autumn and the carnival of 1834–5. Her name was now familiar to every theatre in Italy; but Rome and Naples again expressed a desire to possess the rising favourite. La Cerrito was not suffered to remain long absent from either city. Like the celebrated pictures of the old masters, such is the nature of the admiration she excites, that the oftener she is seen, the better she is appreciated.

After repeated solicitations and loaded with flattering testimonials of regard, she was at length induced to take leave of the *San Carlo* and proceed to Turin, where she appeared in the autumn of 1835 at the *Carignano*, and during the following carnival at the *Regio*, or royal theatre. Her reception in both these places was enthusiastic to the last degree; and invitations continued to pour in upon her from the principal theatres in Europe. The director of the Italian Opera of Vienna being requested to engage her on the most liberal terms, she crossed the Alps and repaired to the imperial capital of Austria, where her success far surpassed that of any other dancer on record. Pressed by the highest authorities to prolong her stay, she remained at Vienna a year and nine months, her popularity increasing to her last representation, when the theatre was literally besieged, and nothing sufficed to satisfy the admiration of the crowds assembled to bid her farewell.

From Vienna she went to Trieste, where she continued during the carnival of 1837–8. At this city, also, she was welcomed with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight; the inhabitants flocked to see her, and every means were employed to celebrate the arrival of the *jeune sylphide Italienne*.

In the month of April, 1838, *La Scala*, the magnificent theatre of Milan, which is usually closed during the spring season of the year, was opened expressly to receive her. Preparations were made in a style of the utmost splendour, and the celebrated singer Bocabadati was engaged to appear at the same time. It is impossible to describe the shouts of applause with which the immense audience of La Scala greeted the fair *danseuse*. Every paper was occupied in her praise. To Cerrito said the *Figaro*—"Non di danzar, ma di volare e dato." Her success at Milan was most signal and unprecedented; no tribute of admiration was spared, and fresh honours awaited her at each succeeding representation.

But it would occupy too much space to attempt a complete sketch of her progress at this period. Every theatre in Italy considered itself fortunate to possess her. She visited successively Padua, Vicenza, Brescia, and Cremona, returning to Milan, and thence proceeding to Bergamo.

We come now to what may be considered the most eventful period in the brilliant career of this celebrated *danseuse*,—the first season of her engagement in London. As a memorial of this event, to which all *artistes* refer with pride and satisfaction, a very beautifully executed medal, designed by M. Brasseur, of Paris, a fac simile of which accompanies our memoir, was cast in gold, silver, and copper, and presented to her with an appropriate address in her native tongue. On one side she is represented in the attitude in which, more like an etheriel being than a child of earth, she first appears in the *Lac des Fees*, surrounded by a poetical dedication in Italian; on the other, the artist has simply inscribed her name, encircled by a wreath of flowers, in token of the celebrity she has acquired. On Saturday, the 2d of May, 1840, Fanny Cerrito made her *debut* at her majesty's theatre in a *divertissement*. She had been announced for the Thursday previous, but that evening was rendered remarkable for another memorable occurrence, which prevented her appearance—the notorious "Tamburini row," in which so many persons of distinction were concerned. Her reception was highly flattering; she at once established herself firmly in the public favour. An eminent critic alludes to the impression she created as the distinguishing feature of the operatic season of 1840. She played in three ballets; the *Lac des Fees*, the *Brigand of Terracina*, and the *Toreador*; in each of which she was welcomed with the loudest demonstrations of applause. The unprecedented popularity which the former acquired, played as it was almost to satiety, and the favour with which it still continues to be received, are alone proof of the brilliancy and versatility of the power that never forsakes her. The great art of *La Cerrito* consists in her originality, which is never exhausted; she continually develops fresh beauties, and the eye never tires in gazing on her movements, which are always replete with luxuriant buoyancy and grace. She came among us a perfect stranger, and carried our suffrages by storm.

Previous to her sudden apparition, we were accustomed to consider Taglioni as standing alone and perfectly unapproachable in the mysteries of the dance. But the experience of last season, when the presence of that celebrated artist seemed rather to add to the attraction of her rival, in addition to the evidence so repeatedly forced upon us during the present year, compelled us in justice to relinquish that opinion. It can be no disparagement to the merits of *Taglioni*, that *Fanny Cerrito* has proved herself fairly and fully entitled to share her sceptre.

Immediately after the conclusion of the season of 1840, La Cerrito left London in company with her parents, and proceeded direct to Italy, where she was already engaged to appear at Bergamo, Verona, and Sorascini. Subsequently she danced at Bolfogna, Ponte San Marco, Venice, Milan, Genoa, &c. At Ponte San Marco the sensation she created is beyond description—the theatre was crammed to excess every evening, the audience testifying their admiration in the most enthusiastic manner. After the last representation, in which she was received with an uproar of applause, her carriage was surrounded, the horses were taken out, and the fair *danseuse* was dragged home amid the deafening shouts of the multitude. In the other places, equally flattering, if less extravagant, testimonials of regard were awarded to her. To follow out the eventful career of La Cerrito to the latest period, we may state that she again reached London on Thursday, the 13th of May, 1841, and re-appeared at her majesty's theatre on the Tuesday following, in the *Lac de Fees*. On Thursday, the 10th of June, *La Sylphide* was revived; and herein, also, her success was triumphant.

No danseuse was ever better gifted by nature than Cerrito. Her figure might serve as a perfectly finished model of female beauty. With just a sufficient fulness of outline, her limbs are exquisitely proportioned,—it is impossible to see and not admire the delicate and graceful symmetry of her form. Her countenance, without being strikingly handsome, is extremely pleasing; its characteristic expression is that of kindness and great good nature. Her eyes are small, and of a light hazel, shaded by thick lashes and arched eye-brows, which, like her hair, approach very nearly to the colour of true auburn. Her hands and feet are childishly small, and beautifully shaped. Her manner in society, and in the intercourse of private life, is invariably gentle and engaging.

As a perfect mistress of her art, La Cerrito may have been equaled, but has certainly never been excelled. By too many of its votaries, the dance is regarded as a mechanical exercise, only acquired to

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perfection by dint of arduous labour, and practice. In this light it has never been viewed by Cerrito; with her, the dance is a picture of actual life; every movement, every gesture, is a correct exposition of the sentiment or feeling suggested by the music. Her graceful attitudes conjure up innumerable images of beauty, exciting an enthusiasm, but appealing rather to the softer emotions of the heart. With her, every thing is natural and inspired; full of vigour and elasticity, she is always graceful, easy, and expressive; her bounds are prodigious, her foot touches the ground with the lightness of a bird, and in movements requiring rapid flexibility, no one can approach her. Her dancing, it has been well remarked, combines the excellencies of every style, blended to a perfection that was never before witnessed. Her ear for music is extremely correct, and she is herself the authoress of several ballets, very prettily conceived, and produced with success.

In all national dances and *pas de caractere*, La Cerrito excels. The *Sicrienne, Lithuanienne*, and the *Castilianaise*, executed by her, have created a perfect *furore* in the principal theatres of Italy. The former has just been witnessed on our own stage, and is, therefore fresh in the recollection of the London public.

Fanny Cerrito is still in the spring-time of her existence,—"a violet in the youth of primy nature." Grateful, sincere, and affectionate, she appears always happy in the presence of her father and mother. As yet she has no desire beyond the paternal roof. With the ardent wish that her path in life may continue to be strewed with wreaths of fragrant flowers, both "at home and abroad," we bid her "farewell!"

ANCIENT REGIME.

This by the general consent deserves a place near the best productions of its author. We have published Bulwer's and Maryatt's *last*, and to pass by so great a favourite as Mr. James, would scarce be pardonable.

If we give to novels more than a due share of space in our publication, it is not our fault. It is the fault of the British nation that does not furnish us a more general supply. Whatever intellectual *materiel* now exists in England is, after the fashion of the age, expended upon periodicals and politics—in newspapers, annuals, magazines, reviews, and especially upon novels. Even in theology, notwithstanding the emulation in the church, there rarely appears any thing above mediocrity. We have indeed travels. We are almost afraid to see any one come home from abroad, under the apprehension he may publish "his tour." We would rather he should stay away altogether. Shakspeare and the drama have given place, upon the national theatres, to the elephants and rope dancers; the world runs to see a dozen of pairs of legs in convulsions in the queen's ballet, and Grisi and Lablache sing a few Italian gentlemen into hysterics at the opera. The schoolmaster is abroad, education advances, readers multiply, and literature deteriorates—after the fashion of other manufactures. The muses, who used to sit in their garret intent on fame and posterity, have set up a shop, and carry on a regular commercial business. The author instead of trimming his lamp, as Dryden or Johnson, to the end of life, now retires and enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* upon his estate, and relieves the tedium of life only by collecting his past works, and revising their successive editions. The blood has grown cold about the heart of Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Moore,—Bulwer, James, Marryatt, Dickens, Ward, Ainsworth,—not forgetting my Lady Blessington,—are the wits and philosophers of the age; and they who attempt to print the current literature, must in general be content with the dress in which these writers are pleased to exhibit it.

After all literature differs but in form, and the good and bad are found under all its forms and fashions. The most admired of human compositions are but novels, and the first genius of the age did not disdain to clothe his thoughts in this garb. To one of the highest efforts of intellect fiction is an indispensable requisite. A few savage chiefs are at loggerheads for a stolen woman, get mad, and after ten years' war, a wooden horse is filled with men, and by this shallow trick a city is taken—setting heaven and earth by the ears,—with valorous exploits of the cunning Ulysses, valiant Diomed, impetuous Ajax, and the wandrings of the pious Æneas,—and this is the groundwork of the splendid romances of antiquity, the Iliad, Odyssey, and Æneid.

And what are the most of our religious tracts but novels; some think altars are due to him who invented them. Is it not, they say, an advantage, when real life is exhausted to be able to resort to fiction for models of imitation?—when the eye is barren of great men to be able to make them ourselves?—and so much better too than the natural production?—what faithful and devoted lovers, what gallant gentlemen and ravishing women, in this ideal world! Where will you find so complete a gentleman as Sir Charles Grandison in authentic history? Or such a pious, hen-pecked and silly old gentleman as the Vicar of Wakefield. And is it not a privilege too, say they, that we should be able to create, as it were, a heaven of our own and live in it apart from the dull tedious realities—when sick of chambers, and parliaments, and congresses, and forensic wranglings, and riots and revolutions, that our thoughts should be able to emigrate and enjoy the delights of this chimerical empire? They contend too that fiction is part of our nature, and designed providentially as a source of human gratification; for who does not make novels, or entertain himself with fictitious adventures daily? What lady does not make conquests of new frocks, and ribbons, and husbands; and what gentleman does not fight duels, and armies, save ladies from ruin, and do things that are impossible; all the while sitting quietly in their chamber of a wet day, or taking medicine for the influenza. The *hyperbole* is so pretty a figure of rhetoric as we have in language; and the fable, and the parable—what are they but fictions? How did Mercury put to sleep Argus? He told him a story without rhetorical fiction—a plain, unvarnished, monotonous tale, with the nominative case, the verb, and the objective, and he went to sleep with his hundred eyes. Pyrrho and his sect believed every thing fiction, and Bishop Berkeley and others have little differed from them in opinion. And what is history itself with all its veracious pretensions? A lie of a scribbler in his garret, who has got a penny a line for it, is gazetted throughout Europe, chronicled in magazines and reviews; at least it is authentic history. Richard, a consummate rogue in Hume, is half a saint in Horace Walpole. Cromwell, an usurper to be dug out of his grave and set up on Temple Bar, an example to traitors, is in the opinion of Carlisle, and how many other sensible men, a great and excellent personage. The French and English Napoleon are two distinct persons. What are the Greeks in Mitford?—and what is America in English travels, the sources of history. One is almost forced into the opinion of the sceptics that all is fiction, and that of all fictions the most fictitious is authentic history. Gentle reader, there is "nothing true but heaven;" in all sublunary things we pray you to be content with novels.—One worldly truth only we would impress upon you,—it is that nothing for the last six months has appeared in English literature better than that we have published in "Waldie's Library."

NEW BOOKS.

The works of Mary Russell Mitford, Prose and Verse, viz: Our Village, Belford Regis, Country Stories, Finden's Tableaux, Foscari, Julian, Rienzi, Charles the First. Philadelphia, James Crissy, 1841.

We are only surprised that no collection of the works of Miss Mitford has never been published in this country before. She is certainly much better entitled to that distinction than many others who have received it before her. There is no living writer, who excels Miss Mitford in the delineation of rural scenery and rural life. "Our Village," established her reputation for vivacity of style, humour in the representation of characters and graphic fidelity in the description of scenery. In her prose works, these are the most striking characteristics; but in her tragedies there appears a masculine vigour, which could hardly have been anticipated from the writer of those delightful rural sketches, in which there is so much of feminine delicacy and playful archness. Cromwell's character in "Charles the First," is a wonderfully powerful delineation to have proceeded from any woman's pen. All her tragedies have been highly successful on the stage; but as reading plays, they place the writer in the highest walks of dramatic literature. Mr. Crissy is entitled to much credit for the beautiful style in which this volume is got up. The print is large enough to be readable by all readers, and the surrounding of the page with a line adds much neatness to the book. The work will be eagerly sought by the lovers of chaste and beautiful fiction.

The Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. 3. Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

The character of this work, we have already noticed. The volume before us concludes the first series. The second will be forthwith commenced. The materials for reflection, as well as for writing, which are contained in these volumes, cannot be too highly appreciated. The work has attracted much attention on the continent of Europe; and this volume appears to have been delayed that the author might receive certain important contributions from M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction in France.

The Pic Nic Papers. Edited by Boz. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

A young writer having died in London, and left a destitute wife and family, his literary friends clubbed to produce this very entertaining collection of tales. This is all very well, and the book is a capital affair. But to complete the collection, a most atrocious piece of piracy was resorted to. The editor took the title of Neal's Charcoal Sketches bodily, pictures, titles, and all, and most ungenerously suppressed the author's name. When it is observed that the name of every English writer who contributes is carefully given, while our gifted countryman's is withheld, this proceeding cannot but excite the most unqualified indignation. Our greatest surprise is, that a gentleman of Boz's high standing, should have lent himself to so base a fraud. The American publishers have very properly omitted Mr. Neal's part of the book in their edition.

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BEAUTY.

(Continued from No. 12.)

We have said enough, we believe, to let our readers understand what we mean by external objects being the natural signs or concomitants of human sympathies or emotions. Yet we cannot lift up our eyes, in this delightful season, without being tempted to add one other illustration, and to ask, on what other principle we can account for the beauty of Spring? Winter has shades as deep and colours as brilliant; and the great forms of nature are substantially the same, through all the revolutions of the year. We shall seek in vain, therefore, in the accidents of mere organic matter, for the sources of that "vernal delight and joy," which subject all finer spirits to an annual intoxication, and strike home the sense of beauty even to hearts that seem proof against it under all other aspects. And it is not among the dead, but among the living, that this beauty originates. It is the animation of life and joy to all animated beings, that constitutes this great jubilee of nature: the young of animals bursting into existence,—the simple and universal pleasures which are diffused by the mere temperature of the air, and the profusion of sustenance,—the pairing of birds,—the cheerful resumption of rustic toils,—the great alleviation of all the miseries of poverty and sickness,—our sympathy with the young life, and the promise and the hazards of the vegetable creation,—the solemn, yet cheering, impression of the constancy of Nature to her great periods of renovation,—and the hopes that dart spontaneously forward into the new circle of exertions and enjoyments that is opened up by her hand and her example. Such are some of the conceptions that are forced upon us by the appearances of returning spring, and that seem to account for the emotions of delight with which these appearances are hailed, by every mind endowed with any degree of sensibility, somewhat better than the brightness of the colours, or the agreeableness of the smells, that are then presented to our senses.

They are kindred conceptions that constitute all the beauty of childhood. The forms and colours that are peculiar to that age, are not necessarily or absolutely beautiful in themselves; for, in a grown person, the same forms and colours would be either ludicrous or disgusting. It is their indestructible connection with the engaging ideas of innocence,—of careless gaiety,—of unsuspecting confidence;—made still more tender and attractive by the recollection of helplessness, and blameless and happy ignorance,—of the anxious affection that watches over all their ways, —and of the hopes and fears that seek to pierce futurity, for those who have another fears, nor cares, nor anxieties for themselves.

The accidental or arbitrary relations that may be established between natural sympathies or emotions and external objects may be either such as occur to whole classes of men, or are confined to particular individuals. Among the former, those that apply to different nations or races of men are the most important and remarkable, and constitute the basis of those peculiarities by which national tastes are distinguished. Take again, for example, the instance of female beauty: and think what different and inconsistent standards would be fixed for it in the different regions of the world,—in Africa, in Asia, and in Europe,—in Tartary and in Greece,—in Lapland, Patagonia, and Circassia. If there was any thing absolutely or intrinsically beautiful in any of the forms thus distinguished, it is inconceivable that men should differ so outrageously in their conceptions of it: if beauty were a real and independent quality, it seems impossible that it should be distinctly and clearly felt by one set of persons, where another set, altogether as sensitive, could see nothing but its opposite; and if it were actually and inseparably attached to certain forms, colours, or proportions, it must appear utterly inexplicable that it should be felt and perceived in the most opposite forms and proportions, in objects of the same description. On the other hand, if all beauty consist in reminding us of certain natural sympathies and objects of emotion, with which they have been habitually connected, it is easy to perceive how the most different forms should be felt to be equally beautiful. If female beauty, for instance, consist in the visible signs and expressions of youth and health, and of gentleness, vivacity, and kindness, then it will necessarily happen that the forms and colours and proportions which nature may have connected with those qualities, in the different climates or regions of the world, will all appear equally beautiful to those who have been accustomed to recognise them as the signs of such qualities; while they will be respectively indifferent to those who have not learned to interpret them in this sense, and displeasing to those whom experience has led to consider them as the signs of opposite qualities. The case is the same, though perhaps to a smaller degree, as to the peculiarity of national taste in other particulars. The style of dress and architecture in every nation, if not adopted from mere want of skill, or penury of materials, always appears beautiful to the natives, and somewhat monstrous and absurd to foreigners: and the general character and aspect of their landscape, in like manner, if not associated with substantial evils and inconveniences, always appears more beautiful and enchanting than the scenery of any other region. The fact is still more striking, perhaps, in the case of music,—in the effects of those national airs, with which even the most uncultivated imaginations have connected so many interesting recollections,—and in the delight with which all persons of sensibility catch the strains of their native melodies in strange or in distant lands. It is owing chiefly to the same sort of arbitrary and national association, that white is thought a gay colour in Europe, where it is used at weddings,—and a dismal colour in China, where it is used for mourning: that we think yew trees gloomy, because they are planted in churchyards,—and large masses of powdered horsehair majestic, because we see them on the heads of chancellors and judges.

Next to those curious instances of arbitrary or limited associations that are exemplified in the diversities of national taste, are those that are produced by the differences of instruction or education. If external objects were sublime or beautiful in themselves, it is plain that they would appear equally so to those who were acquainted with their origin, and to those to whom it was unknown. Yet, it is not easy, perhaps, to calculate the degree to which our notions of beauty and sublimity are now influenced, over all Europe, by the study of classical literature; or the number of impressions of this sort which the well educated consequently receive, from objects that are utterly indifferent to uninstructed persons of the same natural sensibility. We gladly avail ourselves, upon this subject, of the beautiful expressions of Mr. Alison.

"The delight which most men of education receive from the consideration of antiquity, and the beauty that they discover in every object which is connected with ancient times, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the same cause. The antiquarian, in his cabinet, surrounded by the relics of former ages, seems to himself to be removed to periods that are long since past, and indulges in the imagination of living in a world, which, by a very natural kind of prejudice, we are always willing to believe was both wiser and better than the present. All that is venerable or laudable in the history of those times present themselves to his memory: the gallantry, the heroism, the patriotism of antiquity, rise again before his view, softened by the obscurity in which they are involved, and rendered more soothing to the imagination by that obscurity itself, which, while it mingles a sentiment of regret amid his pursuits, serves at the same time to stimulate his fancy to fill up, by its own creation, those long intervals of time of which history has preserved no record. The relics he contemplates seem to approach him still nearer

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to the ages of his regard: the dress, the furniture, the arms of the times, are so many assistances to his imagination, in guiding or directing its exercise; and, offering him a thousand sources of imagery, provide him with an almost inexhaustible field in which his memory and his fancy may expatiate. There are few men who have not felt somewhat, at least, of the delight of such an employment. There is no man in the least acquainted with the history of antiquity who does not love to let his imagination loose on the prospect of its remains, and to whom they are not in some measure sacred, from the innumerable images which they bring. Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monument of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers; and cherishes, with a fond veneration, the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him.

"And what is it that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him,—it is not the Tyber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amid the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned,—it is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination,—it is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him,—it is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb, to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted: take from him these associations,—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees; and how different would be his emotion!"

The influences of the same studies may be traced, indeed, through almost all our impressions of beauty,—and especially in the feelings which we receive from the contemplation of rural scenery; where the images and recollections which have been associated with such objects, in the enchanting strains of the poets, are perpetually recalled by their appearance, and give an interest and a beauty to the prospect of which the uninstructed cannot have the slightest perception. Upon this subject, also, Mr. Alison has expressed himself with his usual warmth and elegance. After observing, that, in childhood, the beauties of nature have scarcely any existence for those who have as yet but little general sympathy with mankind, he proceeds to state, that they are usually first recommended to notice by the poets, to whom we are introduced in the course of education; and who, in a manner, create them for us, by the associations which they enable us to form with their visible appearance.

"How different, from this period, become the sentiments with which the scenery of nature is contemplated by those who have any imagination! The beautiful forms of ancient mythology, with which the fancy of poets peopled every element, are now ready to appear to their minds, upon the prospect of every scene. The descriptions of ancient authors, so long admired, and so deserving of admiration, occur to them at every moment, and with them, all those enthusiastic ideas of ancient genius and glory, which the study of so many years of youth so naturally leads them to form. Or, if the study of modern poetry has succeeded to that of the ancient, a thousand other beautiful associations are acquired, which, instead of destroying, serve easily to unite with the former, and to afford a new source of delight. The awful forms of Gothic superstition, the wild and romantic imagery, which the turbulence of the middle ages, the Crusades, and the institution of Chivalry have spread over every country of Europe, arise to the imagination in every scene; accompanied with all those pleasing recollections of prowess, and adventure, and courteous manners, which distinguished those memorable times. With such images in their minds, it is not common nature that appears to surround them; it is nature embellished and made sacred by the memory of Theocritus and Virgil, and Milton and Tasso; their genius seems still to linger among the scenes which inspired it, and to irradiate every object where it dwells; and the creations of their fancy seem the fit inhabitants of that nature which their descriptions have clothed with beauty.

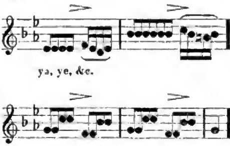
"There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or valued emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture. There are songs, also, that we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account; and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue from this association, and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person, whose memory we admire, produce a similar effect. 'Movemur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur adsunt vestigia.' The scenes themselves may be little beautiful, but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford seem to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts every thing into beauty which appears to have been connected with them."

(To be continued.)

MUSIC OF NATURE.

Every sort of sound enters into the composition of music. Many sounds that alone are shocking to the ear, have a good effect in the concert. The gabble of the goose is not disagreeable in the general orchestra of the barn-yard. There may be instances in which the braying of the ass would improve harmony. In looking into nature one finds nothing, not even the notes of the frog pond, created in vain. At Musard's concerts in Paris they improve the spirit of a *gallopade* by the sudden clank and crash of a chain upon the planks of a hollow platform, with now and then a scream like the war-whoop of the Puttawattamies—which has quite a pleasurable effect upon the nerves, and gives briskness to the spirit of the company. What the Italians and Germans understand, what other nations do not, is the harmonious composition of these discordant sounds. If a general concert of nature could be formed, the crow as well as the nightingale would be a necessary part of the symphony, and even the file and saw might perhaps be made to discourse excellent music.

The musical composers have taken ample advantage of these resources. They have imitated the harmony of the human voice in all its various expressions. The imitations of laughter by Handel and Weber are complete, and Haydn has given us an instance of yawning so natural as to set his audience agape. In one of his symphonies he has even an example of sneezing, and once a very satisfactory laugh. The brawling of scolds is well represented, and the savage notes of wild beasts make up a clatter of sounds to indicate rage and ferocity. Rossini has imitated the sobbing of a child in a pensive duet of the *Gazza Ladra*. There are imitations, also, of the puling of a spoilt child, and of one child wantonly teasing another. Mozart had a peevish wife, who in her petulant waspish humours frequently broke in upon his studies. It was, they say, in one of these freaks he caught from madame the subject of a noted piece, which we give for the information of ladies unpractised in the art.



The *snatch* upon the semiquavers, Gardiner calls "the very essence of irritability." Beethoven has imitated, true to nature, the endearing tone of a mother fondling her child; and Haydn has given morçeaus of children at play, in all the natural ebullitions of mirth and gaiety, and even the sudden growling of the voice in which they attempt unawares to frighten each other; and Rossini has introduced in the "*Semiramide*," the frolicsome squealings of the little *urchins*, with admirable effect.* Gardiner has described in his "Music of Nature," the cries of several animals.

THE DOG.

Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchmen of Israel, to these animals, "they are dumb—they cannot bark." But, on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies, to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty; an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man. "The dog indicates his different feelings by different tones of voice; and thus the shepherd's dog (in England) has a command over his flock, without using positive violence. Their tones are so marked, that they are recognised as expressive of anger or fear. The horse knows from the bark of a dog when he may expect an attack upon his heels."*

It cannot be doubted that dogs in this country bark more and fight less than formerly. This may be accounted for by the civilisation of the lower orders, who have gained a higher taste in their sports and pastimes than badger-baitings and dog-fights; and it may with truth be asserted, that the march of Intellect has had its influence even upon the canine race, in destroying that natural ferocity for war, which (happily for the world) is now spent more in words than in blows.

It has not fallen within the writer's pursuits to

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

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have much knowledge of dogs, but it would be an amusing investigation to analyse their language, which is not only curious but copious. That they understand the general force of language, and the particular meaning of many words, cannot be doubted. Miss Hawkins tells us, that the little dog Mrs. Garrick used to take to the play, had so fine an ear, that he always knew his master by the tone of voice from the other actors, and showed great signs of joy when he was speaking.

Though the barking of a dog is an inarticulate sound, yet, if he is brought by the side of a pianoforte while barking, you may distinctly hear the notes upon which his bark is made, reflected by the instrument. For example, the notes of a dog barking with excess of pleasure, upon going out with his master; the yelp of a cur, whose foot has been trod upon; the whine of a dog tied up; a mastiff dog; the bark of a great dog introduced into *scherzo*, by Haydn in his thirty-eighth Quartetto.

OXEN.

If we would listen to the graver animals, we must walk into the meadows where the buttercups spring through the long grass. "There lies the dairy farm, surrounded with the peaceful but noisy kine. In luxuriant keep, they browse and bask in the summer's sun, or seek the beechen shade. Their lowing, though rude and rough, is music to the farmer's ear;—save one, who moans the loss of her sportive young. With wandering eye and anxious look—she grieves the livelong day." From these their harmless tones, we may collect the notes of joy, as well as those of pain.

THE HORSE.

The horse is a more silent animal. You never hear him but when he has lost his companions. More fearful than the ox, he flies at the approach of danger, and his neighing "resounds the forest through"—mounted on a rising ground, he looks and listens with ears erect for his fellows, and calls to them with a clear and laughing voice. "To the horse thou hast given strength and clothed his neck with thunder. He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and smelleth the battle afar off."* Though his shrill and piercing whinney passes through every semitone of the scale, he varies it but little, and has no other song.

THE ASS.

Among the vocalists, the submissive ass ranks but as a rough and rude performer. His meek and lowly look would indicate a gentler voice. Though coarse, his notes are passing sweet compared to those of his brother mule, who, when he opens his hideous throat, puts every admiring friend to flight. In a less vulgar tone, Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle; rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, declining to an emphatic close. Haydn has copied one of his ejaculations in his seventy-sixth Quartetto, with great success.

AN AFRICAN TORNADO.

A violent tornado appears to strangers a most appalling visitation, and produces an extraordinary effect upon their feelings. It consists of successive flashes of the most vivid lightning, tremendous shocks of thunder, rapidly and alarmingly reiterated, impetuous gusts of wind, deluging rain. This terrific combination of elements sweeps along the whole of the coast under consideration; but it occurs with peculiar violence on what is called the windward coast, especially at Sierra Leone. Its denomination is derived from the Portuguese, it being a corruption of the word *trueno*, which means thunder storm. Its approach is first discernable by the appearance of a small, clear, silvery speck, at a high altitude in the heavenly expanse, which increases and descends towards the horizon, with a gradual and slow, but visible motion. In its descent, it becomes circumscribed by a dark ring, which extends itself on every side, and, as soon as the silvery cloud approaches the horizon, veils it in impenetrable gloom. At the moment, the elements seem to have ceased their operations, and the very functions of nature to be paralysed; the atmosphere appears to be deprived of the spirit of vitality, and a sensation of approaching suffocation pervades and oppresses the physical system. The mind is wrapped in awe and suspense, but the latter is speedily relieved by the dark horizon being suddenly illuminated by one broad blaze of electric fluid; peals of distant thunder then break upon the ear, and rapidly approach and increase in fervency and violence, till the shocks become appalling; when the thunder is at its loudest, a tremendous gust of wind rushes, with incredible and often irresistible vehemence, from the darkened part of the horizon, not rarely in its course carrying away roofs of houses and chimney pots, blowing down or uprooting trees, and laying the stiffest and largest ships on their beam ends, or sinking them under weigh or at anchor; and to that succeeds a furious deluge of rain, which falls in one vast sheet, rather than in drops, and concludes this terrible convulsion. The lightning is of the most vivid description, and, contrary to what has been reported of it, seldom sheet lightning, but forked, and piercing, and often, extremely destructive, both to things animate and inanimate. Its apparently doubtful, wild course, is sometimes directed to a large and lofty tree, and the foliage, at the points of contact, is blasted on the instant, the exposed branches are severed from the trunk, and, probably, the enormous trunk itself is rent to its basis and destroyed. When it comes in contact with a house, it frequently leaves it as great a wreck as ships have been seen to be on coming out of a severe action, or after a destructive storm; and, occasionally, the building entered by it may happen to remain untouched, and its inmates, some or all of them, as the author has known to occur, perish under its scorching influence. Occasionally, the spindle of a ship's mast, the most elevated part of it, may appear to be the point of attraction, and it will sometimes dart among the spars and cordage harmless, descending till it reach the deck, when it will suddenly quit the vessel by some aperture, and, rapidly returning through another, seem to have acquired a new character with incredible velocity; for, steering its strange and rapid course into the main deck, or hold, it will kill, maim, or injure, every thing animate or inanimate with which it comes in contact. Much good has unquestionably been effected by conductors; but those who have watched the progress of the electric fluid, will hold the theorist in no estimation who does not make the atmosphere the first and most important point of consideration. The heavy peals, or rather the terrifying shocks of thunder, which follow the lightning, frequently not only shake the buildings at Freetown, but the very foundations on which they stand and the reverberations from the surrounding mountains increase, if possible, the awe excited by elementary commotion. The succeeding rain, or rather deluge, is happily of short duration, and, rushing down the various inlets and indentations in the adjoining mountains, it forms into streams, even a few minutes after its commencement, which sweep through the streets of Freetown with astonishing velocity, bearing with them all the exposed vegetable and other matter in a state of putridity or decay. Such is the tornado; and it is by the preponderating power of its gusts, and the atmospheric influence of lightning and its rain, that noxious exhalations from the earth, and deleterious miasmata, before confined to the neighbourhood of their origin by opposed or light currents of air, in the day, or attracted by the land (the more lofty the more attractive) in the night, are removed, and, consequently, the indescribably distressing feelings occasioned by a foul atmosphere are superseded by those comparatively pleasurable and enlivening sensations which have been already noticed.—*Boyle on the Western Coast of Africa.*

* Job, chap. xxxix.

NECESSARY QUANTITY OF SLEEP.

With regard to the necessary quantity of sleep, so much depends upon age, constitution, and employment, that it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which will apply to all cases. Jeremy Taylor states, that three hours only out of the twenty-four should be spent in sleep. Baxter extends the period to four hours, Wesley to six, Lord Coke and Sir William Jones to seven, and Sir John Sinclair to eight. With the latter I am disposed to coincide. Taking the average of mankind, we will come as nearly as possible to the truth when we say, that nearly one third part of life should be spent in sleep. In some cases even more may be necessary, and in few can a much smaller portion be safely dispensed with. When a person is young, strong, and healthy, an hour or two less may be sufficient; but childhood and extreme old age require a still greater portion. No person who passes only eight hours in bed can be said to waste his time. If, however, he exceeds this, and is, at the same time, in possession of vigour and youth, he lays himself open to the charge of passing in slumber those hours which should be devoted to some other purpose. Too little sleep shortens life as much as an excess of sleep. Barry, in his work on "Digestion," has made an ingenious, but somewhat whimsical calculation on this subject. He asserts, that the duration of human life may be ascertained by the number of pulsations which the individual is able to perform. Thus, if a man's life extends to seventy years, and his heart throbs sixty times each minute, the whole number of its pulsations will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, or any other cause, he raises the pulse to seventy-five in a minute, the same number of pulsations would be completed in fifty-six years, and the duration of life abbreviated fourteen years. Arguing from these facts, he alleges, that sleep has a tendency to prolong life, as, during its continuance, the pulsations are less numerous than in the waking state. There is a sort of theoretical truth in this statement; but it is liable to be modified by so many circumstances, that its application can never become general. If this were not the case, it would be natural to infer, that the length of a man's life would correspond with that of his slumbers; whereas it is well known, that too much sleep debilitates the frame, and lays the foundation of various diseases, which tend to shorten instead of extending its duration. The persons who sleep most, are those who require the least of this indulgence. These are the wealthy and luxurious, who pass nearly half of their existence in slumber, while the hard working peasant and mechanic, who would seem, at first sight, to require more than any other class of society, are contented with seven or eight hours' repose—a period brief in proportion to that expended by them in toil, yet sufficiently long for the wants of nature, as is proved by the strength and health which they almost uniformly enjoy. More sleep is requisite, for the reasons already stated, in winter than in summer. Were there even no constitutional causes for this difference, we would be disposed to sleep longer in the one than in the other, as many of the causes which induce us to sit up late and rise early in summer are wanting during winter, and we consequently feel disposed to lie in bed for a longer period of time during the latter season of the year.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

LIGHT OF THE FEMALE GLOW-WORM.

Mr. Rennie discusses, at some length, the question, interesting in a poetical as well as a natural point of view, whether the light of the female glow-worm be intended as a lamp to attract the attention of the male: "the lamp of love," as Dumeril calls it, which in the words of another, "the wingless female, doomed to crawl upon the grass, lights up at the approach of night, as a beacon which unerringly guides the vagrant male to her love-illumined form, however obscure the place of her abode." It is supposed to be rather unfortunate for this beautiful theory, that the insect has been found to shine in its infant state, in that of larva, and even after it has taken the

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form of a nymph, stages of existence in which it has just as little to do with love as a baby. It has also been ascertained that the male has a lamp of his own, which, though not quite so brilliant as that of the female, is still bright enough to be perceptible. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to give up the theory in question; since, as Mr. Rennie admits, the light afforded by the larva may be easily explained upon the principle of gradual development, and with respect to the feeble glimmering observable in the male, it may be reasonably supposed to originate in the possession of some organs common to the whole species. He imagines that he has put an extinguisher upon the question, by an experiment which he made at Havre de Grace, where, having collected some female glow-worms in a box, he went about one evening until midnight with his box in his hand, to see if he could not attract a male towards them, and he failed. This surely is no negative proof by itself, for it might be that the males were repelled by the "concentrated blaze" which was thus created, and that like other lovers they prefer solitude and the shade. Besides, according to all accounts, the male is exceedingly scarce in proportion to the number of the other sex. Mr. Rennie says, he never found but one, and Mr. Knapp, to whom we are indebted for that delightful book, the Journal of a Naturalist, informs us, that he seldom met with more than one in a year. It is well ascertained, that the little creature ceases to shine about midnight, thus justifying the well-known lines of Shakspeare:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."

The bard had not taken the trouble to ascertain the sex of his insect; and from the epithet "ineffectual" it would seem that he held the opinion now maintained by Mr. Rennie, that the light serves no purpose at all. The only other luminous insect in this country, is the electric centipede, though from living in the ground its light is seldom seen. It may, however, be sometimes traced by a track of phosphoric. *Rennie's Insect Miscellanies.*

SKILL OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS—LOST ARTS.

The subject suggests a few recapitulatory remarks respecting the *questio vexata* of "lost arts." If the Thebans 1800 B. C. knew less in some departments of useful knowledge than ourselves, they also in others knew more. One great proof of the genius of that splendid line of potentates, entitled the eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the extent of civilisation under their rule, was, that the practical, chemical, astronomical, and mechanical knowledge which they shared with the priestly (scientific) colleges was, in some respects, equal to, in some respects greater, than our own. They made glass in great profusion, (Diodorus Siculus,) and burning glasses and lenses for glasses. They must have cut their delicate cameos by the aid of microscopes. Ptolemy describes an astrolabe; they calculated eclipses; they said that the moon was diversified by sea and land; (Plutarch *de facie lunæ*;) that "one lunar day was equal to fifteen of the earth;" that "the earth's diameter was a third of the moon's;" and that "the moon's mass was to that of the earth as 1 to 72." All these things show good instruments. They make gold portable,* an "art lost" till recently recovered by a French chemist. Their workmanship in gold, as recorded by Homer, and their golden clockwork, by which thrones moved, must have been exquisitely ingenious. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools so as to cut the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. We see the sculptors in the act of cutting the inscriptions on the granite obelisks and tablets. We see a pictorial copy of the chisels and tools themselves.† But our tools would not cut such stone with the precision of outline which the inscriptions retain to the present day. Again, what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples at Karnac? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means, must therefore, be put to the account of "lost arts." That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, leveled, direct and grooved, (the grooves being anointed with oil) for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stones, entire stone temples, and colossal statues half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these grooves. Finally, M. Arago has argued, that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their pagan freemasonry, (the oldest in the world, of which pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer. The contest of the Egyptian *sophos* with Moses before Pharoah pays singular tribute to their union of "knowledge and power." No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic (see Sir D. Brewster) the jugglers of the East can and do now perform. In the fourth, an attempt to produce the lowest form of life, they fail. From the whole statement, one inference is safe, that the daring ambition of the priestly chemists and anatomists had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken hatching (imitating and assisting the production of life) to a Frankenstein experiment on the vital fluid, and on the principle of life itself, perhaps to experiments like those correctly or incorrectly ascribed to Mr. Crosse, in the hope of creating, not reviving, the lowest form of animal existence.—*Westminster Review.*

* Incidentally; Moses did so, who was a scribe brought up by the sovereign Pontiff, and nursed in the "wisdom of the Egyptians."

† There are sculptors' chisels at the Museum, the cutting end of which preserves its edge unimpaired, while the blunt extremity is flattened by the blows of the mallet.

NEW BOOKS.

History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 *to the year* 1814. By Col. W. F. Napier, C. B. From the fourth London edition. With numerous engravings. 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, 1841.

It is difficult for us to imagine, how intense was the interest excited in England, by the appearance of this great work, volume by volume. All the officers that had served on the Peninsula, and all their friends, all who hoped to serve in future wars, all who read history, and all who gloried in the deeds of Wellington and his famous brethren in arms, felt an equal curiosity and desire to learn what might be the awards of an important historian, who possessed all the requisite ability for his high office, with the additional advantage of having been an eye witness to much of what he related. On the continent, and especially in France, the same lively curiosity appears to have been excited. The generals of the imperial armies sent Colonel Napier their corrections. The archives of the empire were thrown open to his inspection; his honest and impartial character was universally recognised; and during the progress of his work, every distinguished personage in Europe, who could facilitate his labours, appears to have contributed to aid in his researches. The result is such a history as has no parallel for accuracy, truth, completeness. Nor is this its only merit. Considered as a work of art, it will bear a favourable comparison even with those histories in which truth has often been sacrificed to effect. There are passages in it which are justly regarded as models of graphic and splendid description. The manner in which the historian describes battles is such, that it enables a reader, wholly unacquainted with military affairs, to make out, with the assistance of the plan furnished in the volume, how each affair went—how the thing was done. All the world knows that a military history is generally totally deficient in this respect, being intelligible only to military men. Colonel Napier's work is so well executed in this respect, that it completely initiates the general reader into the understanding of military operations, so far as they can be rendered intelligible by descriptions and drawings.

Not only all officers, cadets and candidates for military promotion, will possess themselves of this truly classical work, but every one who wishes to render his library complete in the department of modern history, will give it a prominent place among the Robertsons and the Roscoe's, the Bancrofts, and the Prescotts.

Law and Lawyers: or Sketches and Illustrations of Legal History and Biography, Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1841.

Facts illustrative of human character, are always interesting and valuable. They form the best materials for reflection, and the best lights in the art of self-instruction. An ounce of example is worth a pound of precept. One can take up such notices as are given in the volumes before us, and apply them in many ways, either to the direction of his own course in life, or to the instruction of others. The author, the editor, the teacher, the writer of composition under almost any circumstances, will find the facts contained in these volumes, invaluable for purposes of illustration, and the enforcement of reasons and precepts.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Author of Pelham, &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

These volumes comprise Bulwer's contributions to various British Reviews, Magazines, and other periodical works at different times, during his brilliant literary career. The compositions are marked with all his ability; and they are in a great measure free from his worst faults. He appears to have considered more maturely, and to have expressed more carefully, the opinions which he put forth in this form, than those which he has frequently hazarded, to the great scandal of pious people, in his romances. The papers in this collection embrace a great variety of subjects, and will be perused with interest by all classes of readers. They are fresh too, the only article in the whole collection, which we have seen in the book form before, being the "Conversations with an Ambitious Student." Of course, Bulwer's name will give currency to these volumes, and attract universal attention to them. Their own merits will render them popular.

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BEAUTY.

Continued from No. 13.)

In the cases we have hitherto considered, the external object is supposed to have acquired its beauty by being actually connected with the causes of our natural emotions, either as a sign of their existence, or as being lovingly present to their ordinary occasions. There is a relation, however, of another kind, to which it is necessary to attend, both to elucidate the general grounds of the theory, and to explain several appearances that might otherwise expose it to objections. This is the relation which external objects may bear to our internal feelings, and the power they may consequently acquire of suggesting them, in consequence of a sort of resemblance or analogy which they seem to have to their natural and appropriate objects. The language of poetry is founded, in a great degree, upon this analogy; and all language indeed is full of it; and attests, by its structure, both the extent to which it is spontaneously pursued, and the effects that are produced by its suggestion. We take a familiar instance from the elegant writer before us.

"What, for instance, is the impression we feel from the scenery of spring? The soft and gentle green with which the earth is spread, the feeble texture of the plants and flowers, the young of animals just entering into life, and the remains of winter yet lingering among the woods and hills,—all conspire to infuse into our minds somewhat of that fearful tenderness with which infancy is usually beheld. With such a sentiment, how innumerable are the ideas which present themselves to our imaginational ideas, it is apparent, by no means confined to the scene before our eyes, or to the possible desolation which may yet await its infant beauty, but which almost involuntarily extend themselves to analogies with the life of man, and bring before us all those images of hope or fear, which, according to our peculiar situations, have the dominion of our hearts! —The beauty of autumn is accompanied with a similar exercise of thought: the leaves begin then to drop from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; the woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who is there, who, at this season, does not feel his mind pressed with a sentiment of melancholy? or who is able to resist that current of thought, which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate, which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself?"

A thousand such analogies, indeed, are suggested to us by the most familiar aspects of nature. The morning and the evening present the same ready picture of youth and of closing life as the various vicissitudes of the year. The withering of flowers images out to us the languor of beauty, or the sickness of childhood. The loud roar of troubled waters seems to bear some resemblance to the voice of lamentation or violence; and the softer murmur of brighter streams, to be expressive of cheerfulness and innocence. The purity and transparency of water or of air, indeed, is itself felt to be expressive of mental purity and gaiety; and their darkness or turbulence of mental gloom and dejection. All fine and delicate forms are typical of delicacy and gentleness of character; and almost all forms, bounded by waving or flowing lines, suggest ideas of ease, pliability, and elegance. Rapid and impetuous motion seems to be emblematical of violence and passion;—slow and steady motion, of deliberation, dignity, and resolution;—fluttering motion, of inconstancy or terror;—and waving motion, according as it is slow or swift, of sadness or playfulness. A large and massive building gives us the idea of firmness and constancy of character;—a rock battered by the waves, of fortitude in adversity. Stillness and calmness in the water or the air, seem to shadow out tenderness, indolence, and placidity;—moonlight we call pensive and gentle;—and the unclouded sun gives us an impression of exulting vigour, and domineering ambition, and glory.

It is not difficult, with the assistance which language affords us, to trace the origin of all these, and a thousand other associations. In many instances, the qualities which thus suggest mental emotions, do actually resemble their constant concomitants in human nature, as is obviously the case with the forms and motions which are sublime or beautiful; and, in some, their effects and relations bear so obvious an analogy to those of human conduct or feeling, as to force itself upon the notice of the most careless beholder. But, whatever may have been their original, the very structure of language attests the vast extent to which they have been carried, and the nature of the suggestions to which they are indebted for their interest or beauty. It is very remarkable, indeed, that while almost all the words by which the affections of the mind are expressed seem to have been borrowed originally from the qualities of matter, the epithets by which we learn afterwards to distinguish such material objects as are felt to be sublime or beautiful, are all of them epithets that had been previously appropriated to express some quality or emotion of mind. Colours are said to be gay or grave—motions to be lively, or deliberate, or capricious—forms to be delicate or modest—sounds to be animated or mournful—prospects to be cheerful or melancholy—rocks to be bold—waters to be tranquil—and a thousand other phrases of the same import; all indicating, most unequivocally, the sources from which our interest in matter is derived; and proving, that it is necessary, in all cases, to confer mind and feeling upon it, before it can be conceived as either sublime or beautiful. The great charm, indeed, and the great secret of poetical diction, consists in thus lending life and emotion to all the objects it embraces; and the enchanting beauty which we sometimes recognise in descriptions of very ordinary phenomena, will be found to arise from the force of imagination, by which the poet has connected with human emotions a variety of objects to which common minds could not discover their relation. What the poet does for his readers, however, by his original similes and metaphors in these higher cases, even the dullest of these readers do, in some degree, every day for themselves; and the beauty which is perceived when natural objects are unexpectedly vivified by the glowing fancy of the former, is precisely of the same kind that is felt when the closeness of the analogy enables them to force human feelings upon the recollection of all mankind. As the poet sees more of beauty in nature than ordinary mortals, just because he perceives more of these analogies and relations to social emotion, in which all beauty consists; so, other men see more or less of this beauty, exactly as they happen to possess that fancy, or those habits, which enable them readily to trace out these relations.

(To be continued.)

For Waldie's Library.

WOODEN NUTMEGISM.

It has been remarked, of late years, that the moral integrity of the people of the United States has diminished very much, and in proof of this assertion, our attention is directed towards the numerous instances of bank robberies, forgeries, swindlings, &c. It is certain, that the people have become very lenient in their censure of delinquents of various kinds, whether their aberrations from honesty are chargeable or not upon banks and bankers, or other classes. There seems to be a feeling of benevolence and fellowship abroad, which is so deeply rooted, that the people cannot find it in their hearts to give up the society of an entertaining and interesting gentleman, simply because in a fit of excitement, he accidentally carried off a few thousand dollars, which he mistook for his own, or under the influence of a depressed condition of the organ of

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conscientiousness, (brought on by a deficiency in his means to gratify the organ of love of approbation, which is constantly hungry for display of various sorts,) he has closely imitated the handwriting of some *millionaire:* the public, that is, the little community or clique to which he belongs, must still invite him to their dinners and balls, because it is so unpleasant to slight him, on account of his wife and daughters, who will be so mnch distressed, if overlooked. But if the gentleman happens to pocket a spoon not his own, the offence falls within the comprehension of the moral mind of the clique, its conscientiousness is erect, and there is no longer any commiseration; the unfortunate fellow is at once branded as a contemptible thief, while his brother, perhaps, remains a fine fellow, although he has plundered thousands from the widowed and the fatherless.

The following circumstances, derived from an authentic source, suggested the above reflections; and perhaps such circumstances, showing as they do, a very low standard of moral tone, give rise to the startling declension of public, or rather general, rectitude that has been complained of.

Not very long ago, a gentleman of this state, remarkable alike for his learning and philanthropic disposition, visited the north, and in different places delivered a pleasing course of lectures on a popular subject; and perhaps there is no man in this state, or any other of the union, better able to delight and instruct, at the same time, than the gentleman referred to. His kindness led him to present tickets of admission to a number of persons, whose means, it was supposed, did not enable them to gratify a very laudable thirst for konwledge. Amongst other places, our lecturer visited Boston, and presented tickets of admission for his course to all the female teachers of the common schools, of that metropolis. The gratuitous tickets were distinguished from the others, by being printed in a different coloured ink, or by some other manifest means.

After the *second* lecture, the doorkeeper asked the lecturer whether he was right in supposing that the red tickets only admitted ladies? On being assured that such was the case, he stated that a number of gentlemen had passed in with those tickets. The lecturer hoped there was a mistake, and directed the doorkeeper to remonstrate against the entrance of any gentleman who might present a gratuitous lady's ticket for admission at any future lecture, but not to exclude them by force. The next night, a dozen gentlemen offered red tickets, and each one declared he had purchased his ticket at half price (one dollar) from a lady!

If we were without any other means of forming an opinion, what would we infer the code of honour, honesty, and morals, to be of the locality of such an occurrence? What would you think of an individual who would sell an invitation from a gentleman to dine? Would you think your estate safe in his hands? *

FROM MISS SEDGWICK'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

I believe, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home: the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hempstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress—Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure—what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful; not the large boned, muscular frame of most Englishwomen. She wears her own gray hair: a general fashion, by-the-way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets fitting the beau ideal of an old lady: an ideal she might inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting everything but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could!) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows.*

We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler the historian and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselie, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to us, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favourite friend; and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted.

It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W., B., and other household friends. They all agreed in describing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort of person, without any indication in his manners and conversation of the exquisite sentiment he infused into his writings. One of the party remembered his coming home one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, you put all your feelings on paper!"

I was glad to hear Miss Baillie, who is an intimate friend of Lady Byron, speak of her with tender reverence, and of her conjugal infelicity as not at all the result of any quality or deficiency on her part, but inevitable.† Strange this is not the universal impression, after Byron's own declaration to Moore that "there never was a better or even a brighter, a kinder or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B."

After lunch we walked over to a villa occupied by Miss Baillie's nephew, the only son of Dr. Baillie. It commands a view almost as beautiful and as English as that from Richmond Hill; a view extending far—far over wide valleys and gently swelling hills, all standing thick with corn. Returning, we went to a point on Hampstead Hill overlooking the pretty "vale of 'ealth," as our coachman calls it, and which has been to us the vale of hospitality and most homelike welcome. This elevation, Miss B. told me, was equal to that of the hall on the dome of St. Paul's. We could just discern the dome penetrating far into the canopy of smoke that overhangs all London. Miss B. says Scott delighted in this view. It is melancholy, portentous, better suited, I should think, to the genius of Byron. I have seen sublime sights in my life, a midnight thunderstorm at Niagara, and a "gallant breeze" on the seashore, but I never saw so spirit-stirring a spectacle as this immense city with its indefinite boundaries and its dull light. Here are nearly two millions of human beings, with their projects, pursuits, hopes, and despairs, their strifes, friendships, and rivalries, their loves and hates, their joys and anguish, some steeped to the lips in poverty, others encumbered with riches, some treading on the confines of heaven, others in the abysses of sin, and all sealed with the seal of immortality.

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We passed an evening at Miss C.'s; she is truly what the English call a "nice person," as modest in her demeanour as one of our village girls who has a good organ of veneration (rare enough among our young people), and this is saying something for the richest heiress in England. I was first struck here, and only here, with the subdued tone we hear so much of in English society. When we first entered Miss C.'s immense drawing-room, there were a few dowagers scattered up and down, appearing as few and far between as settlers on a prairie, and apparently finding intercommunication quite as difficult. And though the numbers soon multiplied, till the gentlemen came *genial* from the dinner table, we were almost as solemn and as still as a New England conference meeting before the minister comes in. This, I think, was rather the effect of accident than fashion, the young lady's quiet and reserved manner having the subduing influence of a whisper. Society here is quieter than ours certainly. This is perhaps the result of the different materials of which it is compounded. Our New York evening parties, you know, are made up of about seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and mammas, and other ripe men and women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well-bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties.

I have rarely seen at an evening party here anything beyond a cup of black tea and a bit of cake dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Occasionally we have ices (in alarmingly small quantity!) and lemonade, or something of that sort. At L—— house there was a refreshment table spread for three or four hundred people, much like Miss D.'s at her New York soirées, which, you may remember, was considered quite a sumptuary phenomenon. I am thus particular to reiterate to you, dear C., that the English have got so far in civilisation as not to deem eating and drinking necessary to the enjoyment of society. We are a transition people, and I hope we shall not lag far behind them.

I have met many persons here whom to meet was like seeing the originals of familiar pictures. Jane Porter, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Austin, Lockhart, Milman, Sir Francis Chantry, &c.* I owed Mrs. Opie a

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* In the United States Mrs. Barbauld would perhaps divide the suffrages with Miss Baillie; but in England, as far as my limited observation extended, she is not rated so high or so generally read as here. She has experienced the great disadvantage of being considered the organ of a sect. Does not the "Address to the Deity" and the "Evening's Meditation" rank with the best English poetry? and are not her essays, that on "Prejudice" and that on the "Inconsistency of Human Expectations," unsurpassed?

† I should not have presumed, by a public mention of Lady Byron, to have penetrated the intrenchments of feminine delicacy and reserve which she has with such dignity maintained, but for the desire, as far as in my humble sphere I might do it, to correct the impression so prevailing among the readers of Moore's biography in this country, that Lady B. is one of those most unlovely of women who, finding it very easy to preserve a perpendicular line, have no sufferance for the deviations of others, no aptitude, no flexibility. How different this image from the tender, compassionate, loveable reality! the devoted mother, the trusted friend, the benefactress of poor children.

* Some of my readers may be surprised to miss from the list of these eminent persons the names of the two female writers most read in the United States, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson. Miss Martineau was on the continent when I was in London, and speaking of Mrs. Jameson in this public way would seem to me much like putting the picture of an intimate and dear friend into an exhibition room. Besides, her rare gifts, attainments, and the almost unequaled richness and charm of her conversation are well known in this country. But with all these a woman may be, *after all*, but a kind of monster; how far they are transcended by the virtues and attractions of her domestic life, it was our happiness to know from seeing her daily in her English home.

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grudge for having made me, in my youth, cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits. Mrs. Austen stands high here for personal character, as well as for the very inferior but undisputed property of literary accomplishments. Her translations are so excellent that they class her with good original writers. If her manners were not strikingly conventional, she would constantly remind me of ——; she has the same Madame Roland order of architecture and outline, but she wants her charm of naturalness and attractive sweetness; so it may not seem to Mrs. A.'s sisters and fond friends. A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.

There is a most pleasing frankness and social charm in Sir Francis Chantry's manner. I called him repeatedly *Mr.* Chantry, and begged him to pardon me on the ground of not being "native to the manner." He laughed good-naturedly, and said something of having been longer accustomed to the plebeian designation. I heard from Mr. R. a much stronger illustration than this of this celebrated artist's good sense and good feeling too. Chantry was breakfasting with Mr. R., when, pointing to some carving in wood, he asked R. if he remembered that, some twenty years before, he employed a young man to do that work for him. R. had but an indistinct recollection. "I was that young man," resumed Chantry, "and very glad to get the five shillings a day you paid me!" Mr. B. told a pendant to this pretty story. Mr. B. was discussing with Sir Francis the propriety of gilding something, I forget what. B. was sure it could be done, Chantry as sure it could not; and "I should know," he said, "for I was once apprenticed to a carver and gilder." Perhaps, after all, it is not so crowning a grace in Sir Francis Chantry to refer to the obscure morning of his brilliant day, as it is a disgrace to the paltry world that it should be so considered.

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Sismondi.

Towards evening K. and I drove out to M. Sismondi's. He resides at Chesne. We drove away from the lake on a level road, past pleasant villas and in face of Mont Blanc; thickly veiled his face was though, and, as we are told, he does not show it, on an average, more than sixty times a year. After a pleasant drive of a mile and a half we reached M. Sismondi's house, a low, cottage-like building, with a pretty hedge before it, and ground enough about it to give it an air of seclusion and refinement. On the opposite side of the road, and withdrawn from it, is a Gothic church shaded by fine old trees, and before it is the Salève, and Mont Blanc for a background. I envied those who could sit down on the stone benches in the broad vestibule of the church, with these glorious high altars before them. It pleased me to find Sismondi's home in a position so harmonising with the elevation and tranquillity of his philosophic mind. As we drove up the serpentine approach to his door, I felt a little trepidation lest I might not find a friend in my long and intimate correspondent—a natural dread of the presence of a celebrated man; but I had no sooner seen his benignant face, and heard the earnest tones of his kind welcome, than I felt how foolish, how pitiful, was such a dread; and that I might as well have feared going into the sunshine, or into the presence of any other agent, however powerful, that is the source of general health and happiness. To our surprise, we found we were expected. Confalonieri is in Geneva, and expecting to intercept us, has delayed for some days his return to Paris.

After an hour we came away perfectly satisfied. Not a look, a word, or tone of voice had reminded us that we were meeting for the first time. We seemed naturally, and with the glow of personal intercourse, to be carrying on the thread of an acquaintance that we had been all our lives weaving. I can say nothing truer, nor to you more expressive, than that the atmosphere of home seemed to enfold us. You would like to know how M. Sismondi looks. I can tell you that he is short, stout, and rather thick; that he has a dark complexion, plenty of black hair, and brilliant hazel eyes; and then you will have just about as adequate a notion of his soul-lit face as you would have of the beauty of Monument Mountain, the Housatonic, and our meadows, if you had never seen the sun shine upon them or the shadows playing over them. I sometimes think it matters not what the original structure is, when the character is written on it and the golden light of the soul shines over it. It is a very common opinion, but it is not an erroneous one, that you cannot form a correct opinion of an author from his works! Nine tenths (ninety-nine hundredths!) of authors, so called, are mere collectors—*rifacitori*—ingenious makers of patchwork. An original writer writes with earnestness and sincerity. As Titian is said to have ground up flesh to produce his true colouring, so their works are a portion of their spirits; the book is in fact the man.

We dined at Chesne to-day. Madame S. insisted we should all come, saying, in her kindest manner, "It is but sitting a little closer;" and, turning to Confalonieri, "we do not give entertainments; but it is better than Spielberg, my dear count." We found everything as you would wish to find it in the house of a liberal friend. Married people without children have always seemed to me much like mutes, but here I do not miss them—affections that flow full and free will make their own channels. Sismondi rarely dines out, and "has not," Madame S. says, "in his life drank a half glass of wine beyond what was good for him;" and surely he has his reward in a clear head, and unshaken hand. He is sixty-seven. Madame S. expressed her regret that he was so near the allotted term of life, while "he had yet so much to do." "I wish," she added, playfully, "that I were nineteen, and my husband twenty-one." Sismondi replied, that he should not care to live his life over again; "it had been so happy, he should not dare to trust the chances." We in our rash love would have exclaimed, "Oh king, live forever!" forgetting that he will live forever without "the chances."

I inquired after a pair of lovers who had suffered from a forbidden attachment, and whose marriage had been effected by Sismondi's intervention. A letter had just been received from the wife expressing in the strongest terms her happiness. Madame S. said "it was indeed a satisfaction to have made one human being happy." "One, and it may be more," added Sismondi; "for there is already one child, and there may be many more." Is it not a sign of a healthy moral condition when a man of sixty-seven takes it for granted that existence is happiness!

You should have heard the clatter of our young people as we drove away. "Who would think M. Sismondi was a celebrated savant!" exclaimed L.; "I should never think of his being a great author, or anything but the best and kindest of men." "Did you observe," said M., whose American feeling is always at welding heat, "how perfectly well informed he is about America, even to the smallest details!" K. declared that, though she had ridiculed the idea of falling in love at first sight, she had already plunged so deep into an affection for Sismondi that she began to think such a catastrophe possible. And then came other characteristic remarks; L. maintaining that "Madame S. could not be an Englishwoman, she was so gentle and lovely!" and M. saying she was like the best specimens of American women—like E. F. and S.; and we finally laid aside all our national biases *pour et contre*, and finished by agreeing that she is

> "That kind of creature we could most desire
> To honour, serve, and love."

K. and I walked out this morning to breakfast with the Sismondis. It was scarcely nine when we sat down to the table. He breakfasted on curds and cream, and on these delicate articles Madam S. says he expends all his *gourmandism*. Nine is not late now (October 6), and he had already written three letters and several graceful stanzas for some lady's album. It is by these well-ordered habits of diligence that he accomplishes such an immensity of work. And with all this labour his mind is as free, as much at ease as if he had nothing in the world to do but make his social home the cheerful place it is. He spoke in terms of high commendation of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, but he thought Mr. P. had painted his heroine queen *en beau*, and he went on to express his detestation of her bigotry, and his horror of its tremendous effects. We women contended for her conjugal and maternal character. "And what," he asked, "had she done for her children but educate a madwoman?" Madame S. reminded him of Catherine of Aragon. "But she," he said, "was not Isabella's daughter." We all smiled, and I said that I was glad to find him at fault in a point of history. "Ah!" he replied, "history for me is divided into two parts: that which I have written and forgotten, and that which I have not written and have not yet learned."

M. Sismondi was to bring us to town in his carriage, and, before setting off, there was a good-humoured conjugal discussion who, of a swarm of strangers, all, of course, with letters to the Sismondis, were to be invited there in the evening. Madame S. objected to Lady So-and-so; "she would talk 'tittery tattery;'" and to Madame ——, who "would come expecting a grand soirée." Sismondi pleaded for all, and finally came away to make his visits to these people, with much the feeling that a bountiful man has in going among the poor with a purse full of money, which he feels coerced to withhold by the reigning theories of political economy. And *apropos* of political economy, Sismondi remarked this morning that the English political economists had quite overlooked the most striking circumstance in the condition of the Continental peasantry, that is, that they are either the absolute proprietors of the land they cultivate, or they are metayers, that is, they cultivate it on shares. The lease is sometimes for three hundred years. You see at once this gives a stability and dignity to their condition which the English tenant has not; and the pride and pleasure of family transmission, and thus an extension of their being.

I asked if the working classes here were making progress. He said, "No; on the contrary, there was less development of mind than fifty years ago, for then there existed a law, now annulled, forbidding a master-workman to employ more than two journeymen. Now the tendency of things is to make great capitalists, and to reduce the mass of men to mere 'mechanicals.' As to progress with the peasantry, that was quite out of the question." What a strange and death-like condition this seems to us! When I think of the new, the singularly happy condition of our people among the working classes of the world, I am vexed at their solemn, anxious faces. If they have all outward prosperity, they have not that cheerfulness of the countenance which the wise man says betokeneth the prosperity of the heart. There is something wrong in this—some contravention of Providence.

I met M. de Candolles last evening at a soirée at Sismondi's. Besides having the greatest name in Europe as a botanist, he is a most agreeable person. He and Sismondi talked across me most courteously of our country, and with a minuteness of information that showed what an interesting field it is to the philospher and the man of science. De Candolles spoke respectfully of our botanists, Grey, Nuttall, and Elliott, and dwelt on the superior richness of our country, for the botanist, to Europe. "America is for me and not for Sismondi," he said; "for you have no history." He does not imagine how much we make of our little!

There were some dozen people present, and we took our tea round the tea-table, which was spread with biscuits, cake, sweetmeats, and fruit quite in the rural fashion of New England. The English, we are told, laugh at this mode of hospitality, and desecrate Lake Leman with the homely title of "*Tea-water Lake.*" When will the English learn to look with a philosophic eye on customs that differ from their own?

There was a gentleman present who enacted the

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part of the fly on the wheel, making a prodigious buzzing. He seemed particularly disturbed with the idea of women intermeddling in politics, but graciously concluded by conceding "they might know what they would on the subject provided they did not talk about it." "On the contrary," said De Candolles, "they may talk as much as they please, provided they know nothing." So, pardon the vulgar proverb, the fool put us into the frying-pan, and the wise man pushed us into the fire!

De Candolles adverted to the curious subject of relative happiness. He said you might know the moment of passing from a Protestant to a Catholic canton by the extreme wretchedness of the people; and yet they were far more gay than their Protestant neighbours.* This he imputed in part to their throwing off the burden of their sins every Sunday, and in part to their having no anxious dreams of improving their condition; to their being, in short, in that respect, in the condition of the brutes that are grazing in the fields. M. de Candolles is right; it is those "who *have* a *prospect*" that strain every nerve to press forward. It is the foreseeing, the providing, the *calculating*, that shadows over the countenances of an ever onward people with anxiety. With so much good we must take the evil patiently.†

From Gardiner's Music of Nature.

INSECTS.

The sounds which insects produce are numerous and curious. It is, probably, not generally known, that the noises which are supposed to proceed from their vocal organs, are actually made by rubbing their legs together, or by the motion of their wings.

If we reflect for a moment upon that humming sound, which we hear from a cloud of insects overhead, in a summer's evening, we cannot suppose it proceeds from the combined voices of beings, scarcely perceptible, but that the buzz is the result of a motion, given to the air by the dances of these diminutive creatures.

That keen observer, Mr. White of Selborne, says, "I have often heard a sound like the humming of bees, though not an insect is to be seen. You may hear it the whole common through, from the mossy dells to my avenue gate."

Not undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who musing walks at noon.

It was on a hot summer's day that Beethoven sat upon a stile in the environs of Vienna, and caught from nature those imitative sounds in the Pastoral Sinfony. How admirably do the violins, in that extraordinary composition, represent the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer's day!

If we watch the house fly, we shall soon be convinced that he is destitute of voice, and that the noise proceeds from his wings; since, when at rest he is always silent. This sound is invariably upon the note F in the first space.

To produce this sound, the wings must make three hundred and twenty vibrations in a second of time, or nearly twenty thousand if he continues on the wing for one minute. The hum of the honey bee is the same; and the large humble-bee, the contra-basso of the tribe, performs the same note just an octave lower.

The drone of the cockchaffer, as he wheels by you, "in drowsy hum," sounds his corno di bassetto on F below the line.

Huber remarks that in every hive there are bees whose office it is to ventilate, and supply a current of air throughout the apartments; and this is effected by ranks of *fanners*, who, in all the passes, keep up a constant tremulous motion of their wings. If the ear is placed on the outside of the hive, you may distinguish the mezzo tones that emanate from this host of fanners, who shed a mellow music from their odorous wings, which, on listening, will be found to be in the key of F.

The writer was once placed in the gallery of the Royal Exchange, to view that hive of money-collectors in the court below. Besides the similarity of the scene, he could not but notice the similarity of sound, the buzz of the two thousand voices being perceptibly amalgamated into the key of F. Many observations have led the author to the conclusion, that the most prevailing sounds in nature are to be referred to this key. Musicians, though not aware of this curious fact, have from all time been sensibly influenced by it. Scarcely an ancient composition appears in any other key, except its relative minor, for the first hundred years of the art.

The lively note of the cricket is greatly admired by the country people; their dull and silent evenings are much enlivened by the chirp of this companion of the hearth. It consists of three notes in rhythm, always forming a triplet in the key of B. This sound, according to Kirby and Spence, is produced by the insect rubbing his legs sharply together.

The grasshopper is of the same species, but his note is less powerful. If we can believe what is related by the ancients of this delicate creature, as a race of musicians they must have greatly degenerated. Plutarch tells us, that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, a string of his lyre broke, and a cicada, or grasshopper, immediately perched on the bridge, and, by its voice, supplied the loss of the string, and saved the fame of the musician. In Surinam the Dutch call them lyre-players, because the sound resembles those of a vibrating wire. Anacreon describes this creature as the emblem of felicity,—ever young and immortal, the offspring of Phœbus, and the darling of the Muses. The Athenians kept them in cages, for the sake of their song, and called them the nightingales of the nymphs. As in the case of birds, the males only sing; hence Xenarchus used to ascribe their happiness to their having silent wives.

Some of the smallest insects send forth noises in the night time, which may be distinctly heard. The death-watch is a sound resembling the tick of a watch, which proceeds from a small spider. In the dead of the night, its performance much annoys you when dropping asleep. A nice ear, by attentive listening, will determine that the sound proceeds from *two* insects, probably the male and female calling to each other; as the writer detected one to be on the note B flat, and the other on G.

In the West Indies the giant cockroach is a noted reveler when the family are asleep. He makes a noise like a smart rapping of the knuckles on a table, three or four sometimes answering each other. On this account he is called the drummer; and they often beat up such a row, that none but good sleepers can rest for them.

The gnat, for his size, produces the most powerful and audible tone. He may be called the trumpeter of the insect orchestra. The clear and well-defined note which he makes, is on A in the second space. In the night-time, on waking out of sleep, I have at first, taken it for the sound of a posthorn at a remote distance. Had the ancients referred his note to a corresponding string upon the lyre, we should have had a clue to some of their musical scales, which at present lie hid in mystery. Naturalists differ in opinion as to the part of the insect which produces this sound.

Aristophanes, the Greek comedian, by way of ridicule, introduces Socrates debating this question with his scholars.

French and English Houses contrasted. It was in our search for lodgings that we were most struck with the difference between French and English houses, in the extreme disorder and discomfort of the doors and passages by which the former are approached. It is such, in fact, that no one who can help it thinks of living on the ground floor; such apartments are, therefore, almost entirely appropriated to shops and other offices. In many instances I should certainly have supposed that the entrance to a respectable house would lead to a place for horses or cattle; and the stairs, too, being also never washed, and common to all the families who live on the different stages or flats, are often dirty and disgusting in the extreme. Yet, no sooner is the door of a saloon or bedroom thrown open, than you see the walls adorned with beautiful paper, handsome slabs and fire-places of marble, elegant timepieces and other fancy ornaments, with looking glasses in gilt frames, in great variety and number. In addition to which, the window curtains are almost invariably arranged with taste; and over the beds, which are covered with silk, or curiously knitted counterpanes, hang rich canopies, chiefly of crimson, composed of festoons and fringes, as handsome as they are often inappropriate. It is, then, without carpets and without comforts of a thousand kinds, that English people are content to live abroad; and I am inclined to think that this is the grand secret of being able to live at less expense in France than in our native country, because we are satisfied to do without a vast number of things which we imagine to be essential to respectability at home. And, perhaps, we are sufficiently repaid for our self-denial, where the climate is like that of the south of France. —*Mrs. Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

Tragedy in the Cathedral of Milan.—After winding up the staircase within the central and loftiest spire, we reached a point from which our first resting-place seemed hardly removed from the ground. We came down to the marble wilderness again, and wandered for an hour over it. Once C— paused, and, placing his hand on a balustrade, said, "Do you like tragedies?" Young people always do, and ours looking like the eager listeners they were, he proceeded:—"Two years ago there was a Milanese passionately attached to a young married woman of our city, whose husband became jealous and fearful to the lovers. In their mad passion and despair they agreed to meet here and throw themselves off. Both were true to their appointment: but when the woman saw before her the terrible death to which she had consented, her nerves were not strong enough, and she tried to escape from her lover. His resolve, however, was unshaken: for an hour he pursued, she flying through these galleries, over the terraces, running up these long staircases and gliding down, now hiding, now darting out again; but finally he caught her, dragged her here, and, while she was shrieking, clasped her in his arms, and leaped from the balustrade.—look down, and you may imagine the horrors of the death." We looked down to the jutting points that interrupted the descent to the pavement, and all turned away silent and shuddering.—*Miss Sedgwick's Letters.*

Suicides.—It is estimated that seven hundred females, and twenty-three hundred males, committed suicide in France during the last year.

* At the Reformation, the religion of each canton was decided by vote; in some cases by a majority of only one or two voices. The dissenters acquiesced or removed. "Dieu benisse la plus grande voix," was their motto; their version of "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

† The working man of the Old World has nothing to do, *can* do nothing, but provide for the cravings of nature. What does our working man? Strain every nerve to *educate* a son, and give to all his children "school privileges." Instead of tilling another's land he improves *his own* farm, or strives to be able to buy a better. Instead of a blind submission to a transmitted faith and an imposed priest, he examines the grounds of his religion and selects its minister; and in place of an inevitable obedience to absolute rulers and oppressive laws, he chooses his governors, and the legislators that are to make and modify the laws he is to obey. It is obvious what different places in the scale of humanity are occupied by these two classes of *working* men, and why the happiness of the citizen of the United States should not be the happiness of the *peasant*, but should be more elevated, more extended, and more serious.

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BEAUTY.

(Continued from No. 14.)

From all these sources of evidence, then, we think it is pretty well made out, that the beauty or sublimity of external objects is nothing but the reflection of emotions excited by the feelings or condition of sentient beings; and is produced altogether by certain little portions, as it were, of love, joy, pity, veneration, or terror, that adhere to those objects that are present on occasion of such emotions. Nor, after what we have already said, does it seem to be necessary to reply to more than one of the objections to which we are aware that this theory is liable. If beauty be nothing more than a reflection of love, pity, or veneration, how comes it, it may be asked, to be distinguished from these sentiments? They are never confounded with each other, either in our feelings or our language:—Why, then, should they all be confounded under the common name of beauty? and why should beauty, in all cases, affect us in a way so different from the love or compassion of which it is said to be merely the reflection?

Now, to these questions we are somewhat tempted to answer, after the manner of our country, by asking, in our turn, whether it be really true that beauty always affects us in one and the same manner, and always in a different manner from the simple and elementary affections, which it is its office to recall to us? In very many cases it appears to us, that the sensations which we receive from objects that are felt to be beautiful, and that in the highest degree, do not differ at all from the direct movements of tenderness or pity towards sentient beings. If the epithet of beauty be correctly (as it is universally) applied to many of the most admired and enchanting passages in poetry, which consist entirely in the expression of affecting sentiments, the question would be speedily decided; and it is a fact, at all events, too remarkable to be omitted, that some of the most powerful and delightful emotions that are uniformly classed under this name, arise altogether from the direct influence of these pathetic emotions, without the intervention of any material imagery. We do not wish, however, to dwell upon an argument, which certainly is not applicable to all parts of the question; and, admitting that, on many occasions, the feelings which we experience from beauty are sensibly different from the primary emotions in which we think they originate, we shall endeavour, in a very few words, to give an explanation of this difference, which seems to be perfectly consistent with the theory we have undertaken to illustrate.

In the first place, it should make some difference on the primary affections to which we have alluded, that, in the cases alluded to, they are *reflected* from material objects, and not directly excited by their natural causes. The light of the moon has a very different complexion from that of the sun, and yet it is in substance the sun's light. In the next place, the emotion, when suggested in the shape of beauty, comes upon us, for the most part, disencumbered of all those accompaniments which frequently give it a peculiar and less satisfactory character, when it arises from direct intercourse with its living object. The compassion that is suggested by beauty of a gentle and winning description, is not attended with any of that disgust and uneasiness which frequently accompany the spectacle of real distress; nor with that important suggestion of the duty of relieving it, from which it is almost inseparable. Nor does the temporary delight which we receive from beauty of a gay and animating character, call upon us for any such expenditure of spirits, or active demonstrations of sympathy, as are sometimes demanded by the turbulence of real joy. In the third place, the emotion of beauty being partly founded upon illusion, is far more transitory in its own nature, and is both more apt to fluctuate and vary in its character, and more capable of being dismissed at pleasure, than any of the primary affections, whose shadow and representative it is. In the fourth place, and this is the circumstance most relied on by Mr. Alison, the perception of beauty implies a certain exercise of the imagination that is not required in the case of direct emotion, and is sufficient, of itself, both to give a new character to every emotion that is suggested by the intervention of such an exercise, and to account for our classing all the various emotions that are so suggested under the same denomination of beauty. When we are injured, we feel indignation,—when we are wounded, we feel pain,—when we see suffering, we feel compassion,—and when we witness any splendid act of heroism or generosity, we feel admiration—without any effort of the imagination, or the intervention of any picture or vision in the mind. But when we feel indignation, or pity, or admiration, in consequence of seeing some piece of inanimate matter that merely suggests or recalls to us the ordinary causes or proper objects of these emotions, it is evident that our fancy is set to work, and that the effect is produced by means of a certain poetical creation, or a train of images and conceptions that are conjured up in the mind. We draw out, for our own contemplation, a long train of figures and combinations, which we dispose in such a way as to produce the most lively effect on our feelings; and are employed, therefore, partly in composing and delineating this inward and ideal picture of the objects of our emotions, and partly only in receiving the emotions which it excites. It is this active and heated state of the imagination, and this divided and busy occupation of the mind, that constitute the great peculiarity of the emotions we experience from the perception of beauty.

Finally, we think it of importance to observe, that this peculiarity is further strengthened by the great variety, and, as it were, lubricity of the pictures and emotions which are excited by the most common instances of beauty. When we experience any emotion directly, there is no choice, and no doubt in the matter. When we see wrong, we feel indignation; and when joy or sorrow are placed before us, we receive the sympathetic infection. We cannot avoid being moved in the way in which we are moved; and though we may make short excursions into the border land of imagination, we feel nothing either strongly or distinctly, but the unvarying reality before us. The case, however, is remarkably different when we have nothing before us but objects that are merely connected with ideas of sorrow or enjoyment, and capable, in consequence, of suggesting these emotions. Here there is, in the first place, no necessity or certainty that the emotion will be suggested at all; and, in the second place, no definite or particular image or tablature in which it is to be embodied. All that we have, is a general and vague impression of a particular class of emotions, and an undefined sort of consciousness of the capability of the objects before us to suggest trains of ideas well fitted to give them scope. The objects themselves, however, do very rarely prescribe the precise nature of these ideas; and, while an immense multitude of loose analogies and kindred recollections roll dimly over the mind, we are left to form them into such groups and combinations as we ourselves may select; and are tempted every moment to change the form of our cloudy creation, and to wander from one set of images and impressions to another. Even when we look upon a single form of beauty—upon an ancient statue for example, or a Gothic turret—we—are apt to experience this fluctuation of the imagination,—this unsteadiness and perpetual shifting in the particular objects of emotion, and to feel that there is nothing that is peculiarly appropriate to the form before us; and that the fancy wavers among an indistinct crowd of equal competitors. This, however, is still more remarkably the case when the beauty that enchants

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us is of a more compound and complicated nature, and consists, as in the case of a fine landscape, of a great variety of parts and features, each of which may possess a peculiar character or shade of expression.

Take, for example, the scenery so beautifully, and yet imperfectly, described by Mr. Scott, on the borders of Loch-Katrine. The images which it is calculated to suggest will agree, perhaps, in being ideas of seclusion—of a life set free from the restraints of the world, and hidden from its observation—of sympathy with the simple joys and animating toils of its natives—and of awe and veneration for the Power which has left the traces of its might on the cliffs and mountains: but the particular train of images, by the help of which those general impressions may be moulded into distinct objects of emotion, is evidently altogether loose and undetermined, and must depend upon the taste, dispositions, and information of every different beholder. Thus, Fitz-James, with a due attention to his joyous and social character, is made to fill up the outline by planting an ideal castle, filled with hunters and fair ladies, on the steep,—and an abbey of jolly ecclesiastics on the meadow,—and by rousing the mounting echoes with the hunting horn and the matin bell and chant: while Rousseau, in describing a kindred scene, displays in a manner much more characteristic the romantic tenderness of his fancy, when he says, that it seemed like an asylum which Nature had spared for two faithful lovers, escaped alone from the ruin and desolation of the universe. To a mind familiar with the imagery of Celtic poetry, the same scene, it is obvious, might have presented a vision of white-armed virgin archers, and gray-haired bards, and warriors arming to redress the wrongs of damsels:—while, to a wilder or more gloomy fancy, it might have disclosed a picture of moonlight fairies and goblins;—or dens of ambushed banditti,—or the onset of revengeful clans, and the triumphs of patriarchal chieftains. There is no limit, indeed, to the varieties of human interest that may be suggested to a powerful imagination by a scene so striking and so various; and we only multiply those coarse and unseemly sketches, in order to show how exclusively it is human interest, or at least feeling and sentiment of some sort, that is the ultimate object of all those emotions which it is the characteristic of beauty to excite. Even where the object is simple and ordinary, the emotion of beauty which it excites is generally quite vague and indeterminate. Few common objects, for example, are more beautiful than a column of smoke rising slowly above trees, in a calm sky—so common is it, indeed, that it very often gives us no emotion at all; but if it once strikes us as beautiful, we may be certain that we have associated with it many ideas of human interest and feeling—many abortive little sketches of groups and persons connected with such an appearance. Mr. Wordsworth, we think (for we quote from memory), has noticed and exemplified the pliability of this very image in a very striking manner. The smoke comes to his eye, he says,

"*With some uncertain notice*, as may seem,
Of houseless wanderers in the summer wood;
Or of some hermit's cell, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone."

Cowper, we think, makes the same appearance significant of the encampment of gipsies, and all their picturesque establishment; and it is easy to see, that, to a creative fancy, it might suggest an infinite number of similar conceptions.

We have been betrayed into this long, and we fear tedious, detail, in order to show that the emotions which are suggested to us by the appearance of beauty, have seldom any fixed or determinate objects, as all emotions that are raised directly, and not by such suggestions, must necessarily have; and that the objects which the imagination is stimulated to conceive, are apt to shift and fluctuate before us—in many cases extending into a long train or series of connected impressions, and in others presenting only dim and broken outlines, that fleet away in irregular succession. This peculiarity, we are inclined to think, joined to those that have been already noticed, is fully sufficient to account for the difference that is felt to exist between the emotions of beauty, and the more simple and original emotions into which we hold that the former may be resolved. The suggestions of beauty seem, in this respect, to bear the same analogy to the direct impression of our affections that the expression of instrumental music does to that of poetry, or language in general. The most beautiful and expressive air that ever was invented, when played without words, communicates only a vague and indeterminate emotion to the mind; at the same time that it stimulates it to fill up the blank in the imagination with some scene or story corresponding to its general character. We may be able, for instance, to say with certainty that a particular air is pathetic and plaintive; but what particular sort of sorrow it expresses is left for every hearer to imagine. To some, accordingly, it will impart a vision of mothers wailing over their dead children; and to others, of divided lovers, complaining of perfidy or fortune. To one, it will speak of the desolation of captive warriors; to another, of the moanings of secluded penitence: and this very vagueness and uncertainty, joined with the excitement of the imagination which it produces, give a compass and extent to its power of expression, that familiarly distinguish it, though founded on the very same feelings, from the fixed, and limited, and precise expression of poetry. The case seems to be the same with visible beauty. The qualities in which it consists are but another set of *characters* for communicating those emotions that are more clearly, but not always so forcibly, expressed by the pen of the poet. They constitute a sort of hieroglyphics, or picture writings, that express the emotion by means of the relations and analogies of things, and not by any contrivance of direct or conventional reference. They require, therefore, to be eked out by the fancy and the knowledge of the reader; and rather rouse the imagination to a discovery, than enlighten it by a revelation. Those characters and pictures, at the same time, are just as little the ultimate objects of emotion as the letters and syllables of the poet. They are mere signs and instruments in both cases; and produce their effects on the mind, not by any relation which they themselves have to our feelings, but by suggesting to us, more or less directly, those emotions with which they have been associated.

(To be continued.)

From Gardiner's Music of Nature.

ON BELLS.

There are few persons who are not affected by the sound of bells. Of all musical sounds they are among the first that present themselves to our attention; and for that reason they make a deep impression upon us. When heard at a distance, they fall with a delightful softness upon the ear; and, in the midst of rural scenery, they powerfully excite the imagination, and recall the most pleasing scenes of our youth.

So have I stood at eve on Isis bank,
To hear the merry Christchurch bells rejoice
So have I sat, too, in thy honour'd shades
Distinguish'd Magdalen, or Cherwell's banks,
To hear thy silver Wolsey* tones, so sweet;
And so, too, have I paused and held my oar,
And suffer'd the slow stream to bear me home,
While Wykham's peal along the meadows ran.

Hurdis.

It is probable that some of the pleasure we derive from music, may be traced to these early impressions; and that joy or sadness, which certain strains create in us, may be referred to such recollections of our youth.

Every one must have remarked the cheerful gaiety of some bells, and the mournful tone of others. Who can have listened to the succession of five, without feeling their touching melancholy! or not have noticed that tone of regret we hear in the village peal of six! How delightful at eventide to hear their plaintive song! If we would shun these mournful sensations, and court a livelier strain, we must seek the cheerful peal of eight: or that of the sprightly ten, warbling forth their notes of joy:

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Changes rung upon bells are not so pleasing as they might be. Sounds following each other at random can never make agreeable music. We might as well expect an agreeable language or picture from the casual change of sounds or colours. By the hand of a composer they might be so constructed, that instead of a senseless jargon, our ears might be treated with an agreeable melody.

From the ringing of bells we derive an expression in music, of all others the most delightful, that increasing and dying away of the sounds, as they are wafted to or from us by the breeze. It is only in an upland country that we can enjoy these sublime effects—where their tones wind round the hill, or down the woodland vale. How their voices come swelling upon the ear, like the revelry of friends! but no sooner heard, than the wind has swept them away, and they retire in the faintest whispers. These effects are poetic, and will touch the feelings as long as sounds remain.

Bells had their origin in China; and, like the ancient gong, are principally made of copper, richly ornamented with inscriptions inside and out. As their use was to dispel and clear the air of evil spirits, they were made of the most enormous size. The Russians adopted them in the tenth century, and their famous bell at Moscow, weighing forty-three thousand pounds, when put into motion, would agitate the air of the surrounding country for forty miles. This notion of their efficacy brought them to England soon after the Conquest; and, from our old records, we learn that the tolling of a bell kept the spirits of darkness from assaulting believers; it dispelled thunder, and prevented the devil from molesting either the church or congregation—hence the bells were rung with due ardour and devotion in the time of storms. To insure these valuable services, many, in the dark ages, were induced to bequeath property for the support of favourite bells, which were rung at their funeral, to the discomfiture of the arch-fiend, whose attempts to get possession of the soul of the deceased were paralysed by the hallowed sound. In Paris there is a bell of enormous size, two notes lower than great Tom of Lincoln. The catholics have a great reverence for their sounds. The writer was present once at the *Fete Dieu*, in Notre Dame, and witnessed an exhibition of this kind. Upon the Host entering the church, the congregation were greeted with eight military

* Cardinal Wolsey gave these bells.

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drums, keeping up an incessant roll as they marched up the aisle with a detachment of soldiers. Then came the priests and choir-men, straining their throats—the great bell tolling its double F. below the line, in concert with all the small fry of the steeple. Next, in succession, came a military band with gongs and clashing cymbals—soldiers grounding their arms—the stupendous organ from on high pouring down upon this terrific din every note within its compass. Such was the accumulated noise, that it was impossible to make yourself heard to a by-stander, though you shouted in his ears! When the uproar had a little ceased, we listened to the more grateful sound of the mass, which was performing in a distant part of the cathedral.

Bells are heard to the greatest advantage early in the morning, when the air is still, and the ear has been refreshed by sleep. The notion of their sounds being much enhanced when situated near to water, wants no confirmation, when we recount the case of the sentinel, who was charged with sleeping upon his post on the ramparts of Windsor castle. The life of this man was saved, by the extraordinary circumstance of his having heard, at midnight, St. Paul's clock strike thirteen, when it should have struck only twelve. The fact was proved by several witnesses, although the distance apparently would have rendered the circumstance impossible. It was supposed that the course of the river, and the stillness of the night, assisted the conveyance of the sound, which, like a miracle, saved the delinquent from death.* The Hollanders exhibit the most enthusiastic fondness for bells—every church and public building is hung round with them in endless variety; and as this music seems to be the national taste, they are never left at rest. They are kept striking and chiming every quarter of an hour the day through; but this is not enough:—on the Stadthouse, a performer is stationed to play to the market people a superior sort of bell music upon the *carillons*. This is done by a contrivance similar to the keys of a piano-forte, which the carilloneur strikes with all his might, though an Herculean task, often with science and dexterity. In Amsterdam, it is thought, not less than a thousand bells are kept constantly ringing, which create such an incessant jingle, as to be intolerable to strangers, and enough to distract the ears of any one but those of a Dutchman. It is extraordinary, that a people, so grave and thoughtful, can feel amused with such a senseless jargon as this confusion produces. Fortunately for us, our bells in England are of a more sombre cast, and are found of great use in proclaiming the hour in large and populous cities.† St. Paul's has a fine tone upon the chord of B flat, which tone, at its birth, was denominated the note C; our scale having risen so much since that time, as apparently to sink the bell a note below the present C. The finest bell in England is great Tom of Lincoln, considerably older than St. Paul's, so much so, that this bell, which was originally C, has sunk to A upon the lowest space. The elevated situation of this bell gives it an horizon of nearly fifty miles in every direction. It is never rung, lest it should bring down the steeple in which it hangs, and never tolled but upon the death of a royal personage. When rung in this partial way, its tones roll over the surrounding distance with a sublime effect.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

The days of prejudice and ignorance are past, and bells are no longer used for the purposes of craft, or regarded with religious awe.

Though introduced under the frauds of religion, they remain a harmless relic of superstition and folly; and the same sounds which filled the peasant and votary with fear in a dark age, now form the pious and mirthful strains of an enlightened community.

* Captain Parry speaks of the great distance sounds could be heard during intense cold. "We often heard people distinctly converse in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile;" but may not this striking effect be partly attributed to the even and glassy surface, there being no objects to interrupt the undulations of sound, as well as the density of the atmosphere?

† The want of large bells to strike the hour in the modern parts of London, is an inconvenience every one feels. There is not a bell at the west end of the town, that is large enough to be heard at the distance of five hundred yards.

A CHINESE AT HOME.

I was one day in company with an excellent missionary, taking an excursion upon the island of Honan, in the river near Canton, when our path brought us to a delightful villa: we entered the gates, and proceeded up the principal pathway, admiring the shrubs and flowers, till we reached the mansion; where, in one apartment, we saw a number of young men seated at different desks, quietly pursuing their studies. In a few seconds the master appeared, and with a most accomplished grace and politeness, invited us to follow him into the hall, or great room for receiving friends as well as strangers. He ordered tea for us; showed us a foreign sword; and asked my opinion as to the genuineness of a bezoar stone, which he had been taught to consider of great value. A little boy waited upon him in the office of page, who, among other duties, was sent to let the ladies of the household know that they might come and see some foreigners who had just called. The ladies soon made their appearance, and endeavoured to improve their opportunity by putting on the most fascinating smiles they were mistress of; while he deemed it necessary to apologise for this departure from the ordinary rules of etiquette, as females are never invited to sit down with, or even to appear in the presence of a stranger. When he thought they had gazed long enough, he sent his page to signify the same to them, and they instantly retired. In this short and casual way, we saw how complete his authority was over his household, and yet with what gentleness it was evidently carried forward in its administration. All was ease and noiseless tranquillity. The habitual reverence thus inspired in the mind of a child follows him through life, and forms an indissoluble link, a social bond of the strongest kind.—*The Chinese as they are, by Mr. Lacy.*

Evil Influence of Fashion.—Never yet was a woman really improved in attraction by mingling with the motley throng of the *beau monde*. She may learn to dress better, to step more gracefully; her head may assume a more elegant turn, her conversation become more polished, her air more distinguished; but in point of attraction she acquires nothing. Her simplicity of mind departs; her generous confiding impulses of character are lost; she is no longer inclined to interpret favourably of men and things—she listens without believing, sees without admiring; has suffered persecution without learning mercy, and been taught to mistrust the candour of others by the forfeiture of her own. The freshness of her disposition has vanished with the freshness of her complexion; hard lines are perceptible in her very soul, and crowsfeet contract her very fancy. No longer pure and fair as the statue of alabaster, her beauty, like that of some painted waxen effigy, is tawdry and meretricious. It is not alone the rouge upon the cheek and the false tresses adorning the forehead which repel the ardour of admiration; it is the artificiality of mind with which such efforts are connected that breaks the spell of beauty.—*Mrs. Gore.*

Value of Pins' Heads.—The principal members of the Chancery Bar, were occupied for several days last week, before the Lord Chancellor in arguing a question relating to a patent connected with the making of pins' heads. The costs of the proceedings on both sides are said to amount to nearly £5,000.—*Herald.*

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

A GERMAN DINNER.

We were delighted on getting down to "the Angel" to see the "Victoria" puffing up the Rhine; for, to confess the truth, now that the feast of our eyes and imaginations was over, we began to feel the cravings of our grosser natures. There is no surer sharpener of the appetite than a long mountain ride in a cool morning. The Niederwald, the Hohle, the Rossel, all were forgotten in the vision of the pleasantest of all repasts—a dinner on the deck of a Rhine steamer. It was just on the stroke of one when we reached the Victoria. The table was laid, and the company was gathering with a certain look of pleased expectation, and a low murmur of sound much resembling that I have heard from your barn-yard family when you were shelling out corn to them. The animal nature is strongest at least once in the twenty-four hours! The Russian princess was the first person we encountered. "Monsieur Tonson come again." "We'll not have a seat near her," I whispered to the girls, as, with some difficulty, we doubled the end of the table which her enormous royal person occupied. "No; farthest from her is best," said K.; so we proceeded to the other extremity of the table, where we were met by the head waiter. "Places for four, if you please," said I. He bowed civilly, was "very sorry, but there was no room." "Surely you can make room!" "Impossible, madame!" A moment's reflection convinced me that a German would not risk the comfort of one guest by crowding in another, so I said, "Well, give us a table to ourselves." "I cannot; it is impossible!" "What!" exclaimed the girls, "does he say we cannot have places? Do order a lunch, then; I am starved," "and so am I," "and I." My next demand showed how narrowed were our prospects. "Then," said I, "I'll ask for nothing more if you will give me some bread and butter and a bottle of wine!" "Afterward, afterward, madame," he replied, his German patience showing some symptoms of diminution; "afterward lunch, dinner, or what you please; but now it is impossible." Like the starving Ugolino when he heard the key of the Tower of Famine turned on him,

"Io guardai
Nel viso a' mie' figliuoli senza far motto."

But soon touched by their misery and urged by my own, I once more intercepted the inexorable youth, and mustering all my eloquence, I told him he had no courtesy for ladies, no "sentiment;" that he would have to answer for the deaths of those three blooming young women, &c. &c.; he smiled, and I thought relented, but the smile was followed with a definitive shake of the head, and away he went to perform well duties divided between half a dozen half-bred waiters in our country. Nothing remained for us but to submit. In a Hudson River steamer (we remembered regretfully our national despatch) the "afterward" would have been time enough; at most, an affair of half an hour's waiting, but the perspective of a German's meandering through his "meridian" was endless. Besides, we were to land at Bieberich in two or three hours, so, "ladies most deject," we sat ourselves down in the only vacant place we could find, close to the head of the table. The people, for the most part, had taken their seats; here and there a chair awaited some loiterer, but one dropped in after another, and my last faint hope that, after all, the waiter would distribute us among them, faded away. There was some delay, and even those seated with the sweet security of dinner began to lose something of their characteristic serenity. There was a low growl from two English gentlemen near us, and the Germans beside us began mumbling their rolls. "Ah," thought I, "if ye who have been, as is your wont, feeding every half hour since you were out of bed, sitting lazily at your little tables here, could feel 'the thorny point of our distress,' you surely would give us that bread!"

The soup came, and as each took his plate, from the top to the bottom of the table, the shadows vanished from their faces as I have seen them pass from

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a field of corn as a cloud was passing off the sun. "I should have been quite content," said M., meekly, "with a plate of soup on our laps." "Yes," said L. in a faltering voice, "I should be quite satisfied with soup and a bit of bread." But away went the soup, no one heeding us but a fat German whose back was towards us, and who, comprehending our dilemma, felt nothing but the ludicrousness of it. He turned when he had swallowed his soup, and smiled significantly.

Next came the fat, tender bouilli with its three satellites, potatoes *à la maitre d'hotel*, cucumbers, and a fat compound called "gravy." "I always relish the bouilli," said K., faintly. Bouilli, potatoes, and cucumbers were eaten in turn; a German has no sins of omission to answer for at table.

Then appeared the entremets, the croquets, sausages, tongue, the queenly cauliflower floating in butter, rouleaux of cabbage, macaroni, preparations of beans and sorrel, and other messes that have baffled all our investigation and guessing.

Now, fully to comprehend the prolongation of our misery, you must remember the German custom of eating each article of food presented, each separately, and lounging through a change of twenty plates as if eating dinner comprehended the whole duty and pleasure of life. "If they would only give us a bit of tongue!" said K, "or a croquet," said M., "or just one sausage," said L. But tongue, croquet, and sausage vanished within the all-devouring jaws, and again the emptied dishes were swept off, and on came salmon, tench, pike, and trout (served cold, and with bits of ice), and the delicious puddings. Now came my trial. The puddings, so light, so wholesome, with their sweet innocent fruit-sauces, are always my *poste-restante* at a German dinner. But "what was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me!" the pudding, in its turn, was all eaten, and our fat friend, wiping his mouth after the last morsel, turned round and laughed, yes, actually laughed; and we, being at that point of nervousness when you must either cry or laugh, laughed too—rather hysterically.

Are you tired? I have described but the prefatory manœuvring of the light troops. Now came the procession of joints, mutton, veal, and venison, interspersed with salads, stewed fruit, calves' foot jelly, and blancmanges. "Surely they might spare us one form of jelly," said M., "Or a blancmange," said K.; but no; meat, jelly, and all were eaten, and again our stout friend looked round, with less animation this time, for he was beginning to resemble a pampered old house-dog who is too full to bark. The dessert appeared: apricots, cherries, mulberries, pears, and a variety of confectionary. The conductor appeared, too, with the *billets*. "Surely," I said, "that is not Bieberich!" "Pardon, madame, we are within a quarter of an hour of Bieberich." "It is a gone case!" I sighed out to the girls; and, in truth, we arrived before the Duke of Nassau's heavy palace just as the company, with the most provoking flush of entire satisfaction, were turning away from the table. We had learned to appreciate the virtue of those Lazaruses who, witnessing the feasting of the Dives, go hungry *every* day.

I have given you an exact inventory of the dinner, "setting down nought in malice" or in misery; and when you are told that it costs but one florin (forty-two cents), that it is served with nice table-linen, large napkins, and silver forks, you must conclude that provisions are cheap, and that the traveller—if he can "catch the turbot"—is a happy man in Germany.†

* * * * *

There is one of the rights of women secured to them here which I have been assured has an important effect on general prosperity and individual happiness. The German wife has an inextinguishable right to half the joint property of herself and her husband. He cannot deprive her of it by will, nor can it be applied to debts of his contracting. "This it is," said a gentleman to me, "that makes our wives so intelligent in the management of their concerns, so industrious and economical." I don't know how this may be, but it seems to me to be but common justice that a wife should be an equal partner in a concern of which she bears so heavy a part of the burden. Would not the introduction of such a law have a beneficent effect on the labouring classes in the United States? How many women would be stimulated to ingenuity and productive labour if the results of their industry were secured to them? How many women are first wronged and then disheartened by having an inheritance consumed by a husband's vices, or dispersed by his wild speculations? How many, well qualified for respectable branches of business, are deterred from attempting them by the impossibility of securing to themselves and their children the proceeds? How many poor women among the lowest class of labourers have you and I both known, whose daily earnings have been *lawfully* taken from them by their brutal husbands? This is a pretty serious evil, as in that class at least (you will allow me to say) the destructive vices are pretty much monopolised by your sex.

It is one of our distinctions, thank God, in the New World, that we do not quietly rest in any error; so I have faith that in good time this matter will be set right.

It is impossible to witness the system of general instruction in Germany without asking if the rulers are not making an experiment dangerous to the maintenance of their absolutism. Debarred as the lower orders are from all political action, it may be some time before they use the "sharp-edged tools" put into their hands: but, when they once begin to read, to reflect, and compare, they will hardly go on quietly wearing a master's uniform, doing his work, and eating black bread and potatoes, as if this were their full and fair share.

When you look at the highly-educated classes, at the diffusion of knowledge among them, and consider the activity, boldness, and freedom of the German mind, you are confounded at the apparent serenity and quietude. But is it not the serenity of the mighty ocean, that wants but the moving of the wind to rise in resistless waves? the quietude of the powder magazine, inert only till the spark touches it?

We are not in a way to hear political topics agitated. They make no part of general conversation. But I have met with some touching expressions of feelings that I imagine are much diffused under this placid surface of society. One of our German friends spoke to me with deep emotion of her aunt, who is just embarking for the United States. "She is leaving us all," she said; "her children and grandchildren, brothers, nephews, nieces, all the friends of a lifetime, and such a happy home! to go and live with one son in the backwoods of America."

"Is that son so much a favourite?" I asked.

"Oh, no; but he and his brother have suffered for their political opinions. They were imprisoned eight years; one of them died. *He* was a favourite; and so good, so beloved by everybody. My aunt says she cannot breathe the air of Germany. She must have the free air of America!"

† The Englishman goes from here to London in two days, and there must pay at a hotel, for the single item in his dinner of a lobster sauce to his salmon, seventy-five cents! No wonder he "puts up" with Germany.

LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

The publishing season has now fairly commenced. Books are issuing rapidly from the press, and the demand for them fully equals the supply. We notice an improvement in the character of the great mass of books now published, compared with the publications of former years. We have still, it is true, an abundance of fiction; but literature in more solid and durable forms constitutes the staple of the book trade at present. History, Philosophy, Ethics, Metaphysics, Travels and Poetry are now coming into fashion. Such authors as Bacon and Bolingbroke, and Chillingworth, seem to find favour, since publishers dare to issue their works in elegant editions.

The Speeches of Lord Brougham, upon Questions relating to Public Rights, Duties, and Interests, with Historical Introductions, have just been issued, by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, in two large and elegant octavo volumes. They comprise the most splendid efforts of this mighty and commanding intellect. The celebrated speeches on the queen's trial, on the libels respecting the Durham clergy, consequent on the queen's death, on the holy alliance, parliamentary reform, education, the poor laws, the affairs of Canada, and other subjects of equal interest and importance, may all be found in these volumes. Of course they are models of parliamentary and forensic eloquence, uniting as they do the literary brilliancy of Burke with the fire and vigour of Grattan and Chatham. The historical introductions written by Lord Brougham himself, are his most finished compositions. They were detached from the speeches and published as miscellanies in this country some time since, with great success. They are restored to their original position in this splendid edition of the speeches. The colleges, literary societies, and reading clubs will speedily exhaust the limited edition which has been printed; and gentlemen who wish for copies for their own libraries, must be on the *qui vive* to secure them.

We are glad to see a new edition of Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*. William Howitt was always one of our prime favourites. There is a freshness and raciness in his rural works, which render them peculiarly fascinating. He has all a poet's enthusiasm in his love of natural scenery, and a most Homeric simplicity in his narrations and descriptions. Some of the poetry in this volume, is from the pen of his accomplished lady, Mary Howitt. We commend the publishers, Messrs. Carey & Hart, for their good taste in publishing so elegant a composition in an elegant form.

The lovers of theatrical gossip will find a *bonne bouche* in the Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans. Charity, they tell us, covers a multitude of sins; and truly the charity of the biographer appears to have performed its office in this case; as it has contrived to cover over all the sins of the pretty actress with the gold brocade and diamonds of the duchess. She is made out to have been quite a saint. Commend us to a *charitable* biographer! The book is very amusing nevertheless. The stories of old Mr. Coutts's eccentricities, and of the singular and romantic acts of benevolence performed by his respectable relict are as entertaining as the *Charivari* itself. We must treat our readers to a specimen of them.

Who would suppose that a very entertaining and readable book could be made up from the incidents of a whaling voyage. And yet such is the fact. A book has just been published by the Appletons, of New York, entitled, "Incidents of a Whaling Voyage," written by an unpractised writer, but a practised whaler, Mr. F. A. Olmsted. He tells a "round unvarnished tale" of his adventures; and embellishes the volume with his own drawings, illustrating the captures and cuttings up, the frolics and boat-upsettings of those monsters of the deep, in a style which will make his readers perfectly willing that Mr. Olmsted should do all the whole—killing for himself and them too. The book is a very sensible and manly performance, and will take rank with Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," being written in a very similar style.

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BEAUTY.

(Continued from No. 15.)

What we have now said is enough, we believe, to give an attentive reader that general conception of the theory before us, which is all that we can hope to give in the narrow limits to which we are confined. It may be observed, however, that we have spoken only of those sorts of beauty that we think capable of being resolved into some passion, or emotion, or pretty lively sentiment of our nature; and though these are undoubtedly the highest and most decided kinds of beauty, it is certain that there are many things called beautiful which cannot claim so lofty a connection. It is necessary, therefore, to observe, that though every thing that excites any feeling worthy to be called an *emotion* by its beauty or sublimity, will be found to be related to the natural objects of human passions or affections, there are many things which are pleasing or agreeable enough to be called beautiful, in consequence of their relation merely to human convenience and comfort; many others that please by suggesting ideas of human skill and ingenuity; and many that obtain the name of beautiful, by being associated with human fortune, vanity, or splendour. After what has been already said, it will not be necessary either to exemplify or explain these subordinate phenomena. It is enough merely to suggest, that they all please upon the same great principle of sympathy with human feelings; and are explained by the simple and indisputable fact, that we are pleased with the direct contemplation of human comfort, ingenuity, and fortune. All these, indeed, obviously resolve themselves into the great object of sympathy—human enjoyment. Convenience and comfort is but another name for a lower, but very indispensable ingredient of that emotion. Skill and ingenuity readily present themselves as means by which enjoyment may be promoted; and high fortune, and opulence, and splendour pass, at least at a distance, for the certain causes and attendants. The beauty of fitness and adaptation of parts, even in the works of nature, is derived from the same fountain,—partly by means of its obvious analogy to works of human skill, and partly by suggestions of that creative power and wisdom to which human destiny is subjected. The feelings, therefore, associated with all those qualities, though scarcely rising to the height of emotion, are obviously in a certain degree pleasing or interesting; and, when several of them happen to be united in one object, may accumulate to a very great degree of beauty. It is needless, we think, to pursue these general propositions through all the details to which they so obviously lead. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a very few remarks upon the beauty of architecture and the beauty of vertisfication, both which, we think, are obviously of this description.

There are few things about which men of *virtu* are more apt to rave than the merits of the Grecian architecture; and most of those who affect an uncommon purity and delicacy of taste, talk of the intrinsic beauty of its proportions as a thing not to be disputed, except by barbarian ignorance and stupidity. Mr. Alison, we think, was the first who gave a full and convincing refutation of this mysterious dogma; and, while he admits, in the most ample terms, the beauty of the objects in question, has shown, we think, in the clearest manner, that it arises entirely from the combination of the following associations:—1st, The association of utility, convenience, or fitness for the purposes of the building; 2d, Of security and stability, with a view to the nature of the materials; 3d, Of the skill and power requisite to mould such materials into forms so commodious; 4th, Of magnificence, and splendour, and expense; 5th, Of antiquity; and, 6thly, Of Roman and Grecian greatness. His observations are summed up in the following short sentence.

"The proportions," he observes, "of these orders, it is to be remembered, are distinct subjects of beauty, from the associations with which they are embellished, from the magnificence with which they are executed, from the purposes of elegance they are intended to serve, or the scenes of grandeur they are destined to adorn. It is in such scenes, however, and with such additions, that we are accustomed to observe them; and, while we feel the effect of all these accidental associations, we are seldom willing to examine what are the causes of the complex emotion we feel, and readily attribute to the nature of the architecture itself the whole pleasure which we enjoy. But, besides these, there are other associations we have with these forms, that still more powerfully serve to command our admiration: for they are the GRECIAN orders; they derive their origin from those times, and were the ornament of those countries, which are most hallowed in our imaginations; and it is difficult for us to see them, even in their modern copies, without feeling them operate upon our minds as relics of those polished nations where they first arose, and of that greater people by whom they were afterwards borrowed."

This analysis is to us perfectly satisfactory. But, indeed, we cannot conceive any more complete refutation of the notion of an intrinsic and inherent beauty in the proportions of the Grecian architecture, than the fact of the admitted beauty of such very opposite proportions in the Gothic. Opposite as they are, however, the great elements of beauty are the same in this style as in the other,—the impressions of religious awe and of chivalrous recollections coming in place of the classical associations which constitute so great a share of the interest of the former. It is well observed by Mr. Alison, that the great durability and costliness of the productions of this art have had the effect, in almost all regions of the world, of rendering their fashion permanent, after it had once attained such a degree of perfection as to fulfil its substantial purposes.

"Buildings," he observes, "may last, and are intended to last, for centuries. The life of man is very inadequate to the duration of such productions; and the present period of the world, though old with respect to those arts which are employed upon perishable subjects, is yet young in relation to an art which is employed upon so durable materials as those of architecture. Instead of a few years, therefore, centuries must probably pass before such productions demand to be renewed; and, long before that period is elapsed, the sacredness of antiquity is acquired by the subject itself, and a new motive given for the preservation of similar forms. In every country, accordingly, the same effect has taken place: and the same causes which have thus served to produce among us, for so many years, an uniformity of taste with regard to the style of Grecian architecture, have produced also among the nations of the East, for a much longer course of time, a similar uniformity of taste with regard to their ornamental style of architecture; and have perpetuated among them the same forms which were in use among their forefathers, before the Grecian orders were invented."

With regard again, to versification, we do not know whether there be anywhere a more ingenious or philosophical speculation, than that short one, in which Mr. Alison has attempted to show, that it must have been first adopted, in ages antecedent to the use of writing, merely for the purpose of distinguishing elaborate composition from casual discourse, and pointing out to particular attention whatever was thought to deserve it, either by the importance of the matter, or the felicity of the expression. The substance of this speculation, which affords by far the best solution we have met with, of the singular fact of the priority of metrical to prose composition, will be found in the following passage.

"The use of language is acquired so early in life, and is practised upon common occasions with so little study or thought, that it appears to a rude people, as it does to the common people of every country, rather as an inherent power of our nature than as an acquisition of labour or study: and, upon such occasions, is considered as no more expressive of design or skill than the notes of birds or the cries of animals. When therefore men first began to think of composition, and to expect admiration from their skill in it,

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they would very naturally endeavour to make it as expressive as they could of this skill, by distinguishing it as much as possible from common language. There was no way so obvious for this, as by the production of some kind of regularity or uniformity; by the production either of regularity in the succession of these sounds, or of uniformity or resemblance in the sounds themselves. Such qualities in composition would immediately suggest the belief of skill and design, and would of consequence excite all that admiration which, in the commencement of every art, such qualities so strongly and so justly raise. The same cause, therefore, which induced the sculptor to give to his performances that form which was most strongly expressive of his skill, would induce the poet to employ that regularity or uniformity of sounds which was most immediately expressive also of his skill, and which was most likely to excite the admiration of his people. Rhyme or measure then (according to the nature of the language and the superior difficulty of either) would naturally come to be the constituent mark of poetry, or of that species of composition which was designed to affect or to please. It would be the simplest resource which the poet could fall upon, to distinguish his productions from common language; and it would accordingly please, just in proportion to the perfection of its regularity, or to the degree in which it was expressive of his labour and skill. The greater and more important characteristics of the art, a rude people must necessarily be unacquainted with; and what would naturally constitute the distinction to them between poetry and common language, would be the appearance of uniformity or regularity in the one, and the want of them in the other.

"As thus the first instances of composition would be distinguished by some species of uniformity, every kind of composition would gradually borrow, or come to be distinguished by, the same character. If it was necessary for the poet to study rhyme or measure, to distinguish his verses from common language, it would be equally necessary for the law-giver to study the same in the composition of his laws, and the sage in the composition of his aphorisms. Without this character, they had no distinction from usual or familiar expression; they had no mark by which they might be known to be the fruit of thought or reflection, instead of the immediate effusion of fancy. Before the invention of writing, the only expedient by which it seems possible that composition could be distinguished from common language, must have been some species of uniformity or regularity, which might immediately convey the belief of art or design, and thus separate it from that vulgar language which appeared to imply neither. It is hence that, in every country, proverbs, or the ancient maxims of wisdom, are distinguished by alliteration, or measure, or some other artifice of a like nature; that in many countries the earliest laws have been written in verse; and, in general, that the artificial composition which is now appropriated to poetry alone, and distinguished by the name of Poetical Composition, was naturally the prevailing character of composition, and applied to every subject which was the fruit of labour or meditation; as the mark, and indeed the only mark that then could be given, of the employment of this labour and meditation.

"The invention of writing occasioned a very great revolution in composition. What was written, was of itself expressive of design. Prose, therefore, when written, was equally expressive of design with verse or rhyme; and the restraints which these imposed led men naturally to forsake that artificial composition, which now no longer had the value it bore before this invention. The discovery of writing seems, therefore, naturally to have led to composition in prose."

But though this appears to us to be a perfectly just and satisfactory explanation of the origin of metrical composition, we cannot exactly agree with Mr. Alison in thinking, that the beauty of versification is to be referred *altogether* to our associations with those standard works which were produced in an early age under this form. Many things that were first introduced for humble and vulgar purposes, have been afterwards turned to purposes of ornament and delight; and it is no doubt true, as Mr. Knight has remarked, that it would very early occur to those who wished their compositions to be remembered, not only as elaborate, but beautiful, to choose such combinations of regular sound as could be most smoothly and distinctly articulated; and to dispose their emphatic words in the places where the force of the voice would naturally be thrown. It is to this observance,—to sympathy with the skill and success of the poet,—and to the recollection of the great body of beautiful compositions that exist under the same form, that we are inclined to ascribe the whole beauty of versification: and we must own, that we think the last named author very greatly exaggerates its importance, when he contends, that, without its assistance, it would be absolutely impossible to sustain that elevation of tone, and lofty flow of utterance, which is necessary to the existence of poetry considered as the language of enthusiasm. Real enthusiasm, in so far as we have observed, has no tendency to express itself in measured language. We have no sort of notion that Demosthenes would have increased the effect of his Philippics, or Cicero of his Catilinarians, by turning them into Iambics; and are sure that we feel no want of the tone of enthusiasm, when we hear Mrs. Siddons or Kemble declaim the prose speeches of Shakspeare. On the contrary, we think it is almost established as a common remark, that this very uniform elevation of tone, and regular flow of sound, which are inseparable from verse, and essential, according to Mr. Knight, to the animation of poetry, is found to pall upon the ear much sooner than prose of the most disorderly construction. There are very few people, we believe, who do not feel cloyed and satiated before they have read fifty solid pages of the finest poetry in the world,—though there are not many reading men who would be at all oppressed with a much larger allowance of prose: and with regard to the assistance which one reading aloud may be supposed to derive from the verse, as directing him how to bring out the sense with effect, we are really at a loss to conceive what aid he could receive from such a guide, unless Mr. Knight is of opinion, that all verses of the same structure should be read with the same accent and intonation, whatever may be their subject or meaning. To us, we will confess, it appears that, in reading either verse or prose, it is necessary to know the meaning and scope of the sentence, before it is possible to modulate the voice with propriety in pronouncing it; and that, after the meaning is known, it is just as easy to give it this modulation in prose as in verse. In both cases, it may be necessary to glance over a long and complicated sentence before we can safely venture upon delivering it; but this is just as necessary in measured as in unmeasured composition; and, when we are once possessed of its meaning and its structure, it is generally easier to give a just utterance to the latter than the former.

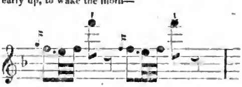
(To be continued.)

The Angsburgh Gazette states that the total population of Turkey is 23,000,000, of whom 16,000,000 are Musselmen, and 7,000,000 Christians or Jews. In some quarters of Constantinople the population has been tripled since the commencement of the last reign.

From Gardiner's Music of Nature.

BIRDS.

Unquestionably we derive many hints for musical composition from the "*song of earliest birds*"—from the sweet warble of their woodnotes wild. In the summer time, the inquisitive and restless robin is early up, to wake the morn—

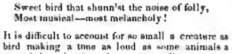


and the "blackbird, with his *chink, chink*, mounts the towering ash, to wake the day."

The lark is in the air, and at "Heaven's gate sings;" while the throstle on the tree,

——— With warbling tune
Welcomes in sweet rosy June.

Nor is the night without its choir—the woodlark, and that chantress of the grove, the nightingale. Her song has been admired through every age for its soft and plaintive note; and as she sings in a lower voice than other birds, her performance in the night time resounds with a beautiful and solemn melody: Handel has closely copied her in the following strain—

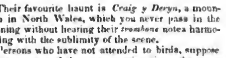


Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical—most melancholy!

It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs have several openings, communicating with corresponding air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, *from the neck downwards*, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers: this air being rarefied by the heat of the body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.

The tones of the smaller birds are so lofty, and above the reach of the ear, that it is scarcely possible to take them down; but their mezzo notes are much lower, and are more readily caught.

The lowest notes belong to the cormorant, who is the basso in his tribe. His capacious chest, when filled with air, enables him to keep under water longer than any other; and, from the same cause also, he makes the deepest tones.



Their favourite haunt is *Craig y Deryn*, a mountain in North Wales, which you never pass in the evening without hearing their *trombone* notes harmonising with the sublimity of the scene.

Persons who have not attended to birds, suppose that every one of the same species sings the same song; but although there is a general resemblance, many varieties may be noticed. Thus, "The London bird-catchers prefer the song of the Kentish goldfinches, and the Essex chaffinches, and the Surrey nightingales, to those of Middlesex." These varieties may be compared to the dialects of different provinces. Probably it is the elegant shape and beauty of a bird, as well as its charm of voice, that

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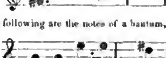
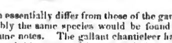
induces people to entail upon themselves the trouble of keeping them in cages. If these little prisoners could add words to their song, how would they bemoan their loss of liberty! Whether on the wing, or on the tree, how sportive and how gay they are! but murderous man pursues them to the thicket and the grove. It is an observation of the amiable Mr. Howitt, that shooting is, of all field sports, the least cruel; the brutal mind will exhibit its ferocity in every thing, and in nothing has that brutality been more evinced, than in that wholesale butchery which many *gentlemen* have of late years thought fit to boast of in the newspapers, deeming it an honour to slaughter some hundred brace of birds in a day; but the practised sportsman, not led on by the bloodthirstiness of a Cossack, nor by the vanity, worthy of an idiot, nor by the pleasure of seeing an unfortunate animal run gasping for breath, and dying with fear, will single out his victim and destroy it in a moment. How different the sensibility and nobleness of mind of a Byron, who says, "The last bird I ever fired at was an eaglet, on the shore of the gulf of Lepanto. It was only wounded, and I tried to save it; but it pined and died, and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird."*

Fowls have a brisk and lively note in the morning, but they loiter, and have a drawling tone in the evening.

Of all the feathered tribe, the crowing of the cock is the most shrill and sonorous. Before the dawn, when every thing is still, he may be heard at the distance of three or four miles.† His cry consists of five notes, generally in the key of B.

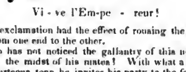


The following are the notes of a bantum,



which essentially differ from those of the game-cock; probably the same species would be found to have the same notes. The gallant chanticleer has, at his command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance, as well as his song. By his crowing, "he has been distinguished in every age as the countryman's clock and 'larum; as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night."

When Buonaparte returned from Elba, the crowing of the cocks was taken as a certain omen of his regaining the throne; and such was the enthusiasm of the French people, that they confidently believed, and declared they heard every cock distinctly shout



which exclamation had the effect of rousing the nation from one end to the other.

Who has not noticed the gallantry of this noble bird in the midst of his mates! With what a soft and courteous tone he invites his party to the feast, presenting to each a favourite grain, with a politeness that would do honour to man! Animals so gifted are not only endowed with mind, but probably enjoy all the pleasures of conversation and society. If we turn to the Minuetto in the Second Quartett of Mozart, we find he has transferred the language of this chatty brood, with great skill, into that beautiful composition.

"No sooner has a hen laid, than she rushes forth with a clamorous joy, which the whole brood adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches, from yard to yard, and spreads to every home-stead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar."

Haydn has adopted this riotous passage as the Finale to his Twentieth Quartetto.

The cluck, cluck, of the hen, which she repeats, at distant intervals, to her chickens, serves to keep her straggling brood about her, and within hearing; but the moment she changes this into a sort of chattering cry, it is understood by her young ones as a call to partake of what she has found. Rossini has adopted many of these cackling passages in his operas, and to keep the resemblance as close as possible, he has given them to the oboes and clarionets.

The next vocalist that claims our attention is the cuckoo, without whose song we scarce can call it spring. The plough-boy bids him welcome in the early morn. Borne by fragrant gales, he leaves his distant home, for our sunny spots—the coppice and the mead. Children mark his well-known song, crying—

O how sweet 'tis, in the spring,
To hear the welcome cuckoo sing.

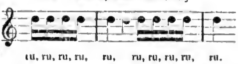
This noted bird is a foreign musician, and, like many others, remarkable for his cunning, as well as his song. They lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, which are no sooner hatched and fed, than the young cuckoo, with lawless strength, bundles out his brother nestlings, and takes complete possession. Thus obtaining bed and board at others' cost, he stays and sings; and having passed the summer with us, bids John Bull adieu, and goes abroad.

Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa, in Brompton. A lady, who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, "Come, Braham, give us a song!" Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated, and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of "*God save the King*," in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught, was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed madame, that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing "*Rule Britannia*," in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming, in terms of delight, her admiration of its talents.

This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelley's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—"I never sing on a Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll, come give us a song." "No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am!" This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of "*God save the King*," words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end.

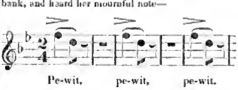
The call of the owl is simply the reiteration of one note; Dr. Arne has copied it in Shakespeare's song in the Tempest.—

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I crouch, when owls do cry



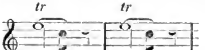
The parental regard which birds show for their young, is worthy of remark. Their natural timidity, upon the appearance of danger, is converted into a degree of courage and boldness truly surprising. "A turkey, when she eyes a kite hovering in air, uses the note of alarm, in the exclamation, 'Ko-e-ut, Ko-e-ut,' and the young ones instantly conceal themselves in the grass."*

Who has not roused the plover from her sedgy bank, and heard her mournful note—



Tumbling in air, in awkward flight, she wheedles you from the haunt of her young by her piteous cry: and the sagacious swallow, by a shrill alarm, bids his fellows beware that the hawk is near.

In the summer morn what a chorus of birds! carolling and straining their throats to hail the coming day! Hid in the tangled hedge-row, the loquacious magpie is chattering to the jay. High in the orchestra of the woods, the rooks, in the gaiety of their hearts, attempt to sing, but with no success; and the woodpecker, that critic of the grove, sets up his loud and hearty laugh. As the shades of eve draw on, the cooing doves, in mournful mood, begin their song†—



a tender tale of despairing lovers. After which, "the merry fern-owl, with the clattering of his castanets, calls his evening party to the dance." From these natural exclamations, the musician draws the vivifying strokes of his art, and from these fragments of rhythm and melody, he forms the motives of the most pleasing and diverting compositions: and though the song of birds is coeval with man, yet music is the science which arrives last at perfection.

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Of all the musicians of the woods, perhaps the most accomplished is the mocking-bird. The following description is from Wilson's Ornithology:—

"The plumage of the mocking-bird would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements—the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered race within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the superiority of his genius. He has a voice capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. His admirable song rises paramount to every competitor. His own native notes are bold, and full, and varied beyond all limits. In the height

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* Moore's Byron.

† Mr. Waterton, in his fearless wanderings, describes the campanero as being heard at the distance of three miles. His note is like the sound of a distant convent bell, which keeps tolling every other minute, in the extensive wilds of Demarara, with such effect, that Actæon would stop, and Orpheus would drop his lute to listen—so sweet, so novel, and romantic, is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero.

* Darwin.

† Haydn has copied them in the *Creation*, when he describes the "Cooing dove that seeks his tender mate."

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of his song, his ardour and animation appear unbounded—he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy—he mounts or descends as his song swells or dies away; and as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it—'He bounds aloft with the rapidity of an arrow, as if to recover and recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. While thus exerting himself, a by-stander destitute of sight would suppose the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, each striving to produce his utmost effort, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that are not within a mile of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are imposed upon by his admirable music, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or are driven with precipitation into the depths of the forest at the screams of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.' "

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

A remarkably curious instrument, bearing the name of the "Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph," is exhibiting at the Polytechnic Institution. The object of this invention is to convey information from one place to another by means of the electrical current, in such a way, that words or sentences transmitted from one locality are instantaneously printed in another, however distant; and this, too, without the agency of any person in the place to which the correspondence is to be forwarded. The means by which this extraordinary effect is produced are simple enough. Three wires for the passage of the electric fluid are first laid between any two given places. To one end of these wires is attached a dial-plate with one revolving hand, which is kept in motion by a spring. A peg stops the hand when required; and the face of the dial-plate contains the letters of the alphabet separately arranged in a circle, each letter having a small hole in the plate, immediately underneath it, into which the peg is placed, when the revolution of the hand is to be arrested. To the other end of the wires is affixed a small frame-work, and into it are introduced a cylinder, round which the paper to be printed on is placed; also, a wheel, having the letters of the alphabet arranged regularly on its edge, and a small inking roller. All these revolve horizontally and simultaneously, the wheel with the letters being placed between the ink roller and the cylinder for paper. Motion is communicated to these parts by a pair of electro-magnets attached to them and communicating with the wires. Thus, if the word "thee" is to be printed, the hand on the dial-plate is allowed to revolve until it reaches the letter T, beyond which it is prevented from passing by the peg. When stopped, the printer places his finger on a spring attached to the plate, which allows a current of electricity to pass to the wheel with the letters, which immediately presses the letter T against the paper, it having previously been inked by the roller, and then retires. The other letters are arranged in the same way until the word is complete. A peculiar part of the mechanism, and that which can hardly be explained without a diagram, relates to the passage of the galvanic current from the dial-plate to the wheel with the letters on it, in order to produce corresponding motion in both, so that the letter indicated by the dial-plate shall be printed by the other. This, however, is effected by a simple arrangement on the face of the dial-plate, which makes and breaks the current exactly in the way required. The inventor of this extraordinary machine is Mr. Alexander Bain, the chronometer maker; and it appears that its introduction for telegraphic or other similar purposes might be attended with great success. The length of wires laid on at the Polytechnic Institution is not more than a mile; but were it the distance of a hundred or a thousand, the instantaneous effect would be the same. There are some minor particulars which require ocular inspection in order to be fully understood.—*John Bull.*

First Impressions on the Ganges.—Every thing is strange to him; groves of palm-trees meet his eye on every hand; he sees the foot-prints of the tiger upon the mud deposited by the last high tide; jackals meet him on his walk, and hardly move out of his track; and monkeys mimic the cries of dying innocence in the adjoining copse; he sees the alligator basking upon the sand-bank like a log of wood; vultures and adjutants flapping each other with their wings as they float by him, rafted on a dead Hindoo; vampire-bats skim silently through the evening air in search of prey; fire-flies glimmer and gyrate among the blossom-laden forest trees; his ear is assailed and stunned by the noise, the buzz, and hum, and hiss, and clatter of ten thousand insects. The native tomtom sounds from the bazaar of a neighbouring village. The houses are mere wigwams, shrouded in most luxuriant vegetation. The people are almost naked, or clothed in muslin robes, with silver rings upon their ankles and their arms, their fingers and their toes, and golden ornaments in their ears and their noses. He is agreeably surprised to find them so fair; and more so to find them more handsome, and with more regular and finer turned features, than his own countrymen; graceful in their gait, easy and polite in their manners, and in their intercourse highly polished and civilised; speaking an unknown language, and yet making themselves understood; kneeling in prayer along the highways, regardless of the turmoil around them, or pouring out libations into the sacred stream.—*Dr. M'Cosh.*

TO AN OLD LIVING POET.

> To thee that art the summer's nightingale,
>   Thy sovereign goddesses' most dear delight
> Why do I send this rustic madrigale,
>   That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?—Spenser.

Dear friend and poet! leafy June
  Sheds light and shadow o'er thy head;
And still the blackbird's sylvan tune,
  At sunrise, lures thee from thy bed.

Each olden book, like fragrant clime,
  Far o'er the azure Indian sea,
Opens the treasuries of time,
  And gives its rubies unto thee.

Imagination's wondrous lamp
  Still shines upon thy studious hour;
Thy footsteps haunt the Angelic Camp;*
  Thy couch is spread in Helen's bower.†

About thy gate, at morn and eve,
  Linger meek Spirits of the lyre;
Soft raiment for thy thoughts they weave;
  And warm thee with their eyes of fire.

Beneath their radiant feet, the ground
  With summer bloom of flowers grows bright;
And Spring, with red-rose garland crown'd,
  Breathes odour on thy wintry night.

Sweet Poet of the field and brook,
  Of fading hamlet—village tomb;
Thy lip, from Nature's golden book,
  Pours wisdom through the scholar's room.

O teach us now *one* studious hour,
  At morn, or noon, to give to thee;
On Nature's shrine to lay *one* flower;
  And learn *one* lesson at her knee.

Poet and Friend! in hope and fear,
  Upon thy tranquil life I gaze;
And see in thy declining year
  The shadows warm'd by summer rays.

O'er the tempestuous wave of grief,
  Thy faith goes wandering, like the dove;
Like her, oft bringing home a leaf
  To crown the pilgrimage of love.

How sweet thy winter evening's close!
  No cloud of storm—no voice of strife!
And childhood's own sweet scented rose,
  Still blooming on the edge of life!

Asiatic Journal.

* Paradise Lost. † The Iliad.

A Sinner's Consolation.—I remember, when I was a young student of divinity at the University of Glasgow, that an old man, by his own confession, and by general reputation, *a great sinner*, called upon me, and begged me to explain the Scripture doctrine as to future punishments. His anxiety was to ascertain whether they were to commence immediately after death, or only after the day of judgment. I told him that I was but a raw student of theology, but I conceived it to be the general opinion of divines that no punishments would commence till after the day of judgment, or the general destruction of the world. "And how long will it be," he asked, "till that period comes?" "Why, I cannot positively tell you," said I, "but I believe astronomers conjecture that our globe will be safe for a million of years." "O, come, then," said the old sinner, "I shall have a million years in my grave, and there is no saying what may happen in that time."—*Campbell's Life of Petrarch.*

The Bordeaux Beauties.—"Nowhere can wittier, more elegant, and handsomer women be found than at Bordeaux. Bordeaux is really the hothouse of France; women bloom here in all seasons; they have the gracefulness of French, the flexibility, vivacity, and velvet looks of Spanish, and the fine, transparent complexions of Englishwomen. Last year a book, entitled 'Les Belles Femmes de Paris,' was published. Pooh! the beautiful women of Paris! It is to Bordeaux you must come to see beautiful women. If, in the late Carnival, you had seen our delicate beauties at work—if you had been able to measure with your eye all the slices of pie, all the sandwiches, cups of chocolate, soups, sorbets, orgeat, punch, and cakes of all sorts which they swallowed up, you would have been as astonished as myself at the size of their charming stomachs."—*Bordeaux Print.*

The Last Parisian Bon Mot.—In Paris they always hunt a *bon mot* to death—every body must have a trial of its effect, as every body must follow the one fashion of the hour. At present there reigns a witticism on Africa, which is in great force on account of his royal highness the Duke d'Aumale having joined the troops there, and one of his brothers being about to join him. The Comtesse de C. meets the whiskered Captain de B. and she says, "I hope you are not going on this tiresome African expedition?" Captain de B., smoothing his dyed beard, replies, "*Non Madame; j'ai deja eu de l'Afrique assez!*" The sound is exactly the same as "*J'ai deja eu de la fricassee!*" The sneer implied is, "I have already shared that *cooked-up* affair!"

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BEAUTY.

(Continued from No. 16.

Long as we have been in the exposition of this simple theory, we cannot finally conclude our account of it, without adding one or two words upon the mere organic or physical delight which appears in some few cases to procure the appellation of beautiful to the objects that produce it, and to which such extravagant importance has been assigned by some writers of great note. Certain combinations of sounds, called musical concords, are agreeable to those who possess a musical ear, apparently by a primary law of our constitution, and independent of any association; and certain colours, and combinations of colours, or of lights and shades, are supposed to be instinctively agreeable in the same way.

The last of these facts has made a prodigious figure in many theories of beauty; and even in the acute and philosophical publication of Mr. Knight, a very high degree of intrinsic beauty is supposed to reside in tints, and combinations of tints, and the mere optical impression of broken or mingling masses of light and shadow. Now, we are so far from agreeing in these propositions, that we are somewhat inclined to be sceptical as to the existence of any such organical delight; and at all events to hold, that if there be any pleasures of the eye which cannot be referred to the association of human sympathies, they are exceedingly feeble and insignificant. The eye sees nothing but light; and that light most commonly coloured. It is hurt with excessively bright light, just as the ear is hurt with excessively loud sound, the nostrils by very pungent odours, or the whole body by excessive heat or pressure: and moderate light is agreeable, just as moderate sound or moderate heat is, by giving us some intimation of our existence, and stimulating the powers of sensation and attention. We do not call moderate heat or moderate pressure *beautiful*, however, though they may be agreeable; and it is not very easy to say, why moderate light, which is only another name for colour not too glaring, should be honoured with that appellation. As to particular colours, again, we are rather slow in believing that any one is intrinsically more beautiful than another, or that they ever possess any beauty except by association with interesting objects. It is certain, at least, that there is no colour that would be beautiful every where. Bright and soft green is beautiful, because it is the livery of the spring; and soft and bright blue, because we see it in the summer sky; and pink and vermillion, because they blush on the cheeks of innocence:—but vermillion would not be beautiful on the grass,—nor green on the cheek,—nor blue on either. As to harmony, or composition of tints, again, of which we hear so much in the language of painters, we have sometimes been inclined to doubt a little whether it means any thing, when used without reference to the practical difficulties of the art, but the natural or common appearance of coloured objects, seen through the same atmosphere; or, if it be a source of pleasure, we are sure it is a very trifling pleasure, and scarcely deserving of the name of beauty. Suppose all the colours in nature disposed on a broad panne', according to the nicest rules of this supposed harmony, and in lines as beautifully waving as any artist can devise, is there any grown creature that would call the display beautiful, or condescend to look twice at it? We do not entirely deny, that there is a certain natural beauty or fitness in the combination of what have been called the accidental or complementary colours; but we maintain that it is so extremely slight and insignificant as scarcely to merit attention.

With regard again, to the effect of broken masses of light and shadow, it is proper, in the first place, to remember, that by the eye we see *colour only;* and that lights and shadows, as far as the mere organ is concerned, mean nothing but variations of tint. It is very true, no doubt, that we soon learn to refer many of those variations to light and shade, and that they thus become *signs* to us of depth, and distance, and relief. But is not this, of itself, sufficient to refute the idea of their affording any primitive or organic pleasure? In so far as they are mere variations of tint, they may be imitated by unmeaning dabs of paint on a palette;—in so far as they are *signs*, it is to the mind that they address themselves, and not to the organ. They are signs, too, it should be recollected, and the only signs we have, by which we can receive any correct knowledge of the existence and condition of all external objects at a distance from us, whether interesting or not interesting. Without the assistance of variety of tint, and of lights and shadows, we could never distinguish one object from another, except by the touch. The appearances, therefore, are the perpetual vehicles of almost all our interesting perceptions; and are, consequently, associated with all the emotions we receive from visible objects. It is pleasant to see *many* things in one prospect, because some of them are probably agreeable; and it is pleasant to know the condition of those things, because the qualities or associations, by means of which they interest us, generally depend upon that knowledge. The mixture of colours and shades, however, is necessary to this enjoyment, and consequently is a sign of it, and a source of associated interest or beauty.

Mr. Knight, however, goes much farther than this, and maintains, that the beauty which is so distinctly felt in many pictures of objects in themselves disagreeable, is to be ascribed entirely to the effect of the brilliant and harmonious tints, and the masses of light and shadow that may be employed in the representation. The filthy and tattered rags of a beggar, he observes, and the putrefying contents of a dunghill, may form beautiful objects in a picture; because, considered as mere objects of sight, they may often present beautiful effects of colouring and shadow; and these are preserved or heightened in the imitation, disjoined from all their offensive accompaniments. Now, if the tints and shades were the exclusive sources of our gratification, and if this gratification was diminished, instead of being heightened, by the suggestion which, however transiently, *must* still intrude itself, that they appeared in an imitation of disgusting objects, it must certainly follow, that the pleasure and the beauty would be much enhanced, if there was *no imitation of any thing*, and if the canvass merely presented the tints and shades, unaccompanied with the representation of any particular object. Again, if it were really possible for any one, but a student of art, to confine the attention to the mere colouring and shadowing of any picture, there is nothing so disgusting but what might form the subject of a beautiful imitation.

There is, in the first place, the pleasing association of the skill and power of the artist,—a skill and power which we know may be employed to produce unmingled delight, whatever may be the character of the particular effort before us. But, in the second place, we do conceive that there are many interesting associations connected with the subjects which have been represented as purely disgusting. The aspect of human wretchedness and decay is not, at all events, an *indifferent* spectacle; and, if presented to us without actual offence to our senses, or any call on our active beneficence, may excite a sympathetic emotion, which is known to be far from undelightful. Many an attractive poem has been written on the miseries of beggars; and why should painting be supposed more fastidious? Besides, it will be observed, that the beggars of the painter are generally among the most interesting of that interesting order;—either young and lovely children, whose health and gaiety, and sweet expression, form an affecting contrast with their squalid garments, and the neglect and misery to which they seem to be destined,—or old and venerable persons, mingling something of the

dignity and reverence of age with the broken spirit of their condition, and seeming to reproach mankind for exposing heads so old and white to the pelting of the pitiless storm. While such pictures suggest images so pathetic, it looks almost like a wilful perversity to ascribe their beauty entirely to the mixture of colours which they display, and to the forgetfulness of these images. Even for the dunghill, we think it is possible to say something,—though, we confess, we have never happened to see any picture of which that useful compound formed the peculiar subject. There is the display of the painter's art and power here also; and the dunghill is not only useful, but is associated with many pleasing images of rustic toil and occupation, and of the simplicity, and comfort, and innocence of agricultural life. We do not know that a dunghill is at all a disagreeable object to look at, even in plain reality; provided it be so far off as not to annoy us with its odour, or to soil us with its effusions. In a picture, however, we are safe from any of these disasters; and considering that it is usually combined, in such delineations, with other more pleasing and touching remembrancers of humble happiness and contentment, we really do not see that it was at all necessary to impute any mysterious or intrinsic beauty to its complexion, in order to account for the satisfaction with which we can then bear to behold it.

Having said so much with a view to reduce to its just value, as an ingredient of beauty, the mere organical delight which the eye is supposed to derive from colours we shall leave our readers to apply the same principles to the alleged beauty of sounds that are supposed to be insignificant. In this case, it is indeed much clearer that *there* is such an organical delight, and that it constitutes a larger share of the beauty of sounds, than tints and shadows do of the beauty of visible objects: but all that rises to the dignity of an emotion is the gift of association here also —of association with the passionate tones of the human voice—with the scenes to which the beautiful sounds are appropriate—with the poetry to which they have been married—the purposes to which they are devoted, or the mere skill and genius of the artist by whom they have been arranged.

Such is a very hasty and imperfect sketch of the theory unfolded in the volumes before us, with singular beauty of language, and copiousness of illustration. After all we have said, we are aware that to some it may appear strained and fantastical, and to others trite and unprofitable. To the infidels of the former class, we can only recommend the diligent perusal of Mr. Alison's whole work; to the scoffers of the second, we must beg leave to state one or two of the beneficial results of this theory, which we humbly conceive to be of some little importance, and to have escaped the notice even of its ingenious inventor.

In the first place, then, we conceive, that it establishes the substantial identity of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque; and, consequently, puts an end to all controversy that is not purely verbal as to the difference of those several qualities. Every material object that interests us, without actually hurting or gratifying our bodily feelings, must do so, according to this theory, in one and the same manner; that is, by suggesting or recalling some emotion or affection of ourselves or some other sentient being, and presenting, to our imagination at least, some natural object of love, pity, admiration, or awe. The interest of material objects, therefore, is always the same, and arises in every case, not from any physical qualities they may possess, but from their association with some idea of emotion. But, though material objects have but one means of exciting emotion, the emotions they do excite are infinite. They are mirrors that may reflect all shades and colours; and, in point of fact, do seldom reflect the same hues twice. No two interesting objects, perhaps, whether known by the name of beautiful, sublime, or picturesque, ever produced exactly the same emotion in the beholder; and no one object, it is most probable, ever moved any two persons to the very same conceptions. As they may be associated with all the feelings and affections of which the human mind is susceptible, so they may suggest those feelings in all their variety, and, in fact, do daily excite all sorts of emotions—running through every gradation, from extreme gaiety and elevation, to the borders of horror and disgust.

Now, it is certainly true, that all the variety of emotions raised in this way, on the single basis of association, may be classed, in a rude way, under the denomination of sublime, beautiful, and picturesque, according as they partake of awe, kindness, or admiration; and we have no other objection to this nomenclature, except its extreme imperfection, and the delusions to which we know that it has given occasion. If objects that interest by their association with ideas of power, and danger, and terror, are to be distinguished by the peculiar name of sublime, why should there not be a separate name also for objects that interest by associations of mirth and gaiety,—another for those that please by suggestions of softness and melancholy,—another for such as are connected with impressions of comfort and tranquillity,—and another and another for those that are related to pity, and admiration, and love, and regret, and all the other distinct emotions and affections of our nature? These are not in reality less distinguishable from each other than from the emotions of awe and veneration that confer the title of sublime on their representatives; and while these are all confounded under the comprehensive appellation of beauty, the distinction is only apt to mislead us into an erroneous opinion of our accuracy, and to make us believe, both that there is a greater conformity among the things that pass under the same name, and a greater difference between those that pass under different names, than is really the case. We have seen already, that the radical error of almost all preceding inquirers has lain in supposing that every thing that passed under the name of beautiful must have some quality in common with every thing else that obtained that name; and it is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that it has been almost as general an opinion, that sublimity was not only something radically different from beauty, but actually opposite to it; whereas, the fact is, that it is far more nearly related to some sorts of beauty than many sorts of beauty are to each other; and that both are founded exactly upon the same principle of suggesting some past or possible emotion of some sentient being.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.—*Jean Paul.*

From Buckingham's American Tour.

NEW YORK CITY.

The greatest number of the inhabitants are engaged in commerce or trade, with a due admixture of professional men, as clergy, physicians, and lawyers. But among them all there are fewer than perhaps in any other community in the world who live without any ostensible avocation. The richest capitalists still take a part in the business-proceedings of the day; and men who have professedly retired, and have no counting-house or mercantile establishment, still retain so much of the relish for profitable occupation, that they mingle freely with the merchants, and are constantly found to be the buyers and sellers of stock, in funds, or shares in companies, canals, railroads, banks, &c.

The result of all this is to produce the busiest community that any man could desire to live in. In the streets all is hurry and bustle; the very carts, instead of being drawn by horses at a walking-pace, are often met at a gallop, and always in a brisk trot, with the carter standing in the front, and driving by reins. Omnibuses are as numerous as in London, many of them drawn by four horses, though the carriages are inferior to the English ones. Hackney-coaches are also abundant, and superior in every respect to those of London. These, with private carriages, which, however, are few and plain, generally with a black coachman and footman, without display of livery or armorial bearings, added to gigs and other vehicles, make up a crowd of conveyances through the public streets, which, from their bad pavement, occasions as much rattling noise as in the most bustling parts of Piccadilly or Cheapside. The whole of the population seen in the streets seem to enjoy this bustle, and add to it by their own rapid pace, as if they were all going to some place of appointment, and were hurrying on under the apprehension of being too late.

Of the men thus seen in public, the greater part are well-dressed, and the more fashionable among them more expensively than the same classes in England. Black cloth is the almost universal wear, and for the finest description of this the most extravagant prices are paid. Full cloth cloaks, with velvet or fur collars and linings, and rich tassels, are more numerous than with us; and the whole outer aspect of the moving crowd indicates greater gaiety, and much more regard to personal appearance. The men are not generally as handsome, however, as they are well dressed. An almost universal paleness of countenance is seen, without the least tinge of ruddiness or colour; the marks of care and anxiety are also deeply furrowed on brows not yet bearing the impress of age; and a general gloom or sadness of countenance is the rule, and hilarity of aspect or cheerfulness of appearance the exception.

The women far exceed the men in the costliness of their dresses and in the gaiety of their walking apparel. There is perhaps no city in the world in which so many expensively-dressed ladies may be seen walking or shopping, as on a fine morning may be met with in Broadway. Rich and bright-coloured silks, satins, and other similarly costly materials, with ermine-lined cloaks and the most expensive furs; white, pink, and blue satin bonnets, with ostrich feathers and flowers of the first quality, are worn by all who assume to be genteel or rank in the class of ladies, and the whole force of the wardrobe seems to be exhausted in the walking costume. The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good-looking; the greater number are what would be called in England "pretty women," which is something between good-looking and handsome, in the nice distinctions of beauty. This uniformity extends also to their figures, which are almost universally slender and of good symmetry. Very few large or stout women are seen, and none that we should call masculine. A more than usual degree of feminine delicacy, enhanced by the general paleness of complexion and slightness of figure, is particularly characteristic of American females; and the extreme respect and deference shown to them everywhere by men has a tendency to increase that delicacy, by making them more depen-

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dent on the attention and assistance of others than English ladies of the same class usually are.

It is in private society, however, that one can best judge of both; and the result of my observation, after having seen much of them in domestic circles, and in large and fashionable parties, was this: as wives and mothers, the American women appear to be exemplary in the extreme; and while the interior of their dwellings exhibits the greatest attention to everything that can give domestic comfort, an air of propriety and decorum reigns over all their establishments. In the private and social visits which we were permitted to pay to some of the families with whom we were on the most intimate footing, nothing could surpass the general good sense, sociability, intelligence, and benevolence which marked the conversation. The women were always equal to the men, and often superior to them, in the extent of their reading and the shrewdness of their observations; and though there is everywhere, on the part of American females, as far as we have seen them, it shrinking away from any share in political conversation (the notion studiously implanted in them by the men, and not unwillingly entertained by themselves, being that it is unbecoming the timid and retiring delicacy of the female character to meddle with political subjects), yet, whenever the ladies do pass this barrier, and indirectly develope their views on public affairs, there seemed to me a clearness and soundness in their remarks which sufficiently evinced their thorough understanding of the subject. The leading features of the female character here, however, in the best circles, are domestic fidelity, social cheerfulness, unostentatious hospitality, and moral and religious benevolence. There are perhaps ten times the number of women in good society in New York who interest themselves in the support and direction of moral objects and benevolent institutions that could be found in any city of the same population in Europe; and while the husbands are busily engaged in their mercantile or professional avocations, a good portion of the wealth they acquire is directed by the benevolent influences of their wives into useful and charitable channels.

In the gayer parties of fashionable soirées and balls the ladies do not appear to so much advantage as in the sunny promenade or in the private circle at home. Their fashionable parties are as injudiciously crowded with more persons than the rooms will accommodate as in London; three or four hundred is not an unusual number of guests; and though the rooms are spacious, yet the crowd is so uncomfortably great that the dancers have scarcely room to make a small circle in the middle of the dense mass; while those who do not dance must be content to remain wedged into one compact and solid phalanx, from which there is no moving, even for a change of position, till the dance is over; and even then it will sometimes take a quarter of an hour to elbow through the crowd from one room to another. I was asked, at one of these fashionable parties, by a lady, what there was in the scene before us which characterised it as American, and wherein it differed from an English party of the same number and description. My answer was, that the chief points of difference observable to me were these: that there was a greater number of pretty female forms and faces than were ever to be seen in an equal number of English persons, and especially among the younger females; but there were no such examples of striking and surpassing beauty as one sometimes sees in one or two favoured individuals of a large party at home. There were no "fine women" in the English sense of that term, comprehending the requisites of tall, full, and commanding figures, bold and striking as well as beautiful features, rosy colour, expressive eyes, and the air and carriage of a lofty and high-spirited rank. On the other hand, the American ladies were dressed more in the extreme of fashion, both as to form and materials; but there were no such splendid displays of jewels as one sees in an English party. The dancing was monotonous and indifferent; partly from languor, and partly it is believed, from affectation of indifference, which is considered to be more genteel than vulgar vivacity: a weakness, no doubt, copied from the English.

The gentlemen in these fashionable parties appeared far less handsome in person and less polished in manners than the ladies; and many whom we saw were evidently very ill at ease, and had their thoughts occupied by other subjects than those immediately before them. The refreshments were all substantial and well so could if there was a fault in them, it was that they were generally too abundant; and the pressure of the supper-rooms most frequently exceeded that of the apartments of the dance. Cards are rarely or never used, the influence of the religious bodies on public opinion having banished these from general society: and the propriety of language among all classes of the men is remarkable, as not an oath or an indecent word, so often offending the ear, in what are deemed the best circles in England, anywhere disturbs the general decorum of the scene. The same late hours as are followed in England unfortunately prevail here; and the most fashionable persons, though invited for eight, rarely come till ten or eleven, and parties of any extent in numbers are not often broken up till two or three in the morning.

The condition of the more humble classes, as tradesmen, shopkeepers, clerks, and artisans, is certainly more comfortable than that of the same classes in England; and destitution, and misery, is much more or less affected by the general depression of trade, occasioned by the late pecuniary crisis in the States, from which New York has suffered more extensively, perhaps, than any other city in the Union, yet all seem to possess good dwellings, abundant clothing, and an ample supply of food. You do not see anywhere in the streets persons asking alms, or labouring under any visible want of the necessaries of life; nor do the offensive and disgusting scenes so often witnessed in the great thoroughfares of London, and the other large cities and towns of Britain, in the persons of drunken men and women, with filthy and ragged children, deprived of their due by the intemperance of their parents, ever meet the eye in the great public thoroughfares of this city at least, any more than the painful spectacle of young and miserable females earning a wretched and precarious subsistence by the wages of prostitution. That these evils are produced by intemperance, and that prostitution and crime accompany these in the less frequented quarters of this city, there can be no doubt; but they do not obtrude themselves on the public eye to the great extent they do and meets as they do in London; and after residing in New York for four months, being out almost every day, and visiting nearly every part of the town in succession, we did not, in the whole, see so many of either of the classes named as one meets in a single morning's walk from Charing Cross to Cornhill. * *

It is impossible to conceive a more advantageous site for the population of a city than that of New York, as it furnishes two lines of river frontage, one on the east and one on the west, each of fourteen miles in length; and from the central parts of the city, where the streets are open towards the water, the two rivers may be seen, one on each side, from the same point of view, with ships and smaller vessels sailing or at anchor in each. Along these river fronts, east and west, as far as the town at present extends, which is about four miles from north to south, the shores are lined with wharves for the accommodation of vessels of every size and description, from the sloop of 50 tons to the London or Liverpool packet of 1000 tons; and from the smallest steam ferry-boat to the largest steam vessels that sail from New York to other parts of the world or it.

Two great advantages arise from this arrangement of the streets in the plan of the city. The first is the free and healthy ventilation of the whole, let the wind come from whatever quarter it may, as the full current of air is unimpeded in its course; and the second is the easy drainage of all the central parts, from the general declivity which proceeds from the central ridge gradually downward to the water on both sides of the city. These advantages are not yet sufficiently appreciated, nor are they secured by the best practicable means; but, as wealth and population increase, they will, no doubt, be more and more valued, and carefully cherished and preserved.

Of the public places for air and exercise with which the Continental cities of Europe are so abundantly and agreeably furnished, and which London, Bath, and some other of the larger cities of England contain, there is a marked deficiency in New York. Except the Battery, which is agreeable only in summer—the Bowling Green in a confined space of 200 feet long by 150 broad; the Park, which is a comparatively small spot of land (about ten acres only) in the heart of the city, and quite a public thoroughfare; Hudson Square, the prettiest of the whole, but small, being only about four acres; and the open space within Washington Square, about nine acres, which is not yet furnished with gravel-walks or shady trees—there is no large place in the nature of a park, or public garden, or public walk, where persons of all classes may take air and exercise. This is a defect which, it is hoped, will ere long be remedied, as there is no country, perhaps, in which it would be more advantageous to the health and pleasure of the community than this to encourage, by every possible means, the use of air and exercise to a much greater extent than either is at present enjoyed.

The private dwellings contain, as must be the case in all large cities, a great variety of kinds and descriptions. The older houses are small, and mostly built of wood, painted yellow or white. These are now confined to the residences of the poorer classes, and are fast disappearing in every quarter; their places being occupied by substantial buildings of brick, though here and there are a few with granite fronts. The style of decoration, in the steps of ascent, the area railings, and the doors, is more florid and ornamental than in the best parts of London, and the interior of the principal houses may be described as spacious, handsome, and luxurious, with lofty passages, good staircases, large rooms, and costly and gorgeous furniture. There are many individual houses of much greater splendour in London than any to be seen in New York, especially in the mansions of the English nobility; but, on the whole, the number of large, commodious and elegantly-furnished private dwellings in New York is much greater in proportion to the whole population then those of London, and approaches nearer to the ratio of Edinburgh or Paris.

Broadway is much inferior to Regent-street in London, in the general air of cleanliness, neatness, light, spaciousness, good pavement, and fine shops by which the latter is characterised; and although the number of beautiful and gaily-dressed ladies, who make Broadway their morning promenade, uniting shopping, visiting, and walking at the same time, gives it a very animated appearance on a fine day between twelve and two o'clock, yet the absence of handsome equipages and fine houses, and the fewness of well-dressed gentlemen who have leisure to devote to morning promenades of pleasure, occasions Broadway to be inferior in the general effect of brilliance and elegance to the throng of Regent-street on a fine day in May, between three and four o'clock.

An engineer of Dundee, has succeeded in constructing an air-engine of 30 horse power, that promises to be of great value. The manner in which it is constructed is at present a secret, as the invention is not yet secured by patent, but the engine itself, not merely a working model, has been constructed, and is employed in his workshops in performing the duty which previously required a steam-engine of 30 horse power. This effect is produced by the consumption of only one sack of coals per day.—*Courier.*

A Russian Estimate of Authorship.—A popular Russian fable (by Kruiloff) represents an author and a chief in hell. They are in two separate kettles, and the devil has lighted a huge fire under that belonging to the man of letters, while the high-born hero is only enjoying a gentle degree of warmth. The author reproaches Satan with his partiality, but the latter justifies himself thus: "You are a much greater sinner than the chief; his sins have died with him, but yours will survive for centuries."

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From Mrs. Austin's "German Writers."

KANT.

Born in 1724, at Königsberg.

Kant is one of those writers whose name has become a representative of a class. In this country and in France there is scarcely a writer who does not feel himself on firm ground in talking of "the cloudy metaphysics of Kant." "Kant's philosophy," with a part of the world so large that the other is not worth talking of, stands for German philosophy; and that again for unintelligible mystical jargon, which every body is at liberty to laugh at, and nobody bound to attempt to understand. This view of the matter will not be controverted here.

Kant's personal character was singular. He was the son of a cooper at Königsberg, in which place he passed the whole of a life exclusively devoted to science. He lived to the age of 80, never having been more than thirty miles from home; yet his knowledge was of the most varied and extensive kind. Nor did his pure and severe morality impair his social cheerfulness. Reichardt says he was as dry in body as in mind. A more attenuated, withered frame perhaps never existed; nor perhaps did ever eastern sage live a life more pure and passionless. Yet he loved a good table in cheerful society, where his extensive reading, the fund of amusing anecdotes which he told in his own grave, dry manner, and the genuine humour of his repartees and observations, rendered him a most entertaining and diverting companion. Kant's society was sought in the most distinguished houses; not only on account of his unblemished honour and superior intelligence, but because he had that proper sense of his own preeminent merit which enabled him to claim the respect due to him, and to bear himself with dignity. He loved cards, which he maintained were the only unfailing means of abstracting and quieting the thoughts after severe study; and he did not like to pass an evening without his game at ombre. He had neither skill in, nor taste for, the fine arts. His memory was prodigious, and enabled him to give singular interest to his lectures. He generally delivered them in a morning, leaving himself twenty minutes between each. The subjects on which he lectured were logic and metaphysics, and occasionally the law of nature, morals, anthropology, physics and physical geography. The latter were peculiarly amusing and instructive to young people, from the boundless range of his reading in history, travels, biography, romances, and in short every branch of literature that could afford materials with which to enrich his elucidations of those sciences. Here his memory displayed all its strength; for though he had his lecture written before him, he seldom looked at it, and often repeated long series of names and dates from his head. Even his lectures on abstract philosophy were rendered clear and distinct by the treasure of illustrations and examples with which his memory furnished him; and the obscurity which many have found in his writings arose, in a great measure, from his omission of these, which he thought superfluous.

I am not aware that any of his works have been translated, except the 'Critic of Pure Reason,' the title of which, it is to be feared, is not very attractive or intelligible to the English reader.

Among Kant's chief antagonists were Herder and Jacobi, whose names we have just mentioned.

Kant's life and philosophy form the subject of several works: Browski's 'Life and Character of Kant;' Wasianski's 'Kant during the last years of his life;' Jachmann's 'Kant pourtrayed in letters,' etc., etc.

He was unquestionably one of the most remarkable and interesting men the world ever produced—perhaps, for absolute devotion of a mind untroubled by passion to the advancement of science, he is without an equal.

The Welshman and the Paper.—He used to take in a fortnight-old "daily London paper," which, in his remote corner of Wales, would arrive by two and three, and four at a time, according to the carrier's visits. Once there was an account in the first paper he opened, that a great battle in Spain had been fought, in which the Welsh regiments had signalized themselves, and the next paper was to contain lists of names, &c. Of course every mother, sister, and sweetheart expected to find their own favourites among the heroes, and besought the old Welshman to open the second paper instantly; but he coolly locked it in a drawer unopened, saying, "To-morrow you shall hear, but mine is a *daily* paper, so there cannot be two for the same day."

LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

Earl Spencer, (who was recently hoaxed by that arch-financier Edwards, *alias* Caldwell, *alias* a dozen other names,) is one of the richest noblemen in England. His father the late earl, made an extensive collection of rare and curious books. The catalogue of that portion of his library consisting of books printed shortly after the discovery of printing, (in the 15th century, if we remember rightly,) was published some 20 years since in four royal octavo volumes, at a cost of about fifty dollars per copy. The present Earl Spencer has distinguished himself by his liberal patronage of the fine arts. Our countryman, Allston, during his residence in England, painted for the earl some of the noblest ornaments of his collection.

Henry Hart Milman, Professor of Poetry in Oxford University, that is something—author of Fazio, Samor and The Fall of Jerusalem, &c., that is a great deal more—has recently written a "*History of Christianity, from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire*," and the work has just been reprinted (with additions of Dr. Murdoch,) by the Harpers. Milman had qualified himself especially for a task like this, by the whole course of his previous literary career. His Fall of Jerusalem and History of the Jews must have led him to a course of reading, which rendered him particularly rich in resources for a history of the early ages of Christianity. His candid and philosophical mind, contemplating Christianity with reference to the reciprocal influence of its institutions and those of civilisation, shines forth with singular lustre in this, his most elaborate work. Untinctured with the peculiar cant which disfigures many of the works on this subject, it will be read by the scholar as well as the Christian philosopher with anxious pleasure. The rich fancy of the poet sometimes sheds its glow upon the page; but that excellent judgment which is one of Milman's striking characteristics is never biassed, as the learned laureate is too apt to be, by his poetical predilections. Commend us to prose by a poet, when the poet has a clear head as well as a fertile imagination.

Speaking of poetry, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, whose edition of the "Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson" we lately took occasion to notice, have just issued the "*Poetical Remains of the late Lucretia Maria Davidson, collected and arranged by her mother, with a Biography by Miss Sedgwick.*" It is published in a style to match the other volume, and will, of course, attract considerable attention. The precocious genius of both these young ladies, forms a curious and very interesting object of attention; and we think it holds forth a warning to parents to beware of stimulating the intellectual powers of very young persons, who show a predilection for books. A child of this description should be taught to dance at four years of age, and by no means be suffered to learn the alphabet before it is eight years old. After this period, the parent will still have difficulty in restraining it from excessive reading.

Mr. Plumer Ward, the veteran author of Tremaine and De Vere, has now attained the advanced age of seventy-five years; notwithstanding this, he has just afforded a decisive proof of the vigour of his intellect, somewhat similar to that of Sophocles, at a still greater age. He has actually written and published in his seventy-fifth year, another of those splendid novels, which place him in the highest rank of writers of fiction. His "*De Clifford or the Constant Man*," just reprinted in three elegant volumes, by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, is fully equal in vigour of thought, variety and accuracy of characterisation, freshness of feeling and soundness of reflection, to any of his previous works. In those parts relating to the love story he has even surpassed himself, outstripping all his former efforts in delicacy and subtlety of passion and elevation of sentiment. Such a green old age more than realises Cicero's delightful descriptions of the respectability and pleasure of advanced life gladdened with the sunshine of literature.

Among the new novels, Mr. Simms gives us "*Confession; or the Blind Heart*," written in his usual flowing style, with characters well discriminated, and descriptions of scenery which appear, according to the expression in that famous recommendation on the old fashioned coloured English prints, to be "*done after nature*."

A novel written with great strength of effect, both in the characters and the situations, has just been published by Messrs. Carey and Hart. It is entitled, "*The Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona*." It is by the author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. It matters little, however, what else the author may have written, as this novel alone is an ample foundation for his fame. The characters are chiefly in low life; but the power and pathos displayed in their delineation may justly entitle the author to a place in the first class of novelists.

The Appletons still continue to issue beautiful reprints of English works. The "Token of Affection," "Token of Remembrance," and "Token of Friendship," and "Pure Gold," are exquisite little pocket volumes with steel plate frontispieces, just fit to leave in a lady's work-box drawer, *by accident*, so as not to be taxed with presumption. Their Pictorial Editions of Robinson Crusoe, Napoleon's Life, &c. we shall hereafter notice.

They say that Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have in press, nearly ready for publication, a very clever book written by the lady of a distinguished Virginian Senator. It is entitled, *Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe, By a Lady of Virginia.* The first story in the book, of which the scene is laid partly in Europe and partly in America is pronounced by a critic who has seen the sheets, to be very creditable to the genius and taste of the fair and gifted writer.

The Appletons continue their "Tales for the People and their Children." The last, entitled the "*Two Defaulters*," is of American origin, and is particularly well timed. The people and their children have suffered a great deal of late years, in consequence of certain persons having had their education neglected in respect to the doctrine of the true church touching defaulters. This little book puts that matter all straight.

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BEAUTY.

(Concluded.)

We cannot leave this subject of sublimity, without alluding in one word to a very common, though, we confess, to us a very unaccountable oversight into which almost all writers have fallen,—and to a very useless controversy that has been consequently raised with regard to it. Mr. Burke, and several other authors, looking to the most common and powerful operation of sublimity, have described it as having its foundation in terror—and being produced exclusively by the suggestions of danger or suffering. Mr. Knight, on the other hand, has contended with no little warmth, that it originates in the conception of power; and consists altogether in that sympathetic elevation of spirit which is produced by the contemplation of great might and energy, and that there is nothing so contrary or opposite to this ennobling and lofty sentiment as the degrading passion of fear. Now, men of common sense—to say nothing of men of genius—can scarcely ever be utterly in the wrong, we conceive, as to matters of common experience; and can hardly contradict each other directly, except by looking each upon a different side of the subject. The truth is accordingly, we apprehend, that both these views are to a certain extent just; and that both authors are wrong, in overlooking what had attracted the exclusive attention of their opponent. The radical error lies, as usual, in supposing that sublimity can be only of one description; and that all sublime objects must produce one and the same sort of emotion. Now, the fact is, we think, very clearly, that there are at least two sorts of sublimity, in the same way as there are many sorts of beauty:—and that some produce a kind of awe, humiliation, and terror, and some a sort of inward glorying and elevation of spirit, according to the nature of the suggestions which they supply to the imagination. It is very true, as Mr. Knight has observed, that terror, in its direct form, is a very painful feeling; and that, when it rises to any great height, it is incompatible with any agreeable or attractive emotion. But it is, notwithstanding, perfectly certain and obvious, that the spectacle or imagination of terror in others,—provided it be not a dastardly and groundless fear, but a natural and irresistible dread impressed by sufficient causes, —is an object of attractive sympathy. One half of the interest of tragedy is founded upon this feeling,—and far more than one half of the powerful and never failing interest of all stories of ghosts and apparitions, and of many romances and tales of terror, both of ancient and modern date. We look upon it, therefore, as no less notable a heresy in Mr. Knight to deny that there is any delight or attraction in our sympathy with terror, as it was to deny that we had any pleasure in sympathising with distress. But the shortest and most satisfactory way of settling the matter will be, to suggest a few obvious instances of the different sorts of sublimity to the reader's recollection.

All that class of sublime objects, to which we popularly apply the epithets of dreary, gloomy, dismal, awful, or terrible, excite ideas of danger, and depress the mind with a sense of humiliation and awe. Gloomy caverns, and vaults, and all the apparatus and accompaniments of sepulture, and all the remembrancers of mortality,—all indications of power armed with seeming anger, which it is at once impious and impossible to resist,—the dark and stormy ocean,—lands swept with hurricanes, or shaken with earthquakes,—eclipses and thunder,—the dreariness of swampy forests,—the roar of troubled and impassable cataracts,—these, and a multitude of similar objects, stand unquestionably in the very first rank of sublimity; yet their primary effect is, undoubtedly, to quell and subdue the spirit with a sense of its own weakness and insignificance, and to excite those emotions of lowly awe and solemn adoration, with which an inferior nature instinctively contemplates the visible indications of irresistible danger and uncontrollable power.

On the other hand, the recital of great and magnanimous actions, and, in one word, all the signal exertions and triumphs of human or imitable power, are apt to exalt the soul with that inward glorying and exultation, of which Longinus and all subsequent critics have spoken,—to kindle a kind of generous emulation in the minds of the spectators, and to elevate them, by an ambitious sympathy, to the height of the noble daring of which they see that their nature is capable.

The greater part of the common objects of sublimity, however, are of a mixed character, and may excite emotions either of humiliation and awe, or of aspiring ambition, according to the temper and dispositions of those to whom they are presented;—rousing the lofty and the daring to defy the power, or to rival the exertions which they suggest; or overcoming the timid and feeble with the sense of their own littleness and danger. To the brave and ardent spirit of military youth, the sound of the war-trumpet, the noise of artillery, and the trampling and shouts of charging legions, is animating and exalting;—to women, or to timid men, it is awful and terrible;—but to both it is unquestionably sublime—and perhaps most sublime to those who feel the greatest admixture of terror. Take a sublime scene in nature in the same way—such as is represented in some of Salvator's landscapes, —a wild and desolate assemblage of solitary mountains, with cliffs, and abysses, and dark streams and caverns, with banditti, or hunters like banditti, scattered over its loneliness;—an intrepid and adventurous nature is only kindled to a loftier temper by the influences of such a prospect,—and feels strong to scale the cliffs, and pursue the savage game they conceal, and to contend with the desperate competitors that may cross his path in the chase; while a pacific and ordinary character shrinks with dismay from such a picture of danger and discomfort, and is oppressed under the load of too overwhelming a sublimity. It is only necessary to have traveled a stage in our central Highlands with a native, and with a city family, in order to understand perfectly all the different effects of sublimity.

The only other advantage which we shall specify as likely to result from the adoption of Mr. Alison's theory, is, that it seems calculated to put an end to all those perplexing and vexatious questions about the standard of taste, which have given occasion to so much impertinent and so much elaborate discussion. If things are not beautiful in themselves, but only as they serve to suggest interesting conceptions to the mind, then every thing which does in point of fact suggest such a conception to any individual, *is beautiful* to that individual; and it is not only quite true that there is no room for disputing about tastes, but that all tastes are equally just and correct, in so far as each individual speaks only of his own emotions. When a man calls a thing beautiful, he may indeed mean to make two very different assertions:—he may mean that it gives him pleasure, by suggesting to him some interesting emotion; and, in this sense, there can be no doubt that, if he merely speak truth, the thing is beautiful; and that it pleases him precisely in the same way that all other things please those to whom they appear beautiful. But if he mean to say that the thing possesses some quality which ought to make it appear beautiful to every other person, and that it is owing to some prejudice or defect in them if it appear otherwise, then he is as unreasonable and absurd as he would think those who should attempt to convince him that he felt no emotion of beauty.

All tastes, then, are equally just and true, in so far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful, *is beautiful* to him, whatever other people may think of it. All this follows clearly

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from the theory of Mr. Alison: but it does not follow from it, that all tastes are equally good or desirable, or that there is any difficulty in describing that which is really the best, and the most to be envied. The only use of the faculty of taste is to afford an innocent delight, and to aid the cultivation of a finer morality; and that man certainly will have the most delight from this faculty who has the most numerous and the most powerful perceptions of beauty. But, if beauty consist in the reflection of our affections and sympathies, it is plain that he will see the most beauty whose affections are warmest and most exercised,—whose imagination is the most powerful,—and who has most accustomed himself to attend to the objects by which he is surrounded. In so far as mere feeling and enjoyment are concerned, therefore, it seems evident that the best state must be that which belongs to the best affections, the most active fancy, and the most attentive habits of observation. It will follow pretty exactly too, that all men's perceptions of beauty will be nearly in proportion to the degree of their sensibility and social sympathies; and that those who have no affections towards sentient beings, will be just as insensible to beauty in external objects, as he, who cannot hear the sound of his friend's voice, must be deaf to its echo.

In so far as the sense of beauty is regarded as a mere source of enjoyment, this seems to be the only distinction that deserves to be attended to: and the only cultivation that taste should ever receive, with a view to the gratification of the individual, should be through the indirect channel of cultivating the affections and powers of observation. If we aspire, however, to be *creators* as well as observers of beauty, and place any part of our happiness in ministering to the gratification of others—as artists, or poets, or authors of any sort—then, indeed, a new distinction of tastes, and a far more laborious system of cultivation, will be necessary. A man who pursues only his own delight, will be as much charmed with objects that suggest powerful emotions, in consequence of personal and accidental associations, as with those that introduce similar emotions by means of associations that are universal and indestructible. To him, all objects of the former class are really as beautiful as those of the latter—and, for his own gratification, the creation of that sort of beauty is just as important an occupation: but if he conceive the ambition of creating beauties for the admiration of others, he must be cautious to employ only such objects as are the *natural* and *inseparable* concomitants of emotions, of which the greater part of mankind are susceptible: and his taste will *then* deserve to be called bad and false, if he obtrude upon the public, as beautiful, objects that are not likely to be associated in common minds with any interesting impressions.

For a man himself, then, there is no taste that is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to, is that between a great deal and a very little. Some, who have cold affections, sluggish imaginations, and no habits of observation, can scarcely see beauty in any thing; while others, who are full of kindness and sensibility, and who have been accustomed to attend to all the objects around them, feel it almost in every thing. It is no matter what other people may think of the objects of their admiration; nor ought it to be any concern of theirs that the public would be astonished or offended if they were called upon to join in that admiration. So long as no such call is made, this anticipated discrepancy of feeling need give *them* no uneasiness; and the suspicion of it should produce no contempt in any other persons. It is a strange aberration indeed of vanity that makes us despise persons for being happy—for having sources of enjoyment in which we cannot share;—and yet this is the true account of the ridicule we bestow upon individuals who seek only to enjoy their peculiar tastes unmolested;—for, if there be any truth in the theory we have been expounding, no taste is bad for any other reason than because it is peculiar—as the objects in which it delights must actually serve to suggest to the individual those common emotions and universal affections upon which the sense of beauty is everywhere founded. The misfortune is, however, that we are apt to consider all persons who communicate their tastes,—and especially all who create any objects for their gratification,—as in some measure dictating to the public, and setting up an idol for general adoration; and hence this intolerant interference with almost all peculiar perceptions of beauty, and the unsparing derision that pursues all deviations from acknowledged standards. This intolerance, we admit, is often provoked by something of a spirit of *proselytism* and arrogance in those who mistake their own casual associations for natural or universal relations; and the consequence is, that mortified vanity dries up the fountain of their peculiar enjoyment, and disenchants, by a new association of general contempt or ridicule, the scenes that had been consecrated by some innocent but accidental emotion.

As all men must have some peculiar associations, all men must have some peculiar notions of beauty, and, of course, to a certain extent, a taste that the public would be entitled to consider as false or vitiated. For those who make no demands on public admiration, however, it is hard to be obliged to sacrifice this source of enjoyment; and, even for those who labour for applause, the wisest course, perhaps, if it were only practicable, would be, to have two tastes,—one to enjoy, and one to work by; one founded upon universal associations, according to which they finished those performances for which they challenged universal praise,—and another guided by all casual and individual associations, through which they looked fondly upon nature, and upon the objects of their secret admiration.*

* The ingenious theory expounded in this masterly Essay with such beauty of language and splendour of illustration, was, I believe, at a subsequent period embodied in an Essay on Beauty, published in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, and announced as the production of Mr. Jeffrey. Those who are familiar with the composition of that captivating writer will easily discern, in the review of Alison's work on Taste, the marked peculiarities of his rich and dazzling style. The reader will not, I presume, complain of the length of this interesting article, which I could not venture to abridge without incurring the risk of impairing its excellence.

The Two Painters.—Opie was one of the hangers at the Academy in 1799, and his companion in that office endeavoured anxiously to awaken him to the merits of some pictures of a young artist. Opie continued to be blind. "Why, now, Opie," at last exclaimed his friend, "look at that hand! You never painted such a hand as that in your life." "No," replied Opie; "but *you* have—*many such*."

From Mrs. Austin's "German Writers."

HUMBOLDT.

Of the two bearers of this illustrious name, Alexander, the younger and surviving brother, is so much the best known to the English public, that I the less regret not having adorned my pages with any passages from his works. I had fully intended to insert a charming essay of his, called the "Physiognomy of Plants," but unfortunately it is too long for my little volume, and I could not bear to mutilate it. I know nothing like it in our language. It combines the views of the man of science and the artist, in a new and very agreeable manner.

I am not aware that any of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt's works have been translated into English; yet he is one of the men of whom Germany has most reason to be proud. The noble simplicity of his character, his conscientious and ardent zeal for truth and knowledge, the fidelity and tenderness of his friendship, are apparent in the few little fragments I have given. His learning was as profound as it was extensive. His career as a statesman was honourable to himself, and useful to his country. In short his reputation, either as a scholar or a statesman, would have sufficed to constitute him a great man.

He was born at Berlin in 1767, and received a careful and profound education. In 1799 he published a criticism on Goethe's poem of Hermann and Dorothea (*Æsthetische Versuche,*) than which I believe it would be hardly possible to point out a more finished piece of criticism. It contains not only a refined analysis of the poem, but is full of profound and acute remarks on poetry in general. He was likewise author of "Inquiries into the Basque Language," which threw light on that obscure subject, and a translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, which contain the results of the most abstruse researches into the Greek language and metres. Wilhelm v. Humboldt lived for many years in Jena, where he contracted that friendship with Schiller which is so nobly and touchingly expressed by these great men in the letters I have quoted.

Chancellor v. Müller, in his little essay called "Goethe considered as a Man of Action," says, "Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt were long domesticated at Jena. Affectionate regard, unconquerable zeal in investigating and establishing facts and principles, and in advancing the noblest interests of civilisation, bound them firmly and closely to Goethe and Schiller, who, on the other hand, found refreshment and reward in a free interchange of ideas with the noble brothers.

"It is well known how much the world is indebted to that harmonious co-operation, in which every thing that was attained called forth fresh and more ardent desire for further attainment, and every triumph of the one was most deeply and intensely enjoyed by the other."

He began his diplomatic career as Prussian resident in Rome, where he was afterwards ambassador extraordinary. In 1810 he was sent as ambassador to Vienna, at that momentous period when Europe was like an avalanche, which needed only some slight shock to make it fall with annihilating force on the power which oppressed it. Humboldt's services were so highly estimated by his sovereign, that he sent him as his plenipotentiary to the Congress at Prague. He was also one of those who signed the treaty of peace at Paris, in 1814, and that between Prussia and Saxony, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. In 1816 he was minister at Paris, and in 1818 at London, whence he was recalled to occupy a distinguished post in the Prussian ministry. He died in the year 1834, and has left a reputation for learning, wisdom and virtue such as has seldom been equaled in any age or country.

Propagation of Sound.—At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Colladon gave an account of experiments made on the Lake of Geneva, relative to the propagation of sound. Under favourable circumstances, he considers sound may be transmitted through the sea for a distance of sixty English miles.

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From Buckingham's American Tour.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S IMPRESSION OF NIAGARA.

The hotel in which we slept was so near the rapids, just above the brink of the great Fall on the American side, that the tremulation occasioned by the rolling waters kept our windows in a constant rattle, while the unceasing roar of the rushing torrent, flowing within a few yards of the balcony of our bedroom, kept us awake till a late hour; and when we awoke at daylight, after a broken and feverish sleep, our first act was to hasten into the veranda, to survey the scene around us. Being on the higher level of the river, we could see from hence, looking downward to the northwest, the immense mass of rising mist, which told us where the foaming cataract descended, and between our own position and this rising cloud was a beautifully varied surface of islands and islets, bridges thrown across the turbulent rapids from rock to rock, thickly foliaged woods and turbulent and rushing torrents, here and there broken by drifts of wreck, or impeded by forest trees that had got entangled in the rocks, and the whole mass boiling like a caldron. The combination was full of beauty and of grandeur; but this was no more than a faint glimpse of the glories of the scene.

We therefore devoted the whole of the day to a visit to the Falls, and, after seeing them from all the most interesting points of view on both sides of the river, as well as from the lower level of the stream below—from the northern and western extremities of Goat Island, overhanging the cataracts, on the American side; from the table-rock and pavilion heights on the Canada side, and from the ferry across the river just at the foot of the Falls, and between the two—we returned at night more gratified with the beauties and wonders of the spot than we had ever been before with any work of nature or of art. Our feelings, as we stood on different points of the scene, lost in awe and admiration, were too deep for verbal utterance, and our walk was therefore more than usually silent, my wife, my son, and myself scarcely interchanging any other words than ejaculations of delight or expressions of awe at the splendour and sublimity of the whole.

We remained, on the whole, five days at Niagara, two of which we passed on the American side, and three on the British; and during all that period we were almost constantly engaged, from sunrise to sunset, in examining every part of the Falls and their surrounding scenery, crossing the river from side to side in boats at least a dozen times, and being often enveloped in the thick spray occasioned by the descent of the waters, from the nearness of our approach to the falling columns, so that we had an opportunity of seeing all its beauties in every variety of position, light, and shade, and watching its ever changing hues at each successive hour of the day.

Many persons had expressed to us their disappointment at the first sight of the Falls, though they admitted that a longer stay near them had gradually developed all their grandeur and beauty. I know not to what cause or to what kind of temperament to attribute this; but certainly we needed no progressive developement to give us the fullest impression of their magnificence and sublimity. It appeared to us from the first as one of the grandest scenes of nature that we had ever visited, and it continued to leave the same impression on our minds to the last; nor was there any single moment between these two periods in which our admiration or our wonder abated in the slightest degree.

The walk around Goat Island, and over the slender and almost rocking bridges that are thrown across the rapids from it to the shore, and from it to the smaller islands near, is full of beauty; while the dark shadows of its forest trees, the dizzy heights of its beetling cliffs, the beautiful green sward of its least frequented walks, the narrow bridge and isolated tower at the edge of the cataract, with the rushing fury of the torrents that pass between some of the narrow straits and the almost adjoining islets near its edge, furnish scenes of beauty and of interest which could never tire.

The descent to the stream below the Falls, on the American side, is by a series of wooden stairs, sufficiently safe, though rude in their construction, and tedious from their number and steepness, the whole height exceeding 200 feet. The ascent from the stream on the Canada side is by a good broad road, sufficiently steep, but practicable in its zigzag angles for horses, or even for a carriage, and cut chiefly out of the rocky cliff.

At either side is a set of slips, from which the ferry-boats are launched, when needed to convey passengers across. The boats are well built and well adapted to the service, each capable of containing six or eight persons conveniently; they are rowed across by a single man with a pair of oars; and although the agitation of the water produces what is called a great ripple on the surface, yet there is no real danger in the passage; nor, as far as we could learn, had any boat ever been upset or lost in going across.

On the Canada side, a guard of British troops are stationed, to take the names of all persons going and coming, and the object of their visit, a copy of which is sent each day to the commanding officer of the station. On the American side, all is perfectly free. The British regiment stationed here at the period of our visit was the 43d foot, or "The Queen's Own;" and such had been the desertions from it to the United States, that the officers themselves admitted their loss of men to be extensive. They usually secrete themselves till night in some adjoining wood, then scramble down the cliff at some point previously explored, and either go across on a rude raft, or supported by single logs of wood, or sometimes attempt to swim without either, in which case they very frequently get drowned.

It is worthy of mention, as an instance of the singular taste of individuals, that a person named Sam Patch, who had acquired some celebrity for his power of leaping from great heights into the water, as from the mastheads and yardarms of ships into the sea, grew more ambitious as his fame increased, and made a round of visits to the greatest falls of the interior to repeat his feats of daring. At a point called Biddle's Staircase, where a descending flight of steps was constructed to facilitate the going beneath the American Falls, at the expense of Mr. Nicholas Biddle, the president of the United States Bank, Patch made a leap of 118 feet into the stream of the Niagara below, and came up uninjured. Subsequently to this, however, he fell a victim to his own ambition and folly combined; for in attempting, in the year 1829, to accomplish a still greater feat, by leaping from a point of rock above the centre of the Genesee Falls, at a height of 125 feet above the river, he met his death. His body never rose again to the surface after it first sunk below it; nor was it, indeed, found until some months afterward, when it appeared at the mouth of the Genesee River, about six miles below the spot from which he took this fatal leap.

The appearance of Niagara Falls in winter is said to be extremely beautiful, but few travellers find it agreeable or convenient to visit them at that inclement season. The inhabitants of the surrounding country, however, often come here during the winter, and they all bear testimony to the grandeur and beauty of the scene. The waters, of course, continue to descend then with the same force, and in the same quantity or mass, as in the summer. But about a mile or two above the cataract, and a mile or two below, the water is completely frozen over, so that passengers can walk across in perfect safety. The waters then rush out from under the ice of the upper level to supply the cataract, and pass under the ice of the lower level in their way to the St. Lawrence, for the entire surface of the Lakes Erie and Ontario are then frozen over.

The surrounding trees, instead of being clothed with foliage, are covered with the most brilliant and sparkling coruscations of snow and ice; and in a bright sunshine, the splendour of the scene is enchanting. At this period, masses of floating ice, dissevered from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These often remain at the foot of the cataract without going farther, from the stream being closed below; and as they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall, built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of nature gets cemented by the spray, which, rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself in its upward progress to the icy wall, and soon gets frozen with the rest of the mass, helping to fill up the interstices between the larger blocks of which this architecture is composed.

The number of travellers that have visited this interesting spot has caused villages, towns, and hotels to spring up for their accommodation, and led to their keeping a manuscript register of the names of the visiters, which already fills many volumes. I took the opportunity of inspecting a few of these volumes of the most recent date, and was really surprised to find so large a proportion of the remarks entered opposite the names frivolous and contemptible in the extreme, so much so as to justify the appropriate remark made by one writer, who says, "One has but to look first on the cataract, and then on this register of its visiters, to be satisfied of the truth of the saying, that there is but one step between the sublime and ridiculous."

* * * * *

It was near sunset when we left the settlement to return home; but, as we had four good horses and a careful driver, we made good progress. On our return route we enjoyed some of the finest views, for extent and beauty, that could well be conceived. Beyond us, to the north, in the direction of Lake Ontario, was a perfect sea of wood, in an immense level forest, which extended 40 or 50 miles in length and 20 or 30 in breadth, the tops of the trees forming so complete a level, yet so dense a mass, that it was like an impenetrable jungle; the blue line of the surface of Lake Ontario forming the distant horizon. As we approached the banks of the Niagara Strait, and came along its western edge towards the Falls, we had commanding and beautiful views of this romantic stream. Looking downward towards Lake Ontario, the positions of Queenston on the British, and Lewiston on the American side, were apparent, with the romantic windings of the Niagara, and the capes and curves by which it passes till its final issue into the lake.

Immediately opposite to us, on the Canada Heights, was the lofty pillar erected as a monument to the memory of General Sir Isaac Brock, the brother of my venerable and esteemed friend, Daniel de Lisle Brock, the present bailiff or chief magistrate of the Island of Guernsey, and of Mr. Irving Brock, the accomplished translator of Bernier's Travels in India, who died recently at Bath. The monument which is erected over the remains of the general, near the spot where he received his mortal wound, when defending the post against an attack of the Americans on the 13th of October, 1812, is a white column of 126 feet in height, erected on a hill 270 feet above the level of the Niagara stream below it, so that it is seen conspicuously from all parts of the surrounding country.

A little beyond this, to the south, and close to the high road, the coach-wheels running within a few feet of its very edge, is a deep rent or chasm in the eastern bank of the Niagara, caused by some convulsion of nature, and called "The Devil's Hole." A fearful narrative, too, is connected with this spot, which, while you hear it told, as we did, on the very brink of the precipice itself, makes the place and all its associations only the more terrible. It appears that, during the French war, a detachment of the British army were retreating from Schlosser, on the American side, farther down towards the Lake Ontario, where they were pursued by the French and their Indian allies; and these attacking them at this spot, and having a great superiority of force, drove all the British—men, women, and children, officers, horses, wagons, baggage, and all—over this precipitous cliff, leaving no hope of escape for a single being of all the number, as those who were not dashed to pieces in their fall were carried off by the impetuous torrent and drowned. Such are the relentless cruelties of barbarous and savage war, even when practised by nations priding themselves on their Christianity, civilisation and humanity. Oh, when will the world

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outgrow this madness or repent this folly, and determine to sheath the sword forever, and decide all national questions of dispute by regularly organized tribunals and a code of international law! No nation, indeed, ought to be considered as truly Christian or humane that has not done its utmost to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

Still farther on, at a distance of about a mile to the south of this, is a singularly turbulent rapid of the Niagara, called "The Whirlpool." The appearance of this spot is very striking. The strait is so narrow here, and the banks so precipitous and lofty, that the stream appears to be compressed into a narrow current of not more than one hundred yards in breadth; and one is astonished to find that all the drainage of the great upper lakes, in the millions of tons of water precipitated over the Falls of Niagara, should be thus pent up within such narrow bounds; a consideration which impressed me more and more with the belief that there exist deep cavernous hollows at the foot of the Falls, through which a large portion of the waters find their way, by subterranean channels, to the lower lake, and thus lessen the subsequent bulk and subsequent agitation of the stream below. This very "whirlpool," indeed, appears to be formed by one of such cavernous hollows in the bed of the stream; for, on the waters reaching it, they are whirled round in circular eddies, and boil up with foam like a caldron, the waters of the centre being elevated several feet above the level of the edge; and trees and other large substances that are drawn into it in their passage down the stream, are whirled around with the circular motion of the water till they often stand on end, or upright, the upper portion half out of the water, and the lower perpendicularly beneath it, till, on a sudden, the whole mass will disappear and never more be seen, being either ingulfed in the cavernous hollow supposed, and carried thence by subterranean channels to the lake or sea, or else kept below by the pressure of the current till it rises some distance lower down.

It is but a short distance from this that one of the finest views of the great cataract occurs, at a point about four miles from the Falls. For a first view, indeed, of this sublime picture, I should say this was the most desirable spot to see it from. The rising clouds of spray, which in a clear day can be seen at a distance of fifty miles from the place of their ascent, in opposite directions, so that persons one hundred miles from each other might yet each see the spray of Niagara at the same time, are here beheld ascending, like clouds of white smoke or incense from some great sacrifice on the altar of Nature below; the sounds are also distinctly heard, neither like thunder, nor like the ocean, nor like the winds, but a deep diapason, that falls softly at this distance on the ear, though still, in the contemplation of that distance, giving the idea of a majestic sound.

Except that this is more steady and more continuous, it resembles most the approach of a vast multitude, whom you can hear but not see. It reminded me strongly of two beautiful expressions: the one of Homer, "the many-sounding sea," and the other of the book of Revelations, "the sound of many waters;" the even and musical smoothness of the murmurs produced by placing a large conch-shell to the ear, and pressing it closely, is the nearest approach to it in its nature, though far inferior to it in degree. It is, in short, unique; and the clouds of mysterious incense, and the noise of the yet unseen torrent, falling upon the eye and ear at once, well prepare the spectator for the sight that suddenly bursts upon his enchanted view, when, after a few steps of elevation, he sees the whole sweep of the mighty cataract spread before him at once. For myself, I enjoyed this view intensely, even after having seen the Falls in all their details before. But I can imagine nothing finer than taking this as a first view, and examining the object more closely afterward.

As it was growing late, we could not afford to halt so long as I wished to enjoy this scene to the full; and though we hastened on with all practicable speed, having to cross the ferry to the Canada side to sleep, we learned to our deep regret, on reaching the ferry-bank, that the hour was past at which boats were allowed to pass over, and that no boat could put off from this side to take us across, without being seized for breach of orders. It was in vain to urge anything in reply to this, and we were on the point of giving up the matter in despair, when suddenly my eye caught the sight of a boat just approaching this side from the other, though, in the darkness which now reigned, but just barely visible.

We hastened down the long flight of steps, therefore, with the utmost rapidity that the faint light would allow, and got to the foot of the rocks just at the instant that the boat was about to push off for the other side. The ferryman was as much surprised at his unexpected fare as we were delighted at our unexpected good fortune, and we enjoyed the passing across exceedingly, notwithstanding the turbulent agitation of the waters and the darkness of the night, as it gave us new views of the mighty cataract, which, amid the dimness of all surrounding objects, seemed to come out with a greater prominence of grandeur than ever, and to look more imposing and more sublime from the loneliness in which it was beheld. We reached the opposite shore in safety, after a day of great interest and pleasure.

On the following morning, August 16, we went to take a last look of the Falls before quitting them perhaps for ever, and we all agreed that our sensations at the last view were as powerful as at the first. For my own part, I do not think it would be possible for any number of repetitions in the view to take away, or even abate, the first impression produced by the richness, splendour, magnificence, and sublimity of this great and glorious object of nature. To the many who visit this spot without a taste for the grand or beautiful—and to the extent of their numbers the register at the Table Rock produces painful evidence—I can understand its becoming tiresome; but to those whose feelings harmonise with the sublime objects that are here combined and presented to the wondering view, I cannot comprehend how they should be otherwise than enchanted from first to last, and impressed with all the sensations of pleasure, admiration, triumph, and devotion in succession.

The sunlights were more varied to-day than we had observed them to be on any preceding visit, and this is a powerful cause of variety in the appearance of the Falls. There were passing clouds that occasionally obscured the sun, when deep shadows overhung the waters. Suddenly the bright orb would burst forth from his hiding-place, and in an instant the whole mass was lighted up with luminous and transparent brilliancy. Occasional showers of rain also fell, and the rainbows of the spray seemed to look more than usually vivid and glowing. The smooth deep current between the turbulent rapids of the upper strait and the immediate edge of the cataract flowed on like a stream of molten glass, so clear, so lucid, and yet so unwrinkled on its surface, that when it curved over the brink of the precipice, the mass poured downward was like a liquid emerald of the brightest and most transparent green. As this was varied with the sparkling lights of the broken waters, it resembled those beautiful glimpses which the mariner sometimes catches of the mountain-wave at sea, when the lustre of the setting sun is seen through its upper edge of the brightest green, and a curling wave of the whitest foam crowns its towering and majestic crest. The whole seemed to realise the splendid imagery of Milton, in his exquisite description of the

> "Throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold."

As we retired from the scene, we could not repress the expression of our surprise that any persons of the least susceptibility to the impressions created by the grand and the beautiful should experience disappointment at seeing the Falls of Niagara. Certain it is, that if these did not excite their admiration, no other object in Nature would he likely to do so; for none that I have seen, in all my various wanderings, equal this in magnificence and sublimity. The impression of its beauty and grandeur is so deeply imprinted on my heart and mind, that I am sure I shall carry it with me to the grave, if reason and memory are spared to me till then; and my own delight, intense and glowing as it was during every moment that I gazed upon its endless variety of attractions, was rendered still more exquisite from the kindred sympathy of the beloved companions of my journey, who felt all that I felt, enjoyed all that I enjoyed, and thus doubled by reciprocation the pleasures of each.

Motherly Love.—Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore, do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy: her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow! Read the lament of the Nadowassee woman on the loss of her husband and her infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.—*Herder*.

Retort Courteous.—A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour, in Greek, "When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round sharply, accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

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From Buckingham's Tour.

PHILADELPHIA.

The classes into which the population are divided in Philadelphia are very similar to those of New York and Baltimore. Though there is no titled nobility or hereditary aristocracy, there is a decided aristocracy of family connection as well as of wealth; and of the two, the first are the most fastidious about the rank and station of their associates. The expressions of respect for those who are descended from the first families, or who belong to some of the oldest families of Pennsylvania, or Maryland, or New Jersey, or Virginia, are as frequently heard from the lips of Americans, as from those of the most aristocratic circles in our small country towns in England; and the phrases "they are people of yesterday," and "people of no family," convey as much odium to an American ear as to an English one.

The greater number of those select gentry inherit land, or houses, or stock from their parents, and are not engaged in trade. They are occasionally joined by families who have acquired fortunes in business, and retire, when they form a small leisure class, whose chief occupation is visiting and social intercourse when at home, and traveling to the seaside, or to the springs of Virginia or Saratoga, in the warm season. The style of living observed by this class is what would be deemed elegant in any part of Europe: their houses are large and well furnished; their domestics numerous, though nearly all coloured; their parties gay and brilliant; their manners polished and refined; and their conversation intelligent and agreeable.

The class next in order of consequence or consideration is the aristocracy of wealth, which is more extended in numbers, not so exclusive or scrupulous about the rank or fortune of their associates, and more easily accessible to persons of inferior pretensions to themselves. Their style of living is more profuse and expensive, though not so refined and elegant; their parties are larger and more costly, and their visiting more frequent and more general.

Among these, however, are to be found many philanthropic and benevolent individuals, who devote a large portion of their wealth, as well as their labour and their time, to the promotion of charitable and religious objects. There is no country on earth, perhaps, where so large a portion of the wealthy are generous philanthropists as in America; and in no city of America are there more of this class than in Philadelphia.

The middle class of society in Philadelphia, removed from either extreme of bare competency (for of abject poverty there is very little) and great wealth, is composed of merchants, traders, professional men, including the clergy, physicians, lawyers, and sojourners from different parts of the country. These form, of course, a very mixed and miscellaneous class, but they are, on the whole, the most intelligent, and most agreeable to strangers. No scrupulous apprehensions about low birth or want of high family connections, and no dread of associating with a man of small fortune or none at all, ever interrupt the full flow of hilarity and good-humour which is so characteristic of this mixed class, among whom there is a sufficient amount of intelligence on all general subjects, and a sufficient frankness in the expression of their opinions, to render their society both instructive and entertaining.

The general appearance of the inhabitants of Philadelphia is highly favourable. The universal aspect of competency and comfort which is presented on every side as one walks through the streets, where one meets none but well-dressed persons, of whatever class, is extremely agreeable. The gentlemen have not that ease and polish of manners which seemed to us to characterise the same class at Baltimore, nor did the ladies appear to us so graceful and perfectly well-bred. But the number of pretty and elegantly-dressed women, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, that are to be seen in the principal streets of Philadelphia on a fine day, is as great, perhaps, as in any city of the world; though we did not find in either sex that hearty frankness and cordial generosity which exist so generally at Baltimore, and which are said to be characteristic of the people of the entire south.

The Philadelphians have the reputation of being cold, formal, and difficult of approach; and, in comparison with the same class of society in New York and Baltimore, we found them so, and heard this defect admitted by themselves as well as reported of them by others. There was one feature, however, which we noticed so often and saw so prominently, that we could not fail to be strongly impressed with it, which was the settled conviction that seemed to be imprinted on the minds, and even the persons, of almost all the native Pennsylvanians we saw, that not only was their city one of the best built, cleanest, and most agreeable on the globe (which would be readily conceded by most), but that its inhabitants were among the handsomest and most intelligent people anywhere to be found; a conviction which must, no doubt, be very pleasurable to those who indulge it, and which was indicated by the look and air of self-satisfaction that sat on almost every countenance we saw among the fashionable groups engaged in shopping, walking, or visiting their neighbours.

Notwithstanding the competency and comfort which reign so generally throughout the city, and the entire absence of those revolting scenes of drunkenness, prostitution, wretchedness, and misery which obtrude themselves on the eye in almost every part of the great towns of England, there is yet a portion of suffering among even the sober and industrious classes of labourers here for want of adequate remuneration.

Of individual cases of such distress the catalogue is a long and painful one, and the testimonies of public men, as well as of benevolent women, who interest themselves in works of charity in this city, as to the accuracy of the statements made, are so numerous that it would occupy many pages to print them.

In the course of my conversations with the most zealous friends of the poor, with whom I had many opportunities of conferring, I learned from almost all of them, that just in proportion as the wealth of the city increased did the disposition to benevolence diminish; and that it was far more difficult to obtain 20 or 50,000 dollars for any benevolent purpose now than it was twenty or thirty years ago. They were, in general, surprised at this; but I confess that it did not astonish me, because the result of my experience in all countries has been to convince me that this is the general course of things. Men constantly find the love of wealth increase with the amount of their possessions, and grow less and less disposed to part with it just in proportion as they are more and more abundantly supplied. The consequence is, that the most truly generous people in every country are the poor, who will part with a penny out of the only shilling they have in the world to relieve a distressed fellow-creature, with more readiness than a man of a thousand a year will part with a guinea for the same purpose.

It may be asserted with confidence that, taken altogether, Philadelphia is the most quiet, orderly, and moral city on the globe; and, notwithstanding the late disgraceful conduct of a few of its inhabitants in burning down the Pennsylvania Hall, the stranger may pass through every part of the city and its suburbs, at any hour of the day or night, without risk of injury to his person or property; he may travel anywhere in the neighbourhood of the city with as much safety as within its streets; *he may leave his doors and windows open almost with impunity at night*; and whenever or wherever he may direct his footsteps, he will find little or nothing to offend the eye or the ear in his path.

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From Gardiner's Music of Nature.

VOCAL PERFORMERS

MADAME CATALANI.

This most splendid vocalist of the age, made her appearance in England in the year 1806; and such was her extraordinary power of voice, that it was said, "place her at the top of St. Paul's, and she will be heard at the Opera House." In compass it extended from A in the bass, to C in alt, every note of which was as firm as the tone of a trumpet. Her middle voice, when subdued, possessed a quality of tone that was delightful: the notes G, A, and B, being produced in a way similar to the tone we make in laughing. The force of her execution was extraordinary; she would run through the scale of semitones with the rapidity of lightning, and jump back again over two octaves at once. Her soul was full of music, and her energy so great, that she sustained the whole weight of the opera throughout a season, driving every other competitor from the stage. As a musician she was below mediocrity, possessing scarcely the knowledge of a third-rate performer; but by a quick perception and sensibility, she concealed these defects even from the learned.

Her figure was elegant and commanding, and her face could assume a terrific aspect, or the most captivating smiles. As an actress, she was eminently great; and, as a tragedian, full of grace and dignity. With these splendid gifts, she debased the opera during her reign to the lowest degree; for so intoxicated was the audience with her individual vocal powers, that she was permitted to mangle and cut up the finest compositions to serve as mere vehicles to exhibit her extraordinary powers. Soon after her arrival, she acquired sufficient knowlege of our language to repeat the words of "*Rule Britannia*," and "*God save the King*," which she sang in the English theatres, and at all the music meetings, with a power of voice that overwhelmed every instrument in the orchestra.

When Captain Montague was cruising off Brighton, Madame Catalani was invited, with other ladies, to a brilliant fête on board his frigate. The captain went in his launch on shore, manned by more than twenty men, to escort the fair freight on board, and as the boat was cutting through the waves, Madame Catalani, without any previous notice, commenced the air of "*Rule Britannia*." Had a voice from the great deep spoken, the effect could not have been more instantaneous and sublime. The sailors, not knowing whom they were rowing, were so astonished and enchanted into inactivity, that with one accord they rested upon their oars, while tears trembled in the eyes of many of them. "You see, madame," said the captain, "the effect this favourite air has upon these brave men, when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious battles, but never felt any excitement equal to this." On arriving on board, the sailors, with his consent, entreated her to repeat the strain: she complied with the request with increased effect, and with so much good nature, that when she quitted the ship, they cheered her until she reached the shore.

Her origin, it is said, was that of a match girl, in Rome; but in her career she visited every court in Europe, where the most profuse presents were showered upon her by kings and princes. Having amassed vast treasures in money and jewels,* her voice and beauty gone, she has retired to her domain and palazzo, in the country that gave her birth.

PASTA.

Madame Pasta is unquestionably the first tragedian of the age: she is the only *prima donna* that combines the highest powers of singing and acting. Although she has been preceded by Grassini, Catalani, Fodor, Ronzi, Bellochi, and Camporese, yet, great as these vocalists have been, she has surpassed them all. When she first appeared in this country, she made little impression; but in her retirement she has formed her voice upon the finest model. Though naturally a *mezzo soprano*, by indefatigable practice she has carried her tones into the highest octave, with a beauty of form and cleverness of production never elicited by nature. Her tones of the chest are full of the deepest passion, while those of the upper voice are sparkling with brilliancy. In fact, she seems to possess two distinct voices—using them at pleasure; as, upon the repetition of a passage, you might suppose it proceeded from the voice of another person. In scenes of terror, she has the faculty of *shading* her tones, or throwing a veil of huskiness over them, which adds much to the tragic effect. This peculiar expression is uttered with such intense feeling as to produce in her countenance a wild and savage *stare*, often accompanied with frantic degrees of passion. Her inventive faculties are of the highest order, and she fearlessly indulges in the suggestions of her imagination. The manner in which she decorates the music of Rosini, which is already hung round with every possiblo ornament, is so ingenious and new, that we are convinced that she feels infinitely more than she has power to express. It is only in the theatre that Madame Pasta is seen to the greatest advantage; she seems out of her element in any other place—she wants the area of the stage to move upon, its attendant bustle and scenery to excite her to action. There, and there only, can we hear the powers of her voice. In the concert-room she is comparatively cold and lifeless. The wildness of her mind, like the leopard's eye, is looking for motion, upon which her energy and imagination depend. In the church she is more animated than in the concert-room; and in a stupendous building like York Cathedral, she would be excited to launch her powers to their utmost extent. She is great in proportion to her excitement; and had she lived in the days of ancient Rome, and appeared upon the vast stage of the Colisenm, before an audience of one hundred thousand persons, she would have drawn down thunders of applause, and would have been deified by the Roman people.

MADEMOISELLE SONTAG,

Musically speaking, is the first *prima donna* of the age. The height and clearness of her voice surpasses everything that has been heard. To the stage she is a valuable acquisition, as she can compass those difficulties with ease, which have cost others years of toil even to struggle through. It is not in the nature of a *cerulean* voice, like Mlle. Sontag's, to move us with that passion which we feel from those of a deeper hue. Like the warblings of a bird, there is a silver tone of satisfaction, a sparkling joy, that shines in whatever she sings. Among voices it is a rarity to meet with one so elevated and so bright; such qualities enable the composer to take a range of effect in the upper octaves, which, unhappily for the art, none but a Sontag can perform. Her execution is of the most rapid kind; she performs *Rode's Variations*, written as a masterpiece for the violin, with a velocity and neatness exceeding that of the most finished flute-player. As an actress she is cold and lifeless compared with either Malibran or Pasta; but as a singer, she stands by the side of either with enviable greatness. Her pretty figure and engaging smiles have contributed to set off the lustre of her voice—blandishments which have diffused her fame throughout Europe. "What!" exclaims the Berlin Gazette, "what is to become of Berlin, during the absence of this idol? the goddess of song! the tenth muse of modern times! what is to become of our conversaziones? how does the city lie desolate! what mournful silence hovers over her walls!"*

LABLACHE.

This extraordinary singer, in person, is a giant, and has a voice equal to that of ten ordinary men. It is said of Stentor, who went to the Trojan war, that his voice in loudness equaled that of fifty; and probably fifty moderate voices would not surpass the powerful tones of Lablache. Upon the notes C and D, above the lines, the chorus and orchestra of the Opera House are completely overwhelmed when he chooses to let loose his lungs upon them. In the *Matrimonio* of Cimarosa, he utters twenty syllables in a second of time so distinctly, that they may be heard in the remotest part of the theatre. As Leporello, in *Don Giovanni*, the weight of his voice is truly appalling. In sliding from the upper note to the lower, the instinctive tone which he introduces of a frightened man is so perfectly natural as to fill the audience with the same portion of fear with which he is overwhelmed. His voice is highly flexible, having none of that stiffness usual to base voices; and though so loud in the upper notes as scarcely to be borne, he is unusually weak in those below the lines.

For so large a man his activity is remarkable; all his movements are light and easy, and his vivacity and humour are of the most exquisite kind.

* After her first visit to England, in which she cleared more than ninety thousand pounds, she purchased a diamond necklace of the Queen of Portugal, for sixteen thousand guineas, and in addition gave four thousand more for the tiara and earrings.

* Some of these extravaganzas were set down to the absurd conduct of the English nobleman, who was facetiously dubbed "Lord Monday," because he always followed Sontag (Sunday).

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

A Chinese enters into the married state often without ever having seen the woman whom he espouses: he knows nothing of her looks or person, but from the account of some female relation or confidant, who, in such cases, acts the part of match-maker. It is true, that, if they impose upon him, either with respect to her age or figure, he can have recourse to a divorce. Here the law, in its turn, serves to correct the abuses of custom.

The same matrons who negotiate the marriage, determine the sum which the intended husband must pay to the parents of the bride; for, in China, a father does not give a dowry to his daughter: but the husband gives a dowry to his wife, or, we may say with more propriety, purchases her of her parents or friends.

The parents of the bride fix the day for solemnising the marriage; and they always take care to make choice of one that is lucky; for they consider some as favourable, and others as unfavourable to every great undertaking. During this interval, the two families send presents to each other, and the bridegroom purchases for his intended spouse some jewels, such as rings, pendants or bracelets. Frequent letters pass between the parties; but they are not permitted to see one another.

When the day appointed for the ceremony arrives, the bride is placed in a chair, or close palankin. Every thing that composes her portion is borne before and behind her by different persons of both sexes, while others surround her, carrying torches and flambeaux, even in the middle of the day. A troop of musicians, with fifes, drums and hautboys, march before her chair, and her family follow it behind. The key of the chair in which she is shut up, is committed to the care of a trusty domestic, to be delivered to the husband only. The husband, richly dressed, waits at his gate for the arrival of the procession. As soon as it approaches, the key is put into his hands; he eagerly opens the chair, and at the first glance learns his fortune. It sometimes happens, that the husband, discontented with his intended spouse, suddenly shuts the chair, and sends her back to her relations. To get rid of her, it only costs him a sum equal to that which he gave to obtain her.

If the husband is contented, she descends from her chair, and enters the house, followed by the relations of both, where the new married couple salute the *Tien* four times in the hall, and afterwards the parents of the husband. The bride is then committed into the hands of the women who have been invited to the ceremony, and who, together with her, partake of an entertainment, which continues the whole day: the male part of the guests are treated in the like manner by the husband. The same form prevails among the Chinese at all their grand feasts: the women amuse themselves separately; and the men do the same in another apartment. The pomp increases according to the riches and rank of the parties, and diminishes also in the same proportion.—*Abbe Grosier.*

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There was a pause at this moment, and Ernest instantly took advantage of it, crossing before the little group, and saying, as he approached the lady, "I have a blessing to ask, and I ask it fearlessly, for I am sure you are already aware of all that has been promised me here," and he took Annette's hand in his own.

"She is yours, Ernest, she is yours," replied the lady. "Your kind and excellent father, my best and noblest friend, is the only one, except this good gentleman, Monsieur Morin, acquainted with the sad secret of this dear child's birth. Let me compose my thoughts a little; let me think of how I shall tell my tale in the shortest words, and you shall all know it."

"It shall be told at Castelneau," said the count, with a smile. "We will repose and refresh ourselves to-night. We will depart early in the morning; we will sup to-morrow, in the gray evening, by the little cross where Ernest and Annette first met. There, dear lady, you shall relate the history, as if it were some old legend; and though the past which it recalls may be painful, the present by which you are surrounded must be sweet."

It was arranged as the count had proposed, and we may pass over the intervening hours. The journey had been more rapid than was expected; everything had been prepared beforehand by a messenger from the count: supper was spread on the green bank where Annette had been seated when the wolf attacked her, and the servants had been sent away, that no ears but those concerned might listen. It occupied a considerable time, and was broken by many a question and many an exclamation; but the substance was this:

The families of Argencerre and Castelneau had been united by frequent alliances through many generations, and, somewhat more than twenty years before the time to which we have now conducted the reader, a marriage had been proposed between the elder sister of the lady who spoke, the heiress of Argencerre, and Henry, the son of the then Count de Castelneau. They had often met, and both the sisters were extremely beautiful; but the eldest had felt in her bosom, from a very early period, the seeds of a disease which ultimately brought her to the grave. The impression was strong upon her mind that she was destined to die young, and she never suffered one worldly thought to take possession of her mind. She shunk from every tie of earth; and human love, in her own case, would have seemed to her a robbery of heaven. She grieved not, then, when she saw that the heart of the young Lord of Castelneau turned towards her sister rather than herself, and she speedily resolved upon her conduct. The family of Argencerre paid their annual visit to Castelneau, and there explanations took place which changed the views of all except Mademoiselle d'Argencerre herself. She told her determination to retire forever from the world, and to resign her rights and claims to her sister. The Count de Castelneau gladly consented that upon such conditions his son should marry the younger rather than the elder sister, thereby bringing the family wealth into the family of Castelneau. The Count d'Argencerre was not so well pleased, indeed, but he did not refuse his consent; and the contract of marriage having been drawn up, in order to bind himself firmly, he signed it with the Count of Castelneau, though he himself was obliged to return to Paris before the union could be completed, to make the necessary arrangements regarding his estates. The young Lord of Castelneau, too, was obliged to join his regiment in a month, and in those circumstances it was agreed that the marriage of Louise and her lover should be delayed till after the campaign. The two ladies, however, remained at Castelneau, while their father proceeded to Paris. The contract was left in the hands of the young lord: nothing was wanting but his signature, with that of Louise and the benediction of the church, to complete the marriage; and love trampled over prudence. They signed the contract in secret: in secret the religious ceremony was performed, and Louise d'Argencerre became the wife of Henri de Castelneau a week or two before he took his departure for the army. To the grief and anxiety of his parting with his bride were added the unexpected pain and embarrassment of hearing that the Count d'Argencerre now sought to withdraw the consent he had given; that a proposal had been made for the hand of Louise by a lover allied to the blood royal of France; and that angry letters were passing between the two fathers on the subject. The young husband was obliged to go, however; and, ere he had left her for many days, his bride was carried away from Castelneau by her father, between whom and the old count broke forth a violent feud. The contract which both had signed was sought for, but could not be found. Confusion was entertained of the private marriage, and the Count d'Argencerre returned to the capital, determined to give his daughter's hand to another. He could not do so, however, till the contract of marriage was formally annulled; and being called to command a division on the Rhine, he wrote in a peremptory tone to the young Lord of Castelneau to send him back the contract, enclosing, at the same time, an authorisation, and even injunction, from the old Count de Castelneau so to do. He himself marched with his regiment to Saxe Lauer; but the first letter that he there received announced to him the death of the young nobleman to whom his daughter's hand had been promised; and the heart of the Count d'Argencerre, which was, in truth, kind and affectionate, was painfully struck and touched. One of the fellow-officers of the young lord informed him that Henri de Castelneau having certainly exposed himself unnecessarily, had been killed evidently in consequence of such rashness; and the count was led to believe that his death might be owing to disappointment and despair. He became apprehensive of seeing his daughter; he remained with the army for months after his presence was no longer wanting; and he only returned when he heard that Louise had been extremely ill, and that the health of her elder sister was now failing rapidly.

In earlier and happier days, Louise had never imagined that the absence of her father could be anything but successful to her; but circumstances had altered those feelings, and she had many an occasion to think Heaven that he was away so long. The death of her husband, the birth of her child, even if the actual facts could have been hidden from her father, produced emotions which were the result by consequences which must have been discovered. Grief and apprehension, and agony of mind wellnigh deprived her of her senses, and it was long ere her sister could teach her to put a needful guard upon her lips. At length, however, her father returned; and as he was prompt and decided, though not, in reality, severe or unkind, on finding the health of both his children so greatly impaired, he caused them to be removed from Paris with a degree of unnecessary quickness, which agitated poor Louise much, and gave her no opportunity of communicating with the wife of good Pierre Morin, under whose charge her sister had placed the child. Agitation, apprehension, and sympathy for poor Louise had shaken Mademoiselle d'Argencerre, and accelerated the disease under which she suffered. She bore up well, indeed, for her sister's sake till the arrival of her father, but from that time her health rapidly declined, and in less than two months she was no more.

It was during this latter period that the events occurred which have been narrated in the commencement of this book, and which placed Annette under the charge and guidance of the Abbe de Castelneau. It may be sufficient to add that both Pierre Morin and his wife had deceived themselves in regard to the real mother of Annette. The rumour had at first been so strong that the elder sister was to be married to the young Lord of Castelneau, that it had even reached the ears of the good curisan and his family, as well as those of the Abbe de Castelneau; and when the filigree-worker was told vaguely of a secret marriage, and the absolute necessity of concealing the birth of the child, he naturally supposed that Mademoiselle d'Argencerre was the mother. When he heard of her death, he hesitated not, as we have shown, to confide the infant to the care of the Abbe de Castelneau, finding that the money which he had received was all spent, and that the poor child was likely to suffer the same penury which had fallen upon himself and his wife. He was soon undeceived, however, after the return of Annette's mother to Paris; but, far from reproaching him, she applauded what he had done, having known the abbe well in happier days, and having discovered, amid many failings and many errors, traits of a strong mind and a noble heart. Directed by her, Pierre Morin made inquiries into the circumstances of Monsieur de Castelneau; and she it was who furnished him secretly with the means of paying his most pressing debts and quitting the capital.

"And now, my dear friend and relation," she said, laying her hand upon that of the count, "permit me to repeat my thanks, my deepest and most heartfelt thanks, for the care you have taken of this beloved child, and for the wisdom you have shown in her education. I must beneefeeth claim my rank as Countess of Castelneau; but Annette, so long as you live, will never demand anything but the dear name of your adopted daughter. Till the death of the late king, of which event you, of course, have heard, I ventured not to avow my marriage, because he had strongly interested himself in one who had sought a hand which could not be given to him, and had resented my refusal so vehemently that he forbade my presence at the court. A week ago, however, I presented myself to the gentle and kind-hearted monarch who now rules over us. I showed him the contract, which had lain concealed for many years in my chamber at Castelneau; and I produced the register of the marriage, which had been preserved for me by my good friend Monsieur Morin here. The whole was at once recognised as legal by the king, and I hastened towards this place with all speed, to set the mind of every one at rest. Say, Annette, say, my dear child, whether you do not feel as I do, and whether it will not be joy to you to see Monsieur de Castelneau, who has been a father to you, still acting as a father to all around him?"

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"My dear lady," replied the Count de Castelneau, "I never was ambitious; I never was avaricious; I must not say that I never was unjust; for every man who acts ill and unwisely in life is doubly unjust to others and to himself. But I cannot retain what is not my own; these fair lands and lordships belong to my Annette. They are hers, not mine, and most willingly—"

Annette rose up from her seat, and, gliding quietly up to him, dropped upon her knees and laid her hands on his, looking up in his face with a glance of tenderness and affection unspeakable. Ernest de Nogent advanced likewise, and bent one knee beside her, saying, "We entreat you, we beseech you, never mention such a thing again."

The count grasped their hands in his, and lifted his eyes towards heaven as if thanking God for some intense delight.

At that instant, however, as if some wild and sudden emotion had seized him, he started up, cast himself between Annette and the wood on the opposite side of the water, and threw his arms partly over her, partly round Ernest. At the very same instant there was the loud and ringing report of a carbine. The count staggered forward, reeled up again, and fell back upon the grass. Annette clasped her hands, gazing almost frantic in his face; but the sword of Ernest de Nogent sprang from the sheath in an instant; with one bound he was across the stream, and ere Pierre Morin could follow, his blade was crossed with that of the Baron de Cajare. Stern and deadly enmity was in both their faces, and the play of their weapons one against the other seemed like the quick glances of the lightning.

Pierre Morin paused, for they were two men not to be separated with life; and at the fifth pass the sword of the Baron de Cajare glided over the shoulder of Ernest de Nogent, while Ernest's hilt struck against his adversary's side, and the bright blade shone out under his left arm.

Ernest de Nogent shook him from his weapon, and cast him back upon the ground, exclaiming, "Base villain, thou wilt do no more wrong."

"Curses! curses! curses upon you!" murmured the Baron de Cajare; and, with those words upon his lips, the fierce eyes lost their eagerness and swam in death.

Ernest gazed upon him only for a moment, thrusting his sword back into the sheath; and, while Pierre Morin moralised in his peculiar manner, saying, "This is the consequence of kings interfering with the punishment of criminals," the young gentleman sprang across the stream again, and joined the horrified group around the Count de Castelneau.

He slightly raised the dying nobleman in his arms, and the count recognised and thanked him by a pressure of the hand; but life was ebbing fast. "It is over, Ernest," he said, in a low voice. "Annette, dear child, I am happy, most happy. I have died for thee, dear one, I have died to save thee. Let me lean my eyes upon thy shoulder; there they will close in joy, to open again, I trust, on my Redeemer in heaven."

He bent his brow; it rested on Annette's bosom; the weight became heavier and more heavy; his grasp relaxed upon the hand of Ernest de Nogent, and the young nobleman gently laid the corpse back upon the grass.

THE END.

The Ancient Regime approached so near its conclusion in the regular Library pages, that we could not resist the temptation of placing the closing scene before our readers in the Journal. We will however, let it occupy its proper position in the next No. in order that the volume may be complete for binding.

CHINESE CEREMONIES.

A visit to a superior must always be paid before dinner, fasting, at least before wine has been tasted; for a mandarin would consider it as a gross insult, did the person who visits him, in the least smell of this liquor. However, if a visit is returned the same day it is received, it may be done after dinner, for this is a mark of attention and respect, which excuses every thing.

No person in China can pay a visit, without previously sending a visiting card, called *Tie-tsée*, to the porter of the person to whom the honour is intended. This card is generally of red paper ornamented with a few gilded flowers, except the person sending or receiving it be in mourning, and then it is black; it is folded up in the form of a screen, the visitor's name is written on one of the folds; and the style of the card is more or less respectful, according to the rank and quality of the person to whom it is sent.

When two persons who are acquainted meet after an absence of any time, they both fall on their knees opposite one another, bend their bodies to the earth, then raise them up, and repeat the same ceremonies two or three times. At an ordinary interview, a common phrase answering to *how d'ye do?* is used, and the answer is: *very well, thanks to your abundant felicity, Cao-lao-ye-hung-fo.* When the Chinese see a man who is in good health, they say to him *Fung-fo*, that is to say, *prosperity is painted in your looks; you have a happy countenance.*

When two mandarins, of equal rank, meet in the street, they never quit their chairs; each joins both hands, moves them downwards, then raises them to the forehead, and this salutation is repeated until they are out of each other's sight; but if one of the two be of higher rank than the other, the inferior orders his chair to stop; or if he is on horseback, he dismounts, and makes a profound bow to his superior. In a word, politeness in China is as prevalent even in villages as in cities; and, as it has been established into a law, it is attended with as little sincerity in the one as in the other.

A Chinese, when addressing his superior, speaks neither in the first nor in the second person. He will neither say *I*, nor *you*, but if he acknowledges a favour received, he will say, *the service which his lordship has rendered to his little servant, has been very acceptable to him.* A son, when speaking to his father, never styles himself his son, but his grandson, though he is perhaps the oldest of the family, and probably father of a family himself.

The repasts or entertainments of people of distinction are generally sumptuous, and always accompanied with the most ceremonious etiquette, and the ancient emperors established it as a law, for those who might give entertainments, that they should salute each guest, separately, every time they drank.

The Chinese begin these repasts, not by eating, but by drinking; the Intendant, or *maitre d' hotel*, falling down on one knee, invites the guests to *take a glass.* Each then lays hold, with both his hands, of that which is placed for him, raises it as high as his forehead, then brings it down below the table, and again lifts it to his mouth; the master of the house presses them to drink heartily, and sets them an example, by showing them all round the bottom of his cup, in order that he may excite each of them to imitate him.

It is while they are drinking, that the dishes on the tables are removed, and others brought in, all of which are in the form of ragouts. The Chinese never use knives in their repasts; and two small sharppointed sticks ornamented with ivory or silver, supply the place of forks.

Their bouilli, which answers to European soup, is never served up, till towards the middle of the repast, and is accompanied by small loaves, or meat pies, which they take up with their small sticks, steep them in the soup, and eat them, without waiting for any signal, or attending to any ceremony. The repast continues, and ceremonies preserve their utmost formality, till the very moment in which tea is introduced: after which the company all rise from table, and retire, either into another hall, or into the garden, where they amuse themselves, and enjoy a short interval of repose between dinner and the dessert.

The dessert, like the entertainment, consists of numerous dishes of sweet-meats, fruits prepared different ways, hams and salted ducks, which have been dried in the sun, together with shell and other kinds of small fish. The same ceremonies are again renewed before the guests take their places at table; and every one sits down to that at which he was before: larger cups are then brought; the master of the house invites the company to drink more freely; and he still gives them an example, which is commonly followed.

These entertainments begin towards the close of the day, and never end till midnight. Each then returns to his own home, carried in a chair, preceded by several domestics, who carry large lanterns of oiled paper, on which the quality, and sometimes the name of their master, are inscribed in large characters. Without this attendance no one ever ventures to go abroad, at such an hour, for he would infallibly be stopped by the guard. The day following it is customary to return a card of thanks to the officer of the watch.

One Good of Railways.—The praise of railway traveling was rather originally advocated by a companion of ours whose admiration was chiefly excited by its putting an end to highway robberies. "Sir," said he, "it has extinguished one of the most extensive, dangerous, and worst species of crime. A footpad, sir, cannot put a pistol to the boiler, and stop the train by threatening to blow its brains out, so that the passengers may be plundered secure."—*Literary Gazette.*

The Human Panorama.—Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed, and some of these, like the stars, shall shine for ever and ever.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

MADAME LAFFARGE.

All the world knows that Madame Laffarge has been convicted of felony by the French tribunals, and sentenced to death; and that her sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment; the trifling peccadilloes imputed to her being simply the poisoning of her husband, and the stealing of a large quantity of diamonds; but all the world does not know that a translation of this respectable person's autobiography has just been published by Messrs. Carey & Hart, with her portrait, delicately veiled, at the beginning of the book—a book, by the way, in which she is made out to be an injured saint. She is only a French saint, however, after all; for with all its sanctimonious pretension, the *morale* of the volume is infinitely better suited to the atmosphere of the Palais Royale, than to that of any region upon our continent. It is true enough, as Bonaparte said, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and one is strongly reminded of this celebrated apophthegm, upon reading grave homilies upon moral female education, sentimental descriptions of scenery and domestic incidents, interlarded with very pious, devout ejaculations, and edifying reflections, all proceeding from the pen, and purporting to be the honest confessions of a female convicted of poisoning and robbery.

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MAHOMET.

BY CARLYLE.

From the first rude times of Paganism among the Scandinavians of the North, we advance to a very different epoch of religion, among a very different people: Mahomedanism among the Arabs. A great change; what a change and progress is indicated here, in the universal condition and thoughts of men!

The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow men; but as one God-inspired, as a Prophet. It is the second phasis of Hero-worship: the first or oldest, we may say, has passed away without return; in the history of the world there will not again be any man, never so great, whom his fellow-men will take for a god. Nay we might rationally ask, Did any set of human beings ever really think the man they *saw* there standing beside them a god, the maker of this world? Perhaps not: it was usually some man they remembered or *had* seen. But neither can this, any more, be. The Great Man is not recognised henceforth as a god any more.

It was a rude gross error, that of counting the Great Man a god. Yet let us say that it is at all times difficult to know *what* he is, or how to account of him and receive him! The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man. Ever, to the true instincts of men, there is something godlike in him. Whether they shall take him to be a god, to be a prophet, or what they shall take him to be! that is ever a grand question; by their way of answering that, we shall see, as through a little window, into the very heart of these men's spiritual condition. For at bottom the Great Man, as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing: Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns; I hope to make it appear that these are all originally of one stuff; that only by the world's reception of them, and the shapes they assume, are they so immensurably diverse. The worship of Odin astonishes us—to fall prostrate before the Great Man, into *deliquium* of love and wonder over him, and feel in their hearts that he was a denizen of the skies, a god! This was inperfect enough: but to welcome, for example, a Burns as we did, was that what we can call perfect? The most precious gift that Heaven can give to the Earth; a man of "genius" as we call it; the Soul of a Man actually sent down from the skies with a God's message to us,—this we waste away as an idle artificial firework, sent to amuse us a little, and sink it into ashes, wreck and ineffectuality: *such* reception of a great man I do not call perfect either! Looking into the heart of the thing, one may perhaps call that of Burns a still uglier phenomenon, betokening still sadder imperfections in mankind's ways, than the Scandinavian method itself! To fall into mere unreasoning *deliquium* of love and admiration, was not good: but such unreasoning, nay irrational, superstitious no-love at all is perhaps still worse!—It is a thing forever changing, this of Hero-worship; different in each age, difficult to do well in any age. Indeed the heart of the whole business of the age, one may say, is to do it well.

We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent Prophet: but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahomedans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and futility, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered, that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Scepticism; indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious—ah me!—a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent worldleaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts up in fire-flames, French Revolutions and such like, proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged.

But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do any thing, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed;—a shallow braggart conscious sincerity; offensest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of insincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so; I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares in upon him; undeniable, there, there!—I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made; but a Great Man cannot be without it.

Such a man is what we call an *original* man; he comes to us at first hand. A messenger he, sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us. We may call him Poet, Prophet, God;—

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in one way or other, we all feel that the words he utters are as no other man's words. Direct from the Inner Fact of things;—he lives, and has to live, in daily communion with that. Hearsays cannot hide it from him; he is blind, homeless, miserable, following hearsays; *it* glares in upon him. Really his utterances, are they not a kind of "revelation;"—what we must call such for want of some other name? It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The "inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding:" we must listen before all to him.

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below: no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there "the man according to God's own heart?" David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Of all acts is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin;—that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead; it is "pure" as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended: ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: "a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is. I believe we mis-estimate Mahomet's faults even as faults: but the secret of him will never be got by dwelling there. We will leave all this behind us; and assuring ourselves that he did mean some true thing, ask candidly, what it was or might be.

These Arabs Mahomet was born among are certainly a notable people. Their country itself is notable; the fit habitation for such a race. Savage inaccessible rock-mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure: wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm-shrubs, date-trees, frankincense trees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand, empty, silent, like a sand-sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the Universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep Heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. There is something most agile, active, and yet most meditative, enthusiastic, in the Arab character. The Persians are called the French of the East; we will call the Arabs Oriental Italians. A gifted noble people; a people of wild strong feelings, and of iron restraint over them: the characteristic of noble-mindedness, of genius. The wild Bedouin welcomes the stranger to his tent, as one having right to all that is there; were it his worst enemy, he will slay his foal to treat him, will serve him with sacred hospitality for three days, will set him fairly on his way;—and then, by another law as sacred, kill him if he can. In words too, as in action. They are not a loquacious people, taciturn rather; but eloquent, gifted when they do speak. An earnest, truthful kind of men. They are, as we know, of Jewish kindred: but with that deadly terrible earnestness of the Jews they seem to combine something graceful, brilliant, which is not Jewish. They had "Poetic contests" among them before the time of Mahomet. Sale says, at Ocadh, in the South of Arabia, there were yearly fairs, and there, when the merchandising was done, Poets sang for prizes:—the wild people gathered to hear that.

One Jewish quality these Arabs manifest; the outcome of many or of all high qualities: what we may call religiosity. From of old they had been zealous worshippers according to their light. They worshipped the stars, as Sabeans; worshipped many natural objects,—recognised them as symbols, immediate manifestations, of the Maker of Nature. It was wrong; and yet not wholly wrong. All God's works are still in a sense symbols of God. Do we not, as I urged, still account it a merit to recognise a certain inexhaustible significance, "poetic beauty," as we name it, in all natural objects whatsoever? A man is a poet, and honoured, for doing that, and speaking or singing it,—a kind of diluted worship. They had many prophets these Arabs; Teachers each to his tribe, each according to the light he had. But indeed, have we not from of old the noblest of proofs, still palpable to every one of us, of what devoutness and noble-mindedness had dwelt in these rustic thoughtful peoples! Biblical critics seem agreed that our own Book of Job was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble Book; all men's Book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending Problem,—man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true*, every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the Horse,—"hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder?*"—he "*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind;—so soft, and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.—

(To be continued.)

From the "Literary Remains of L. E. L."

DIANA VERNON.

Many and opposite are the lots in life, and unequal are the portions which they measure out to the children of earth. We cannot agree with those who contend that the difference after all is but in outward seeming. Such an assertion is often the result of thoughtlessness—sometimes the result of selfishness. It is one of the good points of human nature, that it revolts against human suffering. Few there are who can witness pain, whether of mind or of body, without pity, and the desire to alleviate; but such is our infirmity of purpose, that a little suffices to turn us aside from assistance. Indolence, difficulties, and contrary interests come in the way of sympathy, and then we desire to excuse our apathy to ourselves. It is a comfortable doctrine to suppose that the evil is made up by some mysterious allotment of good; it is an excuse for non-interference, and we let conscience sleep over our own enjoyments, taking it for granted others have them also—though how we know not. It was much this spirit that made the young French queen exclaim, when she heard that the people were perishing for want of bread, "why do they not eat buns?"

But there is a vast difference in the paths of humanity; some have their lines cast in pleasant places, while others are doomed to troubled waters. Of one person that question might well be asked, which Johnstone, the old Scottish secretary, put to Sir Robert Walpole, "What have you done, sir, to make God Almighty so much your friend?" while another would seem "the very scoff and mockery of fortune." It must, however, be admitted, that the hard circumstances form the strong character, as the cold climes of the north nurture a race of men, whose activity and energies leave those of the south far behind. Hence it is that the characters of women are more uniform than men; they are rarely placed in circumstances to call forth the latent powers of the mind. Diana Vernon's character would never have grown out of a regular education of geography, history, and the use of the globes, to say nothing of extras, such as Poonah work, or oriental tinting. Miss Vernon is the most original of Scott's heroines, especially so, when we consider the period to which she herself belongs, or that at which such a spirited sketch was drawn. The manners of Scott's own earlier days were formal and restrained. An amusing story is told in his life of Lord Napier, which will admirably illustrate the importance attached to minutiæ. His lordship suddenly quitted a friend's house, where he was to have paid a visit, without any cause satisfactory to a host being assigned. But much ingenuity might have been exerted without the right cause being discovered; it was, that his valet had not packed up the set of neckcloths marked the same as the shirts.

Within the last few years what alterations have taken place in "the glass of fashion, and the mould of forms." The Duchess of Gordon brought in a style—bold, dashing, and reckless, like herself. The Duchess of Devonshire took the opposite—soft, languid, and flattering; the exclusive established a stoical school—cold, haughty, and *impayable*. The reform era has brought a more popular manner. There has been so much canvassing going on, that conciliation has become a habit, and the hustings has remodeled the drawing-room.

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But Diana Vernon is a creature formed by no conventional rules; she has been educated by her own heart amid hardships and difficulties; and if nature has but given the original good impulse, and the strength of mind to work it out, hardships and difficulties will only serve to form a character of the loftiest order. Again, there is that tender relationship between the widowed father and the only girl, in which Scott so much delights. But, if the cradle be lonely which lacks a mother at its side, still more lonely is the hour when girlhood is on the eve of womanhood.

> "On the horizon like a dewy star,
> That trembles into lustre."

No man ever enters into the feelings of a woman, let his kindness be what it may; they are too subtile and too delicate for a hand whose grasp is on "life's rougher things." They require that sorrow should find a voice; now the most soothing sympathy is that which guesses the suffering without a question. But Diana Vernon has been brought up by a father, who, whatever might be his affection, has had no time for minute and tender cares. Engaged in dark intrigues, surrounded by dangers, he has been forced to leave his child in situations as dangerous as his own, nay, a thousand times worse—what is an outward to an inward danger! The young and beautiful girl is left to herself—in a wild solitude, like Osbaldistone-hall—with a tutor like Rashleigh.

Take the life of girls in general; how are they cared for from their youth upwards. The nurse, the school, the home circle, environ their early years; they know nothing of real difficulties, or of real cares; and there is an old saying, that a woman's education begins after she is married. Truly, it does, if education be meant to apply to the actual purposes of life. How different is the lot of a girl condemned from childhood upwards to struggle in this wide and weary world! Bitter, indeed, is the fruit of the tree of knowledge to her; at the expense of how many kind and beautiful feelings must that knowledge be obtained; how often will the confidence be betrayed, and the affection misplaced; how often will the aching heart turn on itself for comfort, and in vain; for, under its first eager disappointment, youth wonders why its kindliness and its generous emotions have been given, if falsehood and ingratitude be their requital. How often will the right and the expedient contend together, while the faults of others seem to justify our own, and the low, but distinct voice within us, be half lost, while listening to the sophistry of temptation justifying itself by example; yet how many nobly support the trial, while they have learned of difficulties to use the mental strength which overcomes them, and have been taught by errors to rely more decidedly on the instinctive sense of right which at once shrinks from their admission.

What to Diana Vernon was the craft and crime of one like Rashleigh, which her own native purity would at once detect and shun—as the dove feels and flies from the hawk before the shadow of his dark wings be seen on the air! What the desolate loneliness of the old hall, and the doubts and fears around her difficult path—what but so many steps towards forming a character high-minded, steadfast, generous and true; a lovely and lonely flower over which the rough winds have past, leaving behind only the strength taught by resistance, and keeping fresh the fairness—blessing even the rock with its sweet and healthy presence.

From the same.

FLORA MAC IVOR.

The time immediately preceding that of Sir Walter Scott may be likened to the thirty years' drought in Cyprus, during which, as an old historian says, the earth had neither green nor bloom, and the heavens seemed made of brass. The brilliant age of Pope, the wittiest in our language, had left only a cold reflection—poetry was no more, and with it had perished the animating influence it exercises over prose. The fictions put forth were of the lowest order. A castle, a ghost, an improbable villain, an impossible hero, a heroine and a harp, were the joint stock of romances; while novels of manners were, if they could be so, still less like real life. Nothing could be more insipid than the rakes reformed in the third volume, unless it were the ladies, all loveliness and ill-luck. Inventions lacked the vivifying principle—truth; and the inevitable consequence was, the copied and the common-place. "Waverley" was the avater of a new era; and established as it now is, among our English classics, justice cannot be done to its merits without reference to its contemporaries—"the dwindled race of little men"—the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water, where their great forefathers had planted the forest, and sank the "pure well of English undefiled."

"Waverley" was at once a novel of character, like those of Fielding and Richardson; and one of adventure, like those of Defoe; but it had that peculiar stamp of its own, which genius alone can give. Founded, like the old ballads, on tradition, it entered the province of poetry, while the time in which it was written gave enlightenment, and the writer's mind its own shrewdness, sharpened by that dry humour which is essentially of Scottish growth. Scott is the founder of a new school—the picturesque, which now, more or less, influences all our writers. "Waverley" was a succession of pictures—both landscape and portrait—indeed all his characters give the idea of portraits rather than of inventions.

Flora Mac Ivor belongs to poetry—poetry which takes the highest order of qualities, to fashion into beauty and quicken into life. It was the first attempt to give the ideal to female character in prose, if we except the "Clementina" and "Clarissa" of Richardson. But, despite of his great merits, Richardson had one fault, fatal to the lasting popularity of an author—he was too conventional. The excellent and the beautiful had no wide grasp—to-day was too much with him; he dwelt on "nice observances," and made goodness so dependent on forms and ceremonies, that the spirit was lost while attending to the shape; yet some of his conceptions are singularly fine. I know nothing in all our old drama so fertile in striking situations, so utterly desolate, as Clarissa in her wretched lodging, seated calmly at work on her shroud. She is young, but the grave yawns at her feet; she is beautiful, but the pride of loveliness is gone by for ever: delicately nurtured, she lacks the common necessaries of life, and made to be cherished and beloved, she is deserted by relative and friend. It was a great moral truth that made Richardson feel that it was impossible for such a story to end happily—it would have been to make evil work out its own reward. Clarissa could not marry Lovelace: to marry him had been to swear love and respect: the pure and noble nature must have been perverted before she could have felt either: all Clarissa could do was to forgive, and that only on her death-bed, and in the presence of her God.

But Scott possessed what Richardson lacked, the general, and the picturesque. "Flora Mac Ivor" has those qualities which we all like to believe belong to human nature; the ideal is but the realisation, in a palpable form, of our noblest emotions of our highest aspirations. Generous and high-spirited as she is, Flora never goes beyond what we wish, and what we feel, a woman might be. Generally speaking, the female character is developed through the medium of affection—till she loves, she has rarely felt, consequently rarely thought much—for thoughts are but the representatives of past feelings—it is the heart that awakens the mind in woman. But Flora Mac Ivor is among the exceptions to this rule. I believe that the imaginative, and the highly gifted, are the least susceptible; when they do love, it is with the depth and the energy to which themselves give strength; but the imagination rarely at first seeks an object where it must depend; it likes to feel its freedom, and its earliest pursuit is usually unselfish and abstract.

Flora's imagination has an object in its loyalty—and her affection in her brother. If there be one tie on earth, dear even as love, it is that which unites an only brother and sister, left together orphans in their childhood. If "heaven lies around us in our infancy," there is something sacred in the love—an instinct with that earliest time. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; it has the confidence of marriage without its care; and, cemented by those mutual associations, whose want is so often and so severely felt in married life, it has the tenderness with none of the jealous anxiety of love. The very faults of Fergus, perhaps, did but draw the tie closer between himself and his sister. It is pleasant to excuse, when hope brings the promises of the future to palliate the errors of the past. We can imagine the youthful Highlanders returning to a country, dearer for absence; and under actual disappointment, looking forward as only youth can look. In after life the heart sinks back upon itself—we have not courage to hope.

Nothing, to use the word so peculiarly his own, can be more picturesque than the first introduction of Fergus and his sister; and while the chieftain's animation in his cause carries us along, we cannot but feel that it is Flora who infuses into their loyalty its nobler elements. It is to the credit of our nature that the generous impulse, the unselfish devotion, are never without their influence; but it is a fearful thing to influence others; every thought we have suggested, every action we have stimulated, rise, if their issue be unsuccessful, in terrible array against us. Our own fate we might have borne, but regret becomes remorse when we have urged on that of another. Clarissa might sew the garment of death calmly—it was for herself; but Flora sits sewing the shroud of her brother—the young, the gifted, the high-spirited Fergus, the last of their ancient line—the prematurely doomed chief of Glennaquoich. I never could read without tears his sister's bitter self-reproaches, that she had been the one to urge him on, and—to the scaffold! It is the cry of the heart-broken, when she so passionately exclaims, "Oh! that I could but remember to have said to him, he that strikes by the sword, shall die by the sword." It is a relief to think of Flora in the silence and the solitude of the cloister. The gates of life are as much closed upon her as if she had passed through those of death. The cause lost on which she had periled what was dearer than existence, and the house of Stuart again in hopeless exile; her beloved brother in his early and ignominious grave—what remained for Flora but to ask her own tomb from that Heaven, the only light through the black veil of the order of St. Dominick.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

In the year 1539, when London bridge was covered with houses, overhanging the pent-up turbulent stream as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert *terra firma*, and, like so many beavers, perch their dwellings on a crazy bridge, Sir William Hewitt, citizen of London, and cloth-worker, inhabited one of these temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty little girl, was playing with a servant, at a window over the water, and fell into the rapids, through which, even now-a-days, it is counted a kind of feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the fearful sight, in the helplessness of terror, without venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own, and that was the apprentice of Sir William Hewitt. He leaped into the water after his youthful mistress, and, by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore—and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far-descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant-queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice-cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and, with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her untitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand

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and the heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born of God's creation, not man's. He rose, by successful industry, to the highest honours of that city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city beauty, to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchant 'prentice, who periled his life as frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame, and glory, and golden spurs, descends, by a lineage more truly noble than if he sprung from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George William Frederick Osborne, Duke of Leeds!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

From Gardiner's Music of Nature.

PAGANINI.

The following is an enthusiastic and somehow an exceedingly eloquent description of this great fiddler's first appearance in London, June 3d, 1831.

"I placed myself at the opera door two hours and a half before the concert began; presently the crowd of musicians and violinists filled the colonnade to suffocation, all anxious to get the front seat, because they had to pay for their places, Paganini not giving a single ticket away. The concert opened with Beethoven's Second Sinfony, admirably performed by the Philharmonic band; after which Lablache sung '*Largo al Factotum,*' with much applause, and was encored. A breathless silence then ensued, and every eye was watching the *entré* of this extraordinary violinist, and as he glided from the side scenes to the front of the stage an involuntary cheering burst from every part of the house, many rising from their seats to view the spectre, during the thunder of this unprecedented cheering—his gaunt and extraordinary appearance being more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom, than one to delight you with his art. With the tip of his bow he set off the orchestra in a grand military movement, with a force and vivacity as surprising as it was new. At the termination of this introduction he commenced with a soft streamy note of celestial quality; and with three or four whips of his bow elicited *points of sound* as bright as the stars. A scream of astonishment and delight burst from the audience at the novelty of this effect. Immediately execution followed that was equally indescribable, in which were intermingled tones more than human, which seemed to be wrung from the deepest anguish of a broken heart. After this the audience were enraptured by a lively strain, in which was heard, commingled with the tones of the instrument, those of the voice, with the pizzicato of the guitar, forming a compound of exquisite beauty. If it were possible to aim at a description of his manner, we should say that you would take the violin to be a wild animal which he is endeavouring to quiet in his bosom, and which he occasionally, *fiend-like*, lashes with his bow; this he dashes upon the strings as you would whip with a walking switch, tearing from the creature the most horrid as well as delightful tones.

"He has long legs and arms, and the hands in his playing often assume the attitude of prayer, with the fingers pointed upwards. The highest notes (contrary to every thing we have learnt) are produced as the hand recedes from the bridge, overturning all our previous notions of the art. During these effects a book caught fire upon one of the desks, which burnt for some time unobserved by the musicians, who could neither see nor hear, though repeatedly called to by the audience, any thing but the feats of this wonderful performer.

"Some few pieces were played by the orchestra that gave some repose to the admiring audience. He then entered upon his celebrated performance of the single string, introducing the air of '*Nel cor più sento*' (*Hope told a flattering tale*), in which he imparted a tone so 'plaintive and desolate, that the heart was torn by it;' in the midst of this he was so *outré*—so comic—as to occasion the loudest bursts of laughter. This feat was uproariously encored. He then retired to put on the three other strings, and ended this miraculous performance with the richest arpeggios and echoes, intermingled with new effects, that no language can describe. Though he withdrew amidst a confusion of huzzas and bravos that completely drowned the full orchestra, yet he was called for to receive the homage of the audience; and was so apparently affected, that he would have dropped had he not been supported by Laporte and Costa.

"There was no trick in his playing; it was all fair, scientific execution, opening to us a new order of sounds, the highest of which ascended two octaves above C in alt."

A German writer observes, "He is the first artiste on his instrument alive. He has thrown to an immeasurable distance the whole fiddling world of Germany. His native Italy lays all its bows and strings, with adoring homage, at his feet. The French violinists tremble for their fame as he approaches to their confines; and the first flourish of his bow is dreaded as the earthquake which is to shake the Conservatoire over the heads of its learned professors."

With a weak organisation, Paganini is one of the most forcible examples of the almost superhuman strength which results from the exaltation of mind produced by genius. When he seizes the violin, it seems that a star descends on him, and inspires him with fire from heaven. He instantly loses his weakness—a new existence opens to him; he is another creature; and during the musical action, his strength is more than quintupled. After having performed a concerto, his symptoms are those of a man under an attack of epilepsy: his livid and cold skin is covered with a profuse perspiration; his pulse is scarcely to be felt; and when questioned on any subject, he answers only in monosyllables. The night after his concert he never sleeps, and continues in an agitation which sometimes lasts for two or three days. These facts have been communicated by Dr. Bennett, who attended Paganini during his stay in Vienna.

The murder of his wife, and the story of his imprisonment, being still involved in mystery, induced a particular friend to press him for an explanation how he had acquired the magical power upon this instrument. He replied,—"I was playing at the court of Lucca, to the princess (Napoleon's favourite sister), and another fascinating creature, that must be nameless, who, I flattered myself, felt a penchant for me, and was never absent from my performance; on my own side, I had long been her admirer. Our mutual fondness became gradually stronger and stronger; but we were forced to conceal it, and by this means its strength and fervour were greatly enhanced. One day I promised to surprise her at the next concert, with a musical joke, which should convey an allusion to our attachment; and I accordingly gave notice at court that I should bring forward a musical novelty, under the title of a Love Scene. The whole world was on tiptoe; and on the evening appointed, I made my appearance, violin in hand. I had previously robbed it of the two middle strings, so that none but the E and G remained. The first string being designed to play the maiden's part, and the lowest the youth's. I began with a species of dialogue, in which I attempted to introduce movements analogous to transient bickerings and reconciliations between the lovers. Now my strings growled, and then sighed; and anon, lisped, hesitated, joked, and joyed, till at last they sported with merry jubilee. Shortly both souls joined once more in harmony, and the appeased lovers' quarrel led to a *Pas de deux*, which terminated in a brilliant *Coda*. This brilliant fantasia of mine was greeted with loud applause. The lady, to whom every scene referred, rewarded me by looks of delight, and full of sweetness; and the princess was charmed into such amiable condescension, that she loaded me with encomiums; asking me, whether, since I could produce so much with two strings, it would not be possible to gratify them by playing only on one. I yielded instant assent. The idea tickled my fancy; and as the emperor's birth-day was at hand, I composed a sonata for the G string, which I entitled 'Napoleon;' and played before the court with so much effect, that a cantabile, given by Cimarosa, fell without producing any impression upon the hearers. This is the genuine and original cause of my predilection for the G string. People were afterwards importunate to hear more of this performance, and in this way I became day by day a greater adept in this mystery of handling the bow." How little the ancients were aware of these effects! Corelli, who was the greatest performer and composer of his day, has not even called into action the fourth string either of the viola or violoncello,† upon which this genius, Paganini, produces such new and surprising effects.

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

We have now been here more than a month, and I may venture to speak to you of what has been a constant subject of admiration to us all, the manners of the Germans. The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you "freely invite" to "friendily stretch you a hand," but the hand is instinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it.

This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postillions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eyeglasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach.

Yesterday, at the table d'hôte, I observed a perpendicular old gentleman, who looked as if he had been born before any profane dreams of leveling down the steeps of aristocracy had entered the mind of man, and whose servant, in rich livery, as stiff as himself, was in waiting behind him, bow to the persons opposite to him as he took his seat, and to those on his right hand and his left. Soon after our landlord came to speak to him, and familiarly and quite acceptably, as it appeared, laid his hand on the nobleman's shoulder while addressing him.

Soon after we came here, a gentleman with whom we passed a few hours in a Rhine steamer met us at the table d'hote. "Had I not," he said, "the pleasure of coming from Bonn to Cologne with you? I see one of your party is absent. She is, I hope, well," &c. To appreciate as they deserve these wayside courtesies, you should see the relentless English we come in contact with, who, like ghosts, *never* "speak till they are spoken to."

The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shopkeeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but, if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shopmen have repeatedly, unasked, sent a person to guide us through the intricate Continental streets to another shop.

The domestics are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom, but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the cringing servility that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependence on their employers.

† The whole of his Sonatas may be performed without either of these strings.

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MAHOMET.

BY CARLYLE.

(Continued from No. 20.)

To the idolatrous Arabs one of the most ancient universal objects of worship was that Black Stone, still kept in the building called Caabah, at Mecca. Didorus Siculus mentions this Caabah in a way not to be mistaken, as the oldest, most honoured temple in his time; that is, some half century before our Era. Silvestre de Sacy says there is some likelihood that the Black Stone is an aerolite. In that case, some man might *see* it fall out of Heaven! It stands now beside the Well Zemzem; the Caabah is built over both. A Well is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth;—still more so in these hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being. The Well Zemzem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters, *zem-zem*; they think it is the Well which Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them, for thousands of years. A curious object that Caabah! There it stands at this hour, in the black cloth-covering the Sultan sends it yearly; "twenty-seven cubits high;" with circuit, with double circuit of pillars, with festoon-rows of lamps and quaint ornaments; the lamps will be lighted again *this* night,—to glitter again under the stars. An authentic fragment of the oldest Past. It is the *Keblah* of all Moslem: from Delhi all onwards to Morocco, the eyes of innumerable praying men are turned towards *it*, five times, this day and all days: one of the notablest centres in the Habitation of Men.

It had been from the sacredness attached to this Caabah Stone and Hagar's Well, from the pilgrimings of all tribes of Arabs thither, that Mecca took its rise as a Town. A great town once, though much decayed now. It has no natural advantage for a town; stands in a sandy hollow amid bare barren hills, at a distance from the sea; its provisions, its very bread, have to be imported. But so many pilgrims needed lodgings: and then all places of pilgrimage do, from the first, become places of trade. The first day pilgrims meet, merchants have also met: where men see themselves assembled for one object, they find that they can accomplish other objects which depend on meeting together, Mecca became the Fair of all Arabia. And thereby indeed the chief staple and warehouse of whatever Commerce there was between the Indian and the Western countries, Syria, Egypt, even Italy. It had at one time a population of 100,000; buyers, forwarders of those Eastern and Western products; importers for their own behoof of provisions and corn. The government was a kind of irregular aristocratic republic, not without a touch of theocracy. Ten men of a chief tribe, chosen in some rough way, were Governors of Mecca, and Keepers of the Caabah. The Koreish were the chief tribe in Mahomet's time; his own family was of that tribe. The rest of the Nation, fractioned and cut asunder by deserts, lived under similar rude patriarchal governments by one or several: herdsmen, carriers, traders, generally robbers too; being oftenest at war, one with another, or with all: held together by no open bond, if it were not this meeting at the Caabah, where all forms of Arab Idolatry assembled in common adoration;—held mainly by the *inward* indissoluble bond of a common blood and language. In this way had the Arabs lived for long ages, unnoticed by the world; a people of great qualities, unconsciously waiting for the day when they should become notable to all the world. Their Idolatries appear to have been in a tottering state; much was getting into confusion and fermentation among them. Obscure tidings of the most important Event ever transacted in this world, the Life and Death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once the symptom and cause of immeasurable change to all people in the world, had in the course of centuries reached into Arabia too; and could not but, of itself, have produced fermentation there.

It was among this Arab people, so circumstanced, in the year 570 of our Era, that the man Mahomet was born. He was of the family of Hashem, of the Koreish tribe as we said; though poor, connected with the chief persons of his country. Almost at his birth he lost his Father; at the age of six years his Mother too, a woman noted for her beauty, her worth and sense: he fell to the charge of his Grandfather, an old man, a hundred years old. A good old man: Mahomet's Father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old life-worn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan Boy greatly; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little Boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he. At his death, while the boy was still but two years old, he left him in charge to Abu Thaleb the eldest of the Uneles, as to him that now was head of the house. By this Uncle, a just and rational man as everything betokens, Mahomet was brought up in the best Arab way.

Mahomet, as he grew up, accompanied his Uncle on trading journeys and such like; in his eighteenth year one finds him a fighter following his Uncle in war. But perhaps the most significant of all his journeys is one we find noted as of some years earlier date; a journey to the Fairs of Syria. The young man here first came in contact with a quite foreign world,—with one foreign element of endless moment to him: the Christian Religion. I know not what to make of that "Sergius, the Nestorian Monk," whom Abu Thaleb and he are said to have lodged with; or how much any monk could have taught one still so young. Probably enough it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian Monk. Mahomet was only fourteen; had no language but his own: much in Syria must have been a strange uninteligible whirlpool to him. But the eyes of the lad were open; glimpses of many things would doubtless be taken in, and lie very enigmatic as yet, which were to ripen in a strange way into views, into beliefs and insights one day. These journeys to Syria were probably the beginning of much to Mahomet.

One other circumstance we must not forget: that he had no school-learning; of the thing we call school-learning none at all. The art of writing was but just introduced into Arabia; it seems to be the true opinion that Mahomet never could write! Life in the Desert, with its experiences, was all his education. What of this infinite Universe he, from his dim place, with his own eyes and thoughts, could take in, so much and no more of it was he to know. Curious, if we will reflect on it, this of having no books. Except by what he could see for himself, or hear of by uncertain rumour of speech in the obscure Arabian Desert, he could know nothing. The wisdom that had been before him or at a distance from him in the world, was in a manner as good as not there for him. Of the great brother souls, flame-beacons through so many lands and times, no one directly communicates with this great soul. He is alone there, deep down in the bosom of the Wilderness: has to grow up so,—alone with Nature and his own Thoughts.

But, from an early age, he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him "*Al Amin*, The Faithful." A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, in what he spake and thought. They noted that *he* always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said; but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak; always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech *worth* speaking! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man.

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A serious, sincere character; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose even,—a good laugh in him withal: there are men whose laugh is as untrue as anything about them; who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty: his fine sagacious honest face, brown florid complexion, beaming black eyes;—I somehow like too that vein on the brow, which swelled up black, when he was in anger: like the "*horse-shoe* vein" in Scott's *Redgauntlet*. It was a kind of feature in the Hashem family, this black swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the Desert there.

How he was placed with Kadijah, a rich Widow, as her Steward, and traveled in her business to the Fairs of Syria; how he managed all, as one can well understand, with fidelity, adroitness; how her gratitude, her regard for him grew: the story of their marriage is altogether a graceful intelligible one, as told us by the Arab authors. He was twenty-five; she forty, though still beautiful. He seems to have lived in a most affectionate, peaceable, wholesome way with this wedded benefactress; loving her truly, and her alone. It goes greatly against the impostor-theory, the fact that he lived in this entirely unexceptionable, entirely quiet and commonplace way, till the heat of his years was done. He was forty before he talked of any mission from Heaven. All his irregularities, real and supposed, date from after his fiftieth year, when the good Kadijah died. All his "ambition," seemingly, had been, hitherto, to live an honest life; his "fame," the mere good opinion of neighbours that knew him, had been sufficient hitherto. Not till he was already getting old, the prurient heat of his life all burnt out, and *peace* growing to be the chief thing this world could give him, did he start on the "career of ambition;" and, belying all his past character and existence, set up as a wretched empty charlatan to acquire what he could now no longer enjoy! For my share, I have no faith whatever in that.

Ah no: this deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes, and open social deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. A silent great soul; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. The great Mystery of Existence, as I said, glared in upon him; with its terrors, with its splendours; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I!" Such *sincerity*, as we named it, has in very truth something of divine. The word of such a man is a Voice direct from Nature's own Heart. Men do and must listen to that as to nothing else;—all else is wind in comparison. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead, with its blue glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

It is the thing which all men have to ask themselves; which we too have to ask, and answer. This wild man felt it to be of *infinite* moment; all other things of no moment whatever in comparison. The jargon of argumentative Greek Sects, vague traditions of Jews, the stupid routine of Arab Idolatry: there was no answer in these. A Hero, as I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole Heroism. That he looks through the shows of things into *things*. Use and wont, respectable hearsay, respectable formula: all this is good, or is not good. There is something behind and beyond all these, which all these must correspond with, be the image of, or they are—*Idolatries*; "bits of black wood pretending to be God;" to the earnest soul a mockery and abomination. Idolatries never so gilded, waited on by heads of the Koreish, will do nothing for this man. Though all men walk by them, what good is it? The great Reality stands glaring there upon *him*. He there has to answer it, or perish miserably. Now, even now, or else through all Eternity never! Answer it; *thou* must find an answer. —Ambition? What could all Arabia do for this man; with the crown of Greek Heraclius, of Persian Chosroes, and all crowns in the Earth; —what could they all do for him? It was not of the Earth he wanted to hear tell; it was of the Heaven above and of the Hell beneath. All crowns and sovereignties whatsoever, where would *they* in a few brief years be? To be Shiek of Mecca or Arabia, and have a bit of gilt wood put into your hand,—will that be one's salvation? I decidedly think, not. We will leave it altogether, this impostor-hypothesis, as not credible; not very tolerable even, worthy chiefly of dismissal by us.

Mahomet had been wont to retire yearly, during the month Ramadhan, into solitude and silence; as indeed was the Arab custom; a praiseworthy custom, which such a man, above all, would find natural and useful. Communing with his own heart, in the silence of the mountains; himself silent; open to the "small still voices;" it was a right natural custom! Mahomet was in his fortieth year, when having withdrawn to a cavern in Mount Hara, near Mecca, during this Ramadhan, to pass the month in prayer, and meditation on those great questions, he one day told his wife Kadijah, who with his household was with him or near him this year, That by the unspeakable special favour of Heaven he had now found it all out; was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these Idols and Formulas were nothing, miserable bits of wood; that there was One God in and over all; and we must leave all Idols, and look to Him. That God is great; and that there is nothing else great! He is the Reality. Wooden Idols are not real; He is real. He made us at first, sustains us yet; we and all things are but the shadow of Him; a transitory garment veiling the Eternal Splendour. "*Allah akbar*, God is great;"—and then also "*Islam*," That we must *submit* to God. That our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, whatsoever He do to us. For this world, and for the other! The thing He sends to us, were it death and worse than death, shall be good, shall be best; we resign ourselves to God.—"If this be *Islam*," says Goethe, "do we not all live in *Islam?*" Yes, all of us that have any moral life; we all live so. It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity, —Necessity will make him submit,—but to know and believe well that the stern thing which Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To cease his frantic pretension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain; to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good;—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

(To be continued.)

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

LONDON.

The familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavements to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The smoke colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye, so unlike our flame-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up, sooner or later—*sooner*, in most cases. And, having had nothing to do to-day but gaze from our windows, what think you has struck us as quite different from a relative position in our own city? The groups of ballad singers, consisting usually of a man and woman, and one or two children. I have seen such in New York half a dozen times in my life, and they are always people from the Continent of Europe. Here, not half an hour passes without a procession of these licensed, musical, and, to us novices, irresistible beggars. Then there are the hawkers of flowers, as irresistible, lovely bouquets of moss-rosebuds, geraniums, heliotropes, and what not. As we are in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and the parks, our street is quite a thoroughfare, and we are every moment exclaiming at the superb equipages that pass our window. Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you that, after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobbyhorse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence—what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men (for such are selected) attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries! We "moralise the spectacle," too; observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries: some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving, with a militia general's hat, feathers nod all, with three footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something "rotten in the state," when God's creatures, "possible angels," as our friend Doctor T. calls all humankind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place. "Possible angels" they may be, but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities!

PARKS, GARDENS.

I never enter the London parks without regretting the folly (call it not cupidity) of our people, who, when they had a whole continent at their disposal, have left such narrow spaces for what has been so well called the lungs of a city; its breathing places they certainly are. I do not know the number of

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squares in London. I should think a hundred as large as our boasted St. John's Park, *the* Park, Washington and Union Squares. Their parks appear to me to cover as much ground as half our city of New York. The Regent's Park, the largest, contains 450 acres; Hyde Park, 395. Besides these, there are Green and St. James's Parks, which, however, are both much smaller than Hyde Park. I wonder if some of our speculating *lot*-mad people would not like to have the draining of their adorning waters, and the laying out of the ground into streets and building lots, a passion as worthy as Scott's old Cummer's for streaking a corse. It would, indeed, be changing the living into the dead to drive the spirit of health and the healthiest pleasure from these beautiful grounds. The utilitarian principle, in its narrowest sense, has too much to do in our country. I can fancy a Western squatter coming into Regent's Park and casting his eye over its glades, gardens, and shrubberies, exclaim, "Why, this is the best of parara* land; I'll squat here!"

Yes, dear C., that surely is a narrow utilitarianism which would make everything convertible to the meat that perisheth; and to that would sacrifice God's rich provisions for the wants of man's spirit. The only chance a London tradesman has to feel that he has anything nobler in his nature than a craving stomach, is when he comes forth on Sunday from his smoky place of daily toil into these lovely green parks, where he and his young ones can lay themselves down on the green sward, under the shadow of majestic trees, amid the odour of flowers and the singing of birds: all God's witnesses even to their dulled senses. We have 300,000 souls now in New York. We shall soon have our million; but, alas! we have no such paradise in preparation for them!

The Zoological Garden is in Regent's Park. As a garden merely, it is very beautiful; and I do not doubt its planner or planners had reference to the original type of all gardens. Its various and vast number of animals remind you at every turn of Milton's Paradise, though the women in blue and purple satin, and the men in the last fashion of Bond street, bear little resemblance to the original specimens of those who, with their loyal subjects, were "to find pastime and bear rule."

"For contemplation, he, and valour formed;
For softness, she, and sweet attractive grace."

All the representatives of the bird and animal creation that were housed in the ark appear to have their descendants here; and, as if to guard them against dying of homesickness, they have their little surroundings made as far as possible to resemble their native places. They are accommodated according to the national taste, with private lodgings, and space to roam and growl at will à l'Anglais. There is sparkling water for aquatic birds, and ponds for the otter to dive in. There is space for the dainty giraffe, who seems hardly to touch the ground for very delicateness, to rove over, and trees, to whose topmost branches he stretches his flexile neck. The bear has his area, with poles to hug and climb, and the elephant his tank to swim in, and forest-like glades to lumber along; and camels we saw in the distance grazing on fields of green grass; and then there are "rows of goodliest trees" and "verdurous walls;" "blossoms and fruits;" all the luxuries of paradise, save authority, solitude, innocence, and a few such light matters. The garden has not been open more than twelve years. The price of admission is only one shilling English. This we should think liberal enough in our democratic country. The pleasure is made more exclusive on Sunday by the requisition of a member's ticket, but these are easily obtained. Several were sent us unasked. If you care for such shows, you may then, in addition to the birds and beasts, see the gentry and nobility!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is worth crossing the Atlantic to enter the little door by which we first went into the Abbey, and have your eyes light on that familiar legend, "O rare Ben Jonson!" And then to walk around and see the monuments of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and of other inspired teachers. You have strange and mixed feelings. You approach nearer to them than ever before, but it is in sympathy with their mortality. You *realise* for the first time that they are dead; for who, of all your friends, have been so living to you as they? We escaped from our automaton guide, and walked about as if in a trance.

There is much embodied history in the Abbey—facts recorded in stone. And there are startling curiosities of antiquity, such, for example, as a coronation chair as old as Edward the Confessor's time, and the helmet of Henry V., and his saddle, the very saddle he rode at Agincourt. I thought, as I looked at it, and felt the blood tingling in my veins, that his prophecy of being "freshly remembered," even "to the ending of the world," was in fair progress to fulfilment.

The Gothic architecture of parts of the Abbey is, I believe, quite unequaled; but the effect of the whole is impaired by Protestant spoliations and alterations. Henry the Seventh's chapel, with its carved stone-ceiling, is a proverb and miracle of beauty.

I was grievously disappointed in St. Paul's. I early got, from some schoolbook, I believe, an impression that it was a model of architecture, that Sir Christopher Wren was a divine light among artists, and sundry other false notions. It stands in the heart of the city of London, and is so defaced, and absolutely blackened by its coal-smoke, that you would scarcely suspect it to be of that beautiful material white marble. A more heavy, inexpressive mass can hardly be found cumbering the ground. It takes time and infinite pains, depend on't, to educate the Saxon race out of their natural inaptitude in matters of taste. As you stand within and under the dome, the effect is very grand and beautiful. The statues here and at Westminster struck me as monstrous, and even curious, productions for an age when Grecian art was extant, or, indeed, for any age; for there is always the original model, the human form. The artists have not taken man for their model, but the *English* man, of whom grace can scarcely be predicated, and the Englishman, too, in his national, and sometimes in his hideous military costume.

OPERA.

We went to the Italian opera, and sat in the pit. The intermixture of gaily-dressed ladies with men in the pit gives it a civilised and lively aspect; it is something like turning a forest into a flower garden. The pit of the opera is filled with people of respectable condition, as you may suppose from the cost of any box large enough for five or six people being seven or eight guineas. We paid two dollars for a seat. Mrs. —— was with us, expounding to us, and enjoying, as none but those who have the genius to the fingers' ends that makes the artist, can enjoy. The people who have the reputation of being the first singers in the world, sang: Grisi, the young Garcia, Persiani, La Blache, Tamburini, and a very interesting young man, the son of an Italian marquis, whose *nom-de-guerre* is Mario. The little queen was in her box behind a curtain, as carefully hidden from her people as an Oriental monarch; not from any Oriential ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No chariness of her countenance could make her "like the robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at." She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her: the queen-dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her; you would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out, "*Where is Lady Flora?*" a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart. Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

We had the ballet La Gitana after the singing—and Taglioni. No praise of her grace is exaggerated. There is music in every movement of her arms; and if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers, and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that fitting it is it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting; and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, "Merciful heaven! where will it end?"

Familiarity must dull the sense to these bad parts of the exhibition; for Mrs. —— quoted a Frenchwoman, who said, on seeing Taglioni, "Il faut être sage pour danser comme ça" (one must be virtuous to dance like that). I should rather have said, "Il ne faut pas être *femme* pour danser comme ça." And I would divide the world, not as our witty friend —— does into men, women, and Mary Wolstonecrafts, but into men, women, and ballet-dancers. For surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt, as you know, my dear C., to run a tilt against public amusements; but I hold this to be an execrable one; and, if my voice could have any influence, I would pray every modest woman and modest *man*, for why should this virtue be graduated by a different scale for the different sexes? every modest man and woman, then, in our land to discountenance its advancement there. If we have not yet the perfection of a matured civilisation, God save us from the corruptions that prelude and intimate its decline!

From Buckingham's Tour

GRAND ISLAND, OR OWANUNGAH.

This is about ten miles in length and about seven miles in breadth, being an irregular oval in its shape, dividing the Niagara stream into two branches, of which the easternmost is the broadest and deepest, and, consequently, the one generally navigated, there being from three to five fathoms of water in it throughout. This island contains nearly eighteen thousand acres of land, of the first quality as to fertility, though now covered with forests of wood.

It was originally purchased of the Indians who inhabited it for a trifling sum, but it is now the property chiefly of a company of wealthy men at Boston, who bought it for its timber; and some few individuals residing in Buffalo and elsewhere have portions of it also. The price asked for land upon it now is from twenty to thirty dollars per acre, though no part of it, I believe, is yet cultivated. The finest trees growing upon it are chiefly white oak, hickory, basswood, black walnut, whitewood, ash, elm, sugar-maple, and beech.

The Boston company have recently erected saw-mills at a point on the east side of the island, nearly opposite the Erie Canal, which they have called Whitehaven, and where we landed while the steam-boat was taking in wood for her fires. We saw several large oak trees under the process of being sawed into planks of from two to five inches in thickness. The machinery was worked by steam, and one set of saws, all acting together so as to divide the tree into as many planks as might be thought proper, would effect as much in the same space of time as thirty men using saws in pairs. Some of these trees were five feet in diameter; and instances had occurred of some exceeding six feet, or eighteen feet in girth.

These are the trees of the primeval forest where no wood has ever been cut down before, and which trees are no doubt the growth of centuries. In the recesses of these thick forests are found, even now, deer in abundance, as well as other game; and the larger birds, such as pheasants, quails, partridges, and pigeons, abound, as well as fish in great variety. When the first growth wood is all cleared away, the island will no doubt be cultivated; and it is more

* The Western Anglice for prairie.

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than probable that before the commencement of the next century several large cities may occupy its banks, its position being extremely favourable for that purpose, and its fertility sufficient to sustain a large population.

From the Whitehaven timber-yard there have been already sent to Boston, besides the oak plank going off almost every day, three complete ships, which were cut out in frame here, including all the necessary timbers and planking; and these, being conveyed by the Erie Canal to Albany, thence to New York by the Hudson, and thence to Boston by sea, were put together at the ship-yards of Boston in perfect vessels, one of which was sent to South America, one to the Mediterranean, and one to India.

It was on this island that Major Noah, the present editor of the New York Evening Star, and author of a work endeavouring to establish the descent of the Indian race from the lost tribes of the house of Israel, proposed to build a city, to be called "Ararat," for the purpose of collecting together all the Jews, now scattered over the world, into one spot, and fixing on this as their permanent home and abode till the coming of their expected Messiah. The plan, however, was not sufficiently popular among the Jews themselves to receive their approbation, and it accordingly fell to the ground; but the major, himself a Jew, has thought the project of sufficient importance to deserve a permanent record, and accordingly, at this station of Whitehaven, where the city was intended to be built, a monument has been erected, with an Inscription in Hebrew, for the information of all succeeding generations.

From the "Literary Remains of L. E. L."

LUCY ASHTON.

I shall never forget the first reading of the "Bride of Lammermuir." I was staying in the country in one of those large rambling houses, which ought to please a taste for architecture, as they combine every variety. There was enough remaining of hoar antiquity, to contrast strongly with the comforts of modern life. There was a large old hall and spiral staircase of black oak, hung round with family portraits, grim and faded. There were long corridors, suites of rooms which were shut up, and the reputation of the library was far from good. The house had been uninhabited for years, and its present possessor was just come into possession and from the continent, while a few of the rooms had been hastily fitted up for the reception of himself and his wife. It was an odd contrast to go from the drawing-room, crowded with sofas, ottomans, looking-glass, hot-house plants, and tables covered with books and toys, into any of the other apartments. Mine was peculiarly dreary—the bed was of green velvet, black with time, and with those old-fashioned plumes at the corner, which resemble the decorations of a hearse. The chimney-piece was of dark wood, carved with grotesque faces, and an enormous press of the same material might have contained two or three skeletons, or manuscripts enough to have recorded every murder in the country. A large cedar grew so near to the window, that some of the small boughs touched the glass—and when the wind was high, a cry almost like that of human suffering came from the branches. The candles on my table did little more than cast a charmed circle of light around myself; but an enormous wood fire sent occasional gleams around the gloomy room, giving to every object it touched that fantastic seeming peculiar to fire-light. I had left the drawing-room early—

"E'en in the sunniest climes,
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes,"

and my host and his lady had disagreed about a dinner in the neighbourhood—the lady wished to go, the gentleman did not. Retreat in such cases is the only plan for a prudent third party, before either thinks of appealing to you. If you give an opinion in favour of one, you still offend both: for it is a physiological quality in quarrels conjugal, that though each considers the other to blame, they will not allow you to think so too; moreover, the chances are, that, in your own private opinion, they are both wrong—a most unpopular verdict to pronounce. I, therefore, complained of fatigue, caught up a book, and went to my own room. That book was the "Bride of Lammermuir."

I had only, a few evenings before, read the "Mysteries of Udolpho," but cannot say that their much talked of terrors had the least effect upon my nerves. I was tired, but if their pages gave me sleep, they did not add dreams. But I read the volume of to-night, till the most absolute terror took possession of me. I felt myself cold and pale. I involuntarily drew nearer to the candles with a sense of security. I avoided looking towards the darker parts of the room; and I remember putting out one light, lest they should not last till morning. If I had sat up all night, I could not have gone to bed in the dark. Yet, in spite of the protection of the candle, I started from my sleep twenty times, so vividly were the scenes impressed upon my mind. It haunted me for days and days. It is even now on my memory like a terrific dream.

The "Bride of Lammermuir" is one of the finest of Scott's conceptions—it belongs to the highest order of poetry—it combines the terrible and the beautiful. That Fate, so powerful and so grand an element in the Greek drama, pervades the Scottish tragedy. Few are the beliefs, still fewer the superstitions of to-day. We pretend to account for every thing, till we do not believe enough for that humility so essential to moral discipline. But the dark creed of the fatalist still holds its ground—there is that within us, which dares not deny what, in the still depths of the soul, we feel to have a mysterious predominance. To a certain degree we control our own actions—we have the choice of right or wrong; but the consequences, the fearful consequences, lie not with us. Let any one look upon the most important epochs of his life; how little have they been of his own making—how one slight thing has led on to another, till the result has been the very reverse of our calculations. Our emotions, how little are they under our own control! how often has the blanched lip, or the flushed cheek, betrayed what the will was strong to conceal! Of all our sensations, love is the one which has most the stamp of Fate. What a mere chance usually leads to our meeting the person destined to alter the whole current of our life. What a mystery even to ourselves the influence which they exercise over us. Why should we feel so differently towards them, to what we ever felt before? An attachment is an epoch in existence—it leads to casting off old ties, that, till then, had seemed our dearest; it begins new duties; often, in a woman especially, changes the whole character; and yet, whether in its beginning, its continuance or its end, love is as little within our power as the wind that passes, of which no man knows whither it goeth or whence it comes. All that mortal resolve can effect, is to do the best under the circumstances in which we are placed, to keep alive the sweet voice of approval in our hearts, and trust that the grave will be but the bright gate opening on all that we now see through a glass darkly.

The ancients believed that the dark ministry of fate was on many a kingly line even to its close—a belief confirmed by the judicial ritual. "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation." The house of Ravenswood is doomed to destruction. Its chiefs have been men strong and evil in the land—the blood of the victim has not sunk into the earth—and the cry of the oppressed has not risen on the morning in vain. The dark sand has run to the appointed hour, and the proud and stately race will soon be a desolation whose place no man knoweth. But it is one of the mysteries of mortality that the wicked fall, and with them perish the innocent. Is it that remorse may be added to the bitterness of punishment? The fated house falls, and with it the lovely and fragile flower that had rashly clung to the decaying wall. There is something so gentle so touching in Lucy Ashton, that we marvel how human being could be found to visit one so soft, too roughly. But that wonder ceases in the presence of those human demons, hatred, pride, and revenge. Lucy is but one of these tender blossoms crushed without care on our daily path. Though from her vivid imagination, likely to love a man like Ravensworth, she was unfit to be his wife; still more unfit to struggle with the difficulties attendant on an engagement which the heart kept but too truly. The moral change is exquisitely developed. First, there is the pensive girl, pensive because—

"In youth sad fancies we affect;"

then comes a brief season of love whose very happiness

"Might make the heart afraid;"

then regret, restraint, and unkindliness. Visionary terrors heighten the doubts, that he, for whose sake she endures all this, holds the sacrifice light. The domestic persecution—persecution the hardest to bear—goes on, eyes that once looked love, now turn on her in anger or disdain. The temper gives way, then the mind. Echo answers "where!" when too late, the repentant father asks for his gentle, his affectionate child! Well might Henry Ashton remember to the day of his death, that the last time his sister's arm pressed him, it was damp and cold as sepulchral marble.

L. E. L.

Yes! Summer comes to cheer our northern land,
But where art thou, enchantress, L. E. L.?
No timbrel rings to thy once skilful hand,
And silence chains thy sweetly-sounding shell:
The wild flowers droop around each haunted well,
And o'er the fairy green and babbling brook,
Is spread the shadow of some troubled spell.
Nature's glad minstrels have their bowers forsook,
And for their notes comes up the solemn swell
Of that sad peal on peal, which rings thy requiem knell.

And they have laid thee, gentlest L. E. L
In that enduring dreamless, last repose;
In the deep solitude of some lone dell.
There thy chief mourner is the wilding rose;
And there the "lowly daisy" sweetly blows,
While ever and anon some sheep-fold bell,
Comes tinkling from afar at twilight's close.
Ah! there thy spirit would have loved to dwell
'Mid sounding streams' low chime, and wood-notes' softest swell.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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TRANSLATIONS FROM GERMAN PROSE WRITERS.

BY MRS. AUSTIN.

This is a collection of descriptions, dramatic scenes, reflections and observations chiefly upon moral subjects, from the best German authors. There is a little of almost every thing, and the sum is an entertaining and an excellent book; in perusing which we perceived but one fault—its brevity. It is an acquisition of knowledge beyond the reach of ordinary English readers,—so much reclaimed territory for those accustomed only to the habits and opinions of English writers.

"In the choice of passages," Mrs. Austin says in the preface, she was determined by considerations as various as their character and their subjects. "In some, it was the value of the matter, in others the beauty of the form, that struck me; in some the vigorous unaffected good sense, in others the fantastic or mystical charm. Some recalled familiar trains of thought, which meet one in a foreign literature, like old friends in a far country, and others suggested ideas altogether new. My readers must therefore apply measures as different as I have used, and by no means ascribe to me the intention of recommending every opinion to their unqualified assent, or every passage to their unqualified admiration.

"It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to characterise an entire national literature, and I am far from imagining myself in any way qualified for such a task. But if I were called upon to point out the quality which strikes me as the most prominent and pervading in that of Germany, I should say it is *earnestness*. Wit and humour are not the strong points of German writers. Happily for themselves and the world, they are even less successful in *persiflage*. Still more happily, they seem conscious of this; few of them attempt a style of writing in which the French display their inimitable *finesse* and lightness of touch, and other nations their bad taste and bitterness of feeling."

Mrs. Austin has affixed to the little volume, biographical and critical notices of the writers she has quoted; of which we design to transfer some of the most valuable to our journal.

MAHOMET.

BY CARLYLE.

(Continued from No. 21.)

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit and loss calculations; he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise:—and surely his first chance of co-operating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it is; that it is good, and alone good! This is the soul of Islam; it is properly the soul of Christianity,—for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity; had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no council with flesh and blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes: to know that we know nothing; that the worst and cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatever befals us as sent from God above, and say, It is good and wise, God is great! "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him." Islam means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.

Such light had come, as it could, to illuminate the darkness of this wild Arab Soul. A confused dazzling splendour as of life and Heaven, in the great darkness which threatened to be death: he called it revelation and the angel Gabriel;—who of us yet can know what to call it? It is the "inspiration of the Almighty" that giveth us understanding. To *know*; to get into the truth of anything, is ever a mystic act,—but which the best Logics can but babble on the surface. "Is not Belief the true god-announcing Miracle?" says Novalis.—That Mahomet's whole soul, set in flame with this grand Truth vouchsafed him, should feel as if it were important and the only important thing, was very natural. That Providence had unspeakably honoured *him* by revealing it, saving him from death and darkness; that he therefore was bound to make known the same to his creatures: this is what is meant by "Mahomet is the Prophet of God;" this too is not without its true meaning.—

The good Kadijah, we can fancy, listened to him with wonder, with doubt; at length she answered: Yes, it was *true* this that he said. One can fancy too the boundless gratitude of Mahomet; and how of all the kindnesses she had done, this of believing the earnest struggling word he now spoke was the greatest. "It is certain," says Novalis, "my conviction gains infinitely, the moment another soul will believe in it." It is a boundless favour.—He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Ayesha his young favourite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself among the Moslem, by all manner of qualities, through her whole long life; this young brilliant Ayesha was, one day, questioning him: "Now am not I better than Kadijah? She was a widow; old, and had lost her looks: you love me better than you did her?"—"No, by Allah!" answered Mahomet: "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" Seid, his Slave, also believed in him; these with his young Cousin Ali, Abu Thaleb's son, were his first converts.

He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that; but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference: in three years, I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. His progress was slow enough. His encouragement to go on, was altogether the usual encouragement that such a man is such a case meets. After some three years of small success, he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment; and there stood up and told what his pretension was: that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men; that it was the highest thing, the one thing: which of them would second him in that? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence, started up, and exclaimed in passionate fierce language, That he would! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet; yet the sight there, of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprise against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them; the assembly broke up in laughter. Nevertheless it proved not a laughable thing; it was a very serious thing! As for this young Ali, one cannot but like him. A noble-minded creature, as he shows himself, now and always afterwards; full of affection, of fiery daring. Something chivalrous in him; brave as a lion; yet with a grace, a truth and affection, worthy of Christian Knighthood. He died by assassination in the Mosque at Bagdad; a death occasioned by his own generous fairness, confidence in the fairness of others: he said, If the wound proved not unto death, they must pardon the Assassin; but if it did, then they must slay him straightway, that so they two in the same hour might appear before God, and see which side of that quarrel was the just one!

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Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish, Keepers of the Caabah, superintendents of the Idols. One or two men of influence had joined him: the thing spread slowly, but it was spreading. Naturally he gave offence to everybody: Who is this that pretends to be wiser than we all; that rebukes us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood! Abu Thaleb the good Uncle spoke with him: Could he not be silent about all that; believe it all for himself, and not trouble others, anger the chief men, endanger himself and them all, talking of it? Mahomet answered: If the Sun stood on his right hand and the Moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey! No: there was something in this Truth he had got which was of Nature herself; equal in rank to Sun, or Moon, or whatsoever thing Nature had made. It would speak itself there, so long as the Almighty allowed it, in spite of Sun and Moon, and all Koreish and all men and things. It must do that, and could do no other. Mahomet answered so, and, they say, "burst into tears." Burst into tears: he felt that Abu Thaleb was good to him; that the task he had got was no soft, but a stern and great one.

He went on speaking to who would listen to him; publishing his Doctrine among the pilgrims as they came to Mecca; gaining adherents in this place and that. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger attended him. His powerful relations protected Mahomet himself; but by and by, on his own advice, all his adherents had to quit Mecca, and seek refuge in Abyssinia over the sea. The Koreish grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own hands. Abu Thaleb was dead, the good Kadijah was dead. Mahomet is not solicitous of sympathy from us; but his outlook at this time was one of the dismallest. He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise; fly hither and thither; homeless, in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all over with him; more than once it turned on a straw, some rider's horse taking fright or the like, whether Mahomet and his Doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so.

In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents; the place they now call Medina, or "*Medinat al Nabi*, the City of the Prophet," from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither, and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, *Hegira* as they name it: the Year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old man; his friends sinking round him one by one; his path desolate, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully out of his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's-message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it,—the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself, like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel and murder: well, let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had; all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle; with what result we know.

Much has been said of Mahomet's propagating his Religion by the sword. It is no doubt far nobler what we have to boast of the Christian Religion, that it propagated itself peaceably in the way of preaching and conviction. Yet withal, if we take this for an argument of the truth or falsehood of a religion, there is a radical mistake in it. The sword indeed; but where will you get your sword! Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a *minority of one*. In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet. One man alone of the whole world believes it; there is one man against all men. That *he* take a sword, and try to propagate with that, will do little for him. You must first get your sword! On the whole, a thing will propagate itself as it can. We do not find, of the Christian Religion either, that it always disdained the sword, when once it had got one. Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword; I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong: the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last.

Here however, in reference to much that there is in Mahomet and his success, we are to remember what an umpire Nature is; what a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom; your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds *it* in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest,—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature. She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly, in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not, if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbour to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them all is imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness: to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found, one day, *in*complete, erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies. That it be genuine, a voice from the great Deep of Nature, there is the point at Nature's judgment-seat. What *we* call pure or impure, is not with her the final question. Not how much chaff is in you; but whether you have any wheat. Pure? I might say to many a man: Yes, you are pure; pure enough; but you are chaff,—insincere hypothesis, hearsay, formality; you never were in contact with the great heart of the Universe at all; you are properly neither pure nor impure; you *are* nothing, Nature has no business with you.

(To be continued.)

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

HAMPTON COURT.

That part of the edifice which belongs to the age of the Tudors seemed to me alone to have any architectural interest or much beauty. It bears the marks of that era when feudal individual fortifications were giving place to the defences of a higher civilisation; when the country-house was superseding the castle. From the time of Henry VIII. to the first two Georges it has been at various times enlarged, and has been one of the regular establishments of the reigning family. It is now, with its extensive and beautifully ornamented grounds, given up to the public, who are admitted within the gates without a fee! There is no picturesqueness, no natural beauty in the grounds, or, rather, to speak more accurately, in the face of the ground; for who shall presume to say that trees are not natural beauties, and such trees as the magnificent elms, chestnuts, and limes of Hampton, the most surpassingly beautiful of all natural beauties!

There is one walk of a mile to the Thames, and there is shrubbery, and fountains, and artificial bits of water, and aquatic birds, and plants, as we have good reason to remember; for one of our girls, fancying, with truly American naïveté, they were growing *wild*, and unchecked by the pithy admonition on sundry bits of board, "*It* is expected the public will protect what is intended for public enjoyment," tempted our friend P. to pluck a lotus for her. He was forthwith pounced on by a lad, one of the police curs, who seized for "the crown and country" the poor water-lily, and compelled P. to appear before one of the officials. The regular fine was ten shillings English; but the man was lenient; and, on consideration of our being Americans (semi-barbarians!), P. was let off with paying a slight penalty for his good-natured gallantry. We left the gardens with reluctance for the duty of seeing the interior of the palace; and, beginning with a princely hall one hundred feet in length, we circulated through more banqueting-rooms, drawing-rooms, "king's sleeping apartments," "queen's bed-chambers," "king's presence-chambers," "king's and queen's dressing-rooms," "queen's galleries," tapestry galleries, and what not, than ever rose above the horizon of your plebeian imagination.

The apartments are nearly all hung with pictures. There is little furniture, strictly so called, remaining, and what there is, is faded and timeworn.

I give you the following opinion with all modesty, knowing that I am not a qualified judge; the collection of pictures struck me as proving that art is not native to the country. Of course the pictures are chiefly by foreign artists, but obtained by Englishmen who had an unlimited power of patronage and selection. In the immense number of pictures there are few to be remembered. The celebrated portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke, rivets you before it by its most sad and prophetic expression. It is such a portrait as Shakespeare would have painted of Charles had he been an outside painter.

Sir Peter Lely's flesh-and-blood beauties of Charles the Second's time fill one apartment. Hamilton* and Mrs. Jameson have given these fair dames an immortality they do not merit. They are mere mortal beauties, and not even the best specimens of their

* Memoires de Grammont.

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kind. They are the women of the coarsest English comedies; not such types of womanhood as Juliet, Desdemona, and Isabella. They have not the merit of individuality. They have all beautiful hands—probably because Sir Peter Lely could paint beautiful hands—and lovely necks and bosoms, most prodigally displayed. There is a mixture of finery and negligence in their dress that would seem to indicate the born slattern transformed into the fine lady. It would take a Mohammed's heaven of such beauties to work up into the spiritual loveliness of an exquisite head of St. Catharine, by Correggio, in another apartment of this gallery. What a text might be made of these counterfeit presentments of the sinner and the saint for an eloquent preacher in a Magdalen chapel!

Holbein's pictures were to me among the most interesting in the collection. Some one says that Holbein's pictures are "the prose of portrait painting," the least poetic department of the art. If for "prose" you may substitute truth (and truth, to the apprehension of some people, is mighty prosaic), the remark is just. The truth is so self-evident, the individuality of his pictures so striking, that his portraits impress you as delineations of familar faces; and there are the pictures of Wolsey, of Sir Thomas More, of Harry the Eighth at different epochs of his life, and of Francis the First. Think of seeing contemporaneous pictures of these men by an exact hand! "Oh, ye gentlemen who live at home at ease," ye may sometimes envy us: and this I say while every bone is aching with the fatigue of this sight-seeing day.

We wound up with the gallery of Raphael's cartoons, so named, as perhaps you do not know, from their being done on a thin pasteboard, called in Italian *cartone*. They were done by the order of Leo the Tenth, to serve as models for the tapestry of one of the halls of the Vatican, and sent to Brussels, where the tapestry was to be woven. After vicissitudes whose history would make a volume, William the Third had this gallery constructed for them, and they were taken from the boxes, in which they were found carelessly packed, and in slips, and put together, and placed in plain frames. These cartoons are the delight of the artistic world. Perhaps the sketches and unfinished paintings of great artists give the best indications of those revelations of beauty that are made to their minds, and to which they can never give material expression. Can ideal perfection be manifested by form and colour? My admiration of the cartoons was very earnest, albeit unlearned. Paul preaching at Athens struck me as the grandest among them.

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RICHMOND HILL.

If an Englishman were to select a single view in his country to give a stranger the best idea of the characteristics of English rural scenery, it would probably be that of Richmond Hill. It is a sea of cultivation, nothing omitted, imperfect, or unfinished. There are no words to exaggerate these characteristics. It is all strawberries and cream; satingly rich; *filled*

"With hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

And yet, shall I confess it to you, I would have given all the pleasure I should get from it for a lifetime for one glance from S——'s hill at the valley with its wooden houses, straggling brown fences, and ragged husbandry! Yes, and apart from home associations, is there not more to kindle emotion in that valley, lying deep in her encircling hills with their rich woodlands and rocky steeps, than in this monotonous beauty? The one is a drawing-room lady, the other a wood-nymph.

We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self-complacent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us womankind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fastidious, so we adopted the backwoods' expedient, and *squatted* upon what unoccupied territory we could find.

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WINDSOR.

We have been to Windsor, with the great advantage of Mrs. —— for our companion and guide. She puts a soul and a voice into dumb things, and her soul! We failed to get a permission to see the private apartments, though Lady B. and some other potent friends stirred in our behalf. Only a certain number of tickets are issued during the week, and our application was too late; so we could not see the luxurious furnishings for royal domestic life, if royalty may have domestic life, or ever in

"Bed majestical
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread."

Windsor Castle, you know, is rich with the accumulated associations of ages, having been begun by Henry III., and enlarged and enriched from time to time down to George I., who put it in complete order. It stands on an eminence just above the little town of Windsor, which, built of brick and stone, is compact and clean, as is everything English, individual and congregate. It is said to be the best specimen of castellated architecture in England. Certainly it is very beautiful, and the most beautiful thing about it is the view from the terrace, which it would be little better than impertinent to describe in any other words than Gray's, in his invocation to those who stand on the terrace:

"And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way."

But such a mead! such turf! such shade! "Father Thames" might be compared to an old king winding his way through his court; the very sheep that were lying on the grass under the majestic trees in the "home park," looked like princes of the blood. The most thought-awakening object in the view is undoubtedly the Gothic pile of Eton College with its spires and antique towers. When the queen is at Windsor she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects; and as the railway from London passes within a mile and a half of Windsor, she must often endure there collisions to which English blood has such repugnance.

We spent some hours in going through the magnificent apartments of the palace, looking at the pictures, the Gobelin tapestry, &c. &c. The quaint, curious banqueting-room of the knights of the garter, with their insignia, pleased me best. Vacant places are left for future knights; but how much longer an institution will last that is a part of a worn-out machine, is a question which your children, dear C., may live to see solved.

We had enough of the enjoying spirit of children to be delighted, and felt much in the humour of the honest man who said to Prince Esterhazy when he was blazing in diamonds, "Thank you for your diamonds." "Why do you thank me?" naturally asked the prince. "You have the trouble of them, and I the pleasure of looking at them." Wise and happy man! He solved a puzzling problem. In truth, the monarch has not the pleasure of property in Windsor Castle that almost every American citizen has in the roof that shelters him. "I congratulate your majesty on the possession of so beautiful a palace," said some foreign prince to whom Victoria was showing it. "It is not mine, but the country's," she replied. And so it is, and all within it. She may not give away a picture, or even a footstool.

We went into St. George's chapel, which is included in the pile of buildings. We saw there the beautiful effect produced by the sun shining through the painted windows, throwing all the colours of the rainbow on the white marble pillars and pavement. The royal family are buried in the vaults of this chapel. There is an elaborate monument in wretched taste in one corner, to the Princess Charlotte. We trod on a tablet in the pavement that told us that beneath it were lying the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour! It is such memorials as these that we are continually meeting, which, as honest uncle Stephen says, "give one feelings."

Lady B. had said to me in a note, "if you attend service in St. George's chapel, observe the waving of the banners to the music. It seems like a strange sympathy with the tones of the organ before one reflects on the cause." We did attend the service, and realised the poetic idea. The banner of every knight of the garter, from the beginning of the institution, is hung in the choir.

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From the "Literary Remains of L. E. L."

REBECCA.

The character of Rebecca stands pre-eminent amid Scott's finest conceptions. Its nobility was at once acknowledged. If there be one thing which redeems our fallen nature, which attests that its origin was from heaven and its early home in paradise, it is the generous sympathy that, even in the most hardened and worldly, warms in the presence of the good and of the beautiful. There must have been, even in those whose course had darkened into crime, an innocent and hopeful time, and the light of that hour, however perverted and shadowed, is never quite extinguished. Enough remains to kindle, if but for a moment, the electric admiration whose flash, like the lightning, is from above. Fiction is but moulding together the materials collected by every day, in real as well as imagined life: the highest order of excellence carries the impulse along with it. Nature and fortune have this earth for their place of contention, and the victory is too often with the latter. We are tempted and we fall—we lack resolution to act upon the promptings of our better and inward self; the iron enters into the soul, the wings of our nobler aspirations melt in the heat of exertion, the dust of the highway chokes our finer breathing, and if at any time we are fain to pause and commune with ourselves, alas! what do we find ourselves to be? low, weak, selfish, and old—how different from what we once hoped to be. But nature is never quite subdued to what she works in; the divine essence will at times re-assert its divinity, and hence the homage that is of love rises to that which is above us—to Beauty and to Truth.

The characteristic of Rebecca is high-mindedness, born of self reliance. From a very infant she must have been "a being drawing thoughtful breath;" as is the case with all Scott's favourite delineations, she is the only child of a widower, and the death of her mother must have flung an early shadow over her path; from her infancy she must have learnt to be alone—solitude, which enervates the weak, feeds and invigorates the strong mind. Her studies, too, were well calculated to develope her powers; skilled in the art of healing she knew the delight of usefulness, and she learnt to pity because familiar with suffering. No one, not even the most careless, can stand beside the bed of sickness and of death without learning their sad and solemn lessons. Within her home she was surrounded by luxury and that refinement which is the poetry of riches; but she knew that Danger stood at the threshold, and that Fear was the unbidden guest who peered through their silken hangings. The timid temper lives in perpetual terror, the nobler one braces itself to endure whenever the appointed time shall come. History offers no picture more extraordinary than the condition of the Jews during the middle ages. Their torture and their destruction was deemed an acceptable sacrifice to that Saviour who was born of their race, and whose sermon on the

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Mount taught no lessons save those of peace and love. When Madame Roland went to execution, she turned towards the statue of that power, then adored with such false worship, and exclaimed, "Oh, liberty! what crimes are wrought in thy name?" The Christian might say the same of his faith; but different indeed is the religion which is of God, and that which is of man.

In that criticism, now so often the staple of conversation, I have often heard it objected, that Rebecca could not have fallen in love with Ivanhoe—that her high-toned mind would have been attracted towards the Templar. This is a curious proof of the want of interest in Scott's heroines—we feel as if their good fortune were a moral injustice. The fact is, that respect for good old rules was an inherent part of Scott's mind; whatever was "gray with age," to him "became religion." His rich and fertile mind poured the materials of a new world into literature—but he insisted that it should take a conventional shape, and be bound by given rules. It had long been a rule that vice was to be punished and virtue rewarded in fiction, whatever it might be in real life. It is one of the many mysteries of our moral nature, that there is something in high and striking qualities that seems as if were a temptation of fate. The ancients knew this well. Moreover there are faults which almost wear virtue's seeming, and to our weakness there is a wild attraction in these very faults—but as, according to Scott's code, such faults must be duly visited in the concluding chapters, he could not invest his hero with them. The said hero is usually a brave, handsome and well conducted young man, who gives his parents and readers as little anxiety as possible. Still the circumstances under which Rebecca sees Ivanhoe are managed with Scott's utmost skill—she knows him first as the benefactor of her father—she sees him first as the victor of the tournament, and she first comes in contact with him under the tenderest relations of kindness and service. But the "why did she love him?" may in a woman's case always be answered by Byron's vindication of "Kaled's" attachment to his own gloomy hero—

"Curious fool, be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?"

A woman's lover is always the idol of her imagination; he is far more indebted to her for good qualities than his vanity would like to acknowledge. Rochefoucauld says, "*L'amour cesse dès qu'on voit l'objet comme il est.*" But if the illusion has its own sorrow, the cure is bitterer still, "as charm by charm unwinds." I believe that more women are disappointed in marriage than men; a woman gives the whole of her heart—the man only gives the remains of his, and very often there is only a little left. Besides his idol is rarely so much the work of his own hands as hers; at the end of the first year she may ask, where are the picturesque and ennobling qualities with which she invested her lover? in nine cases out of ten echo will indeed answer "where." Why an unhappy passion is often so lasting is, that it never encounters that "blurtel of the commonplace," Reality. I like to think of Rebecca amid the olive groves of Granada. Care for her father's old age, kindliness to the poor and the suffering, and the workings of a mind strong in endurance, would bring tranquillity if not happiness, till the hand might be pressed to the subdued heart without crying "peace, peace, where is no peace!"

SPLENDID METEOR.—On Wednesday, November, 10, a splendid meteoric fire-ball was seen by several persons in this city. It was superior in brilliancy to the planet Venus, and as it sailed across the sky, resembled a glowing mass of burning metal. It appeared, to one observer, to present a distinct nucleus, three or four minutes in diameter. The time of its flight was between two and three seconds. When first noticed it was near the *Pleiades*, and about a half degree below; it moved in a path nearly parallel to the horizon, somewhat inclined downwards, and suddenly disappeared, when midway between the stars *beta* and *theta Ceti*. During its whole track it threw out brilliant scintillations, of a beautiful blue colour, with a slight tinge of red. Most of this train of sparks expired in a few seconds, but a portion of it, about ten degrees long, near the head of the *Whale*, remained visible, with but little change of place, during the time, not less than two and a half minutes, carefully noted. No report was heard by any of the observers.—*New Haven Herald.*

IN VAIN.

In vain how many hearts are spent,
And long years wasn away!
And oh, how much to hope is lent,
It never will repay!
For who can tell the weight of toil,
The waste of heart and brain,
And weary travel of the soul,
Which hath been home in vain?

The sleepless Sage some star hath sought,
Till hope and sight grew dim;
It shone for eyes that loved it not,
But never looked on him.
Thus fate hath flung the pearls away,
Which all was sold to gain,
Or freely poured the priceless ray
Where it might shine in vain.

The Poet's song, it hath gone forth
To every sea and shore,
And shed around his land of birth
A glory evermore:
But o'er the lyre hung clouds and gloom,
Whence rose that matchless strain;
And the minstrel only found a tomb,
With bright bays crowned in vain.

The Chief, whose name hath endless life,
His country's trust and might,
Who found his fame through days of strife,
And watchings of the night;
Whose voice the powers of earth could shake,
In senate, field, or fame:
Alas! and must the high hearts break—
The faithful fall in vain!

And Love, the pure, the true, that clings
In spite of chill or cheek;
Oh, many give their precious things,
But it kept nothing back!
Yet wo for well-springs of the heart,
Poured unto dust like rain,
When world's wealth could not purchase part
Of what was given in vain.

And some have borne the blast unbowed,
But sunk beneath the wave—
Even when the bow was in the cloud,
Or life-boat near to save:
Thus upon human skill and care
Some blight will still remain;
Then let us lay up treasures where
They are not heaped in vain.

Athenæum.

NEW BOOKS.

The Juvenile Naturalist; or Walks in Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. By B. H. Draper. 2 vols. 16mo. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

The Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, has produced many excellent works for the use of young people; but none which we are better pleased with than this. The plan of studying the works of nature with constant reference to the Divine Author, is pursued throughout in a manner which will render the volumes as delightful as they are instructive. The embellishments are very beautiful—exquisite frontispieces on steel, engraved by Charles Heath, and numerous engravings on wood, by first rate artists, distributed through the volumes.

The Old Oak Tree. By the author of "John Hardy," "The Footman," &c. New York, Appleton & Co. 1841.

This is a book of moral and religious instruction, interspersed with anecdates and stories, and very richly embellished with engravings on wood. It was published originally under the direction of the committee of general literature and education, appointed by the London Society for Promoting Christian knowledge. It is every way worthy of so respectable an origin.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By Christopher North, (Professor Wilson). Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1841.

The richest and most entertaining papers in Blackwood's Magazine, viz: those contributed by its *able* editor, Professor Wilson, are here brought together in three 12mo volumes, in the style of Macauley's Miscellanies, to which the work will form a suitable companion. It can hardly be necessary to commend to public notice and favour, any thing which proceeds from the pen of so well known and popular a writer, as the author of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish life." No writer ever gave a freer rein to a most brilliant fancy, or displayed a more various, versatile and prolific genius, than has Wilson in the very papers now before us. His best powers were devoted to Blackwood's Magazine, and the collection and publication of his various brilliant productions scattered through many volumes of that able periodical, will be recognised as good service, done by the American publishers, to the cause of elegant literature.

Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe. By a lady of Virginia. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

The promised volume from the pen of the talented lady of Senator Rives, has at length made its appearance in an elegant form, as suits the occasion, and the work. It is a very highly finished performance in every way. The most interesting and lively portions of the traveller's journal have been selected for publication, and they are interspersed with tales which bear the impress of a highly cultivated mind, a ready invention, and a thorough knowledge of history and costume. Many travel with equal external facilities for observation and description; but few, very few with the same ability and tact in turning them to good account. We hope that the author may one day give some "Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Virginia." The scenery and history of the Ancient Dominion, should not be neglected by one who knows so well how to adorn whatever receives the touch of her pencil.

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MAHOMET.

BY CARLYLE.

(Continued from No. 22.)

Mahomet's Creed we called a kind of Christianity; and really, if we look at the wild rapt earnestness with which it was believed and laid to heart, I should say a better kind than that of those miserable Syrian Sects, with their vain janglings about *Homoiousion* and *Homoousion*, the head full of worthless noise, the heart empty and dead! The truth of it is embedded in portentous error and falsehood; but the truth of it makes it be believed, not the falsehood: it succeeded by its truth. A bastard kind of Christianity, but a living kind; with a heart-life in it; not dead, chopping barren logic merely! Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their idle whim-drawings, this wild man of the Deserts, with his wild sincere heart, earnest as death and life, with his great flashing natural eyesight, had seen into the kernel of the matter. Idolatry is nothing: these Wooden Idols of yours, "ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them,"—these are wood, I tell you! They can do nothing for you; they are an impotent blasphemous presence; a horror and abomination, if ye knew them. God alone is; God alone has power; He made us, He can kill us, and keep us alive: "*Allah akbar*, God is great." Understand that His will is the best for you; that howsoever sore to flesh and blood, you will find it the wisest, best: you are bound to take it so! in this world and in the next, you have no other thing that you can do!—And now if the wild idolatrous men did believe this, and with their fiery hearts lay hold of it to do it, in what form soever it came to them, I say it was well worthy of being believed. In one form or the other, I say it is still the one thing worthy of being believed by all men. Man does hereby become the high priest of this Temple of a World. He is in harmony with the Decrees of the Author of this World; co-operating with them, not vainly withstanding them: I know, to this day, no better definition of Duty than that same. All that is *right* includes itself in this of co-operating with the real Tendency of the World: you succeed by this (the World's Tendency will succeed), you are good, and in the right course there. *Homoiousion*, *Homoousion*, vain logical jangle, then or before or at any time, may jangle itself out, and go whither and how it likes: this is the *thing* it all struggles to mean, if it would mean anything. If it do not succeed in meaning this, it means nothing. Not that Abstractions, logical Propositions, be correctly worded or incorrectly; but that living concrete Sons of Adam do lay this to heart: that is the important point. Islam devoured all these vain jangling Sects; and I think had right to do so. It was a Reality direct from the great Heart of Nature once more. Arab idolatries, Syrian formulas, whatsoever was not equally real, had to go up in flame,—mere dead *fuel*, in various senses, for this which was *fire*.

It was during these wild warfarings and strugglings, especially after the Flight to Mecca, that Mahomet dictated at intervals his Sacred Book, which they name *Koran*, or *Reading*, "Thing to be read." This is the Work he and his disciples made so much of, asking all the world, Is not that a miracle? The Mahomedans regarded their Koran with a reverence which few Christians pay even to their Bible. It is admitted everywhere as the standard of all law and all practice; the thing to be gone upon in speculation and life; the message sent direct out of Heaven, which this Earth has to conform to, and walk by; the thing to be read. Their Judges decide by it; all Moslem are bound to study it, seek in it for the light of their life. They have mosques where it is all read daily; thirty relays of priests take it up in succession, get through the whole each day. There, for twelve hundred years, has the voice of this Book, at all moments, kept sounding through the ears and the hearts of so many men. We hear of Mahomedan Doctors that had read it seventy thousand times!

Very curious: if one sought for "discrepancies of national taste," here surely were the most eminent instance of that! We also can read the Koran; our Translation of it, by Sale, is known to be a very fair one. I must say, it is as tiresome reading as I ever undertook. A wearisome confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness, entanglement; most crude, incondite—unapportable stupidity, in short! Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran. We read in it, as we might in the State-Paper Office, unreadable masses of lumber, that perhaps we may get some glimpses of a remarkable man. It is true we save it under disadvantages: the Arabs see more method in it than we. Mahomet's followers found the Koran lying all in fractions, as it had been written down at first promulgation; much of it, they say, on shoulder blades of mutton, flung pellmell into a chest: and they published it, without any discoverable order as to time or otherwise;—merely trying, as would seem, and this not very strictly, to put the longest chapters first. The real beginning of it, in that way, lies almost at the end; for the earliest portions were the shortest. Read in its historical sequence it perhaps would not be so bad. Much of it, too, they say, is rhythmic; a kind of wild chanting song, in the original. Yet with every allowance, one feels it difficult to see how any mortal ever could consider this Koran as a Book written in Heaven, too good for the Earth; as a well-written book, or indeed as a *book* at all; and not a bewildered rhapsody; *written*, so far as writing goes, as badly as almost any book ever was! So much for national discrepancies, and the standard of taste.

Yet I should say, it was not unintelligible how the Arabs might so love it. When once you get this confused coil of a Koran fairly off your hands, and have it behind you at a distance, the essential type of it begins to disclose itself; and in this there is a merit quite other than the literary one. If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that. One would say the primary character of the Koran is this of its *genuineness*, of its being a *bona fide* book. Prideaux, I know, and others have represented it as a mere bundle of jugglerics; chapter after chapter got up to excuse and varnish over the author's successive sins, forward his ambitious and quackeries: but surely it is a time to dismiss all that. I do not assert Mahomet's continual sincerity: who is continually sincere? But I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse him of deceit *prepense*; of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all; —still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read the Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul; rude, untutored, that cannot even read; but fervent, earnest, struggling vehemently to utter itself in words. With a kind of breathless intensity he strives to utter himself; the thoughts crowd on him pellmell; for very multitude of things to say he can get nothing said. The meaning that is in him shapes itself into no form of composition, is stated in no sequence, method, or coherence;—they are not *shaped* at all, these thoughts of his; flung out unshaped, as they struggle and tumble there, in their chaotic inarticulate state. We said, "stupid:" yet natural stupidity is by no means the character of Mahomet's Book; it is natural uncultivation rather. The man has not studied speaking; in the haste and pressure of continual fighting, has not time to mature himself into fit speech. The panting breathless haste and vehe-

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mence of a man struggling in the thick of battle for life and salvation; this is the mood he is in! A headlong haste; for very magnitude of meaning he cannot get himself articulated into words. The successive utterances of a soul in that mood, coloured by the various vicissitudes of three-and-twenty years; now well uttered, now worse: this is the Koran.

For we are to consider Mahomet, through these three-and-twenty years, as the centre of a world wholly in conflict. Battles with the Koreish and Heathen, quarrels among his own people, backslidings of his own wild heart; all this kept him in a perpetual whirl, his soul knowing rest no more. In wakeful nights, as one may fancy, the wild soul of the man, tossing amid these vortices, would hail any light of a decision for them as a veritable light from Heaven; *any* making up of his mind, so blessed, indispensable for him there, would seem the inspiration of a Gabriel. Forger and juggler? Ah, no! This great fiery heart, seething, simmering like a great furnace of thoughts, was not a juggler's. His Life was a Fact to him; this God's Universe an awful Fact and Reality. He has faults enough. The man was an uncultured semi-barbarous Son of Nature, much of the Bedouin still clinging to him: we must take him for that. But for a wretched Simulacrum, a hungry Impostor without eyes or heart, practising for a mess of pottage such blasphemous swindlery, forgery of celestial documents, continual high-treason against his Maker and Self, we will not and cannot take him.

Sincerity, in all senses, seems to be the merit of the Koran; what had rendered it precious to the wild Arab men. It is, after all, the first and last merit in a book; gives rise to merits of all kinds,—nay, at bottom, it alone can give rise to merit of any kind. Curiously, through these incondite masses of tradition, vituperation, complaint, ejaculation in the Koran, a vein of true direct insight, of what we might almost call poetry, is found straggling. The body of the Book is made up of mere tradition, and as it were vehement enthusiastic extempore preaching. He returns forever to the old stories of the Prophets as they went current in the Arab memory: how Prophet after Prophet, the Prophet Abraham, the Prophet Hud, the Prophet Moses, Christian and other real and fabulous Prophets, had come to this Tribe and to that, warning men of their sin; and been received by them even as he Mahomet was,—which is a great solace to him.

These things he repeats ten, perhaps twenty times: again and ever again, with wearisome iteration; has never done repeating them. A brave Samuel Johnson, in his forlorn garret, might study the Biographies of authors in that way! This is the great staple of the Koran. But curiously, through all this, comes ever and anon some glance as of the real thinker and seer. He has actually an eye for the world, this Mahomet: with a certain directness and rugged vigour, he brings home still, to our heart, the thing his own heart has been opened to. I make but little of his praises of Allah, which many praise; they are borrowed I suppose from the Hebrew, at least they are far surpassed there. But the eye that flashes direct into the heart of things, and *sees* the truth of them! this is to me a highly interesting object. Great Nature's own gift; which she bestows on all; but which only one in the thousand does not cast sorrowfully away: it is what I call sincerity of vision; the test of a sincere heart. Mahomet can work no miracles; he often answers impatiently: I can work no miracles. I? "I am a Public Preacher;" appointed to preach this doctrine to all creatures. Yet the world, as we can see, had really from of old been all one great miracle to him. Look over the world, says he; is it not wonderful, the work of Allah; wholly "a sign to you," if your eyes were open! This Earth, God made it for you; "appointed paths in it;" you can live in it, go to and fro on it.—The clouds in the dry country of Arabia, to Mahomet they were very wonderful: Great clouds, he says, born in the deep bosom of the Upper Immensity, where do they come from! They hang there, the great black monsters; pour down their rain-deluges "to revive a dead earth," and grass springs, and "tall leafy palm-trees with their date-clusters hanging round. Is not that a sign!" Your cattle too,—Allah made them: serviceable dumb creatures; they make the grass into milk; you have your clothing from them, very strange creatures; "and," adds he, "and they are a credit to you!" Ships,—he talks often about ships: Huge moving mountains, they spread out their cloth wings, go bounding through the water there, Heaven's wind driving them; anon they lie motionless, God has withdrawn the wind, they lie dead, and cannot stir! Miracles? cries he: What miracle would you have? Are not you yourselves there? God made you, "shaped you out of a little clay." Ye were small once; a few years ago ye were not at all. Ye have beauty, strength, thoughts, "ye have compassion on one another." Old age comes on you, and gray hairs; your strength fades into feebleness; ye sink down, and again are not. "Ye have compassion on one another:" this struck me much: Allah might have made you having no compassion on one another,—how had it been then! This is a great direct thought, a glance at first-hand into the very fact of things. Rude vestiges of poetic genius, of whatsoever is best and truest are visible in this man. A strong untutored intellect; eyesight, heart: a strong wild man,—might have shaped himself into Poet, King, Priest, any kind of Hero.

To his eyes it is forever clear that this world wholly is miraculous. He sees what, as we said once before, all great thinkers, the rude Scandinavians themselves, in one way or other, have contrived to see; That this so solid-looking material world is, at bottom, in very deed, Nothing; is a visual and tactual Manifestation of God's power and presence,—a shadow hung out by Him on the bosom of the void Infinite; nothing more. The mountains, he says, these great rock-mountains, they shall dissipate themselves "like clouds;" melt into the Blue as clouds do, and not be! He figures the Earth, in the Arab fashion, Sale tells us, as an immense Plain or flat Plate of ground, the mountains are set on that to *steady* it. At the Last Day, they shall disappear "like clouds;" the whole Earth shall go spinning, whirl itself off into wreck, and as dust and vapour vanish in the Inane. Allah withdraws his hand from it, and it ceases to be. The universal empire of Allah, presence everywhere of an unspeakable Power, a Splendour, and a Terror not to be named, as the true force, essence and reality, in all things whatsoever, was continually clear to this man. What a modern talks of by the name, Forces of Nature, Laws of Nature; and does not figure as a divine thing; not even as one thing at all, but as a set of things, undivine enough,—saleable, curious, good for propelling steam-ships! With our Sciences and Cyclopædias, we are apt to forget the *divineness*, in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it! That once well forgotten, I know not what else were worth remembering. Most sciences, I think, were then a very dead thing: withered, contentious, empty;—a thistle in late autumn. The best science, without this, is but as the dead *timber*; it is not the growing tree and forest,—which gives ever-new timber among other things! Man cannot *know* either, unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry, and dead thistle, otherwise.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

The two principal characters in these volumes are Squire Scourfield and his Whipper in Tom Bolton. The first is indeed

"A Fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time,"

but evidently a portrait of one now in the flesh: he is simple in manners with a strong sense of the *utile et dulce*, manly in habits, frank, cordial, hospitable, an affectionate parent, a good master, a just and generous landlord, and passionately fond of all out of door amusements, which he follows with all the ardour of *Squire Western*, but with all the amenities of the finished gentleman. The old Whipper-in is also a fine portrait of one who "lives and moves and has his being" solely in the field or with his darlings in the kennel: to the simplicity of the child he adds the intelligence of the man; he is rough and curt in speech, friendly and affectionate in nature, convivial and jocular in his cups, brave as a lion, a bit of a *feel*osopher, and so wedded to sporting prejudices that he would sooner lay down his life than abandon them.

Mr. Mills, whilst he has an eye to appreciate the beauties of nature, disposes of old materials in a new light: all his scenes teem with animation, and most of them are full of graphic energy, imparting much of the pleasure to the reader that he experiences in writing.

We would most willingly give extracts from these volumes did our limits permit, but must confine ourselves to one, which, at the same time that it evinces the skill of the writer, shows that he has more than common claims to the character of a sportsman. It is the old Whipper-in's account (to his son, just appointed huntsman) of a day's work which killed Merryman, a favourite old hound both of master and man:—

It will be six years ago the ninth of next February that we threw off at the Lynallet covert. The day was cloudy, and the ground covered with dew. The squire and all the gentlemen o' the hunt were out. I and Striver had drafted all the best hounds from the kennel, for, you see, I was forced to do a great deal of his work for the last ten years. Not one was lame, young, or riotous. We drew up the wind towards a stopped earth, very quietly for a minute or two, when Merryman gave such a long bell-like note that told sly Reynard was afoot. "Hark to Merryman!" halloo'd I. "Tally ho! tally ho!" shouted some one immediately afterwards. "Yoiks for'ard, for'ard!" halloo'd the squire, and out bursts every hound close to his brush; not one tailed. There was no occasion to bawl "hold hard." No one thinks of starting before the squire, and he's too good a sportsman to tear away before the proper time. But when he gives the "Harkaway," and any one hesitates to ride, or take a leap before him, the way in which he asks "what he's waiting for?" is a caution not to show him so much respect for the future. He can't abide humbug in any shape.

In a handful of seconds on went as strong a fox as ever rattled across a country; as fine a pack o' hounds as could be unkennelled in England; as fine a true-hearted gentleman as ever owned a pack, and two score and six of well-mounted straight riders as ever crossed saddles. For a quarter of an hour we

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ran in view over a heath as level as a bowling green. The pace was so great, and no raspers to clear, that it was more like a race than a hunt. At the other side of the heath was a deep slope, at the bottom of which was a thick growth of furze. Down the fox dipped among the prickles; but the hounds were so hot upon him that they took him through in full cry without a check. On the side he came out was a steep hill, which he climbed at his best speed; but they gained upon him so at this work that he was obliged to turn his sharp nose again to the slope. Now he managed to make a greater distance between the hounds and himself, by running in a slanting direction towards the bottom of the hill. When he got there, he struck alone the valley with his brush straight out, and before the dogs reached the end of the slope, he was lost to view by this cunning run of his. For about twenty minutes we rattled on without any check, and the scent breast high. Every hound was in full cry, making the hills ring again with his hearty tune. The ground was rather heavy; but no strong leaping fatigued our nags. Hoggerell Woods were now in sight, to which the varmint was making, and where there was some earths; but the stoppers had been the night before to close them up, so there was no danger of losing him, or our having any great trouble of getting out of these thick coverts.

I and Striver (the huntsman) were riding neck-an'-neck when the first stuff un was before our horses' heads. It was a rail, a deep water course, and another rail on the opposite side—a regular fly of twenty feet. Striver and I exchanged looks as we neared it. I believe, and often have told him so, that he never would have switched that rasper if I'd not been at his side; as it was, he went at it very nervously. Neither of tha horses swerved a hair's breadth as they took their spring at it; but the ground being much lower on the other side, both of them staggered upon their legs as they cleared the splitting leap.

The hounds dived into the covert about a hundred yards before we reached the edge of it, and, all the earths being stopped, they ran clean through it, just as they did with the other one. Before they reached the end of the wood all were out; and again the sneaking rascal was in view, doing his best to get away. We gave him a good "tally-ho!" and he seemed to take the cheer like a hero, for he lifted his brush a little, as much as to say "catch me who can." We were now going over a grass country at a killing pace. Mile after mile we scoured, sometimes losing sight of the fox; but for the most part running him in view—so close did the hounds press him.

As near as I can guess, we crossed sixteen miles nearly in a straight line from Lynallet to Gosford Brook, without a breathing moment. Here we had a couple of minutes, from the crafty varmint having dipped himself in the water; but, having made a wide cast, the hounds hit off the scent, and on we went again at the same rate. Still there was a good field up, although many had been floored at the leap Striver and I took, and those had been thrown out as well as off, being unable, from the speed we went, to make up the lost distance.

The hounds now began to tail. I did all that was in my power to get them on, but it was no use; the poor fellows wanted as much as I did to go ahead; but the pace and distance had taken their strength away—on they could not go.

"Never mind them, Tom," said the squire, galloping past me; "they must be left, and found afterwards.

I was on that tip-top mare, the Maid-o'-the-Mill; and, leaving the hounds to drop off, as they did, one by one at almost every stride, I took everything as God sent it, with but five couple now running before us. After going over a heavy woodland country for thirty minutes with these, I turned my eyes round to see the state of the field. The squire, of course, held his place; but there were but six besides him in sight. We now mounted Beach Tree Hill, and were swinging up it like coursing grayhounds, when I heard the view-halloo from the other side. As I dipped over the top, there I saw a farmer, hallooing the fox, tearing along at the bottom as strong as ever. We kept him in view for three miles across Rington Park, but did not gain a yard upon him. A new six feet fence was being made round the park, and part of it was up at the end he was steering for. I thought that he'd double when he came to it, but there was no turn in him. He charged it fresh as a three year old, and made for a straight course to Chalk-pit Rock. The dogs went at it pretty much together; four jumped against the fence about half way up, and fell powerless to the ground. Three reached the top, scrambled upon it for a second or two, and over they came backwards to join the others, without breath or strength. Merryman, Hopeful and Struggler flew across, but were the only three out of the whole pack able to continue the chase.

Striver was a short distance before me, and to my great surprise, I saw him prepare to have a go at the rasper. His horse was much too tired, and so was he for such a leap; but I will say there was no flinching in either of them.

"Over!" cried Striver, dashing his persuaders into his horse's flanks, and throwing out his whip hand as they rose at it. By St. Crispin, I never saw such a fall in my whole life. The horse struck the edge of the fence with his fore-legs, just below his knees, and over they pitched on the opposite side, head foremost. I pulled up and expected to see a few broken bones; but there was Striver, wiping the perspiration from his forehead as if nothing had happened, standing by the side of his fallen horse.

"Are you hurt?" said I.

"No," replied he, "not much; but the horse is done up. I can't go any farther."

"What's the matter?" asked the squire, arriving at the spot.

"Striver's horse and all the hounds but three are tired out," replied I.

"Then follow on, Tom. I'll not have the leash whipped off," said the squire.

I turned the mare's head to where the fence ended, and, cutting across at her best speed, I was again close to the crack three, having the hunt all to ourselves, not one rider being now up except myself. For nearly an hour longer we kept the pace still the same; but now I began to feel the mare stagger and reel under me, and I was certain that another mile would be all that she could do. I had not seen the fox since he jumped the park fence till now, when I saw him go into a thick osier bed by the side of a stream, a quarter of a mile before the hounds. Merryman pressed before Hopeful and Struggler into the osiers. Before I arrived there, the fox was through, with the old leader not fifty yards behind him; but neither of the other two were in sight.

At every stretch the mare took now I expected that she would fall from weakness. The spur was not answered, and, certain that she couldn't last five minutes longer upon her legs, I pulled up and dismounted. Upon going into the middle of the bed, I found both the hounds lying on the ground, with their tongues stretched out, and their eyes ready to start from their sockets. As I led the mare, and made the dogs crawl after me towards a cottage in sight, I could still hear the cry of old Merryman, which became fainter and fainter, until I lost it altogether in the distance.

After attending to the poor, worn-out, and punished animals, I procured a conveyance on wheels, and a lame pony, to take me to the nearest post-town, where I got a chaise and pair of fast tits to help me on the road home. Knowing our master would be very wishful to know what became of us, I was determined to get home that night, and go the next morning for the horse and hounds. I had to travel thirty-seven miles from the cottage to the hall, and it was very late in the evening before I reached home. Upon sending in word to the squire that I had returned, I was summoned into the dining-room, where I found him, as usual, comfortably stretched in his old easy chair, smoking a cigar, and listening to Miss Kate's singing.

"Well, Tom, did you kill?" inquired the squire, as soon as he saw me.

I then told him all that had happened. He was very much pleased with old Merryman's continuing the hunt; and, after hearing what I had to say, he told me all the hounds were picked up on the road home but a brace, and ordered me to start early in the morning, with some help, to get these and the others.

"Do you think the old hound would run much farther?" said he.

"Both the fox and hound were very strong, sir, when I left them," replied I.

"The noble old fellow! Get to rest as soon as you can, and start by daybreak for him, with the dog-cart," said the squire.

With a pair of our best horses, I started in the morning in the dog-cart to search for the old leader, and the other two hounds. After inquiring along the road I found the brace at a farm house, about eighteen miles from home, foot-sore and famished. I boxed them up in the cart, and proceeded, with fresh horses, to the cottage where I had left the mare and the other brace of hounds. I put Jack Tiggle, that I had taken with me, upon the mare, directing him to walk her gently home, and went on to inquire for Merryman.

After much inquiry, a man ploughing told me that he saw a hound in full cry cross the road about where I was, on his way from his work the night before. This was the first piece of intelligence I had received concerning the old hound. As I proceeded, and was turning down a lane in the direction that he took, according to the ploughman's statement, I saw a shepherd unfolding his flock. I inquired of him if he had heard or seen the hound.

"Yes," replied he, "just inside of that brushwood I saw a dead hound and fox this morning at sunrise, lying close to each other; and there I left them."

I jumped from the cart, and ran as fast as I could to the spot. Six feet in the thicket lay poor old Merryman and the fox, dead and stiff. Both had run their lives out at the same time. The gay old hound's teeth had not touched the fox; he had not been mouthed, but died, as the hound did, with the race alone.

A white frost had crisped the skins of the two matchless fellows, and the rays of the morning sun glittered upon their frozen coats as I looked at them with a quivering lip and tearful eyes. For six years he had been the favourite. I was with him the first time that he sung his song at a cub, and from that moment when his cry rung he never was at fault. Poor old fellow! There he was, stretched upon the ground, dead; never could his note again make our hearts leap, as it used when he gave his signal to Reynard to unkennel.

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

The hour of the breakfast party is from ten to eleven. The number is, I believe, never allowed to exceed twelve; and only comes up to that when the host is constrained, like a certain friend of ours, by his diffusive benevolence, to extend his invitation (his "ticket for six") to a caravan of travellers.

The entertainment is little varied from our eight o'clock breakfasts. There are coffee, tea, and chocolate, rolls, toast, grated beef and eggs, and, in place of our solid beefsteaks and broiled chickens, rein-deers' tongues, sweetmeats, fruit, and ices. These are not bad substitutes for heavier viands, and for our variety of delicate hot cakes. You see none of these, unless it be the poorest of them all, a muffin.

On some occasions there were guests invited to come after breakfast, to enjoy the social hour that follows it. Now that ideas travel so rapidly from one quarter of the world to another, I trust some steamer will bear to America that which is recently received in England, and has, as long as other cardinal points of philosophy, governed continental society, viz., that eating and drinking is not a necessary element in social intercourse.

We had the pleasure of a breakfast at Rogers'. Your long familiarity with his poetry tells you the melancholy fact that he is no longer young; a fact kept out of your mind as far as possible, on a personal acquaintance, by the freshness with which he enjoys, and the generosity with which he imparts. I have heard him called cynical, and perhaps a man

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of bis keen wit may be sometimes over-tempted to demonstrate it, as the magnanimous Saladin was to use the weapon with whieh he adroitly severed a man's head from his body at a single stroke. If so, these are the eaceptione to the general current of his life, which, I am sure, flowa in a kindly current. K. told me he met him one winter in Paris, where he found him enjoying art like a young enthusiast, and knowing every boy's name in the atreet he lived in, and in friendship with them all. Does not this speak volumes?

He honoured our letters of introdnction by coming immediately to see us, and receiving us as cordially as if we were old friends. He afterward expressed a regret to me that he had not taken that morning, before we plunged into engagements, to show me Johnson's and Dryden's haunts, the house where our Franklin lived, and other classic localities. Ah! this goes to swell my pathetic reiteration of the general lament, "I have had my losses!"

His manners are those of a man of the world (in its beat sense), simple and natural, without any apparent coosciousness of name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilised world knows, is a cabinot of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small; not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, overlooking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup-de-theatre, for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art. Besides the pictures (and "What," you might be tempted to ask, "can a man want besides *such* pictures?") are Etruscan vases (antiques), Egyptian antiquities, casts of the Elgin marbles decorating the staircase wall, and endless adornments of this nature. There are curiosities of another species, rare books, such as a most beautifully-illuminated missal, eaquisitely-delicate paintings, designed for marginal decorations, eaecuted three hundred years ago, and taken from the Vatican by the French—glorious robbers! In a catalogue of his books, in the poet's own beautiful autograph, there were inserted some whimsical titles of books, such as "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses."

But the most interesting thing in all the collection was the original document, with Milton's name, by which he transferred to his publisher for *ten pounds* the copyright of Paradise Lost.* Neat in interest to this was a portfolio, in which were arranged autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, Washington and Franklin, and several from Foa, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan just before his death, describing the extremity of his suffering, and praying Rogers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonnée of what our eyes hut glanced over would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it might penetrate science or any thing else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven daye!

Macauley was of the party. His conversation resembles his writings; it is rich and delightful, filled with anecdotes and illustrations from the abounding stores of his overflowing mind. Some may think he talks too much; but none, eacept from their own impatient vanity, could wish it were less.

* We were the neat morning, after breakfasting with Mr. R., in the presence of Carlyle speaking of this deed of sale and of Taglioni. He amused himself and us with calculating how many Paradise Losts she might pay for with a single night's earnings; and, after laughing at this picturesque juataposition of Milton aod Taglioni, he added seriously, "But there have been better things on earth than Paradise Lost that have received worse payment; that have been paid with the scaffold and the cross!"

EVENING PARTIES.

When K. and I entered, the apartments were filled with some hundreds of people of the first station and fashion in the land, luxuriously dressed and sparkling with diamonds, a sea of faces as strange as their diamonds to me. It was an overpowering kind of solitude. Lady L. had politely directed me to a favourable position, and I slunk into the first vacant place I could find, where I was beginning to feel quite comfortable in my obscurity, when K. said to me, with something of the feeling of Columbus' men when they first cried "land!" "there is Mr. —— and Mr. ——!" These gentlemen soon after made their wey to us, and dissipated our forlornness. In the course of the evening we met meny agreeable persons to whom we hed been before introduced, and several of the most noted lions of the London menagerie were pointed out to us, Bulwer, Taylor, and Talfourd. Lady Seymour was there, a superb beauty certainly, and well entitled to the elective crown she is to wear, of Queen of Love and Beauty. I was introduced to Mrs. Norton, who is herself a most queenly-looking creature, a Semiramis, a Sappho, or an Amazon (the Greek ideal Amazon, remember, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy, or anything that expresses the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty). There is another of these Sheridan sisters celebrated for her personal charms. I bad read but a few mornings before, as I mentioned to you, that miserable deathbed letter from their pennyless grandfather, and I was somewhat struck with the shifting scenes of life when I saw these women occupying the most brilliant position of the most brilliant circle in London. But what are gold and lands to the rich inheritance of Sheridan's genius and Miss Linley's beauty?

It is indeed a royal entertainment to give one's guests such singing as Grisi's, Garcia's, Lablache's, and Rubini's, and can, I suppose, only be given by those who heve "royal revenues."

We passed an evening at Miss C.'s; she is truly what the English call a "nice parson," as modest in her demeanour as one of our village girls who has a good organ of veneration (rare enough among our young people), and this is saying something for the richest heiress in England. I was first struck here, and only here, with the subdued tone we hear so much of in English society. When we first entered Miss C.'s immense drawing-room, there were a few dowagers scattered up and down, appearing as few and far between as settlers on a prairie, and apparently finding intercommunication quite as difficult. And though the numbers soon multiplied, till the gentleman came *genial* from the dinner-table, we were as solemn and as still as a New England conference meeting before the minister comes in. This, I think, was rather the effect of accident than fashion, the young lady's quiet and reserved menner having the subduing influence of a whisper. Society here is quieter than ours certainly. This is perhaps the result of the different meterials of which it is compounded. Our New York evening parties, you know, are made up of ebout seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and memmas, and other ripe men end women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well-bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties.

I have rarely seen at an evening party here anything beyond a cup of black tea and e bit of cake dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Occasionally we have ices (in alarmingly small quentity!) and lemonade, or something of that sort. At L—— house there was a refreshment table spread for three or four hundred people, much like Miss D.'s at her New York soirée, which, you may remember, was considered quite a sumptuary phenomenon. I am thus particular to reiterate to you, dear C., that the English have got so far in civilisation as not to deem eating and drinking necessary to the enjoyment of society. We are a transition people, and I hope we shall not lag far behind them.

NEW BOOKS.

History of Napoleon; from the French of M. Laurent de L'Ardeche, with five hundred illustrationa, after designs by Horace Vernet. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

This work is one of the series in course of publication by the Massieurs Appleton, in the pictorial style which has recently become so popular in England and on the continent of Europe. *Robinson Crusoe with 500 engravings*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield with* 200, have already appeared. All the designs are evidently the work of finished artists, and their great number and beauty will render the popular works which they embellish immensely popular. It is to be observed, that none but works of acknowledged merit will warrant the expense of such costly embellishment. An annual which has ten or a dozen original designs in it, engraved very beautifully, will sell for three months, notwithstanding the trashy character of the literary contents; but five hundred engravings from Horace Vernet's designs, must have a good, standard book with them, or the cost would ruin the bookseller, before the sale would bring in sufficient returns to save him. Accordingly we find this history of Napoleon to be a very ably written performance, one which will bear examination. The author is favourable to Napoleon; but by no means so much dazzled by his success, as to be blind to his errors. We hope to see the pictorial system of publication becoming general; and therefore we are glad to see it so judiciously commenced.

Stanley Thorn. By the author of "Valentine Vox," &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

This is one of the new fashioned novels designed to be published in numbers, like the Pickwick Papers, and the other works of Boz. It is similarly embellished. After running its course with considerable eclat, it is now collected in a handsome volume, pictures and all, and comes out complete. It is very entertaining, full of all sorts of extravagance and fun, mixed up with pathos and sentiment. Some of the situations are highly ludicrous. That of the imaginary countess surprising her husband with a musical party, would have furnished a subject for Hogarth. London life is replete with situations which tell well in a work of this character, and the author has wrought up his materials with great talent and tact. There is some instruction in this book for young men who are ignorant of the world and of business. Stanley Thorn learnt some hard lessons.

Littell's Museum.

The number for November, contains many articles of unusual interest. We were particularly interested in those on the Spanish Gipsies, the Great Continental Swindling Company, on Carlyle and Theodore Hook, and we were pleased with the story of the Bremen Senator, and the eacellent selection of Reviews and Poetry. The neat number (for December), we understand, will contain one of Macauley's splendid articles. Each of his reviews is worth the price of the number which contains it. He is the ablest reviewer living.

Arthur Carryl. A novel, &c. By the author of the "Vision of Rubeta." New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

Something out of the common track might naturally be expected from this author. Accordingly we have two cantos of a poem written in close imitation of Byron's Don Juan, and christened "a novel." The remainder of the volume is filled up with epistles, odes, epigrams, &c. The volume, like the author's previous work, is disfigured by bitter personalities, hut contains abundant evidence of talent, wit and learning. It is printed, like all publications from the press of the Appletons, in elegant style, and will attract considerable attention in the literary circles.

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MAHOMET.

BY CARLYLE.

(Concluded.)

Much has been said and written about the sensuality of Mahomet's Religion; more than was just. The indulgences, criminal to us, which he permitted, were not of his appointment; he found them practised, unquestioned from immemorial time in Arabia; what he did was to curtail them, restrict them, not on one but on many sides. His Religion is not an easy one; with rigorous fasts, lavations, strict complex formulas, prayers five times a day, and abstinence from wine, it did not "succeed by being an easy religion." As if indeed any religion, or cause holding of religion, could succeed by that! It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense,—sugar plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his "honour of a soldier," different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honour" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers.

Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base enjoyments,—nay, on enjoyments of any kind. His household was of the frugalest; his common diet barley-bread and water: sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man; careless of what vulgar men toil for. Not a bad man, I should say; something better in him than *hunger* of any sort, —or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three-and-twenty years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have reverenced him so! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity; without right worth and manhood, no man could have commanded them. They called him Prophet, you say! Why, he stood there face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery; visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes; fighting, counseling, ordering in the midst of them; they must have seen what kind of man he *was*, let him be *called* what you like! No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three-and-twenty years of rough actual trial. I find something of a veritable Hero necessary for that, of itself.

His last words are a prayer; broken ejaculations of a heart struggling up, in trembling hope, towards its Maker. We cannot say that his religion made him *worse*; it made him better; good, not bad. Generous things are recorded of him: when he lost his Daughter, the thing he answers is, in his own dialect, every way sincere, and yet equivalent to that of Christians, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He answered in like manner of Seid, his anticipated well-beloved Slave, the second of the believers. Seid had fallen in the War of Tabûc, the first of Mahomet's fightings with the Greeks. Mahomet said, It was well; Seid had done his Master's work, Seid had now gone to his Master: it was all well with Seid. Yet Seid's daughter found him weeping over the body;—the old gray-haired man melting in tears! "What do I see?" said she.—"You see a friend weeping over his friend."—He went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death; asked, If he had injured any man? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man? A voice answered, "Yes, me three drachms," borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid: "Better be in shame now," said he, "than at the Day of Judgment."—You remember Kadijah, and the "No, by Allah!" Traits of that kind show us the genuine man, the brother of us all, brought visible through twelve centuries,—the veritable Son of our common Mother.

Withal I like Mahomet for his total freedom from cant. He is a rough self-helping son of the wilderness; does not pretend to be what he is not. There is no ostentatious pride in him; but neither does he go much upon humility: he is there as he can be, in cloak and shoes of his own clouting; speaks plainly to all manner of Persian Kings, Greek Emperors, what it is they are bound to do; knows well enough, about himself, "the respect due unto thee."

In a life and death war with Bedouins, cruel things could not fail; but neither are acts of mercy, of noble natural pity and generosity, wanting. Mahomet makes no apology for the one, no boast of the other. They were each the free dictate of his heart; each called for, there and then. Not a mealy-mouthed man! A candid ferocity, if the case call for it, is in him; he does not mince matters! The war of Tabûc is a thing he often speaks of: his men refused, many of them, to march on that occasion; pleaded the heat of the weather, the harvest, and so forth; he can never forget that. Your harvest? It lasts for a day. What will become of your harvest through all Eternity? Hot weather! Yes, it was hot; but "Hell will be hotter!" Sometimes a rough sarcasm turns up: He says to the unbelievers, Ye shall have the just measure of your deeds at that Great Day. They will be weighed out to you; ye shall not have short weight!—Everywhere he fixes the matter in his eye; he *sees* it: his heart, now and then, is as if struck dumb by the greatness of it. "Assuredly," he says: that word, in the Koran, is written many sometimes as a sentence by itself: "Assuredly."

No *Dilettantism* in this Mahomet; it is a business of Reprobation and Salvation with him, of Time and Eternity: he is in deadly earnest about it! Dilettantism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur search for Truth, toying and coquetting with Truth: this is the sorest sin. The root of all other imaginable sins. It consists in the heart and soul of the man never having been *open* to Truth;—"living in a vain show." Such a man not only utters and produces falsehoods, but *is* himself a falsehood. The rational moral principle, spark of the Divinity, is sunk deep in him, in quiet paralysis of life-death. The very falsehoods of Mahomet are truer than the truths of such a man. He is the insincere man: smooth-polished, respectable in some times and places; inoffensive, says nothing harsh to anybody; most *cleanly*,—just as carbonic acid is, which is death and poison.

We will not praise Mahomet's moral precepts as always of the superfinest sort; yet it can be said that there is always a tendency to good in them; that they are the true dictates of a heart aiming towards what is just and true. The sublime forgiveness of Christianity, turning of the other cheek when the one has been smitten, is not here; you *are* to revenge yourself, but it is to be in measure, not over much, or beyond justice. On the other hand, Islam, like any great Faith, and insight into the essence of man, is a perfect equaliser of men: the soul of one believer

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outweighs all earthly kingships; all men, according to Islam too, are equal. Mahomet insists not on the propriety of giving alms, but on the necessity of it: he marks down by law how much you are to give, and it is at your peril if you neglect. The tenth part of a man's annual income, whatever that may be, is the *property* of the poor, of those that are afflicted and need help. Good all this: the natural voice of humanity, of pity and equity dwelling in the heart of this wild Son of Nature speaks *so*.

Mahomet's Paradise is sensual, his Hell sensual: true; in the one and the other there is enough that shocks all spiritual feeling in us. But we are to recollect that the Arabs already had it so; that Mahomet, in whatever he changed of it, softened and diminished all this. The worst sensualities, too, are the work of doctors, followers of his, not his work. In the Koran there is really very little said about the joys of Paradise; they are intimated rather than insisted on. Nor is it forgotten that the highest joys even there shall be spiritual; the pure Presence of the Highest, this shall infinitely transcend all other joys. He says, "Your salutation shall be, Peace." *Salam*. Have Peace!—the thing that all rational souls long for, and seek, vainly here below, as the one blessing. "Ye shall sit on seats, facing one another: all grudges shall be taken away out of your hearts." All grudges! Ye shall love one another freely; for each of you, in the eyes of his brothers, there will be Heaven enough!

In reference to this of the sensual Paradise and Mahomet's sensuality, the sorest chapter of all for us, there were many things to be said; which it is not convenient to enter upon here. Two remarks only I shall make, and therewith leave it to your candour. The first is furnished me by Goethe; it is a casual hint of his which seems well worth taking note of. In one of his Delineations, in *Meister's Travels* it is, the hero comes upon a Society of men with very strange ways, one of which was this: "We require," says the Master, "that each of our people shall restrict himself in one direction," shall go right against his desire in one matter, and *make* himself do the thing he does not wish, "should we allow him the greater latitude on all other sides." There seems to me a great justness in this. Enjoying things which are pleasant: that is not the evil: it is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert withal that he is king over his habitudes; that he could and would shake them off, on cause shown; this is an excellent law. The month Ramadhan for the Moslem, much in Mahomet's Religion, much in his own Life, bears in that direction; if not by forethought, or clear purpose of moral improvement on his part, then by a certain healthy manful instinct, which is as good.

But there is another thing to be said about the Mahomedan Heaven and Hell. This namely, that, however gross and material they may be, they are an emblem of an everlasting truth, not always so well remembered elsewhere. That gross sensual Paradise of his; that horrible flaming Hell; the great enormous Day of Judgment he perpetually insists on: what is all this but a rude shadow, in the rude Bedouin imagination, of that grand spiritual Fact, and Beginning of Facts, which it is ill for us too if we do not all know and feel: the Infinite Nature of Duty? That man's actions here are of *infinite* moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as Hell, and in his threescore years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden: all this had burnt itself, as in flame-characters, into the wild Arab soul. As in flame and lightning, it stands written there; awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, half-articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is the chief end of man here below? Mahomet has answered this question, in a way that might put some of *us* to shame! He does not, like a Bentham, a Paley, take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponderate considerably? No: it is not *better* to do the one than the other; the one is to the other as life is to death,—as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done, the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal. Benthamee Utility, virtue by Profit and Loss; reducing this God's-world to a dead brute Steam-engine, the infinite celestial Soul of Man to a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on:—If you ask me which gives, Mahomet or they, the beggarlier and falser view of Man and his Destinies in this Universe, I will answer, It is not Mahomet!——

On the whole, we will repeat that this religion of Mahomet's is a kind of Christianity; has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest looking through it, not to be hidden by all its imperfections. The Scandinavian God *Wish*, the god of all rude men,—this has been enlarged into a Heaven by Mahomet; but a Heaven symbolical of sacred Duty, and to be earned by faith and well doing, by valiant action, and a divine patience which is still more valiant. It is Scandinavian Paganism, and a truly celestial element superadded to that. Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of mankind. Above all things it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslem do by theirs,—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." *Allah akbar*, *Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence, of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a Hero-Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see, the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that;—glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

JACQUES COCAST; THE HUNCHBACK PHILOSOPHER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Fleau the miller, who, casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed,

"Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go, I wouldn't beat a hunchback."

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the grateful words of the apple stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed comate to the vengeance of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up, the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humour turned bitterness itself to merriment, and with at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

"Out, ye imp of deformity!" cried Cocast's stepmother at least once a day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, *would meekly* cry,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write, and cypher to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigour.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet communings with his book.

Some four years passed on,—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the fair haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her in her flight her husband's clerk! Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revilings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse; but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables.

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his

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shop-board, could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was not twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart, and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays, led thereto by his own light-heartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Felicite laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaults like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Now was it otherwise. The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favour on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who had elected it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yea, vanished, melted in the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar; his vestments now barred, and spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidentially clap their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducasse*. In the pride of his heart, and in the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicite, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender! The next dance might be at their own wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming Sunday! He, the hunchback, buoyed by his loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew-drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddles sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glory of a new suit, burning like a peacock in a conflict of colours, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Felicite, the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger with vice-like power gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast, and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles bursts from the merry-makers. Jacques Cocast, with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his eyes and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers, with arms a-kimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickednesses, ye honied poisons!—Felicite, the baker's daughter, advanced to Hercule, and curtseying, and putting her hand in his—in his hand, yet warm from the outraged nose of her doting lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favour on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past happiness, and in an agony of despair wandered, a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by over-laden shoulders? What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight-backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in the fields at nights. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain, your head has grown too little for your hat—but up man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop-board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love! A friendly genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work, and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would sigh frequently and look with tender gaze upon their future husbands—the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont, to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the danger, the wounds and death combined in the word, to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback. His shoulders were exempt by nature from a knapsack. He was not a comely morsel for glory; he was not worthy of the powder and shot bestowed upon prettier men. No, he was secure in his deformity; his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town hall of the arrondissement, and learn the fortune of his fellow villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms—as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and *now* their wedding day was certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd; and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts, as the new conscripts told the tale that tore them from their homes.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre; and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out, and vowing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid: and Hercule with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicite, and bade heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter; but with a gush of gratitude, he exclaimed,

"Thank God for my hunch."

Hercule Grossetete went to the wars. Fortune that had heaped such obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching, and perhaps, day dreaming of pillage and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Felicite endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer's father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world—that is all the village—believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again, Felicite was always the sweetest-tempered girl: there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumped up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicite were one; and Jacques Cocast—for in the magnanimity of his soul he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides, Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin in bees' wax. Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognised the voice of Felicite, albeit he had never before heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute, and Pierre rushes into the shop followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband, demolished an earthen pipkin, unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles the grocer.

"What did you want?" asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

"I'll call again when your wounds are dressed," said Jacques Cocast; "in the mean time, thank God for my hunch!"

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice.

"For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff."

The prayer proceeded from a blind soldier, seated on a tree felled near the roadside.

"With all my heart," cried Cocast. "Here, empty my box."

"Alas, good sir!" said the soldier, "look at me again."

Cocast looked and saw that the man had lost both his arms.

"You must, indeed, *give* me the snuff," said the soldier.

"With all my heart, I say again," cried Cocast, and with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. "Good heavens!" suddenly exclaimed Cocast, "why you are Hercule Grossetete."

"I am," answered the soldier. "And what have you to say to that?"

"What!" Jacques Cocast looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say,

"*Thank God for my hunch!*"

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

WOMEN OF GENIUS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

What a host of pleasant associations, Irish, English and American, are conjured up by the mere mention of their names! The bogs and cabins, the fun, humour, whim, whiskey, passion and pathos of the "finest pisantry" in the world are present with us when we think of Mrs. S. C. Hall—the green meadows and waving corn fields, the hawthorn hedges, lonely and lovely rural lanes, wild commons, and sequestered hamlets of old England come before us with the name of Mary Russel Mitford—and if the more daring and dashing pencil of Cooper has comparatively thrown into the shade Miss Sedgwick's occasionally graphic and felicitous delineations of American scenery, she leaves him immeasurably behind in her indoor and fire-side scenes, which have about them a moral and never dying beauty which intimately blends them with our best affections and holiest associations.

We defy any one who has read their works to say *decidedly* to which of the three ladies he gives the preference. In briefly touching upon a few of their leading traits, we merely give the *pas* to Mrs. Hall on account of her matronly claims, and Miss Mitford follows on account of, perhaps, the unenviable distinction of having come first into the world.

MRS. S. C. HALL.

Perhaps of the three this lady has the most sprightliness, wit and vivacity, which is saying, in other words, that she is an Irishwoman, and partakes largely of the character of her country. Her pathos, too, is quicker; it goes straight to the heart at once; the same quality in the writings of the other two ladies finds its way thither by degrees, though, perhaps, (especially in the case of Miss Sedgwick) it may remain longer. In short, Mrs. S. C. Hall has

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the great merit of being national. The "Emerald Isle" is reflected in her pages, and in her inimitable "Tales of the Irish Peasantry" she has painted the "boys" and maidens of Erin, "the tear and the smile in their eye," as they are to be foend, with their quick sympathies and ready jokes—their miserable cabins and merry hearts; and her pleasant sketches *have done more to raise the peasantry of Ireland, in the opinion of Englishmen, than all the fervent though somewhat flowery encomiums of O'Connell. The English will not listen to downright, direct praise, either of themselves or any one else—they call it "humbug."

It would have been almost better if Mrs. S. C. Hall had not written the "Buccaneers." If it had been her only work it would have given her a name, for it is a spirit-stirring tale enough, and filled to overflowing with bustle and incident; but it does not seem to belong to her; it stands apart from her other creations: it is, as it were, intellectually illegitimate.

—

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

Is also, essentially, a national writer; she could have belonged to no other land than the one whose lovely features she so well portrays. We know not, indeed, whether the scenery of England may not have some effect in moulding her in harmony with its quiet beauty, but certainly we cannot fancy her at home in wilder or grander scenes.

She appears to doat upon a "green lane"—a feature, by the way, in landscape scenery to be found only in perfection in England—and the sight of a wild common, with the furze in bloom, kindles her enthusiasm to the poetic point. We admit that she has a certain quantity of "pretty affectations" in describing her plants and tiny garden, but her out-door sketches are as joyous as June and as fresh as April.

Miss Mitford has been accused of painting the English peasantry rather as they ought to be than as they are; but if so, we can hardly set it down as a fault, the effect is so uncommonly pleasant. Crabbe erred in the opposite extreme, and gave too much of rustic roguery, and the repulsive part of the picture. No doubt both were correct in their delineations; and there may be something in the widely different parts of the same country which they selected, the one the bleak, marshy, sandy shores of Suffolk, covered with smugglers, blackguards, and corrupted peasantry, the other the rich valleys and cheerful commons of Hampshire. The pictures and personages of both have an air of not-to-be-mistaken reality about them; but then the one took the bright side of human nature, and improved upon it; the other selected the darker shades and deepened the tints. The one wrote "Our Village" in prose, and the other "The Village" in verse; but, contrary to what might have been anticipated, the prose sketch gives the sunny side of the subject, whilst the poetical one dwells upon the every day vices and mean miseries of the soil, and is touched with too dark a pencil for a general picture. The one is a Claude Lorraine, the other a Rembrandt. Perhaps the truth lies between the extremes, and a softening down of the leading features of the two villages might give us something very near the reality.

We are, of course, not writing a regular review of "forty critic power," and therefore will have nothing to say to Miss Mitford's tragedies, highly as they deserve to be estimated. But it is not by her tragedies Miss Mitford will be remembered. Many have surpassed her, and probably many will surpass her in this department; but no one has written, or is likely to write, works resembling, or equaling, "Our Village," and "Belford Regis." They will probably have a place in English literature long after works of higher pretensions have gone to the "oblivious casks." How popular they will be in Australia, New Zealand, and around Colombia river, about a century hence, when people want to know a little about their British ancestors!

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MISS SEDGWICK

Is another jewel of a writer. We admire her works, but admiration is not predominantly sensitive—we love them even more than we admire them. There is a kindly feeling and a domestic charm about them, and they ought to form a portion of every man's library who loves his children, and lives happily with his wife. They are redolent of home and the sweet ties of relationship; and the man or woman who does not relish them, was born for folly, frippery, fashionable novels, silver forks, and second hand gentility.

And yet Miss Sedgwick can go from the fireside to the woods. She is not uproariously national, like Cooper, but she can well depict the features of her "own green forest land," and the denizens thereof, whether aboriginal or "pale-faced." There are few nobler creations than her Indian girl, in "Hope Leslie," and certainly no sweeter or more loveable heroine extant than Hope Leslie herself. To appropriate the language of Mr. Veller, senior—"She *is* an uncommon fine 'oman—she is!" We know no more of Miss Sedgwick personally than we do of the queen of Tahiti; but we never close one of her works, or read even the minor sketches, without feeling that she is one of the most amiable, able, sensible, gentle, and withal unaffected women, that ever took pen in hand.

Miss Sedgwick is read and relished in England at least by those who have not brandy and cayenne-pepper taste in literature, and who think that such novels as "Jack Sheppard" ought to go through the hangman's hands as well as their heroes. The American people ought to feel proud of such an authoress. She makes her country known and respected; her faithful and unpretending sketches of cultivated society produce in Europe, and more especially in England, far more favourable and lasting impressions than any flourish of drums, trumpets, or fourth of July orations. They act as a sort of counterpoise to the details of lynch law and rifle duels.

We hope Miss Sedgwick will yet write more novels; and entertain not the slightest doubt but that they will be stereotyped, and be in common demand when the population of the republic is one hundred and fifty millions!

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From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

With my strong American feelings, and my love of home so excited that my nerves were all on the outside, I was a good deal shocked to find how very little interest was felt about America in the circles I chanced to be in. The truth is, we are so far off, we have so little *apparent* influence on the political machinery of Europe, such slight relations with the literary world, and none with that of art and fashion, that, except to the philosopher, the man of science, and the manufacturing and labouring classes, America is yet an endiscovered country, as distant and as dim as—heaven. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. There are new and exciting events every day at their own doors, and there are accumulations of interests in Europe to occupy a lifetime, and there are few anywhere who can abide Johnson's test when he says that, "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the *distant*, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Inquiries are often put to me about my country, and I laugh at my own eagerness to impart knowledge and exalt their ideas of us, when I perceive my hearers listening with the forced interest of a courteous person to a teller of dreams.

I have seen instances of ignorance of us in quarters where you would scarcely expect it; for example, a very cultivated man, a bishop, asked K. if there were a theatre in America! and a person of equal dignity inquired "if the society of Friends was not the prevailing religious sect in Boston!" A literary man of some distinction asked me if the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were read in America; and one of the cultivated women of England said to me, in a soothing tone, on my expressing admiration of English trees, "Oh, you will have such in time, when your forests are cut down, and they have room for their limbs to spread." I smiled and was silent; but if I saw in vision our graceful, drooping elm, embowering roods of ground, and, as I looked at the stiff, upright English elm, had something of the pharisaical "holier than thoe" flit over my mind, I may be forgiven.

I have heard persons repeatedly expressing a desire to visit America—for what? "To see a prairie"—"to see Niagara"—"to witness the manner of the help to their employers; it must be so very comical!" but, above all, "to eat canvass-back ducks!" The canvass-backs are in the vision of America what St. Peter's is in the view of Rome.

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Punctuation.—Caxton had the merit of introducing the Roman pointing as used in Italy; and his successor, Pinson, triumphed by domiciliating the Roman letter. The dash, or perpendicular line, thus, | was the only punctuation they used. It was, however, discovered that the "craft of pointing well used makes the sentence very light." The more elegant comma supplanted the long uncouth |; the colon was a refinement, "showing that there is more to come." But the semicolon was a Latin delicacy, which the obtuse English typographer resisted. So late as 1580 and 1590, treatises on autography do not recognise any such innovation; the bible of 1592, though printed with appropriate accuracy, is without a semicolon; but in 1633, its full rights were established by Charles Butler's English Grammar. In this chronology of the four points of punctuation, it is evident that Shakspeare could never have used the semicolon; a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, opining that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators.—*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature.*

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Deaf is commonly applied to the ear, and so it is in this part, but it is to the *ear of corn*. When wheat is unripened and injured, it is said to be *deaf*. In this case it is primitively applied; for *deaf*, in the Anglo-Saxon, signifies sterile. When we use it of a disease in the human ear it is metaphorically, because we can get no grain of sense or seitableness in the answers. So, *absurd* is derived from the Latin word for deafness,—the answer, being made without hearing the question, must be wide of it, and therefore foolish.—*Hamilton's Nugæ Literariæ.*

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POVERTY IN CITIES.

LEARNING.—THE PROFESSIONS.

The overflowing of London life, the surplus multitude, the pushed-off population, meets you at every turn, and affords you the most striking instances of the tenacity with which men cling to London as to life. Enter the parlour of any respectable tavern in the evening, you will there find men of capital and respectability out of business, finding, probably, that competition is too strong to enable them to struggle against men of larger means than themselves, or that the times are bad, or business on the decline; yet, although the world is open to these men, and though in some one or other of our colonies a fortune might readily be made upon their capital, or, at all events, an ample subsistence secured, yet you see they will rather lead the miserable lives of frequenters of a coffee-room, lugging their pipes and pots than consent to quit London. Indeed, few quit London without regret; the fortunate and happy look back with fond remembrance upon the scenes of their happiness and good fortune; the unfortunate know no place where they can with the same ease avert that worst and most debasing consequence of misfortune, the affected pity and sincere contempt of friends; the ambitious man looks on London as his proper sphere, and regards leaving it in the light of going into exile; the man of business considers his quitting London a confession of his incapacity to make his way there; the man of pleasure can discover no other place where the prying eyes of his semi-idle neighbours are not upon him; all men, too, look to London as the great lottery in which there are so many prizes, and each is willing to flatter himself that one day or other one of the prizes may fall to his share; there is, in short, a strange unreasoning fascination about the place, which is the root and origin of the excessive competition we have been at the pains shortly to illustrate by the preceding examples. Among the lower walks of life, the intensity of the competitive principle is as apparent as in the higher: every house of call has its room full of poor hungry expectants of toil; every "rookery" has its swarms of unemployed creatures, wandering about looking for work, and supported by the charity of those one degree less helpless than themselves.

But it is when we descend to the professions that competition becomes most desperate, and produces most fatal results; we say *descend* to the professions, for what is a profession *(per se)* in the competition of London life, but a passport to poverty and probable starvation? Contemplate the myriads at the bar, or coming to the bar; in the church, or coming to the church; studying the profession of physic, or already dubbed M. D.; regard the redundant swarm of educated young men and women, we beg pardon, *gentlemen* and *ladies*, tenderly brought up to the fashionable employment of doing nothing, doubly helpless and imbecile from the very refinement of mind superior education is calculated to produce.

This class abounds in London, and a more unfortunate set of wretches do not exist—the newspapers show us emphatically what they come to at last. Take the following hap-hazard from the *Times*.

"ONE SHILLING AN HOUR.—Morning Governess.—A lady, daily engaged in tuition, has her morning hours at present unoccupied, and wishes to devote them to a private family. Her course of instruction comprises *history, geography, with the use of the globes, writing, arithmetic, French, Italian, music, dancing, flower-painting*. The *highest* references can be afforded. *Single* lessons given in any of the above studies. Address, postpaid, to B. B., at Mr. T. Goodhugh's, fancy stationer, 72, Lamb's, Conduit street, Foundling."

God help thee, poor thing! thine is indeed a melancholy lot! Yet such as it is, thine is the lot of thousands. Let us pause a moment—let imagination have the rein—yet why, when we know the truth! Here you have an orphan daughter of a genteeman, bred up in elegant retirement, whose accomplishments formed her employment and her parent's pride; they are dead, and in the wilderness of London she pines alone at some mercenary boarding-house—her music and her sweet voice are the equivalent for her bitter crust, and her beauty, faded though it be, the attraction of the inmates; but she is penniless, and her occupation is never hinted at without a sneer; the bright days of what ought to be so her a joyous youth pass away in a pack-horse drudgery of tuition, at a shilling an hour; she will give, ay, even a single lesson—poor miserable girl—a shilling is an object to her, and for this shilling she is prepared (the lord look down upon her!) to afford the "highest references!" This, ye shabby-genteel families—ye accomplishment-perfectionisers—ye useful-knowledge-mongers, this is the fate that awaits your daughters at last. Instead of making a decent provision for your miserable offspring, you give them an education, as you call it, unnatural wretches that you are, and a *shilling an hour* repays your unhappy daughter for this proficiency in your odious flower-painting—your inveterate piano forte strumming—your profane geography, and your impious use of the globes!

Oh! for an hour of Jack Cade, to hang the lot of ye, with your pens and ink-horns about your necks!

Take up the *Times* again:

"TO GENTLEMEN OF EDUCATION.—Wanted, in an Academy in the healthiest part of Lincolnshire, a gentleman to undertake the whole superintendence of the senior classes under the Principal. The course of instruction comprises Greek, Latin, French, Italian, with the usual University preparatory course, and it will be desirable that candidates should be graduates of Cambridge or Oxford.

"As the situation will be permanent, salary will altogether depend upon the exertions made.

"None need apply who cannot recommend one or two pupils. The strictest moral character absolutely necessary. Apply by letter, postpaid," &c."

The hard-hearted impudence of these advertisements passes without notice, because in a country where thousands of educated persons cannot get work at wages, tens of thousands will be ready and willing to work without; and, indeed, the advertising columns of the public journals afford examples every day of persons who are ready to pay to be allowed to work for nothing. It is true, that artisans and labouring men are not yet come to this pretty pass; nobody thinks of employing a bricklayer or carpenter, and giving him no other remuneration for his services than the credit of the job; yet this is the course adopted, wherever practicable, with persons of education in the world of London.

The young physician, going about in a suit of unliquidated sables, and paying twice as much as he is worth for a foot square of a hall door in a genteel neighbourhood, whereon his name is engraven in letters of brass, is glad to go round doffing his hat and bending his back to a hundred or more guinea subscribers to some fifth-rate dispensary, soliciting, as if life and death depended upon it, the "sweet voices" of a set whose brains are most probably in their breeches pockets, and whose vulgar insolence is the only attribute that does not smell of the shop: by these, or less or more of them, this man of medicine is huffed and snuffed about, because he solicits the distinguished honour of attending their pauper *proteges* for nothing.

(Conclusion in our next.)

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DEAF UNCLE JEFFERY AND THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

By ABBOT LEE.

Never was such a commotion known in the annals of domestic moppery and broomery and scrubbery and dustery. All good house-wives know how to turn a house upside down, and how to throw it out of the windows, and the dwelling into which we are about to introduce our readers was just in this agreeable predicament. The curtains were down and the carpets were up; the fires were out and the sweeps were in; the floors were wet and the cisterns were dry; everything was out of its place in the endeavour to put everything into it; and the whole household was in disorder whilst being put in order:—and all because an old uncle was coming.

All the little and the great Pokenhams were mustered, and marshalled, and drilled. Mrs. Pokenham took upon herself the office of drill-serjeant.

"Now, girls, no quarrelling, no contradiction, no huffing, no scowling, no snuffing—your old uncle's coming. Now, boys, no fighting, no rollicking, and game-making—mind and put the best side out, and behave decently—your old uncle's coming. And now, where's Fanny Carr? She's always out of the way when she ought to be in it, and in it when she ought to be in it. Can't any of you find me Fanny Carr? I want to give her some hints and orders, because my old uncle's coming."

A little plain undersized old maid, somewhere about four feet four inches and a half in height, about six stone six pounds six ounces in weight, and a complexion something between saffron and stone-blue, and dressed in a garb of forgotten date, was presently poked out of a corner by the young Pokenhams.

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "have you done those few trifling things that I desired? Have you seen fresh linen put upon the best bed?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And have you cured the chimney-board of rattling?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And the windows of shaking?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the boot-jack and the slippers were placed ready to his feet?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And Mr. Pokenham's last new dressing-gown to his hands?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the coffee was properly cleared?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And the chicken and bottle of wine all ready to be brought up?" "Yes, ma'am."

"You know my uncle's coming!"

"Has anybody told anybody that my uncle's coming?" asked Mrs. Pokenham. "Not a soul! of us," exclaimed *omnes*.

"That's right. Why, if it were once known, we should have all the world and his wife here in less than no time. The Scudamores would be racketing and rollicking here, and Christopher and Kate mincing, and earneying, and blarneying, and they'd try with a witness to get my old uncle from me." "They'd get a troublesome customer," said Miss Pokenham the first.

"Yes, but one that I hope will pay well. Now, girls, if you dare to show any of your quizzings, and huffings, and black looks, you'll spoil all, and we shall lose all my uncle's share in the Bank of England. As for you, Jane, if you fall into that old trick you have got of turning up your nose at everybody—and you, Margaret, of curling up your lip at everything—and you, boys, of badgering, and bantering, and worrying; why, we shall just be throwing away all uncle Jeff's bank-stock and landed estates; and we may as well have them, for we have as much right to them as anybody else."

"I wish you may get them," said Master Daniel. "Most rare Daniel!" said Master Humphrey; "I wish I may."

Thanks to the little sister of the primitive old maids, Fanny Carr, everything was at length in perfect readiness; the carpets were all down and curtains all up; the floors were dry, and the fires were lit; the covers were stript from the best chairs, the sofa wheeled to the best place, the fire was blazing in all the beauty of concavity, convexity, and contiguity, and every face arranged so as to look delighted at the arrival of tiresome, troublesome, cross, snappish old uncle Jeff. There came a sound of very brilliant blowing of horns; everybody strained their eyes; the Royal blue flew past in grand style; the horses pranciug and capering, and the guard making melody with a bugle horn; on it whirled and whirled, never stopping fur anybody, and of course no uncle Jeff could be there, and so two tedious hours were spent in fidgetings and guessings; and then the slow coach was heard coming lumbering along, and stopping, and it stopped at the steps of the respectable house where had been all the dusting and mopping and brushing and brooming, and a great masculine head, with thick heavy features, and bushy eye-brows, and large lips, poked itself out of the window, and looked up to the house in question, surveying as well brass-mounted door, and cabinet window, and the scarlet moreen curtains through them, and the brighter blaze of the cheerful fire glowing and flickering over the window frames, with a most morose unpleasable look; whereupon Mrs. Pokenham, and all the tribe of Pokenhams, little and big, rushed out of the parlour into the hall, and out of the hall on to the pavement, and Mrs. Pokenham began to delight her own benevolent heart by assuring herself and her uncle, and congratulating herself upon the information, that her dear, kind, good uncle Jeffery was really looking full twenty years younger than when she last saw him.

"Dear uncle Jeffery! how kind of you to come and see us! how delighted I am to receive you into the bosom of my affectionate family! My dear Mr. Pokenham will be so rejoiced to find you amongst us, and all my darling children have been so anxious to welcome you, that they could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking and talking about you. But pray take care of the steps—they are so slanting, and slippery and dangerous—not that you are in the least infirm, but I myself had an awkward slip from them one day. Why, how well you are looking! you must be growing younger every day. I declare you look more juvenile than any of us. Daniel—Humphrey—call the servant to take your uncle's luggage. My dear uncle, I cannot think of such a thing as your carrying your own luggage. Daniel! Humphrey! call somebody, There can't you take it yourselves? My dear uncle Jeffrey, pray wait till a servant can come. Daniel! Humphrey! why don't you move?"

Daniel and Humphrey stood with their hands in their pockets staring very contemptuously as the cross-grained old gentleman took up a small hair trunk and a leather hat-box in his hands, and, under the running cannonade of Mrs. Pokenham's speech, proceeded to ascend the flight of steps, taking as little notice of the lady proprietress of the mansion as though he had heard her not, which supposititious case appeared to be pretty nearly the true one, as on their entrance into the parlour the morose old gentleman, laying his luggage very deliberately on the floor, proceeded to draw from the depth of his capacious pocket a very serious-looking ear-horn; which having adjusted to his ear, he turned a sour look upon Mrs. Pokenham, and for the first time opened his lips.

"Well, ma'am, I told you I'd come some time or other, and I'm here."

Had all Mrs. Pokenham's energy and eloquence gone for nothing? Had it all been wasted on a deaf old man, who had not been able to hear a syllable of her mellifluous accents? was it all to do over again, and that too to the detriment of her lungs, at the top of her breath? Yes, seemingly so, and accordingly the poor hard-worked lady began again shouting as loud as possible.

"My dear uncle Jeffery, we are all delighted to see you, and looking so well—younger than ever." "Hey? what?"

"We are all glad to see you! You are looking so well!" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, growing very red in the face. "Do you think I look well then?" said the cross old gentleman.

"Oh charmingly. Twenty years younger than when I saw you." "Hey? what?"

"You are looking so much younger than you did some time back. Nobody would believe that you were the same person. I am sorry, however, to see that you are rather dull of hearing." "Dull of what?" asked uncle Jeff.

"A little deaf," shouted Mrs. Pokenham. "Deaf! who says that I'm deaf? a set of sinful people. I should like to know who told you that I was deaf? a parcel of ignorant people!"

"O, I see, I see that it was all a mistake! only I thought that perhaps you had got a little cold—nothing more, nothing more," shouted Mrs. Pokenham. "I'm no more deaf than you are!" said the sour-visaged old man.

"No, no, uncle, I see that you are not. I don't know what I could be thinking of," said poor Mrs. Pokenham, whose lungs began to complain at being put into such severe requisition. "But now, uncle, take the easy chair—it is such an easy one—we got it on purpose for you." "I don't want your easy chairs! my chair is easy to a healthy man like me. What! I suppose you think I'm getting old?"

"O no, dear uncle Jeffery; you look full twenty years younger than when I saw you last. Here, Fanny Carr, do take these slippers and the dressing-gown away. I don't know who could have thought of treating my dear uncle Jeffery as if he were old or invalided. Pray, Fanny Carr, do move this footstool, and wheel this great unwieldy chair away."

The little old maid drew near much as if she had been a little mouse approaching a lion, and proceeded to do as she was bid with one of the most frightened airs in the world, The great cross man looked down like a colossal statue on the diminutive little thing who was thus called upon to wait upon his high mightiness.

"Won't you go near the fire, uncle Jeffery? it was made on purpose for you; we thought you might be cold," shouted Mrs. Pokenham. "Cold!" sneered uncle Jeff, unbuttoning his coat.

"Do open the window, Fanny Carr, my uncle

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will be suffocated." "I wish you'd let the window be—and me too," growled uncle Jeff.

"And now, uncle Jeffery, will you take tea or coffee? we have them both ready." "Do you think I'm a tee-totaller? I hate slops!"

"Uncle Jeffery shall have a rump-steak and oyster sauce. Would you like that?" shrieked Mrs. Pokenham. "I don't like to be plagued!" growled uncle Jeff.

Poor Mrs. Pokenham sat down in her chair, pretty considerably exhausted with shouting, and proceeded to lament herself and console herself in a low voice, perfectly comfortable in uncle Jeff not being able to hear her, in spite of his assurances that he was by no manner of means deaf.

"Well, and so he's deaf! deaf as a door-nail! and how in the world am I to go on making myself agreeable I don't know—I shall soon be perfectly exhausted. And yet there is one little comfort in it—we need not be very particular what we say. One may be able to express our sentiments, without being constantly in danger of stumbling over some affront or another."

"Mamma," said Miss Pokenham the eldest, "I suppose we may speak, too, as uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear a word that we can say."

"Say what you will, only don't look towards him, lest he suspect that we are speaking of him."

"I was only going to give you my opinion of this new relation of ours; why mamma, he is amazingly ugly."

"What of that?" said Mrs. Pokenham, "he is as rich as a Jew."

"Did you ever see such thick lips—such a thick nose—and such a thick head?" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Don't make me laugh," said Miss Pokenham the first, "or else our deaf uncle Jeff will think I am laughing at him."

"What are you talking about?" asked uncle Jeff, placing his ear-horn ready for the answer.

"They were talking girl-like, uncle Jeffery," shouted poor Mrs. Pokenham, "of you. You know that is so natural; and they were saying—but you must excuse them—what a fine looking man you are!"

"La, ma, how can you say so? I never saw any body much uglier in my life, and then for expression! why he could certainly make vinegar with a look." "Hey? what?" said uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was only saying that you have such a powerful expression. *Now, boys, if you begin to titter, I'll turn you out of the room.*"

"How mamma is sweetening up deaf uncle Jeff! Mamma, I had better help you to do a little more, since it answers so well. Look how he is staring at us with his goggle eyes." "Hey? what?" asked uncle Jeffery, turning again to Miss Pokenham.

"Jane was only saying, that you had such peculiarly fine eyes. *Girls, will you have done!*"

"No, mamma, it is too good fun—we must have a little more of it. Don't you see how deaf uncle Jeff is looking at us, and how red he is getting in the face? His complexion and visage would do very well for a sign-post at some village inn." "Hey? what?" interrogated uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was observing how fresh-complexioned you are, uncle Jeffery, and what a fine portrait you would make. *Humphrey, go out of the room. Daniel, be quiet. Girls! girls! how dare you say such things before his face? I declare I sit in fear and trembling.*"

"La, mamma, one may say what one likes—it's all safe enough. Uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear, never fear. Besides, it does him good to hear you interpret for us. You turn our sour into sweet, and he seems to like the flavour. Better give him a little more."

"Feeding time is not over. Give him a little more," said Humphrey.

"How can I keep my countenance, if you go on so? Boys, be quiet."

"It is so amusing to see ma obliged to look pleasant when she is in such a passion. Dear ma, would you like to box our ears?" "Hey? what?" said uncle Jeff.

"The girls were saying, that they never saw me look half so delighted as I am now doing, for the pleasure of seeing you here.—*Girls, if you will provoke me—boys, I will punish you for this! You are behaving shamefully!*"

"O, mamma, it is so amusing to see you trying to look sweet and calm and pleasant at cross deaf uncle Jeff, and yet all the while in such a passion with us."

"I'll tell you what has just come into my head, mamma," said Miss Pokenham the first, "now don't let anybody laugh—have you all got your listening faces ready? are they all screwed up not to laugh?"

"Hold your tongue, Jane!" said Mrs. Pokenham. "Ready! ready!" exclaimed *omnes*.

"Why, this is my project," resumed Miss Pokenham; "to make up a match between our little minikin finikin Fanny Carr and our great deaf uncle Jeff." Mrs. Pokenham half screamed with fear—the rest laughed outright.

"Mamma, they would be such a nice couple. Our deaf uncle Jeff, and little minikin finikin Fanny Carr. Such an overgrown giant and such an undergrown doll. It's of no use blushing so, Fanny Carr—you make uncle Jeff look at you, your face is so on fire. He'll wonder what in the world you are blushing so about. Don't you see how he is staring?"

Little Fanny Carr lifted up her eyes and saw those of the formidable visitor fixed full upon her face, whereupon she rose from her seat and got out of the room.

—

"Pray who is that little thing?" asked uncle Jeffery of Mrs. Pokenham, as they were left together in the evening—"pray who is that little thing who has just gone out of the room?"

"Do you mean Fanny Carr? O, she is a little creature that has seen better days, and we let her be here because my feelings won't let me send her away. She is so happy, and so attached to us, poor thing, and she just makes herself useful by doing any trifle that falls in her way. She keeps the keys of the store-room, and the tea-caddy, and the wine cellar, and the beer, and the cellaret, and she fills up her time with sewing for the girls, and she has the care of the linen, and she makes all the pastry, and does the preserves—but what I most prize Fanny Carr for is, that she is such a good nurse—she nursed the children through all their maladies, and never left them when we had the scarlet fever; everybody said that she would catch it, but she never did, though she was with them day and night. Yes, Fanny Carr is a most excellent nurse."

"So she is your housekeeper, and your cook, and your plain-sewer, and your nurse!" "O no, I don't give her any wages."

"A servant without wages?" "Uncle, I see that you don't like to have Fanny Carr sitting at the same table with you. I am sure I beg your pardon, but I did not think of it. I don't much think that she would like to eat with the servants, but I'll see. At all events, I can send her dinner up to her own room." "Let the little thing stay," said uncle Jeff.

"But, my dear uncle, I confess it was very thoughtless of me to seat her at the same table with you, and I can very well make her go." "Then I shall go too!" said deaf uncle Jeff.

Mrs. Pokenham of course immediately withdrew her proffer. She could only regret that she had been so inadvertent as to place her highly-respectable, and highly-endowed, and fortunately rich uncle Jeffery, at the same table with a poor little minikin finikin old maid. Fanny Carr was still tolerated, and uncle Jeffery seemed so far to overcome his aversion to her as to permit various little offices which she was constantly performing for him in her character of general usefulness. She arranged the cushions in his easy chair,—for, after the first fit of sullenness, uncle Jeffery permitted himself to be installed into his comfortableness—she fetched him his slippers, and got him the newspapers, and handed him his hat and stick when he went out, and took them from him when he came in, and always met him with a smile; and, some way or other, deaf uncle Jeff could hear Fanny Carr's gentle voice almost without the help of his ear-horn, better than he could understand other people with it.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

You generally pick up this mercurial scamp at a watering place; and when introduced to him by some green master of the ceremonies at the race-ball or the assembly rooms, you are in ecstasies with his good humour, his fashionable air, and sprightly talk. What a flattering desire does he not evince to conciliate your good opinion! How handsomely he gives in to your prejudices, and listens to the oracular words of wisdom that are constantly dropping from your lips! Then his wit, how easy and fertile it is, and free from spleen and malice! Then his hospitality! Can anything be more cordial than the manner in which he invites you to his castle with a hard name, in some remote district of the kingdom! Your eldest daughter, to whom the bulk of your property descends at your death, speaks of him in the highest terms, and so does your wife, to say nothing of your servants, who are one and all devoted to his interests. Is it possible, no matter how close-fisted you may be in your counting-house, that you, having a strong penchant for high life, can refuse a gentleman of whom all parties entertain so favourable an opinion, and who tells you, too, that he is on the most intimate terms with half the aristocracy of the realm—is it possible, I ask, that you can refuse so enviable an acquaintance the small trifle of fifty pounds, to be punctually repaid when his lazy steward remits his usual rents? Assuredly not; and accordingly you give him a check on your banker, after having nearly killed yourself with laughing at one of his droll post-prandial stories of "that capital fellow, Lord Tom;" and a day or two afterward you find, to your astonishment, that your daughter is missing from your breakfast table! You ring again, and down comes Betty in tears and as pale as a parsnip—your wife being in a swoon up stairs—and hands you an open note, which she found lying on Miss Leonora's dressing-table, and which informs her disconsolate parents that, not wishing to give them offence, but at the same time entertaining a strong conviction of the duty which she owes to herself, she has set off at day break for Gretna Green with Captain Theodore Augustus Fitz Eustace! This intelligence puts you quite beside yourself with rage. You tear the note to atoms, fling your wig behind the fire, swallow your tea so scalding hot that

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you are within an ace of suffocation, and having thus given vent to the sensibilities which the loss of fifty pounds seldom fails to engender in an affectionate bosom, you sit quietly down and console yourself with the reflection, so soothing to your vanity, that you saw through the rascal from the first, but thought it the best way to take no notice until you had got proof positive against him!

CURIOSITY OF THE SHERIFF OF MEKKA.

The sheriff ordered his scribe to be sent for, and to seat himself on the divan. He came bearing in his sash an inkstand girdled with diamonds, from which he took a beautifully decorated reed: and the sheriff, while his eyes glistened with delight, directed him to record all that had been said respecting British India. "We know something of Hindostan," he added, "it supplies Mekka with almost all the articles we consume. We see a great many pilgrims from that country. Your goverment does not interfere with them. That is just, that is right." He made many inquiries about Europe. "Was there not a very great warrior there some years ago?" "You mean Napoleon Bonaparte." He had not heard his name, he said, but heard of his deeds. "And was he not conquered, and sent away to die in exile?" "He was!" "But—because there was a greater warrior than he!" "And what was that other warrior's name?" "Wellington." "Put that down, put that down," said the sheriff to the scribe. "And what is the name of your king?" "We have no king, we have a queen." "What! a woman! Put that down scribe! Put that down." "And what is your queen's name?" "Victoria Alexandriana." "And what is the meaning of her name?" "Victoria is your Nasrah, a name given to celebrate the great victory of the great warrior we were speaking of." "Write that scribe. But Alexandriana, what is the meaning of that?" Upon which we pointed out the relationship between the royal family of England and the imperial family of Russia, and that in honour of an emperor of the north the name of Alexandriana was given. But Arabs have no notion of any latitude in name-giving, and we did not succeed in making the reason clear to the sheriff. It was too remote an association of cause and effect: and he said quietly, "I do not understand this:" but he did not say to the scribe, "Put that down." "But do your people ever see your queen? Does she unveil her face?" "Indeed she does, and a very pretty face it is!" "Mashallah! Put it down, scribe." We had just been reading in the papers an account of the city festival in honour of the queen, and described it to the astonished sheriff as well as we could—the unveiled ladies of the court, the ceremonials, the feasting, the procession, the speechifying. "Mashallah! Mashallah! I must believe it, because you say it! Put it down, scribe! put it all down."—*Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals.*

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

THE VATICAN.

The Vatican, as you well know, is the pontifical palace. It is an irregular mass of buildings, "a company of palaces," appended to St. Peter's, built from time to time, according to the ability or whim of successive pontiffs, without reference, in its external, to architectural harmony or beauty of any kind. Mrs. Stark gives 70,000 feet as the circumference of these edifices. At twelve o'clock the Piazza of St. Peter's is thronged with English equipages, and visiters from all part of the civilised world. They enter the colonnade that leads to St. Peter's, turn and ascend a side staircase, mount to a spacious open court (to which privileged carriages may drive by making the circuit of St. Peter's), and then enter the palace, where, scattered through the immense galleries and numberless apartments of the Museum, the multitudinous congregation that pressed through the portals appear but as a few wanderers.

I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe to you the treasures of these marble halls. You know that the creative genius of nations which had passed away when Rome was founded, has contributed to fill them; that here are monuments of Egyptian and Etruscan art; that here is embodied the "graceful mythology" of Greece; that here, in enduring marble, are her philosophers, poets, priestesses, and nymphs; and that here is our real world of old Rome in her rulers and heroes; and, chiseled while the eye of the artist was on their living heads, are the busts of Julius Cæsar, Cicero, Augustus, Titus, Trajan, and—but a list of them would fill a book instead of a letter. The bust of Julius Cæsar is said by the antiquaries to be a faithful portrait. The face is so deeply furrowed that you can hardly believe it to be of a man not more than fifty-six (his age at the time of his death). The face is a record of inflexible resolution, invincible purpose, and unintermitting anxieties. The mouth is rather like Washington's. There is a bust of Augustus Cæsar, said to have been made when he was a boy of eight or nine, and said to be the most beautiful bust in the world. It is faultless in its symmetry: and if he were the crafty and selfish monarch history represents him, he must sadly have perverted his nature.

Besides the men of past ages, you have their history, their occupations, their religious offices, their games written in marble. There are gradations of adornment, as if to accustom your eye to increase of light. The walls at the entrance of the first hall are covered with sepulchral inscriptions; as you proceed, these are interspersed with fragments of friezes and cornices. Along the sides of the walls are placed sarcophagi, baths, altars, fountains, urns, vases, and capitals. You proceed on through lengthening galleries with side-halls, and apartments with pictured ceilings, and mosaic pavements, and marble columns, to a small octagonal court, in the midst of which is a fountain sparkling in the bright, unobstructed sunbeams. Around this court is a portico containing the most precious remains of art, baths in which emperors have bathed, and sarcophagi sculptured for their mouldering bodies. Enclosed in the four angles of this portico are masterpieces: the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and, last, Canova's great works, Perseus and the Pugilists.

The Priest's Leap.—When the curse of Cromwell, sweeping all Ireland, did not even spare this remote district, and his black mouthed troopers, greedy of gain and prodigal of blood, broke the mountain barrier of "Irris Bounds," and made their appearance in the Mullet, a priest was celebrating mass at the abbey of Termon Carra, when a panting messenger ran in and told him to escape, for the heretics were at hand. So the holy father thrusting the pix and chalice into his bosom, and clad in his flowing vestments, fled towards the cliff, hoping to reach some cave or sheltering rock beneath which he might secrete himself for a time. But his pursuers are hot foot after him—their victim is in sight, and now he has reached the nearest cliff, and down it goes perpendicular to the blue ocean; behind are rushing the dismounted troopers, the iron scabbards of their swords rattling amongst the rocks as they came on—he has but a choice of deaths, and he will fall into the hands of Providence rather than of men; and in an instant he will make the spring from the precipice. Ay, down he goes, down goes the cliff along with him—it falls under him slanting, and he is safe on an instantaneous island—which not only stands separate from the mainland, keeping the surging sea between him and his foes, but protected from their murderous shots by its slanting position and its sheltering rocks. It is to be assumed that when the Sassenachs retreated, disappointed as they were of their prey, some friendly Corragh came and took him from this rock, on which nothing but a puffin or a seamew could remain for any time without perishing.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris.*

A German Audience.—Elegantly dressed girls in the transparent and gay toilettes of an English ball-room, might be seen sitting side by side with the gipsey coloured, bare-handed peasant women of the district, whose black caps, by the way, gracefully displaying the head and picturesquely decorated with pendant streamers of ribbon, are quite worth the attention of any lady who has beauty or courage enough to resolve upon a new mode. Here, again, was a comely youth, tight-laced in his neat uniform, and every hair of his moustache trimmed to an agony of perfection, squeezed up against a dirty, savage, half-naked student; half naked I may say, without exaggeration, when I remember one figure with his long, wild hair half-way down his back, and his velveteen coat, which, confined at the waist with one solitary button, made it evident, beyond a possibility of mistake, that neither waiscoat nor shirt was underneath.—*Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany.*

Paris, or "the Picturesque Annual," by Mrs. Gore, for 1842. London. Price 6 dollars.

There can be no reason to write about Paris, or London at all, at the present day, but to have pictures by different hands. We have Sully's queen, and ———'s queen, and queens by all the sign-painters—queens in miniature, full lengths, front faces, and profile; in opera dress, hunting dress, in dishabille, in extremo toilet.—All do not see the same things in the same objects. Rothschild and Sir Humphrey Davy did not see the same things in a guinea. How many things have we seen in Paris that Mrs. Gore never saw in it! *et vice versa.*—Here is *her* picture under the title of the "Picturesque Annual." She has strolled about, and with her old woman's spectacles, has noticed only such scenes as seemed to her most conspicuous and agreeable; and the result is a pleasant volume, with, we think, merit enough for a republication, independent of its picturesque embellishments. It will occupy but four or five numbers of the Library, and will put an appropriate conclusion to our second volume, and the labours of the year.

Mrs. Gore has resided a long time in Paris; she is noted for the pungency and buoyancy of her style. How far these advantages have availed her in the present work, we submit to the judgment of our readers.

The Poems of John G. C. Brainard. A new and authentic collection; with an original Memoir of his Life. Hartford: Edward Hopkins.

Brainard's poetry is so generally known, that any notice of the contents of this volume would be superfluous. The mechanical execution is creditable to the publishers—being in a neat half "annual" style, and the book is well adapted for a holyday present. It is embellished with a spirited crayon sketch of the author, and a pretty vignette title page. For sale in this city, by Carey & Hart.

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POVERTY IN CITIES.

LEARNING.—THE PROFESSIONS.

(Concluded.)

The young lawyer, in like manner, is bilked of his fees by a rascally attorney, who thinks he does wonders by giving the young man a chance of distinguishing himself; the fellow would be ashamed not to pay his chimney-sweeper, but will feel no scruple in withholding the hire of the other gentleman who may be obliged to put his head into much dirtier concerns.

The poor clergyman about town is rejoiced at the opportunity of preaching, out of the season, a half-guinea sermon for some wealthy incumbent, who goes off with his family every autumn to one or other of the watering places; the condition of *wretches* engaged in tuition we are already familiar with: while literary history, ancient and modern, is but a litany of the miseries of men whose subsistence depends upon the precarious and exhausting produce of the brain.

The cause of this depreciation of intellectual labour is obvious—over-production: while first rate men of business are far from common, while respectable artisans are hardly to be had, the doctors, lawyers, parsons, tutors, and literary persons of all denominations, devour one another, and their wages fall to nothing accordingly.

The plague of schoolmasters is upon the land, hands are out of fashion, and nobody will condescend to work but with their heads: the example of the Clerk of Chatham has been lost on this perverse generation, and every man's child now comes into the world with an inkhorn round his neck, a quire of foolscap under his arm, and a pen behind his ear; he must be a lawyer, forsooth, as if the world was only a larger Court of Chancery, and all mankind were at loggerheads therein: or a doctor, or some pernicious animal of that sort. The daughters are to be what they call accomplished, which means, in English, to be able to do nothing useful; and the upshot of the infatuation will be, that in a little time we shall have neither butchers, nor bakers, nor tinkers, nor tailors, nor seamstresses, nor cooks; the living will devour the living, and the dead bury the dead. As it is, every third man you meet is sure to be one of those worse than useless creatures called professional gentlemen; and *who* now-a-days, I should like to know, is acquainted with any young lady who could tell you how long a leg of mutton will take in boiling, or who understands any earthly thing save flower-painting, arithmetic, geography, or the (curse them!) use of the globes?

If any imagine that we are at the trouble to indite these papers for the purpose of mere amusement, or to raise an evanescent laugh, they mistake us altogether, and we desire no more of their acquaintance. We have a higher object in view; and if we occasionally indulge in innocent jocularity, it is that we may carry our young and inexperienced readers more pleasantly to the moral of our history. We are old in the ways of London life, and would be a Mentor to many a young Telemachus, if they will only listen to us. We ask the young man, who thinks education—mere education—will carry him through the world of London, to consider, before he transplants himself thither, whether he is about to fix himself in a congenial soil; we tell him, and that not ignorantly, that in this world of brick and mortar, his education will only render him more susceptible of the universal contempt, dislike, and distrust that will be sure to meet him at every turn. But poverty does not only make men ridiculous in London, but hateful; it is looked upon in the light of an unnatural crime, and the brutal myrmidons of the law, and the dull Dogberries of the police offices, delight in subjecting destitution to ignominy. We tell the unfriended young man of talent, who meditates the miseries of a London life, that, be he as well principled as he will, and as due care and he will be sure to commit—the crime of poverty—than which, in the calendar, none is more relentlessly pursued in London; it was capital at one time to be destitute; and if the police magistrate had the making as well as the administering of the laws, destitution would be capital again. Avaunt, poor wretch! you have no business here; nobody can make any thing of your flesh, nor will the tanners give a farthing a pound for your skin: your teeth, probably not having been much in use, may be worth a guinea to the dentists; or, if you happen to be a governess with a good head of hair, a Jew will give you at the rate of three shillings a pound for it. Avaunt, I say! what are you worth to a rascally tradesman, a skinflint lodging-house keeper, or a huxtering Jew? *who* can cheat, or cozen, or swindle you out of that which you have not, good for-nothing varlet that you are! If, famishing with hunger, you refresh yourself by gazing at a cook-shop, you are ordered to "move on!" if by prayers and entreaties, you obtain permission to sleep under a hayrick, or by the side of a brick-kiln, the patrol seizes you *vi et armis*, and drags you to the lock-up, a charge being entered against you of "found destitute." In the morning you are brought to the bar with a horde of other vagabonds, and probably sent to the treadmill for fourteen days; or, if you choose to inform the magistrate that you are a poor scholar, His Worship, after looking round the court with an air of salaried stupidity, and inquiring of the officers, whether you are "known to the office," or whether the present is your first "*offence*," will probably, in his great mercy, let you off with a severe admonition not again to be guilty of the horrid crime of sleeping in the open air.

But you will not listen to reason; you are a man of talent, your grand-mother says so; and the albums, of a dozen young ladies in your neighbourhood attest the fact; your foolish old father says, that "learning is better than houses or land," and you are jackass enough to believe him; you have got on your tongue's end a cuckoo cry of "knowledge is power," and off you go to London to give yourself the lie.

Surely you bring your pigs to a fine market; as soon should we expect to see the trembling aspen rise to maturity on the naked peaks of the Himalayas, or to stumble upon the modest violet in the desert plains of Central Africa, as to see the unprofessional man of education and talent rise to any thing above the miserable chance of the precarious subsistence of the passing day. Suppose you came to London with a poem, like Thomson, or like Johnson with a tragedy in your pocket; why, you will want a pair of shoes like the one, or the dinner like the other; and probably, as all your conceit will not lead you to measure your intellect with such men, you will ere long find it advisable either to turn your attention to some useful occupation, or else go to New Zealand, Australia, or the Devil.

That scholarship may serve a man in some recognised avocation, we do not scruple to admit, (although we believe that if he have pushing and tact, or perseverance and common sense, with a dash of impudent self-conceit, he will get on much better without it;) but then it will only serve him as subsidiary to something the world stands in need of, and, because it so stands in need of, is ready and willing to pay for and to honour; but so sure as a picture, however well finished, is a bare and naked looking affair if not provided with a frame, so sure is scholarship, especially in London, a miserable chattel if not set in the golden round of some lucrative profession. Need I refer you to the *Calamities of Authors* for the certain fate that awaits you if you turn your energies to the trade of literature? for a trade you must make it, if you would live! If, in fine, you are a scholar, that is to say a poor scholar, go from door to door among the cabins of Ireland, where you will be received with universal sympathy and respect, and have the best seat and the mealiest potato; or travel as

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Goldsmith did, from university to university on the Continent, where the measure of a man is not altogether taken from his breeches pocket; but of all curses, avoid the cursed indignity you will meet with in London, where the ruffianism of insolent and vulgar wealth knows no restraint, no decency, no shame; and where every cad with a pocket full of silver, is more respectable than you while his pocket is full. London is a trading place, and whatever you are, if you come to London to live, you must be a trader; therefore, if you have the true nobility of genius, stay away, and let the muck-worms of town insult one brave spirit the less.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DEAF UNCLE JEFFERY AND THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

BY ABBOT LEE.

(Concluded.)

"I wish I had deaf uncle Jeff's money!" said Master Daniel.—"How I would make it fly! He has not the heart to do anything with it but keep it to get moth-eaten and rusty."

"There he is under the window," said Humphrey.

"No matter what one says, he can't hear us. It is such fun to look him in the face and hoax him—telling him what an old curmudgeon he is, and all the while making him think that you are paying the greatest compliments. Mamma does that in fine style. Now I'll show you her honey, milk and sugar way."

And so saying, Master Daniel walked up to his deaf uncle Jeff, and, with an insinuating look and a soft smile, said, "It gives me pleasure to assure you that I think you have not sense enough to enjoy either your life or your money." "Hey! What do you say?" said deaf uncle Jeff, applying his ear-horn.

"O fie!" exclaimed the little old maid, turning very red—"how can you mock his infirmities in that manner!"

"I'll tell you what," said Master Daniel, turning sharply round upon the poor dependent—"I'll tell you what—mamma ordered you to make the amiable to old deaf uncle Jeff here for our sake, but she begins to think you are doing it for your own."

"O Master Daniel!" exclaimed little Fanny Carr, "you know that I try to be kind to everybody—indeed I ought, for I feel what it is to wish for kindness myself; and when I see how you all play upon this poor gentleman, because he happens to be deaf, I can't help feeling the more pitiful over him; but it would be just the same if he were poor." "Hey? hey? What does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"She says she is quite exhausted with the trouble of speaking to you, sir, you are so very deaf!"

"Deaf! deaf!" exclaimed the old gentleman—"I am not deaf—I told you all before that I was not deaf."

"O Daniel!" exclaimed Fanny Carr with the tears in her eyes—"how can you so misrepresent me!" "Hey? hey? What does she say?" asked uncle Jeffery.

"She says, sir, that she is quite worn out with the trouble of shouting and running errands."

"O Daniel!" ejaculated the little old maid.

"And she says that if you don't go away very soon, she must. But mamma is very angry with her for grumbling, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to show her the way to the door." The little old maid burst into tears.

"Hey! hey! What's all this?" ejaculated the deaf gentleman.

"O mamma, you are here, and it's high time," said Master Daniel, as Mrs. Pokenham entered. "If I had not been here to meddle, Fanny Carr was managing deaf uncle Jeff in fine style."

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "your conduct has been more and more extraordinary every day." "What have I done?" exclaimed the little old maid.

"You have been trying to manage my poor silly uncle—that has been plain enough in my eyes for a long time. You tattle after him, and go about fetching, and carrying, and coaxing, and looking like a lamb, and you know that you have your own private ends in it all."

"What ends can I have?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Why, Miss Carr, if I must speak the plain truth—and I am a plain-spoken person, you know, not much given to flattery—I must say, that I see clearly enough what you are aiming at. When one party is foolish, and the other is artful, it does not need much discernment to see what is in the wind." "What do you mean, ma'am?" exclaimed the little old maid in agony.

"Why, I mean, Miss Carr, just this;—you see that my uncle is a silly old man, and rich, and you know very clever and poor, you think that you may be able to catch him in a match. You think that it would be a better thing to be Mrs. Jeffery, and keep your carriage, than even to live the idle life which you are doing."

"The idle life which I now lead!" exclaimed the little old maid, "I who toil in labours which have no end though all the weary days, without either thanks or wages!—and now to be accused of this!"

"You see that my uncle is half a fool, and you think you can juggle him into marrying you. But I tell you once more that I will not stand by and see such things done in my house; so just have the goodness to tie up your things, and take your departure in half an hour—and very glad shall I be when you are fairly gone, for I see how artful you are, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end." Fanny Carr burst into an agony of tears.

"Mr. Jeffery is not the weak man you think him, but clear-headed and strong-minded enough to detect me, if I were the artful creature you accuse me of being. But I will go, I will not stay to be accused of eating the bread of idleness, or practising subterfuges—no, I will go and beg my bread rather than that!—anything is better than that;—only—only—don't laugh at him any more, poor gentleman, for if he were to find it out he would feel it, for he is not so simple as you think him, dear poor gentleman." "Hey? hey? what does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"O, my dear uncle Jeffery, don't mind her. She is an ungrateful creature, after all the kindness which we have shown her, to be weary of paying you a few little attentions which I had enjoined upon her. But, my dear uncle, I have sent her away. Nobody shall slight you in my house, so I have sent her away." "Humph!" said deaf uncle Jeff.

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The little old maid's eyes were almost drowned with tears—and, whatever poets may say in rhyme on the superlativeness of the beauty of bloodshot orbs, and their red curtains, and all that, we have always been accustomed to consider those sort of things amazingly unbecoming. But it happened that our little heroine forgot to consult her looking-glass upon the occasion, and consequently her eyes became something like the red sea. The poor little body, however, proceeded as expeditiously as might be to lay her scanty wardrobe as straightly as possible in a wooden box, which was both small enough and large enough; she collect her needles and her knitting; a few letters, carefully tied up with a piece of faded blue ribbon, the dates of which proved chronologically that the paper had been made full twenty years ago, all of them written in a neat masculine hand, like that of a school usher, and dated as many years back; to look very particularly at and sighs over a little morsel of sandy hair; to stroke her favourite pussy for the last time; and then to take her clogs, her reticule, and her umbrella; to look at an old summer-house; to gather two or three leaves from an old tree; and then to pass through those inhospitable doors into the wide, wide, bleak and cold world, alone—alone.

There are some hearts like some vegetables—they take root any where, no matter how unfavourable the soil, or how blighting the atmosphere. Thus it was with the little old maid. In spite of derision, and scorn, and buffeting, her feelings had grown to the inanimate stone walls that surrounded her, simply because they had nothing else to cling to; and if the mere impulses of a loving nature could thus attach her to repelling and repulsive objects, how tenderly might she have loved what was really loveable!

Poor Fanny Carr, with the liberal, large and inexhaustible sum of somewhere about five shillings in her pocket, looked mentally round for a shelter for her head, and having bethought herself of one of Mrs. Pokenham's discarded servants, who had married and settled, determined upon seeking shelter there.

In a little cottage by the road-side, as clean as those dear cottages of England ever are, with a neat garden-plot, garden-window, luxuriant in summer blossomings, and with the whitest of white curtains within, and the reddest of red floors, and the brightest of round tables, and the most resplendent of fire-places, sat the little old maid, dressed as nearly as if fairy hands had been her tirewoman, and working at her needle as blitherly as birds perform their daily task of singing. What though her five shillings was very nearly exhausted, she could earn almost sixpence a day, and that was independence, and independence was happiness.

There came a great dust whilst the old maid was thus delving for happiness and sixpence a day, and a noise of carriage-wheels; and looking up to see what might be coming, she saw a plain respectable, grave, steady, brown-visaged carriage and pair, with a coachman in a brown livery before, and a servant in a brown livery seated in the box behind, and to and behold, it stopped at the very cottage-door where she was working; and so the little old maid jumped up, and threw down her cotton and her scissors, and hastened to tell them that it was all a mistake, when, to her particular astonishment, she saw deaf uncle Jeffery getting down the steps, and walking across the cottage garden, and coming in at the door. And having gone thus far, the deaf gentleman took hold of her diminutive hand in his great gigantic paw, and gave it a squeeze, which almost made the little old maid cry out, which, however, she did not do, for ladies of all sizes very seldom cry out at a squeeze of the hand, generally bearing that sort of pain very philosophically, and then uncle

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Jeffery proceeded to draw one of the bright-rubbed wooden-bottom chairs to himself, for his own particular use, and to sit down upon it close to the little old maid.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Jeffery," shouted the little old maid; "it is very kind of you to come and see me. I hope you are well."

"Quite, well, thank you," replied uncle Jeffery, "and now tell me what you think has brought me to see you?"

"Perhaps," said the little old maid, colouring slightly with the remains of a well-whipped, well-worn-down, well-subdued pride, "perhaps you wanted me to do some plain work for you, Mr. Jeffery, I am taking in plain work." "You need not speak so loud, my dear," said deaf uncle Jeff: "you know you will tire yourself, you will exhaust yourself."

"O, Mr. Jeffery!" said the little old maid, the tears rushing into her eyes, "O, Mr. Jeffery, pray believe that I never complained, or never even felt it a trouble to talk to you. Indeed, I did not! I don't know how soon I may be afflicted myself." Uncle Jeffery took poor Fanny's hand, and gave it another squeeze that almost threatened it with compression. "I know you did not. Yet nevertheless you must not speak so loud."

"But you have not your ear-horn," said Fanny Carr, persisting in shouting, lest her visitor should think that she grudged the trouble; "but you have not your ear-horn." "But you know that I always told you that I was not deaf." The little old maid looked perplexed.

"But you never believed me—was that it?" The little old maid coloured crimson, but she could not deny it.

"Well, then, if I were deaf, I am better." "I am glad of it, with all my hearts," said the little old maid, "for it must be a miserable thing not to hear a word that is said to us."

"Yet sometimes it is better not to hear what is said of us," replied uncle Jeffery.

The little old maid coloured deeply. She remembered too well all that had been said of him and before him.

"But do you know that I had, even when I was at the worst, quite hearing enough to know how kind you were to me, and how amiable to everybody else." "O, you are too good to think so," said the little old maid with a blush.

"And now tell me your plans, and if there is anything I can help you in, and really you need not speak so loud. You know I could always understand *you* even when I was very hard of hearing. Now tell me your plans."

"O," said the little old maid, "they are soon told. The people who live here were Mrs. Pokenham's servants and they are very kind to me, and I have got plenty of work, and I am quite happy and contented. Only if you want any shirts making——" "I certainly would not let you do them. "O!" exclaimed poor Fanny Carr.

"No, that I would not; for your gentleness, your kindness, your simplicity, your disinterestedness of character deserves something better. Now you have told me your plans, shall I tell you mine?" "Yes, if you please," said the little old maid.

"Well, then to begin with myself," said uncle Jeffery, "I have a few thousand a year, I have a carriage and horses, and servants, and a very good house, and gardens and orchards, and pleasure-grounds; and I believe that all my own country consider me rather a respectable man." Fanny Carr got up and curtseyed.

"But yet I have the character of being a severe and sarcastic and morose man." "O no, that you are not!" warmly interrupted the little old maid. "I am glad that you do not think so. Well, I have one man in my house. Can you guess what it is?"

Fanny looked puzzled. "Money will buy everything." "Not the thing that I want."

"Then it must be something very particular indeed." "It is something very particular indeed."

"O, I'll help you to find it." "That is very kind, and I hope you will—I want something to love."

"The world is full of such things," said the little old maid.—"To you, who love everything from the overflowing of your heart, but not to me."

Poor Fanny looked infinitely perplexed. "I wish I could do anything to help you." "You can. I told you I had a carriage and servants, and house and furniture, and plate and money, but I have no one to share them with me; no one to ride with me, sit with me, walk with me, talk with me, take the head of my table—no love me if they could. In short, I want a wife. Will you take this troublesome office?" "O, Mr. Jeffery!" exclaimed Fanny Carr, with a face as red *as blushes* could make it.

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The plain brown chariot with the brown horses and brown hammer-cloth, and the servants in brown liveries, drew up with a great dash, quite in an unusual manner, at Mr. Pokenham's door. It was very evident that everything belonging to the brown affair was in a considerable state of excitement, in fact quite in a brown fever or sort of effervescence, and some way or other the agitation was communicated to the family of the Pokenhams within.

"Who can it be!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. "Don't bring them in here, but show them into the drawing-room. I always like to receive earriage people in the drawing-room; and, Jane, fetch me a clean pair of gloves." "La, mamma, a wedding! look at the white favours!" exclaimed Miss Pokenham the first.

"Then there's one chance less in the world," said Miss Pokenham the second. "It's all right," said Master Daniel, "I like bridecake, and I don't care how many people marry and are miserable, so that I get a good feast by it." "I like the quarreling quite as well as the cake," said Master Humphrey.

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, "I declare if it is not deaf uncle Jeff! I thought he'd be glad to come back to us! I made him so very comfortable with his chickens and easy chairs, that I thought he'd soon want to be back again, if that little deceitful Fanny Carr had not poisoned his mind." "He's a good customer," said Master Dan.

"Mamma's legacy will keep well: it will be fine high game," said Master Humphrey. "How smart uncle Jeff is!" said Miss Pokenham the first. "White silks and pumps, I declare, and a flower in his button-hole!"

"And what on earth is that little lump of finery behind him?" said Miss Pokenham the second. "Why, goodness gracious! you don't think that uncle Jeff has been such an old stupid as to get married himself!" said Miss Pokenham the first. "I shall faint at the bare supposition," exclaimed Miss Pokenham — "an unnatural monster!" "Here he comes, and his queen doll with him."

Uncle Jeffery walked into the room as stately as the tallest grenadier in the service of Frederick the Great, dragging after him a bundle of white lace and French blond and white kid gloves and orange blossoms, and it really was astonishing to see how many dozen of yards they had managed to tie up together.

"Is it you, uncle Jeffery?" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, of course not at all expecting an answer to her question. "Yes, I have brought you myself and my better half."

"What do you mean, uncle Jeffery?" "You need not speak so loud," said uncle Jeffery.

"True, true," said Mrs. Pokenham, "I had forgot that you are not at all hard of hearing." "I am not," said uncle Jeffery.

Mrs. Pokenham stared in spite of herself. "I always told you that I was not deaf." "You did of course you did." "But you never believed me." "O yes, that I am sure I did," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Speak in a whisper as you used to do. Can't you tell each other what a fool, and a dolt, and what a piece of ugliness is cross and deaf old uncle Jeff." "O, uncle, and can you really hear?"

"Ay, a pin fall to the ground, I always had excellent hearing." "Yes, uncle, I know you had."

"But you don't believe it." "O, certainly, certainly."

"Well, if some people are hard of hearing, others are hard of belief. Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you I am married." "Married! and to whom?"

Uncle Jeffery lifted up the veil of the bundle of white satin and pomps and vanities, and introduced "Mrs. Jeffery."

"Fanny Carr!" exclaimed the whole congregation. "Wretch of a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. "Is it thus you come to wound our feelings?"

"And to make you what I hope you will consider a handsome present." "How liberal! how kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, her hopes reviving.

"Yes, indeed, I have brought you my earhorn tied with white ribbon, and I hope you will keep it hung up here in the drawing-room, to remind you of cross, deaf, old uncle Jeff."

From the Edinburth Review.

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilisation were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on

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an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment saved and melted a vehemence party, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds, under Garter-King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way —Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar, against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sylla against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest orator and the greatest scholar of the age.

The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and misplaced ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.† There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay.‡ There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect;—a high and intellectual forehead; —a brow pensive, but not gloomy;—a mouth of inflexible decision;—a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*;—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest dignities in the profession—the bold and strong-minded Law, afterward Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterward Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years after, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the art nor the eloquence attracted so much attention as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, who, for the trial, had been appointed in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing his diplomatic sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that grand master of various and of vast powers, who had hurled unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of the two distinguished members of the lower house, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Burke, Sheridan, the English Demosthenes, and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form decorated with every accomplishment—face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. For, in the short time that those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No adventitious circumstance was wanting to the effect that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British commons, at the bar of the British nobility.—All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone —culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the prime of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the Peers, to the lofty and the animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law.

The energy and quickness of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration, even from the stern and hostile chancellor; and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator exclaimed, Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "that I will all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

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Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published Rural Sketches, by T. Miller, author of Royston Gower, Beauties of the Country, &c. The subject is treated with all the fervour of T. Miller himself, and a fine feeling for the picturesque beauties of English rural scenery, which gives a peculiar charm to the sketches and stories. The volume is embellished with an exquisite steel engraving.

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From Catlin's Notes on Indians.

MISSOURI.

"The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,000 miles the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred in it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with it at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shell, which is a much whiter substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshet is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow, and from its boiling and wild character and uncommon colour, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a freshet upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and rafts, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyageur. Almost every island and sandbar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary: there is a redeeming beauty in the green carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton wood stand, and frown in dark and horrid coolness over the filthy abyss below; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they were germed and reared has been washed out from underneath them, and is with the rolling current mixed, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, are without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. Such is the character of the upper part of the river especially; and as one advances towards its source, and though its upper half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been, heretofore, very erroneously represented to the world that the scenery on this river was monotonous, and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect, and that because it has been brought, perhaps, by men who are not the best judges in the world of Nature's beautiful works; and if they were, they always pass them by, in pain or desperate distress, in toil and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more, of the upper part of the river, was, to my eye, like fairy land; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time riveted to the deck of the boat, indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elk, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain goats were seen bounding up and down and over the green fields; each one and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the sight and sound of the puffing of our boat; which was, for the first time, saluting the green wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,000 miles, is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east from the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two to three hundred feet above the level of the river; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its débris into the ocean. By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours—some with their green sides gracefully sloped down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge, whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world. These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the rains and frosts, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river.

"Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles may be seen,—cupolas, and magnificent portieoes, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone—and glistening in distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them,) the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild country, which no one can realise unless he travels here and looks upon it."

This is a picture in words, hardly less vivid than the artist's more legitimate sketches with his pencil. Even the steam-boat was three months puffing and blowing and tugging and toiling up this river. "If any thing," says Mr. Catlin, "ever did astonish the Indians, it was the steamer:

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"These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they had no name for it—so it was, like every thing else with them, which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery.) We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe;' for, when in the distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the 'big medicine canoe with eyes;' it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.' They had no idea of the boat being steered by the man at the wheel, and well they might have been astonished at its taking the deepest water."

THE GREAT CREATURE.

Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk was a tall young man, a thin young man, a pale young man, and, as some of his friends asserted, a decidedly knock-kneed young man. Moreover he was a young man belonging to and connected with the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Tims and Swindle, attorneys and bill-discounters of Travies'-inn, Holborn; from the which highly respectable firm he received a salary of one pound one shilling per week, in requital for his manifold services. The vocation in which Mr. Fitzfunk laboured partook peculiarly of the peripatetic; for at all sorts of hours, and through all sorts of streets, he was daily accustomed to transport his anatomy—presenting overdue bills, inquiring after absent acceptors, invisible endorsers, and departed drawers, for his masters, and wearing out, as he eloquently expressed it, "no end of boots for himself." Such was the occupation by which Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk lived; but such was not the peculiar path to fame for which his soul longed. No! "he had seen plays, and longed to blaze upon the stage a star of light."

That portion of time which was facetiously called by Messrs. Tims and Swindle "the leisure" of Mr. Fitzfonk, being some eight hours out of the twenty-four, was spent in poring over the glorious pages of the immortal bard; and in the desperate enthusiasm of his heated genius, would he, suddenly burst forth in some of the most exciting passages, and with stentorian lungs "render night hideous" to the startled inhabitant of the one-pair-back, adjoining the receptacle of his own truckle-bed and mortal frame.

Luck, whether good or evil, begat Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk an introduction to some other talented young gentlemen, who had so far progressed in histrionic acquirements, that from spouting themselves, they had taken to spouting their watches, and other stray articles of small value, to enable them to pay the charges of a private theatre, where, as often as they could raise the needful, they astonished and delighted their wondering friends. Among this worshipful society was Mr. Fitzfunk adopted and enrolled as a trusty and well-beloved member, and in the above-named private theatre, in suit of solemn black, slightly relieved by an enormous white handkerchief and a well-chalked countenance, did he at or about the hour of half-past eight—being precisely sixty minutes behind the period announced, in consequence of the non-arrival of the one fiddle and ditto flute comprising, or rather that ought to have comprised, the orchestra—make his debut, and a particularly nervous bow to the good folks there assembled, "as and for" the character "of Hamlet, the Danish Prince."

To describe the "exclamation of delight," the "tornadoes of applause," the earthquakes of rapture, or the "breathless breathing" of the entranced audience, would beat Mr. Bunn into fits, and the German Company into fiddle-cases; so, like a newspaper legacy, which is the only one that never pays duty, we "*leave* it to our reader's imagination."

The die was cast. Fitzfunk's former avocations became intensely irksome—if he served a writ it was no longer a "writ of right." Copies for "Jenkins" were consignad to "Tompkins;" "Brown" declined pleading to "Smith," and Smith declared off Brown's declarations. In inquiries after solvent "acceptors," Mr. Fitzfunk was still more abroad. In the mystification of his brains, all answers seemed to be delivered "per contra." Forlorn hopes on three-and-sixpenny stamps were converted into the circulating medium; "good actors" were considered "good men" in the very reverse of Shylock's acceptation of the term; and astonished indossers succeeded in "raising the wind" upon "kites" they would have bet any odds no "wind in the world could induce to fly." Every thing in this world must come to an end—bills generally do in three months: so did these, and so did Mr. Fitzfunk's responsible and peripatetic avocations in the highly respectable firm of Messrs. Tims and Swindle, attorneys, and to their cost, through the agency of Mr. Fitzfunk, bill discounters of Thavies' Inn, Holborn; they, the said highly respectable firm of Tims and Swindle, handing over to Mr. Fitzfunk the sum of four and tenpence, being the balance of his quarter's salary, which, so great was his opinion of the solvency of the said highly respectable firm, he had allowed to remain undrawn in their hands, together with a note utterly and totally declining any further service or assistance as "*in*" or "*out*-door" or any sort of clerk at all, from Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, and amiably recommending the said Horatio to apply elsewhere for a character; the which advice he attended to instanter, and received, in consideration of the sum of thirty shillings, that of "Richard the Third" from the Dramatic Committee of Catherine Street. If Hamlet was good, Richard (among the amateurs) was better; and if Richard was better, Shylock (at "one five") was best, and Romeo and all the rest better still: and it may be worthy of remark, that there is no person on earth looked upon by admiring managers, as more certain of success than the "promising young man who PAYS for his parts."

Now it so happened that Mr. Fitzfunk's purse became an exceedingly "Iago" like, "something, nothing, trashy" sort of affair—in other words, that its owner, was regularly stumped, and as the Amateur Dramatic Theatrical Committee "always go upon the *no pay no play system*," Mr. Fitzfunk was about to incur the fate of Lord John Russell's tragedy, and become regularly "shelved."

In this dilemma Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk addressed all sorts of letters to all sorts of managers, offering himself for all sorts of salaries, to play the best of all sorts of business, but never received any sort of answer from one of them! Returning to his solitary lodging, after a fortnight's "half and half" of patience and despair, and just as despair was walking poor patience to Old Harry, he encountered one of his histrionic acquaintances, who did the "three and sixpenny walking gents," and dramatic general postmen, or letter deliverers, at "the Private." In the course of the enlightened conversation between the said friend, Mr. Julius Dilberry Pipps, and Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, Julius Dilberry Pipps expressed an earnest wish that he "might be blowed considerably tighter than the Vauxhall balloon if ever he *see* such a likeness of Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam," the "great actor of the day," as his "*buzzem* and intimate," Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk! A nervous pressure of Mr. Fitzfunk's "pickers and stealers" having nearly reduced to one vast chaos the severely compressed digits of the enthusiastic Julius Dilberry Pipps, the invisible green broad cloth envelopements and drab lower encasements, crowded with gossamer and based with calf-skin, wherein the total outward man of Mr. Fitzfunk was enrobed, together with his ambulating anatomy, evanished from the startled gaze of the deserted and finger-contused Julius Dilberry Pipps! Having asserted the entire realisation of his hastily-formed wish, in the emphatic words, "Well, I *am* blowed!" and a further comment, stating that "that was *rayther* a rummy go," Mr. Pipps reduced his exchequer the gross amount of three-pence, paid in consideration of the instant receipt of "a pint o' porter and screw," to the fumigation of which he applied with such excessive vigour, that in a few moments he might be said by his own exertions in "blowing a cloud," to be corporeally as well as mentally "in nubibus."

To account for the rapid departure of Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, we must inform our readers the supposed similarity alluded to by Julius Dilberry Pipps, between the "great creature," Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam, and Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk, had been before frequently insisted upon; and this assertion of the obtuse Julius Dilberry Pipps now seemed "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ." Agitated with conflicting emotions, and regardless of small children and apple stalls, he rushed on with headlong speed, every now and then ejaculating, "I'll do it, I'll do it!" A sudden overhauling of his pockets produced some stray half-pence; master of a "Queen's head," a sheet of vellum, a new "Mordaunt," and an "envelope," he arrived at his three pair back, indited an epistle to the manager at the town of ——, with extraordinary haste signed the document, and, in "the hurry of the moment," left the inscription thus—H. F. FITZFLAM! The morrow's post brought an answer; the terms were acceded to, the night appointed for his opening; and Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk found, upon inspecting the proof of the playbill, the name in full of "*Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam*," "the great tragedian of the day!"

Pass we over the intervening space, and at once come to the momentous morning of rehearsal. The expected Roscius arrived like punctuality's self, at the appointed minute, was duly received by the company, who had been previously canvassing his merits, and assuring each other that all stars were *muffs*, but Fitzflam one of the most impudent impostors that ever moved. "I, sir," said the leader of the discontented fifteen-shillings-a-week when-they-could-get-it squad, "I have been in the *profession* more years than this fellow has months, and he is getting hundreds where I am neglected: never mind! only give me a chance, and I'll show him up. But I suppose the management—(pretty management, to engage such a chap when I'm here)—I suppose they will truckle to him, and send me on, as usual, for some wretched old bloke there's no getting a hand in. John Kemble himself (and I'm told I'm in his style), I say, John Kemble, my prototype, the now immortal John, never got applause in "*Blokes!*"—But never mind." As a genealogist would say, "Fitz the son of Funk" never more truly represented his ancestral cognomen than on this trying occasion. He was no longer with

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amateurs, but regulars,—fellows that could "talk and get on somehow;" that were never known to stick in Richard, when they remembered a speech from George Barnwell; men with "swallows" like Thames tunnels: in fact, accomplished "gaggers" and unrivalled "wing watchers." However, as Mr. Fitzfunk spoke to none of them, crossed where he liked, cut out most of their best speeches, and turned all their backs to the audience, he passed muster exceedingly well, and acted the genuine star with considerable effect. So it was at night. Some folks objected to his knees, to be sure; but then they were silenced—"What! Fitzflam's knees bad! Nonsense! Fitzflam is the thing in London; and do you think Fitzflam ought to be decried in the provinces? hasn't he been lithographed by Lane? Pooh! impudence, spite!" The great *name* made Fitzfunk "the great man," and all went swimmingly. On the last night of his engagement, the night devoted to his benefit, the house was crammed, and Mr. Fitzfunk, reflecting that all was "cock sure," as he should pocket the proceeds and return to London undiscovered, was elevated to Mahomet's seventh heaven of happiness, awaiting with impatience the prompter's whistle and the raising of the curtain: where for a time we will leave him, and attend upon the real "Simon Pure"—the genuine and "old original Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam."

That "great creature," like some other "great creatures," happened as almanacs say, "about this time" to be somewhat "out at elbows;"—not in the way of costume, for the very plenitude of his wardrobe was the cause which produced this effect, inasmuch as the word "received" in the veritable autograph of Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy could nowhere be discovered annexed to the bills thereof: a slight upon their powers of penmanship which roused their individual, collective, and coparcenary ires to such a pitch, that they, Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, through the medium of their Attorneys-at-law, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles of Furnival's Inn, forwarded a writ to the unfortunate Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam—the which writ in process of time, being the legal seed, became ripened into a very vigorous execution, and was consigned to the care of a gentleman holding a *Civil* employment with a *Military* title, viz. that of "*Officer*" to the Sheriff of Middlesex, with strict injunctions to the said—anything but *Civil* or *Military*—nondescript "officer," to secure and keep the person of Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam till such time as the debt due to Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, and the legal charges of Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, should be discharged, defrayed, and liquidated.

Frequent were the meetings of Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles and their man-trap, and as frequent their disappointments:—Fitzflam always gave them the double! Having procured leave of absence from the Town Managers and finding the place rather too hot to hold him, he departed for the country, and, as fate would have it, arrived at the inn then occupied by Mr. Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk.

In this out-of-the-way place he fondly imagined he had never been heard of. Judge then of his surprise, after his dinner and pint of wine at the following information.

Fitz. "Waiter."

"Yes, sar."

"Who have you in the house?"

"Fust of company, sar;—alwaist, sar."

"Oh! of course;—and one in particular?"

"Yes, sar, very particular: one gentleman very particular, indeed. Has his bed warmed with brown sugar in the pan, and drinks asses' milk, sar, for breakfast!"

"Strange fellow! but I mean any one of name?"

"Yes, sar, a German, sar; with a name so long, sar, it takes all the in-door servants and a stable-helper to call him up of a morning."

"You don't understand me. Have you any public people here?"

"Yes, sar—great man from town, sar—belongs to the Theatre—Mr. Fitzflam, sar—quite the gentleman, sar."

"Thank you for the compliment" (*bowing low*).

"No compliment at all, sar; would you like to see him, sar?—sell you a ticket, sar; or buy one of you, sar."

"What?"

"House expected to be full, sar—sure to sell it again, sar."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"The play, sar—Fitzflam, sar!—there's the bill, sar, and (*bell rings*) there's the bell, sar. Coming." (*Exit Waiter.*)

The first thing that suggested itself to the mind of Mr. Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitzflam was the absolute necessity of insisting upon that insane waiter's submitting to the total loss of his well-greased locks, and enveloping his outward man in an extra-strong strait-waistcoat; the next was to look at the bill, and there he saw—"horrors!" the name, "the bright ancestral name"—the name he bore, bursting forth in all the reckless impudence of the largest type and the reddest vermilion!

Anger, rage, and indignation, like so many candidates for the exalted mutton on a greased pole, rushed tumultuously over each other's heads, each anxious to gain the "ascendant" in the bosom of Mr. Fitzflam. To reduce a six-and-ninepenny gossamer to the fac-simile of a bereaved muffin in mourning by one vigorous blow wherewith he secured it on his head, grasp his ample cane and three half sucked oranges (in case it should come to pelting), and rush to the theatre, was the work of just twelve minutes and a half. In another brief moment, payment having been tendered and accepted, Fitzflam was in the boxes, ready to expose the swindle and the swindler!

The first act was over, and the audience were discussing the merits of the supposed Roscius.

"He *is* a sweet young man," said a simpering damsel to a red-headed Lothario, with just brains enough to be jealous, and spirit enough to damn the player.

"I don't see it," responded he of the Rufusian looks.

"Such *dear* legs!"

"*Dear* legs—*duck* legs you mean, miss!"

"And *such* a voice!"

"Voice! I'll holler with him for all he's worth."

"Ha' done, do!"

"I shan't: Fitzflam 's—an—'umbug!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Hannibal Fitzflummery Fitz of "that ilk."

"And sir to you!" retorted "the child of earth with the golden hair." "I suppose I 'm a right to speak my mind of that or any other chap I pays to laugh at!"

"It's a tragedy, James."

"All the funnier when sich as him comes to play in them."

"Hush! the curtain 's up."—So it was; and "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the ladies, and "Hurrah!" shouted the gentlemen. Never had Fitzflam seen such wretched acting, or heard such enthusiastic applause. Round followed round; until, worked up to frenzy at the libel upon his name, and, as he thought, his art, he vociferously exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, that man 's a d—d impostor! ("Turn him out! throw him over! break his neck!" shouted the gods. "Shame! shame!" called the boxes. "You 're drunk," exclaimed the pit to a man.) I repeat that man is—("*Take that!*")—an apple in Fitzflam 's eye.) I say he is another ("There it is!"—in his other eye) person altogether—a—("Box-keeper!") nothing of the sort; a—("Constable!") I 'll take—("Take that fellow out.") Allow me to be—("Off! off!") I am—("Out, out!") Let me request"—("Order! order!—hiss! hiss!—oh, oh,—ah, ah,—phit phit—pooh pooh—wooh—oh—ah!")

Here Mr. Fitzfunk came forward, and commenced bowing like a mandarin, while the gentleman who had blacked Fitzflam's eye desisted from forcing him out of the box, to hear the "great creature" speak. Fitzfunk commenced. "Them—Ladies and gentlemen, surrounded as I am by all sorts of—("Bravo!" from all parts of the house.) Friends! Friends in the boxes!—("Bravo!" from boxes, with violent waving of handkerchiefs.) Friends in the pit!—("Hurrah!" and sundry excited hats performing extraordinary aerial gyrations.) And last, not least in my dear love, friends in the gallery.—(Raptures of applause; five minutes' whistling; three chandeliers and two heads broken; and the owners of seventeen corns *stamped* up to frenzy.) Need I fear the malice of an individual? ("Never, never!" from all parts of the house.) Could I deceive you, an enlightened public? ("No, no! impossible! all fudge!") Would I attempt such a thing? ("No, no! by no manner of means.") I am, ladies and gentlemen—("Fitzflam!") I bow to your judgment. I have witnesses; shall I produce them?" "No," said two of his most enthusiastic supporters, scrambling out of the pit, and getting on the stage; "Don't trouble yourself; we know you; (*Omnes.* "Hurrah!" To Fitzflam in boxes—"Shame! shame!") we will swear to you; (*Omnes.* "Fitzflam for ever!") and—we don't care who knows it—(*Omnes.* "Noble fellows!") we arrest you at the suit of Messrs. Moleskin and Corderoy, Regent's-quadrant, tailors. Attorneys, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, of Furnival's Inn. Plaintiff claims 51*l.* debt, and 63*l.* costs; so come along will you."

It was an exceedingly fortunate thing for the representatives of the Sheriff of Middlesex that their exit was marked by more expedition than elegance; for as soon as their real purpose was known, Fitzflam (as the audience supposed Fitzfunk to be) would have been rescued *vi et armis*. As it was, they hurried him to a back room at the inn, and carefully double-locked the door. It was also rather singular that from the moment of the officers' appearance, the gentleman in the boxes whose doubts had caused the disturbance immediately owned himself in the wrong, apologised for his mistake and withdrew. As the tragedy could not proceed without Fitzfunk, the manager proposed a hornpipe-in-fetters and general dance by the characters, instead of the last act, which was accepted, and loudly applauded and encored by the audience.

Seated in his melancholy apartment, well guarded by the bailiff, certain of being discovered and perhaps punished as an impostor, or compelled to part with all his earnings to pay for costs and continuations he had never worn, the luckless Horatio Fitzharding Fitzfunk gave way to deep despondency, and various "ahs!" and "ohs!" A tap at the door was followed by the introduction of a three-cornered note addressed to himself. The following were its contents:—

"Sir,—It appears from this night's adventure *my name* has heretofore been useful to you, and on the present occasion your impersonation of it has been useful to me. We are thus far quits. *I* as the 'real Simon Pure,' will tell you what to do. Protest you *are not the man*. Get witnesses to hear you say so; and when taken to London (as you will be) and the men are undeceived, threaten to bring an action against the Sheriff unless those harpies, Messrs. Gallowsworthy and Pickles, give you 20*l.* for yourself, and a receipt in full for the debt and costs. Keep my secret; I 'll keep yours. Burn this.—H. F. F."

No sooner read than done; and all came to pass as the note predicted.—Gallowsworthy and Pickles grumbled, but were compelled to pay. Fitzflam and Fitzfunk became inseparable. Fitzflam was even heard to say, he thought in time Fitzfunk would make a decent walking gentleman: and Fitzfunk was always impressed with an opinion that *he* was the man of talent, and that Fitzflam would never have been able to succeed in "starring it" where he had been "*The Great Creature.*" FUSBOS.

From Buckingham's American Tour.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

One of our last visits in Philadelphia was to the steeple of the State House, to enjoy a parting view of the city and its environs from that elevation. about 100 feet above the general level, the extreme of the spire reaching 70 feet higher than this.

The fresh breeze that blew here, and the comparatively cool temperature which it brought with it, were extremely refreshing, as the heat of the atmosphere had been intense for the preceding fortnight. In many places the thermometer had stood at 98° in

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the shade, and even in the night it seldom went below 86°, so that the effect on the system was oppressive. Gentlemen were seen in the streets with white jackets and trousers and straw hats, as in the West Indies, and many carried umbrellas to shield them from the sun. Ice was in great request; fortunately, the large supply of it in the winter made it cheap and accessible to all classes, and it was a luxury of the highest kind. At this slight elevation from the general level, the diminution of the heat was considerable, and the freshness of the breeze made it perfectly delicious.

We enjoyed from hence a commanding prospect of the whole city and surrounding country as far as the heights of Brandywine, where the celebrated battle of that name was fought in the revolutionary war, not far from Wilmington. The windings of the Delaware were visible to the extent of many miles above and below the town, though the shores of the river looked very bare of shipping, the decline in their number being attributed by many to the fact that the river is so frozen as to be inaccessible to ships for several months in the winter, while the harbour of New York, so much nearer to the sea, is open all the year round. The Almshouse on the opposite bank of the Schuylkill, the Marine Asylum, the Fair Mount Waterworks, the Penitentiary, the Girard College, and nearly all the public places of note, are distinctly visible from this elevation; while the rich and luxuriant foliage of the trees in Independence and Washington Squares, immediately beneath this edifice, the noble wood in the ground of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the fine green avenues of verdure that line the principal streets of the city in every direction, made up a picture of great variety and beauty.

On descending from the steeple, we took our last look at the room in which the Declaration of Independence of the United States was signed, on the 4th of July, 1776, when the great bell of the State House fulfilled the injunction of the motto cast on it before it was sent out from England, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," from Leviticus, chap. xxv. v. 10. This bell, though no longer used for general purposes, still occupies the place in which it was originally hung, and, like the great bell of St. Paul's in London, is used only on very special occasions; such as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the visit of any distinguished personage—La Fayette, for instance, on whose arrival, at his last visit, it called the people together to do him honour, as one of the heroes of the revolutionary war; and it will, no doubt, be preserved as a national treasure for centuries yet to come. In the Declaration room, as it is called, we saw a beautiful full length portrait of William Penn, in his simple Quaker garb, with a countenance full of benevolence, holding in his hand a scroll, containing the treaty with the Indians for the sale of their lands; and in the back ground was placed the great elm-tree under which the treaty was agreed to, with several Indian chiefs in their native costume. A full length portrait of General La Fayette, taken during his last visit to America, served as a companion to this, and a small bust portrait of Washington was placed between; while at the opposite side of the room, facing the spectators as they enter, is a fine full length statue of this idol of all American hearts, done in wood by Rush, executed with great spirit, and said to be a most faithful copy of the great original. It stands on a pedestal, on which is the following inscription, written in letters of gold: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

BRUSSELS.

Brussels is a royal residence, and gay with palaces and park. The park impresses me as twice as large as St. John's in New York; it has abundance of trees, a bit of water with a rich fringe of flowers, and statues in bad taste enough. There are splendid edifices overlooking it, and among them the palace of the Prince of Orange, and King Leopold's. That of the Prince of Orange, which Leopold, with singular delicacy for a king, has refused to occupy or touch, is shown to strangers.

We visited the lace manufactory of Monsieur Ducepetiaux. The Brussels' lace is, as perhaps you do not know, the most esteemed of this most delicate of fabrics. "The flax from which it is made grows near Hal; the finest sort costs from 3000 to 4000 francs per pound, and is worth its weight in gold. Everything depends on the tenuity of its fibre."*

It was fête-day, and we found only a few old women at work; however, we were shown the whole process very courteously, without any other fee being expected than a small alms to the poor workwomen, which, after seeing them, it would be difficult to withhold. I observed women from sixty to seventy at this cobweb-work without spectacles, and was told that the eye was so accustomed to it as not to be injured by it; a wonderful instance of the power of adaptation in the human frame in its most delicate organ. Girls begin at this work at four years of age, and the overseer told us she employed old women of eighty. They begin at six in the morning and work till six in the evening; the maximum of wages is one franc; and, to earn this, a woman must work skilfully and rapidly twelve hours and find herself! I thought of the king's ten coaches.

The market-square, now looking so cheerful with the fruits of man's rural industry, has been stained with the blood of martyrs of liberty. It was here that Counts Egmont and Horn were executed by the order of the ruthless Alva; and in the Hotel de Ville, overlooking the square, we saw the hall where his master, Charles V., went through the ceremony of abdication.

WATERLOO.

We set off this morning for the field of Waterloo, a distance of twelve miles from Brussels.

It is the anniversary of the Belgian revolution, and, of course, a fête-day. The streets were thronged. I should imagine the whole number of inhabitants, 100,000, were out of doors; and as the streets are narrow and have no side-walks, we made slow progress through the crowd—but so much the better. It was pleasant looking in their good, cheerful faces, the children in their holyday suits, and the women in their clean caps and freshest ribands. Green boughs hung over the windows, and the fruit-stalls were decked with flowers. I looked up the lanes on the right and left; they were a dense mass of human beings, looking well fed and comfortably clad. "Where are your poor people?" I asked my friend. "They are put a oneside," he replied. Alas! so are they everywhere if in the minority. There was wretchedness enough in those lanes that now appeared so well; but he assured me I might walk through them without fear, "the police was too strong for them." The suburbs were thronged too; the straggling little villages along the road full of human life. The women and men were sitting on long benches beside the houses, drinking beer and eating cakes. The pressure of the population would have driven Malthus mad. Everything of womankind, down to the girl of four years old, had a baby in her arms, and young things were strewn over the ground, kicking up their heels, and making all manner of youthful demonstrations of happiness.

If some of our worn, pale mothers, who rock their cradles by the hour in close rooms, would turn their young ones into the sweet open air, they would find it play upon their spirits like the breath of Heaven on an Æolian harp. I never before saw the young human animal as happy as other animals, nor felt how much they were the creatures of mere sensation. "You see how well they look," said my friend, who observed my pleasure in gazing at them; "they work hard too, all that can work, and eat nothing but potatoes and milk." Simple, wholesome diet, and plenty of fresh air; this tells the whole story of health.

The forest of Soignies, which Byron makes poetically grieve over the "unreturning brave," lies now, at least a good portion of it, as low as they; and in the place of it are wheat, barley, potatoes, &c., which my utilitarian friend thought far better than unedible trees. The King of the Netherlands made a very pretty present to Wellington, along with his title of "Prince of Waterloo," of 1000 acres of this forest-land, which is extremely valuable for its timber. Waterloo itself is a straggling, mean little village, in which, as we were going to the burial-place of thousands of brave men, we did *not* stop to weep over the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, which, with its monument, epitaph, and weeping willow, is one of the regular Waterloo lions. At Mont St. Jean, on the edge of the field of battle, we took our guide Martin, a peasant with a most humane physiognomy, indicating him fitter to show a battle-field than to fight on it.

* Murray's Hand-Book.

NEW BOOKS.

Comstock's Elocution.

Dr. Andrew Comstock has just published "A System of Elocution, with Special Reference to Gesture, to the Treatment of Stammering and Defective Articulation, comprising numerous Diagrams and Figures, illustrative of the Subject." The author of this work is too well known as a successful teacher of elocution to render any comment on his system necessary. What we have to remark concerning the volume is, that it is one of the best executed in all that relates to the *getting up*, as it is technically called, which we have seen for a long time. The numerous initial letters and figures of orators, designed to illustrate gesture, are really beautiful. They are from designs of Croome, the same artist who illustrated the second volume of Keese's Poets of America. The whole thing is beautifully got up. The notation of the gestures in the "Speech of Satan to his Legions," from Milton, and of Gay's "Miser and Plutus" are worth the price of the book. We commend the book to the notice of all actors, preachers, lawyers and lecturers (an exceeding great host, of whom many seem not to know their *right hand* from their left, any more than the poor ignorant multitudes of ancient Nineveh). The pictures will aid them in the very necessary business of self instruction.

Gems of the Modern Poets, with Biographical Notices, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1841.

Specimens of the most recent poets, with neat biographical sketches of each, are comprised in this volume. It is very cleverly done, as every thing from the pen of Mrs. Hall is sure to be. The extracts are very judiciously chosen; the biographical matter is fresh, and the criticisms are dictated by judgment and a sound discriminating taste.

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"THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE."

Miss Martineau is engaged upon a series of Moral Tales to be published quarterly, after the manner of Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. The first of the series, "The Peasant and the Prince," we put at the end of our present volume of the Library. Miss M. is one of the remarkable women of the day, and in whatever form she works to convey her thoughts, they bear with them the impress of her genius.

From Mills's History of Chivalry.

MERITS AND EFFECTS OF CHIVALRY.

With Italy the historical tracing ceases of that system of principles which for so many centuries formed or influenced the character of Europe. Its rude beginnings may be marked in the patriarchal manners which preceded every known frame of artificial life, and have been shaped and modified by the legislator and the moralist. The ties of fraternity or companionship in arms, respect to elders, devotion to women, military education and military investiture, were the few and simple elements of chivalry, and in other times would have formed the foundation of other systems of manners. But a new and mighty spirit was now influencing the world, and bending to its purposes every principle and affection. Christianity, with its sanctities and humanities, gave a form and character to chivalry. He who was invested with the military belt was no longer the mere soldier of ambition and rapine, but he was taught to couch his lance for objects of defence and protection, rather than for those of hostility. He was the friend of the distressed, of widows and orphans, and of all who suffered from tyranny and oppression. The doctrine of Christian benevolence, that all who name the name of Christ are brothers, gave beauty and grace to the principles of fraternity, which were the Gothic inheritance of knights, and therefore the wars of the middle ages were distinguished for their humanities. A cavalier was kind and courteous to his prisoner, because he saw in him a brother; and while the system of ancient manners would have limited this feeling to people of one nation, a knight did not bound his humanity by country or soil, for Christian chivalry was spread over most parts of Europe, and formed mankind into one band, one order of men. From the same principle all the courtesies of private life were communicated to strangers; and gentleness of manners, and readiness of service, expanded from a private distinction into a universal character. Since, by the Christian religion, woman was restored to the rank in the moral world which nature had originally assigned her, the feelings of respect for the sex, which were entertained in the early and unsophisticated state of Europe, were heightened by the new sanctions of piety. It was a principle, as well as a feeling and a love, to guard and cherish woman; and many of the amenities of chivalry proceeded from her mild influence and example.

The patriarchal system of manners, shaped and sanctioned by Christianity, formed the fabric of chivalry; and romance, with its many-coloured hues, gave it light and beauty. The early ages of Europe gaily moved in all the wildness and vigour of youth; imagination freshened and heightened every pleasure; the world was a vision, and life a dream. The common and palpable value of an object was never looked at, but everything was viewed in its connection with fancy and sentiment. Prudence and calculation were not suffered to check noble aspirations: army after army traversed countries, and crossed the sea to the Holy Land, reckless of pain or danger: duties were not cautiously regarded with a view to limit the performance of them: for every principle was not only practised with zeal, but the same fervid wish to do well lent it new obligations. From these feelings proceeded all the graceful refinements, and the romance of chivalry: knighthood itself became a pledge for virtue; and as into the proud and lofty imagination of a true cavalier nothing base could enter, he did not hesitate to confide in the word of his brother of chivalry, on his pledging his honour to the performance of any particular action. There was no legal or other positive punishment consequent on the violation of his word; and, therefore, the matter being left to imagination and feeling, the contempt of his fellow-knights could be the only result of recreancy. The knight looked to fame as one of the guerdons of his toils: this value of the opinions of others taught him to dread shame and disgrace; and thus that fine sense of morality, that voluntary submission to its maxims which we call honour, became a part of knighthood.

The genius of chivalry was personal, inasmuch as each knight, when not following the banner of his sovereign, was in himself an independent being, acting from his own sense of virtue, and not deriving counsel from, or sharing opprobrium with, others. The independence of action exalted his character; and, nourished by that pride and energy of soul which belong to man in an early state of society, all the higher and sterner qualities of the mind,—dignity, uncompromising fidelity to obligations, self-denial, and generosness, both of sentiment and conduct,—became the virtues of chivalry.

All the religious devotion of a cavalier to woman existed in his mind, independently of, or superadded to, his oath of knighthood. She was not merely the object of his protection, but of his respect and idolatry. His love was the noble homage of strength to beauty. Something supernaturally powerful had been ascribed to her by the fathers of modern Europe; and this appeal to the imagination was not lost. In some ages and countries it reigned in all its religious force; in others it was refined into gentleness and courtesy; but everywhere, and at every time, the firmest confidence in woman's truth accompanied it, or supplied its stead; and the opinion of her virtue, which this feeling implied, had a corresponding influence on his own manners.

The triumph of chivalry over all preceding systems of opinions was complete, when imagination refined the fierceness of a passion into generous and gentle affection,—a refinement so perfect and beautiful, that subsequent times, with all their vaunted improvements in letters and civilisation, are obliged to revert their eyes to the by-gone days of the shield and the lance for the most pleasing and graceful pictures of lady-love.

From these elements, and by means of these principles, sprang the fair and goodly system of chivalry, which extended itself, as we have seen, over most of the states of Europe, blending with the strongest passions and dearest affections of the heart, influencing the manners of private life, and often determining the character of political events. In England and France its power was most marked and decided; in Spain it was curiously blended with Oriental feelings; Germany was not much softened by its impressions; and in Italy the bitterness of private war admitted but few of its graces. It is difficult to define the precise period of its duration, for it rose in the mists and gloom of barbarism; and the moment of its setting was not regarded, for other lights were then playing on the moral horizon, and fixing the attention of the world. In the part, entirely historical, of the present work, the reader must have remarked, that sometimes the decay of chivalry was gradual, and not apparently occasioned by external means; while in other countries its extinction was manifestly hastened by causes which sprang not from any seeds of weakness in itself. But, viewing the subject in its great and leading bearings, it may be observed, that chivalry was coeval with the middle ages of Europe, and that its power ceased when new systems of warfare were matured, when the revival of letters was complete and general, and the reformation of religion gave a new subject for the passions and imagination.

(To be continued.)

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From Buckingham's American Tour.

LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

An opinion has often been expressed that the Indians of America are descendants of some of the lost tribes of Israel; but this opinion had never, perhaps, been put forth, with all the data on which it was founded, until of late. So recently as the year 1837, Major Noah, the editor of the New York Evening Star, and himself a Jew of some learning, delivered a public lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of New York, at Clinton Hall, intended to establish this fact; and the following are among the most prominent points established in that discourse.

The latest notice that is given of the dispersed tribes of Israel in the Sacred Writings is in the Book of Esdras, where the following verses occur:

"Whereas thou sawest another peaceable multitude: these are the ten tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea, whom Salmanazar, king of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them *over the waters*, so that they came unto another land."

"They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the *heathen*, and go into a farther country, *wherein mankind never dwelt*, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land (Assyria): and there was a great way to go, namely, *a year and a half*."

It is supposed that these tribes marched from the banks of the Euphrates to the northeast of Asia, some remaining by the way in Tartary and China; in proof of which, Benjamin of Tudela, who traveled in the eleventh century through Persia, mentions, that in some of the provinces of that country, at the time of the decree of Ahasuerus, there were at least 300,000 Jews. Alvarez, in his history of China, states that there had been Jews living in that kingdom for many hundreds of years. Some went to India, as a Hebrew letter of the Jews of Cochin-China, written to their brethren at Amsterdam, gives, as the date of their coming into that country, the period when the Romans first conquered the Holy Land, and made Judea a province of the Roman empire, which was some time before the birth of Christ.

From the various parts of Asia it is believed that the more enterprising and persevering went on gradually advancing by degrees to its northeastern extremity, till they arrived at Behring's Straits, where, during the winter, it would be perfectly easy to cross over to the nearest part of the Continent of America, a distance of less than thirty miles, and this rendered more easy by the existence of the Copper Islands in the way. Here it is believed that, during a course of two thousand years, they spread themselves from this point northward to Labrador, and southward to Cape Horn, multiplying as they proceeded; some settling in every part, but more populously in the rich countries and agreeable climate of Central America, including California, Texas, Mexico, and Peru.

On the first discovery of this continent by Columbus, those races now called Indians were found in very different stages of civilisation. They were not all either rude, or savage, or ferocious; but, on the contrary, the greater number of them were remarkable for qualities that bespoke a noble origin. They had simple but sublime ideas of a Supreme Being, unmixed with the least tincture of idolatry; they had courage, constancy, humanity, hospitality, eloquence, love of their families, and fidelity to friends. It is, however, in the religious belief and ceremonies of the Indians, more than in anything else, that their resemblance to the people from whom they are believed to have descended is to be traced; and the chief points of these are thus enumerated: 1st, Their belief in one God. 2d, Their computation of time by the ceremonies of the new moon. 3d, Their division of the year into seasons corresponding with the Jewish festivals, of the feast of flowers, the day of atonement, the feast of the tabernacle, and other religious holydays. 4th, The erection of a temple after the manner of the Jews, with an ark of the covenant and altars. 5th, The division of their nation into tribes, with a chief or grand sachem at their head. 6th, Their laws of sacrifices, ablutions, marriages, ceremonies in war and peace, the prohibition of certain food, according to the Mosaic rule, their traditions, history, character, appearance, affinity of their language to the Hebrew, and, finally, by that everlasting covenant of heirship exhibited in a perpetual transmission of its seal in their flesh.

Such are the points enumerated by Major Noah in his discourse; and in the subsequent parts of it he adduces proofs, strengthened by the opinions of very eminent persons, whose authorities he cites. Among these are named Adair, Heckewelder, Charlevoix, M'Kenzie, Bartram, Beltrami, Smith, Penn, and Mr. Simon, the last of whom had written a highly-interesting work on this subject. Major Noah says that all these writers were struck with resemblances among the customs of the Indians to those with which they were acquainted as peculiar to the Jews; but the fact of Major Noah being a Jew himself, gives him great advantage over even all these, from his personal acquaintance with Jewish opinions, ceremonies, and usages, in all the minutiæ of their details.

They call the Supreme Being *Lo-ak* (Light) *Ishta-hoola-aba*; which, says the writer, is distinctly Hebrew, and means "The great, supreme, beneficent Holy Spirit of Fire, who resides above." They have another name for the Deity, which, like the Jews, they never use in common speech, but only when performing their most sacred religious rites, and then they most solemnly divide it into syllables, with intermediate words, so as not to pronounce the ineffable name at once. In the sacred dances at the feast of the first fruits, they sing *Alelujah* and *Meshebu*, from the Hebrew of *Mesheach*, the Messiah, "the anointed one," exclaiming "*Yo*, meshebu," "*He*, meshebu," "*Wah*, meshebu," thus making the Alelujah, the Meshiah, the Jehovah. On some occasions they sing, "*Shilu-yo, Shilu-he, Shilu-wah*," the three terminations, making up, in their order, the four-lettered Divine name in Hebrew, and *Shilu* being evidently "Shiloth the messenger, the peace maker." The number of Hebrew words used in their religious services is, says Major Noah, incredible, and he gives abundant instances; among which, the name of lightning is *Eloah*, and the rumbling of thunder is called *Rowah*, from the Hebrew word *Ruach*, or spirit.

The Indians divide the year into four seasons, with festivals peculiar to each; they calculate by moons, and celebrate, as the Jews do, the *berachah helebana*, "the blessing for the new moon." The chief priest wears a breastplate of a white conch shell, ornamented so as to resemble the precious stones in the *Urim*, and he binds his brow with a wreath of swan's feathers, and wears a tuft of white feathers which he calls *Yatina*. The Indians have their ark, which they invariably carry with them to battle, and never suffer it to rest on the ground or to be unguarded; and they have as great faith in the power of their ark as the Israelites ever had in theirs. "No person," says Adair, "is ever permitted to open all the coverings of this ark; and tradition informs them that curiosity having induced three different persons to examine the mysterious shell, they were immediately punished for their profanation by blindness, the very punishment threatened to the Jews for daring to look upon the Holy of Holies."

Their observance of a great day of atonement, about the same period of the year at which it is observed by the Jews, attended with many of the same ceremonies, and for the same object, is extremely remarkable; and as it respects sacrifices, the resemblance is even still more striking. The bathings, ablutions, and anointings are Jewish in their character, as is also the abstaining from eating the blood of any animal, from the use of swine's flesh, of fish without scales, and other animals and birds deemed by the Mosaic law to be impure. Women caught in adultery are stoned to death, as among the Jews of old; and, as in the Mosaic law, the brother is obliged to marry the widow of his brother if he die without issue.

Of the authors who have written in support of these views there is a very long catalogue, and some of very early date. Manasseh Ben Israel, a learned Jew, who flourished about 1650, wrote a treatise to prove that the Indians were descended from the Israelites; this was soon after the discovery of America by Columbus. William Penn, the Quaker, founder of Pennsylvania, though he does not appear to have suspected this descent, says, in one of his letters to his friends in England, of the Indians, "I found them with like countenances to the Hebrew races. I consider these people as under a dark night, yet they believe in God and immortality, without the aid of metaphysics. They reckon by moons, they offer their first-ripe fruits, they have a kind of feast of tabernacles, they are said to lay their altars with twelve stones; they mourn a year, and observe the Jewish law with respect to separation." The Rev. Mr. Beatty, a missionary among the Indians, Emanuel de Mezeray, a Portuguese historian of the Brazils, Monsieur de Guignes, the French historian of China, Beltrami, the Italian traveller, who discovered the sources of the Mississippi, all concur in this view; and the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, who published his Travels in America in 1801 says, "It is curious and pleasing to find how the customs of these people comport with the laws of Moses." He afterward adds, "It is a sound truth that the Indians *are* descended from the ten tribes; and time and investigation will more and more enforce its acknowledgment."

Among the Indians of Mexico and Peru, who were the most enlightened and civilised, though all springing from the same stock, the resemblances were more manifest. Montesini, who traveled in South America, states that "his Indian guide admitted to him that his God was called *Adonai*; and he acknowledged Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as his ancestors, and claimed to be descended from the tribe of Reuben. He was, in short, a perfect Jew; immense numbers like himself were said by him to live behind the Cordilleras." Acosta mentions that they have a tradition relative to the great deluge; that they preserve the rite of circumcision; and in Peru they eat the paschal lamb. He adds that the Mexicans point out the various stations by which their ancestors advanced into the country, and it is precisely the route by which they must have come to America, supposing them to have emigrated from Asia. Manasseh Ben Israel declares that the Indians of Mexico had a tradition that their magnificent places of worship had been built by a people who wore their beards, and were more ancient than their incas. Escobartus affirms that he frequently heard the southern tribes repeat the sacred notes *Hal le-lu-yah*; and Malvenda states that several tombstones were found on St. Michael's with ancient Hebrew characters. When the Spaniards invaded Mexico, the Cholula was considered a holy city by the natives, in which the high-priest, Quetzacolt, preached "peace to man," and would permit no other offerings to the Master of Life than the first-fruits of the harvest. "We know by our traditions," said the venerable prince Montezuma to the Spanish general Cortez, "that we who inhabit the country are not the natives, but strangers who came from a great distance."

As striking a resemblance as any of the preceding is presented between the great temple founded in Mexico by the Inca Yupanque and the Temple of Solomon, of which many think it was a copy; so remarkable was it for its resemblance to this in its size, its plan, and its wealth. Clavagero and De Vega, speaking of the Indian temple, say thus: "The altar was on the east side of the temple; there were many doors to the building, all of which were plated with gold; and the four walls, the whole way round, were crowned with a rich golden garland more than an ell in width. Round the temple were five square pavilions, whose tops were in the form of pyramids. The fifth was lined entirely with gold, and was for the use of the royal high-priest of sacrifices." Lord Kingsborough, in his Travels, not only declares that this temple at Palenque *was* built by the Jews, but that he considers it to be an exact copy of Solomon's Temple, being precisely after the model described by Ezekiel.

All this is so remarkable—and much more than is

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here condensed is adduced in the form of evidence in Major Noah's Discourse—that it is impossible not to be struck with it; and if the opinions of competent authorities, the customs of the people still preserved and now existing, as well as their own traditions as to their origin, all tend to the same conclusion, the inference is irresistible. Du Pratz, in answer to the question which he put to the Natches tribe, "Whence come you?" says that they answered him thus: "All that we know is, that our fathers, to come hither, followed the course of the sun, and came from the place where he rises. They were long in their journey, they were nearly perishing, and were brought to this wilderness of the sunsetting without seeking it."

The latest, and, in many respects, the best authority as to the appearance of the Indians, is Mr. Catlin, who lived so many years among them, and whom we so often saw in New York, with his extensive and interesting collection of Indian portraits, dresses, weapons, and curiosities. This gentleman, while he enumerates very many of the customs and usages of the Indians, which he thinks are clearly of Jewish origin, says, "The first thing that strikes the traveller in an Indian country as evidence of the Indians being of Jewish origin (and it is certainly a very forcible one), is the close resemblance which they generally bear, in certain expression of countenance, to those people."

This subject might be pursued to great length; but I purposely refrain, from the conviction that enough has been adduced of fact, reasoning, and authority, to prove at least the extreme probability of the Indians of America being really the descendants of the Israelites of old; and I may add, that the belief in their Asiatic origin was strongly impressed on my own mind from all I saw of the Indians here; while there appears to me nothing in their present state and condition which may not be easily accounted for by the long lapse of ages which have passed since their migrations first began.

A SCENE MORE THAN ANNOUNCED.

Carter is at Brussels. One of his recent exhibitions was marked by an incident which produced a great sensation among the audience. Towards the latter part of the performance Mr. Carter issues from the cage in which his animals are confined, and comes forward with the tiger. A basket of raw meat is placed in the middle of the stage, within a yard or two of the prompter's box. Mr. Carter leads the tiger to the basket, and the animal naturally makes a rush at its contents; but Mr. Carter holds him back; the tiger still presses forward, and Mr. Carter gradually relaxes his hold, till at last the tiger succeeds in seizing a piece of meat, when he is immediately lifted upon Mr. Carter's shoulders, who, in this way retires. At the first representation this little scene went off very smoothly; but such was not the case on Wednesday. This time, when the tiger had possessed himself of the piece of meat, and was making his escape with it, he rushed in the direction of the stalls; Mr. Carter ran after him, and endeavoured to bring him back; the tiger slipped away. Mr. Carter seized him again, but missing his footing, both man and beast fell on the foot-lamps, the glasses of which were broken into shivers. The tiger was now within one step of the orchestra; shrieks of horror resounded on all sides, the whole audience was on the alert, and several had already made their escape, when suddenly the tiger rose up, returned on his steps away from the lamps, and diving into the midst of a group of dancers, passed between their legs and disappeared at the wings, where his unexpected presence struck all with terror; but whence he was brought back by Mr. Carter, who did not allow him to escape again. It will easily be imagined how great was the confusion and alarm caused by this little incident, which, however, did not last more than a few seconds. The ladies of the *corps de ballet* especially uttered the most lamentable screams. The audience revenged themselves for the fright which had been caused them by a vehement shower of hisses; but nevertheless called back Mr. Carter, who returned, with his tiger mounted on his left shoulder, to receive his tribute of applause, more or less mingled with murmurings.—*Journal des Debats.*

From Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad."

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

There is a fête to-day. The "*grandes reliques*," which are shown once in seven years, are exhibiting, and the town is thronged with the peasantry. They were literally packed on the little *place* before the Cathedral. A priest was in a very high gallery with attendants, displaying the relics. This church is rich in these apocryphal treasures. The priest held up one thing after another, the Virgin's chemise, the swaddling-clothes, &c., against a black surface, and at each holy thing down sunk the mass upon their knees. There were exceptions to this devout action; travellers who, like us, were staring, and talking, and making discord with the deep responses, and there were a few persons pushing their way through the crowd, hawking little books in German and French describing the relics; and selling beads that had been blessed by the priest. If not holy, the relics have an historical interest that makes them well worth seeing. They were presented to Charlemagne by a patriarch of Jerusalem, and by a Persian king.*

GERMAN DINNER.

When the clock is close upon the stroke of one, people may be seen from every direction bending their steps towards the hotel. You leave your hats and bonnets in an ante-room. The *ober kelner* (head-waiter) receives you at the door, and conducts you to your seats. The table is always covered with clean (not very fine) German table-linen, and of course supplied with napkins. Pots with choice odorous plants in flower are set at short intervals the whole length of the table; a good band of music is playing in the orchestra. The dinner-service is a coarse white porcelain. As soon as you are seated, little girls come round with baskets of bouquets, which you are offered without solicitation. You may have one, if you will, for a halfpenny, and a sweet smile from the little flower-girl thrown into the bargain. Then come young women with a printed sheet containing a register of the arrivals within the last three days, for which you pay a penny. I observe the new-comers always buy one, liking, perhaps, for once in their lives, to see their names in print. The *carte à vin* is then presented, and, if you please, you may select an excellent *Rhine* wine for twenty-five cents a bottle, or you may pay the prices we pay at home for Burgundy and Champagne.† These preliminaries over, the dinner begins, and occupies between one and two hours, never less than an hour and a half. The meats are placed on the table, then taken off, carved, and offered to each guest. You see none of those eager looks or hasty movements that betray the anxieties of our people lest a favourite dish should escape. A German eats as long and as leisurely as he pleases at one thing, sure that all will be offered to him in turn; and they are the most indefatigable of eaters; not a meat, not a vegetable comes on table which they do not partake. A single plate of the cabbage saturated with grease that I have seen a German lady eat, would, as our little S. said when she squeezed the chicken to death, have "deaded" one of our dyspeptics "*very* dead;" and this plate of cabbage is one of thirty varieties. The quiet and order of the table are admirable. The servants are never in a hurry, and never blunder. You know what angry, pathetic, and bewildering calls of "Waiter!" "Waiter!" we hear at our tables. I have never heard the call of "Kelner!" from a German.

I leave the table each day expecting half the people will die of apoplexy before to-morrow, but to-morrow they all come forth with placid faces and fresh appetites! Is this the result of their leisurely eating? or their serene, social, and enjoying tempers? or their lives, exempt from the keen competitions and eager pursuits of ours? or their living out of doors? or all of these together? I leave you to solve a problem that puzzles me.

* "Formerly 150,000 pilgrims resorted to this fête, and so late as 1832 there were 43,000."

† Not the hotel prices, but about one dollar and fifty cents.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort (alas! comfort implies fixture), impregnable English trunks, traveling-bags, dressing-cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilisation generates, and all in traveling armour. There is no flexibility about an Englishman, no adaptation to circumstances and exigencies. He must stand forth, wherever he goes, the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeanour do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eyebrows are in motion, he looks, as my friend says she felt when she first came to such a place as this, "as if all the people about her were *rats*;" his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive soubriquet of "Monsieur God-d—n."

BREAD.

The first bad bread we have eaten in Europe was at Brucksal. One would think *good* bread would be one of the first products of any society one advance beyond the savage state; but we know that our country is not yet old enough to have perfected the art of making it. Perhaps the reason of the difference is, that with us, except in the large towns, it depends on individual skill, knowledge, *virtue*, and is exposed to various family mischances, whereas in Europe it is uniformly made in bakeries. Heaven speed the time when we shall have no more sour bread, hot bread, heavy bread, bread made with "milk risings," and with no risings at all! "distressful bread," truly!

ALPS.

On leaving Bienne we mounted a hill, whence we saw the Lake of Bienne and the lovely island where Rousseau lived; and it was while we were on this hill that a cry went from mouth to mouth of, "The Alps! the Alps! the Alps!" Our hearts and—yes, I will tell you the whole truth—our eyes were full; for how, but by knowing how we felt, can you estimate the sensations they are fitted to produce? We have heard of the Alps all our lives. We have read descriptions of them in manuscript and print, in prose and poetry; we knew their measurement; we have seen sketches, and paintings, and models of them; and yet, I think, if we had looked into the planet Jupiter, we could scarcely have felt a stronger emotion of surprise. In truth, up, up, where they hung and shone, they seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth; and yet, such is the mystery of the spirit's kindred with the effulgent beauty of God's works, that they seemed

"A part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them."

François had ordered the postillion to stop, and for a minute not a sound broke the delicious spell. The day, fortunately, was favourable. The whole range of the Bernese Alps was before us, unclouded, undimmed by a breath of vapour. There they were, like glittering wedges cleaving the blue atmosphere. I had no anticipation of the exquisite effect of the light on these aerial palaces, of a whiteness as glittering and dazzling as the garments of the angels, and the contrast of the *black* shadows, and here and there golden and rose-coloured hues. I have no notion of attempting to describe them; but you shall

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not reproach me, as we, so soon as we recovered our voices, reproached all our traveled friends with, "Why did not they tell us!" "How cruel, how stupid to let any one live and die without coming to see the Alps!" This morning was an epoch in our lives.

MADAME DE STAEL.

We have been to Coppet, about seven miles from Geneva, and all the way a most enchanting drive on the borders of the lake. The chateau is occupied by the Baroness de Stael, the widow of Madam de Stael's only son, a childless widow. Madame Sismondi told me she saw the poor woman's only child die in her arms. So there is no present, no future to this abode of genius and filial love. The chateau has a park attached to it, and is a large edifice, with an air of wealth and comfort. The family burying place is surrounded with so thick a plantation of trees that you can see nothing from without, and all ingress is forbidden to strangers. I like this. The places of our dead should be kept for those who come with softly tread and tearful eyes. I felt a nervous shuddering in looking at this burial place. There was in Madame de Stael something so opposed to death, a life that "worked up to spirit" what in others is inert, that it seemed as if she herself were struggling to escape from this silence and inactivity.

I have heard Madame de Stael spoken of here among her old neighbours and friends as one of the most amiable of women, full of all sorts of gentle humanities: and yet —— tells me that spending a day at Coppet was in Madame de Stael's lifetime one of the heaviest things imaginable. The Duchess de Broglie and her brother were silent and indifferent. The son was overshadowed by his mother's genius, and —— thinks the Duchess de Broglie might have been saddened by the violence her mother's life did to her very strict religious ideas. It was not till very near the close of her life that the daughter awoke to a sense of happiness, and then she was a completely altered woman.

Madame de Stael's experience is against the theory of the transmission of genius by the mother. Her son, by De Rocca, now living in Paris, is said to be an excessively ridiculous person, silly and affected, and, what is worse, rich and avaricious. The world have been much amused with a story of his having jumped out of a window from mere fright. Is it not strange that a son of Madame de Stael and De Rocca, a man of known valour, should have neither intellect nor bravery?

Calculating Machine.—For the last two years Dr. Roth, of Paris, has been engaged in the construction of arithmetical machines, and the success that has attended his efforts hitherto proves he has accomplished his scheme for performing automatically all the operations of arithmetic, from simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, to vulgar and decimal fractions, involution and evolution, arithmetical and geometrical progression, and the construction of logarithms, with ten places of decimals. The machine in its present state, works addition, subtraction, multiplication, and both kinds of progression, quite mechanically. In division alone the attention is required to avoid passing over the cipher. The arithmetical progression is of vast importance, as it operates from one farthing to millions of pounds sterling. Mr. Wertheimber, the proprietor and patentee of this invention, has two descriptions of these machines—a larger one which performs sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; and a smaller, which performs addition and subtraction only. These machines have been submitted to the inspection of several gentlemen eminent for their scientific attainments, all of whom, particularly Mr. Babbage, have expressed the most unqualified admiration at their unparalleled ingenuity of construction. Mr. Wertheimber had the honour of an introduction to the royal presence, at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, the 6th of October, when both her majesty and Prince Albert were graciously pleased to express their approbation of the machines, and to order two of each sort to be supplied for their use.—*London Paper.*

Cards.—It is strange that fifty-two pieces of painted pasteboard should be capable of producing mighty and mischievous effects in the human mind. We have watched the steady game of "whist" played by ladies and gentlemen, who have sat down all smiles and kindness; but a run of "bad luck" for two or three hands has turned the tables sadly. Discontented grumbling and spiteful vituperations against some unhappy partner form the conversational part of the game. "Why did'nt you trump that last trick? Bless my soul; why you've lost the rub, and all owing to not trumping those clubs." "But, my dear sir." "Don't tell me, I say you lost the rub and nothing could be more stupid." There is more quarreling over "odd tricks" and "cribs" than any other amusement authorised by polite society. It is said cards were invented to please a madman, and we may almost believe they are destined to be ever used by the same, for some magic influence appears to dwell in them, by which fair and gentle reason is cast out from all who take the talismanic pack in hand.

A Musical Enthusiast.—Dr. Ford, the Rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humourist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston Toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the Cross in the Belgrave Gate. I think it was at a Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear *you* sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

I stood between the meeting Years,
  The coming and the past,
And I ask'd of the future one,
  Wilt thou be like the last!

The same in many a sleepless night,
  In many an anxious day!
Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye
  To look upon thy way!

For Sorrow like a phantom sits
  Upon the last Year's close,
How much of grief, how much of ill,
  In its dark breast repose!

Shadows of faded Hope flit by,
  And ghosts of Pleasures fled;
How have they chang'd from what they were!
  Cold, colourless, and dead.

I think on many a wasted hour,
  And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
  On worse than nought employ'd.

Oh Vanity! alas, my heart!
  How widely hast thou stray'd,
And misused every golden gift
  For better purpose made!

I think on many a once-loved friend
  As nothing to me now;
And what can mark the lapse of time
  As does an alter'd brow!

Perhaps 'twas but a careless word
  That sever'd Friendship's chain;
And angry Pride stands by each gap,
  Lest they unite again.

Less sad, albeit more terrible,
  To think upon the dead,
Who quiet in the lonely grave
  Lay down the weary head.

For faith, and hope, and peace, and trust,
  Are with their happier lot:
Though broken is their bond of love,
  At least *we* broke it not—

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
  The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one;
  Wilt thou be like the last?

There came a sound, but not of speech,
  That to my thought replied,
"Misery is the marriage-gift
  That waits a mortal bride:

"But lift thine hopes from this base earth,
  This waste of worldly care,
And wed thy faith to yon bright sky;
  For happiness dwells there!"—L. E. L.

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From Mills's History of Chivalry.

MERITS AND EFFECTS OF CHIVALRY.

(Concluded.)

This attempt to describe a history of chivalry has proved, at least, that chivalry was no dream of poets and romancers, and that the feudal system was not the only form of real life during the middle ages. Sismondi, in his work on the Literature of the South, contends that chivalry was an ideal world. He then admits, that sometimes the virtues of chivalry were not entirely poetical fictions, but that they existed in the minds of the people, without, however, producing any effect on their lives. His reasons for his opinions are, that it is impossible to distinguish the countries where chivalry prevailed; that it is represented to us as remote both in time and place; and while one class of authors give accounts of the general corruption of their age, writers of after times refer to those very days, and adorn them with every virtue and grace.

Now, much of this reasoning is erroneous. That past ages should be praised at the expense of the present is no uncommon circumstance, whether in morals or poetry. We have proved that the countries where chivalry prevailed are clearly distinguishable, and the degree of its influence can likewise be marked. M. Sismondi does not argue as if he had been aware that there ever had existed such a writer as Froissart; who does not refer to old times for his pictures of arms and amours, but describes the chivalric character of his own age.

Notwithstanding the light and beauty which chivalry cast over the world, the system has been more frequently condemned than praised. The objectors have rested their opinion on a sentence, said to be witty, of an old English author, that errant knights were arrant knaves, or on a few passages of reprehension which are scattered through the works of middle-age literature. Sainte Palaye has founded his condemnation of chivalry upon the remark of Pierre de Blois, a writer of the twelfth century, that the horses of knights groan under the burden, not of weapons, but of wine; not wish lances, but cheese; not with swords, but with bottles; not with spears, but with spits. Not many years afterwards, John of Salisbury also says, that some knights appear to think that martial glory consists in shining in elegant dress, and attaching their silken garments so tightly to their body, that they may seem part of their flesh. When they ride on their ambling palfreys they think themselves so many Apollos. If they should unite for a martial chevisance, their camp will resemble that of Thais, rather than that of Hannibal. Every one is most courageous in the banqueting hall, but in the battle he desires to be last. They would rather shoot their arrows at an enemy than meet him hand to hand. If they return home unwounded, they sing triumphantly of their battles, and declare that a thousand deaths hovered over them. The first places at supper are awarded to them. Their feasts are splendid, and engrossed by self-indulgence: they avoid labour and exercise like a dog or a snake. All the dangers and difficulties of chivalry they resign to those who serve them, and in the mean time they so richly gild their shields, and adorn their camps, that every one of them looks not a scholar but a chieftain of war.

All this splenetic declamation involves charges of coxcombry, luxury, and cowardice. That knights were often guilty of the first offence is probable enough, for all their minute attention to the form and fashion of armour could not but attach their minds too strongly to the effect of their personal appearance. Graced also with the scarf of his sovereign-mistress, the knight well might caracole his gallant steed with an air of self-complacency: but a censure on such matters comes with little propriety from monks, who, according to Chaucer, were wont to tie their hoods under their chin with a true lover's knot.

The personal indulgence of the knights was not the luxury of the cloister,—idle, gross, and selfish,—but it was the high and rich joviality of gay and ardent souls. They were boon or good companions in the hall, as well as in the battlefield. If their potations were deep, they surely were not dull: for the wine-cup was crowned and quaffed to the honour of beauty; and minstrelsy, with its sweetest melodies, threw an air of sentiment over the scene. How long their repasts lasted history has not related; but we have seen, in the life of that great and mighty English knight, Sir Walter Manny, that when the trumpet sounded to horse, cavaliers overthrew, in gay disorder, every festival appliance, in their impatience to don their harness, and mount their war-steeds; and we also saw that a cup of rich Gascon wine softened the pride and anger of Sir John Chandos, and, awakening in him the feelings of chivalric generosity, impelled him to succour the Earl of Pembroke. In sooth, at the festivals of cavaliers all the noble feelings of chivalry were displayed. In those hours of dilatation of the heart, no appeal was made in vain to the principles of knighthood.

Even so late as the year 1462, when the sun of chivalry was nearly set, at a high festival which the Duke of Burgundy gave, at Brussels, to the lords and ladies of the country, two heralds entered the hall, introducing a stranger, who declared that he brought with him letters of credence from the noble lady his mistress. The letters were then delivered by him to the officer of the Duke, who read them aloud. Their purport was, that the lady complained of a certain powerful neighbour, who had threatened to dispossess her of her lands, unless she could find some knight that, within a year, would successfully defend her against him in single combat. The stranger then demanded a boon of the Duke; and his grace, like a true son of chivalry, accorded it, without previously requiring its nature. The request was, that he should procure for the lady three knights, to be immediately trained to arms; that out of these three the lady should be permitted to choose her champion. Then, and not before, she would disclose her name. As soon as the stranger concluded, a burst of joyful approval rang through the hall. Three knights (and the famous Bastard of Burgundy was of the number) immediately declared themselves candidates for the honour of defending the unknown fair. Their prowess was acknowledged by all the cavaliers present, and they affixed their seals to the articles.

Except the knights were actually engaged in foreign countries, or martial chevisance, all the festivals, particularly those which succeeded the graceful pastime of the tournament, were frequented by dames and damsels, whose presence calling on the knights to discharge the offices of high courtesy, chased away the god of wine. The games of chess and tables, or the dance, succeeded; while the worthy monks, Pierre of Blois, and John of Salisbury, having no such rich delights in their refectory, were compelled to continue their carousals.

How gay and imaginative were the scenes of life when chivalry threw over them her magic robe! At a ball in Naples, Signor Galeazzo of Mantua was honoured with the hand of the Queen Joanna. The dance being concluded, and the Queen reseated on her throne, the gallant knight knelt before her, and, confessing his inability with language adequately to thank her for the honour she had done him, he vowed that he would wander through the world, and perform chivalric duties, till he had conquered two cavaliers, whom he would conduct into her presence, and leave at her disposal. The Queen was pleased and flattered by this mark of homage, and assured him that she wished him joy in accomplishing a vow which was so agreeable to the customs of knighthood. The knight traveled, the knight conquered: and, at the end of a year,

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he presented to the Queen two cavaliers. The Queen received them; but, instead of exercising the power of a conqueror, she graciously gave them their liberty, recommending them, before their departure, to view the curiosities of the rich city of Naples. They did so; and when they appeared before the Queen to thank her for her kindness, she made them many noble presents, and they then departed, seeking adventures, and publishing the munificence and courtesy of Joanna.

But the charge of cowardice which the monks brought against the knights is the most vain and foolish of all their accusations, and throws a strong shade of contempt and suspicion on the rest. If they had said that chivalric daring often ran wild into rashness, we could readily enough credit the possibility of the fact; but nothing could be more absurd than to charge with cowardice men who, from the dauntlessness of their minds, and the hardy firmness of their bodies, had been invested with the military belt.

The reason of all this vituperative declamation against chivalry may be gathered from a very curious passage in a writer during the reign of Stephen. "The bishops, the bishops themselves, I blush to affirm it, yet not all, but many, (and he particularises the bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, and Chester,) bound in iron, and completely furnished with arms, were accustomed to mount war-horses with the perverters of their country, to participate in their prey; to expose to bonds and torture the knights whom they took in the chance of war, or whom they met full of money; and while they themselves were the head and cause of so much wickedness and enormity, they ascribed it to their knights." Hence, then, it appears that many of the bishops were robbers, and that they charged their own offences on the heads of the chivalry. The remark of the writer on the cruelty of the bishops to their prisoners is extremely curious, considering it in opposition to the general demeanour of knights to those whom the fortune of war threw into their hand. But these wars and jealousies between the knighthood and the priesthood, while they account for all the accusations which one class were perpetually making against the other, compel us to despise their mutual criminations.

Nothing more, perhaps, need be said to deface the pictures of the knightly character as drawn by Pierre de Blois and John of Salisbury; and they should not have met with so much attention from me if they had not always formed the van of every attack upon chivalry. But there is one passage in Dr. Henry's History of England so closely applicable to the present part of my subject, that I cannot forbear from inserting it. "It would not be safe," observes that judicious historian, "to form our notions of the national character of the people of England from the pictures which are drawn of it by some of the monkish historians. The monk of Malmsbury, in particular, who wrote the life of Edward II., paints his countrymen and contemporaries in the blackest colours. "What advantage," says he, "do we reap from all our modern pride and insolence? In our days the lowest, poorest wretch, who is not worth a halfpenny, despises his superiors, and is not afraid to return them curse for curse. But this, you say, is owing to their rusticity. Let us see, then, the behaviour of those who think themselves polite and learned. Where do you meet with more abuse and insolence than at court? There, every one swelling with pride and rancour, scorns to cast a look on his inferiors, disdains his equals, and proudly rivals his superiors. The squire endeavours to outshine the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the king, in dress and magnificence. Their estates being insufficient to support this extravagance, they have recourse to the most oppressive acts, plundering their neighbours and stripping their dependents almost naked, without sparing even the priests of God. I may be censured for my too great boldness, if I give an ill character of my own countrymen and kindred; but if I may be permitted to speak the truth, the English exceed all other nations in the three vices of pride, perjury, and dishonesty. You will find great numbers of this nation in all the countries washed by the Greek sea; and it is commonly reported that they are infamous over all these countries for their deceitful callings." But we must remember, (as Dr. Henry comments on this passage,) that this picture was drawn by a *peevish monk*, in very unhappy times, when faction raged with the greatest fury, both in the court and country.

It would not alter the nature of chivalry, or detract any thing from its merits, if many instances were to be adduced of the recreancy of knights, of their want of liberality, courtesy, or any other chivalric qualities; for nothing is more unjust than to condemn any system for actions which are hostile to its very spirit and principles. One fair way of judging it, is to examine its natural tendencies. A character of mildness must have been formed wherever the principles of chivalry were acknowledged. A great object of the order was protection; and therefore a kind and gentle regard to the afflictions and misfortunes of others tempered the fierceness of the warrior. In many points chivalry was only a copy of the Christian religion; and as that religion is divine, and admirably adapted to improve and perfect our moral nature, so the same merit cannot in fairness be denied to any of its forms and modifications. Chivalry embraced much of the beautiful morality of Christianity,—its spirit of kindness and gentleness; and men were called upon to practise the laws of mercy and humanity by all the ties which can bind the heart and conscience; by the sanctions of religion, the love of fame, by a powerful and lofty sense of honour. On the other hand, the Christianity of the time was not the pure light of the Gospel, for it breathed war and homicide; and hence the page of history, faithful to its trust, has sometimes painted the knights amidst the gloomy horrors of the crusades ruthlessly trampling on the enemies of the cross, and at other times generously sparing their prostrate Christian foes, and gaily caracoling about the lists of the tournament.

But these are not the only means of showing the general beneficial nature of the institutions of chivalry. The character of modern Europe is the result of the slow and silent growth of ages informed with various and opposite elements. The impress of the Romans is not entirely effaced; and two thousand years have not destroyed all the superstitions of our Pagan ancestors. We must refer to past ages for the origin of many of those features of modern society which distinguish the character of Europe from that of the ancient world, and of the most polished states of Asia. We boast our generousness in battle, the bold display of our animosity, and our hatred of treachery and the secret meditations of revenge. To what cause can those qualities be assigned? Not to any opinions which for the last few hundred years have been infused into our character, for there is no resemblance between those qualities and any such opinions: but they can be traced back to those days of ancient Europe when the knight was quick to strike, and generous to forgive; and when he would present harness and arms to his foe rather than that the battle should be unfairly and unequally fought. This spirit, though not the form, of the chivalric times has survived to ours, and forms one of our graces and distinctions. The middle ages, as we have shown, were not entirely ages of feudal power: for the consequence of the personal nobility of chivalry was felt and acknowledged. The qualities of knighthood tempered and softened all classes of society, and worth was the passport to distinction. Thus chivalry effected more than letters could accomplish in the ancient world; for it gave rise to the personal merit which in the knight, and in his successor, the gentleman of the present day, checks the pride of birth and the presumption of wealth.

But it is in the polish of modern society that the graces of chivalry are most pleasingly displayed. The knight was charmed into courtesy by the gentle influence of woman, and the air of mildness which she diffused has never died away. While such things exist, can we altogether assent to the opinion of a celebrated author, that "the age of chivalry is gone?" Many of its forms and modes have disappeared; fixed governments and wise laws have removed the necessity for, and quenched the spirit of, knight-errantry and romance; and, happily for the world, the torch of religious persecution has long since sunk into the ashes. But chivalric imagination still waves its magic wand over us. We love to link our names with the heroic times of Europe; and our armorial shields and crests confess the pleasing illusions of chivalry. The modern orders of military merit (palpable copies of some of the forms of middle-age distinctions) constitute the cheap defence of nations, and keep alive the personal nobility of knighthood. We wage our wars not with the cruelty of Romans, but with the gallantry of cavaliers; for the same principle is in influence now which of old inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity. Courtesy of manners, that elegant drapery of chivalry, still robes our social life; and liberality of sentiment distinguishes the gentleman, as in days of yore it was wont to distinguish the knight.

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His sister then felt as if she was quite alone; but it was not for long; and in the interval she was treated kindly. On the 19th of December following, which happened to be her seventeenth birthday, she was released from the Temple, and sent to her uncles and aunts, with whom she lived from that time forward. She married her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, and is still living, having seen her family once more restored to the throne of France, and again deposed for tyranny. No cruelty was inflicted upon them in the course of this last change. They were quietly sent into a foreign country, where they are now living, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries suitable to their rank: and their gentle punishment is no more than, in the opinion of almost everybody but themselves, their ignorant misuse of power deserves.

The pictures of human life which are here given are almost too sad and dreary to be dwelt upon. But we must dwell upon them long enough to learn from them one important thing. We are accustomed to say that the sufferings of men come from the hand of God, and ought to be submitted to with perfect patience of that account. This is true with respect to many of the woes of mankind; but we are far too hasty in declaring this occasionally where it is not true.

How is it in the cases before us? God gave to the French nation one of the richest, gayest, and most beautiful countries in the world. This country, with its sunny hills, its fertile plains, its great forests, and brimming rivers, can easily produce more of all the good things of life than are wanted for the use of all its inhabitants. No man, woman, or child, within its boundaries ought ever to be in want of the comforts of life. God has also given to the people of that country affectionate hearts, and loyal tempers; as was shown by their long forbearance with their rulers, under cruel oppression. If such a people, in such a land, were miserable, some living in pinching poverty and gross ignorance, and others in tyranny and selfishness which brought upon them a cruel retribution, let no one dare to say that such misery was from the will of God. God showed what his will was when he placed beings with loving hearts in the midst of the fruitful land. They might and must have been happy, but for their misuse of his gifts.

The mischief cannot be undone: the misery cannot now be helped: but men may learn from it not to allow such a case to happen again. It is not only France that has been ignorant and guilty and miserable. Every country is full of blessings given by the hand of God; and in every country are those blessings misused, more or less, as they were in France. If every child, as he grows up, was taught this truth,—taught to reflect how all men may have their share of these blessings who are willing to work for them, there would be no more danger of such wo as we have been contemplating. It would then appear as impious as it really is to call God the author of sufferings which need never happen. Instead of crying to Him for mercy under intolerable misery, all might then bless Him for having placed his children on a fair and fruitful earth, where all may have their fill, and dwell in peace.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

Late Remarkable Trial at Gibraltar.

At Gibraltar, a month or two ago, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which show us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the uttermost, can portray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible. A communication, bearing date February the 20th, from the rock-built fortress which England keeps as a key to the Mediterranean, relates the following particulars:—

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallisations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the English-woman with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes; and many, many a one thought to himself that happy above all men would he be who could win the smiles of Eliza Baxwell. But Eliza bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed, to those whose involuntary sighs she excited, to carry maidenly modesty to freezing coldness. At mass, her eyes were ever bent upon her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length, however, Eliza did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever yet beheld. From that moment, her calm and self-possessed demeanour left her for ever. Abroad and at home, she was restless and uneasy. But, ere long, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Eliza, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr. Baxwell. "I am named William Katt," said he to the merchant; "I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young and wealthy. Give me your daughter—we love one another."

"Never!" said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown; "never!" You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran and my daughter is a Catholic. Such an union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. Eliza shall never be yours!" The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Eliza and her parent. The blood of the fiery south coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she *would* marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by at this scene, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind, it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterwards, an alarming noise was heard by the neighbours to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. The noise consisted at first of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length died altogether away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Eliza had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter, to prevent her marriage with William Katt; and, ultimately, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities, that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminating was found. "The cave, the cave is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Eliza's dress, sprinkled all over with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, and that hair was recognised by many as having been taken from the head of Eliza.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But the proof seemed strong against him, and he was regularly brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy merchant trembled to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state almost of total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailer came to announce to him, for the final time, that the moment of fate was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling, and he cried, what he had reiterated to all who saw him in his confinement, "Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated in the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Eliza. No sooner did the doomed mer-

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chant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot of the scaffold, "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me." Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt was very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal the depth of his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner, to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! Justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold—"*It is I who am guilty!—I alone!*"

This cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Eliza, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off, in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Eliza's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted personally those cries, which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertion had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamours of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Eliza, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life, immediately on learning all that had passed.

From Buckingham's American Tour.

AMERICAN SOCIETY AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga affords perhaps the best opportunity that a stranger can enjoy for seeing American society on the largest scale, and embracing the greatest variety of classes at the same time; for, except the small shopkeeper and mere labourer, every other class has its representative here. The rich merchant from New Orleans, and the wealthy planter from Arkansas, Alabama, and Tennessee, with the more haughty and more polished land owner from Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia; the successful speculator in real estate from Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, and Michigan; the rich capitalist from Boston and New York; the grave Quaker from Providence and Philadelphia; the official functionary from Washington, and the learned professor from New Haven, Cambridge, and Hartford, all mingle together in strange variety, and present such strikingly different yet truly characteristic features, that the whole union is brought before the eye of the stranger at one view, and he has ample field for observation of their several representatives.

Speaking in general terms, my own impression was, that in the company at Congress Hall especially there were quite as many elegant men, and a great many more beautiful women, than are usually seen among a similar number of persons assembled in any public room at Brighton, Cheltenham, or Bath. Those from the south bore away the palm of superiority in beauty and manners, there being an ease, a grace, and an elegance or polish about the southerners, whether ladies or gentlemen, which those of the north, as far as my observation has yet extended, do not attain. The women are incomparably more beautiful; and we saw here some from Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, especially from Charleston, Norfolk, and Baltimore, that would grace any court in Europe; while from Philadelphia and New York there were also some lovely countenances, especially among the young.

My opinion, indeed, was here strongly confirmed, that there is no country in Europe in which there are so many beautiful faces among the women as in this; the symmetry of their features, the contrast between the marble whiteness of their complexion, and their dark eyes and hair, small mouths, and beautiful white and regular teeth, are the chief traits of their beauty. But, on the other hand, they want the full development of figure and bust, as well as the rosy complexion and coral lips, of the healthy English beauty; and are still more deficent in that gaiety and animation which a brilliant female countenance so often expresses in the look of intelligence, and glow of feeling and sentiment, which accompany the utterance of a well-educated and well-bred woman at home.

Of the men in the fashionable circles of society here, the difference between the old and the young is very striking. The old men from the south, and from Carolina and Virginia especially, are what would be called perfect gentlemen of the old school with us: precise, yet elegant in their dress; courteous and affable in their manners; high-toned in their politics and taste; lax in their morality while fashion sanctions their conduct; warm in their attachments; fierce in their resentments; and punctilious in all points of honour and etiquette. The remains of the feudal system in Virginia, where the laws of entail existed, and where large estates descended hereditarily from father to elder son, sustained this state of manners and feeling; and Virginia is still called "The Old Dominion," as if to preserve the recollection of its ancient condition as a colony of the British crown.

The younger men among the fashionables are almost all copyists of the dress, style, and manners of "the young men about town," as they are called in London, and are chiefly remarkable for foppery of dress, and the assumption of beards, mustaches, and other exotic fashions, as if they were either foreigners themselves, or had traveled so long on the continent of Europe as to bear about them the marks of their sojourn at Rome, Naples, and Paris. Their manners, too, like those of our "young men about town," are rather familiar than elegant, and more remarkable for *bruequerie* and *nonchalance* than for courtesy or refinement.

The inferiority of the young to the old among the men in high life is as great in their conversation as in their manners, and greater even than the difference of their ages would justify.

The young of both sexes carry on matters just as they please, the young women reigning supreme in parties of pleasure, as the young men do in deciding on political affairs; so that the old seem either to be left on the shelf altogether, or only brought upon the stage to look on, bestow their approbation, and pay the expense. Here at Saratoga, in all the parties we visited, whether balls, concerts, or promenades, the married ladies were seemingly only valued as persons necessary to give countenance to the assembling of the young; while these usurped all authority and influence, and monopolised the exclusive attention of the men.

It has been thought by many that the excessive confidence reposed in the young, and the liberty they are permitted to enjoy in being so frequently alone together, are more favourable to the virtue of both than if they were under more restraint. This may be true to a certain extent; but I should myself be disposed to attribute the absence of danger much more to the coldness of temperament, of which I have before spoken, than to any other cause; but, after making every allowance for the operation of both, I cannot but think that the gay season at Saratoga is a very unfavourable preparation for the discharge of those social and domestic duties which all are sooner or later called upon to discharge.

END OF PART II. 1841.

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